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HARPER'S



# YOUNG PEOPLE



1886



Harper's Young People  
1886

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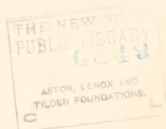


# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

1886



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"HOW DO YOU DO!"—SEE POEM ON PAGE 2.

## WISE LITTLE BOB.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

**L**ITTLE boy Bob and little doll Sue  
Were a very affectionate pair,  
And one day they went travelling together, and soon  
They came to a hill known as "Chair";  
And, climbing up this, Table Mountain they reached,  
And what do you think they found there?  
A bird dressed in white, with a bright yellow plume,  
Whose eyes had a wonderful stare.  
Said Bobby, politely, "Sir, how do you do?"  
And the bird answered thus, "Cockatoo—cockatoo."

Then they looked at each other in silence awhile,  
Little Bob and this creature so queer,  
Till the laddie began to feel sure that the big  
Hooked beak was unpleasantly near.  
So softly he backed down the hill known as "Chair,"  
Chasing close to his breast dolly dear,  
While he said, as politely as ever, although  
His voice trembled slightly with fear,  
"I think you don't care to have boys play with you;  
Good by." "Cockatoo!" screamed the bird—"Cockatoo."

## ANAGRAMS.

BY C. W. FISHER.

**T**HE pastime of making and guessing anagrams is not  
at all new. Many centuries ago people began puzzling  
their brains over the mazy entanglements that the  
letters of the alphabet wind themselves up in, and the  
game still retains its power to fascinate. The keen-witted  
boy or girl of to-day—and man or woman too, for that  
matter—finds as much pleasure and perplexity in it as did  
the young Greek of more than twenty centuries ago.

An anagram is simply a re-arrangement of the letters  
of a word, done in such a manner that another or several  
other words are made. Thus "canoe" becomes "ocean,"  
and "astronomers" are made "moon-starrers."

The former of these anagrams is a very simple one.  
No little skill and thought, however, are necessary where,  
besides forming new words, one endeavors to make these  
new words in some way suggest the original; as, for instance,  
to have them ask a question the answer to which  
is found in the given word, or to find an anagram which  
shall define the word it is derived from. This is a higher  
order of amusement, and offers opportunities for the use  
of sharp eyes and the exercise of quick wits that are to be  
found in few games.

A delightful evening may be spent by a number of  
persons part of whom make while the others solve the  
anagrams. A box of pasteboard letters, such as are sold  
in all toy and stationery shops, is all that is needed in the  
way of material, unless one's spelling is at all uncertain,  
in which case a good dictionary is indispensable. I make  
special mention of this because I have spent many fruitless  
hours in trying to unravel a knotty anagram, only to find  
at last that the word had been carelessly spelled at the  
outset, and its anagram was, of course, incorrect. Be  
sure, then, before transposing a letter, that your word is  
properly spelled. Do not select a long word. One of  
four or five syllables is often more easily guessed than  
one of two or three. As a general thing a rather short  
word containing a number of vowels is harder to discover  
than any other.

Having chosen your word, place the letters that form  
it before you on the table, without regard to order, and as  
they lie they may suggest one or more new words. If  
either of these has any bearing upon or connection with  
the meaning of the original word, it is a *good* word to use  
in the anagram. If such words fail to appear at once,  
keep transposing and changing the letters until they do,  
and your anagram will have a point, and be something  
more than a mere trick in letters.

Practice and experience will make you very expert af-

ter a while, though many a brilliant hit has been made unconsciously.

Proper names—of authors and distinguished men—are  
excellent to begin on, and their anagrams can be made to  
refer to their best-known works. Of this kind of anagram  
the pen-name of Bryan Waller Proctor is a good one, and  
Proctor is almost better known as "Barry Cornwall,  
poet," than by his own name.

No fixed rules or general directions can be given to aid  
you in this. The method I adopt, and which has proved  
very successful, is as follows: I spread the letters out be-  
fore me just as they come, and looking carefully at them,  
try to get some clew to the word they represent. If I fail  
to do so, I change them repeatedly back and forth, in and  
out, until, if our arithmetics did not tell us otherwise,  
it would seem as if they could not possibly be arranged in  
more ways than I have employed. If after this I am still  
in the dark, I give up attempting to find the whole word  
by inspiration or inspection, and devote myself to building  
it up piecemeal, always beginning at the tail end.

The terminations of English words are comparatively  
few, and I use in turn—ringing all possible changes on  
them—such common suffixes as "*-tion*," "*-ness*," "*-ity*,"  
"*-al*," "*-ous*," "*-ance*," "*-ic*," as well as others that are fam-  
iliar to you all. Using any one of these as a "*trial*"  
ending, I of course have only the remaining letters of the  
word to arrange, and the task is at once simplified. Fol-  
lowing this plan one rarely fails to bring down his game.

In guessing in the manner pointed out above, it often  
happens that one's whole mind becomes so intent upon  
forming the separate syllables that one actually fails to  
discover the word, even when it lies spelled in full before  
one's eyes; and I have seen people—not young ones, either  
—with such a word as *SOMETIMES* in front of them, say-  
ing to themselves "SO-MET-I-MES, SOM-ETI-MES, what  
on earth can that be?"—and they have absolutely not seen  
the word, and have gone on transposing the letters.

The following are excellent examples of anagrams with  
some meaning:

Charles James Stuart gives the anagram, "Claimes [old  
spelling] Arthur's seat."

James Stuart makes "A just master"; Florence Night-  
ingale gives "Flit on cheering angel." Presbyterian, is  
"best in prayer"; chimney becomes "my niche"; editorial,  
"Lo! I read it"; Christianity, "Tis in charity"; religion,  
"Lo! I reign"; penitentiary, "Nay, I repent it"; paralytic,  
"Pity Clara"; telegraph, "Great help."

Another type of anagram is simply *curious*, without  
serving to suggest the word from which it comes.

In this class may be mentioned "New door," which,  
transposed, makes "one word," and which has bothered  
many a youngster who has been told to form *one word*  
from the anagram. "Early bat" gives betrayal, and is  
called Queen Victoria's anagram.

From "Neat girl" we get *triangle, relating, integral*,  
and *altering*; from "Hot grub," *brought*; from "One-  
half bias," *fashionable*; from "Tea slops," *Apostles*, and  
so on indefinitely.

There is no better way, in fact there is no other way, to  
become a good "anagrammariar" to coin a long word—  
than to practice constantly, and I know of no more charm-  
ing evening occupation. Here are a few to sharpen your  
wits upon: 1, City life; 2, Roast mules; 3, White rose; 4, Far  
into Rome; 5, Mind his map; 6, Hard castle; 7, His odd  
name; 8, Queen's bust; 9, Rice soup; 10, Dry voices; 11,  
Ate so much; 12, Oyster man; 13, No more stars; 14, Hear  
a gun; 15, A dry shop; 16, Incur stamps; 17, Clear habit;  
18, Only tapers; 19, I'm sent to pat; 20, Sha'n't copy; 21,  
O! stop eat; 22, Best rod; 23, O, fat, fat niece; 24, Scrape  
rent; 25, Made in pint pots; 26, A cent pie; 27, Heads, sir;  
28, Some mire; 29, Ned is a toper; 30, Cart-horse; 31, Hec-  
tic rat; 32, Any one can; 33, Nine thumps; 34, Sin sat on a  
tin tar tub; 35, I a beer tin; 36, Sly wares; 37, I take no lamp.



# "THE BOOK OF BALBO."

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

ING SOMBA the Great, Hereditary Monarch and Grand Potentate of Hypokondrea, was a very learned, studious, and thoughtful person. So studious and thoughtful was he, indeed, that every gay sound disturbed and irritated him, and the sound of laughter was of all things the most detestable to his ears. And this was the more annoying for the reason that his own palace was overrun by as noisy a lot of children as ever tried the patience of a royal governess.

After putting up with their racket for several years, he at last determined to put an end to it, and this he did in one of the two ways by which kings are in the habit of enforcing obedience. One way, as all who have studied history know, is to say, "Off with his head!" and off it goes. This is an excellent plan, and it has never been known to fail; but in King Somba's present difficulty it would not exactly do; for in the first place there was quite a number of heads—brown heads, yellow heads, red heads, tow heads, curly heads; and in the second place, all the heads with which he was most concerned were on the shoulders of his own children.

So he decided to issue an edict, and having taken counsel with his most trusted ministers of state, he set his royal signature and seal to a document which was read from the steps of the palace to the assembled multitude. It began in this style:

"To our most Loyal, Faithful, and Beloved subjects of this Kingdom of Hypokondrea"—here followed about two pages giving the names of all the provinces over which he ruled—"we, Somba, surnamed the Great, Hereditary Monarch and Grand Potentate of Hypokondrea"—and so forth through several pages giving his Majesty's various titles—"having at heart the true welfare of our beloved subjects, and being moved by a great and noble desire to see this kingdom and our people exalted to the foremost place among the nations of the world, as well in the arts of peace as in the arts of war, do decree"—and so forth. When his Majesty finally came to the point, he decreed that on a certain date all children between the ages of three and seventeen should be sent to certain asylums, "lately erected for the confinement of lunatics, the same not yet having been found within our dominions."

Then, having named several varieties of punishment for any who should dare to disobey the edict, he signed himself, "Yours truly, Somba," only in much more dignified language, you will please to understand.

"I think," said his Majesty to Hevvimug and Wohful, his chief counsellors—"I think I have disposed of the baby question."

"Your Majesty has put an effectual quietus on their infant cackinnations," said Hevvimug.

"Quietus?" asked the King.

"Ancient Roman word, sire," replied the counsellor, "meaning a—ahem!—a stopper."

"Yes, yes, to be sure; and cackey—?"

"Nation, your Majesty—meaning laughter."

"Of course—of course," returned the King. "Well, my son, what dost thou seek?" This to young Somba, the heir to the throne, who just entered the room.

"Oh," replied the youth, "I only came to say, sir, that of course you understand this king business better than I

do; but it seems to me that it's going to be awfully slow here if I've got that edict through my head properly."

"What, sirrah?" cried the King, thoroughly aroused; and a king always calls a person *sirrah* when he is angry with him.

"Goodness! don't get mad," said the young Prince, who was just old enough to escape the action of the edict. "It's all very well for you and old fossils like Hevvimug and Wohful; but for a fellow—"

"Fossils, boy!" cried the King. "What do you mean by using this common street slang in my presence? What ho, there!"

"Tain't slang at all, sir; it is science, truly; my tutor told me so."

At the word *science* the King's anger cooled down, and he took himself off to his library to hunt up the word *fossil* in the dictionary, leaving Wohful and Hevvimug to lament that court etiquette forbade them to punish the irreverent youth for calling them names.

The edict allowed two months for the asylums to be prepared for the reception of the children, and when at last the day came on which they were to be banished, all the roads leading to the asylums were thronged with children of all sorts and sizes who were to be separated from their parents, some for only one year, some for fourteen. His Majesty stood at the palace window, and watched the long procession with much satisfaction, while the young Prince looked out from another window with very different feelings.

Once arrived at the asylums, the young people were treated kindly, having plenty to eat and drink, pleasant gardens and fields to play in, and enough lessons to keep them out of mischief in-doors. They, indeed, were not so much to be pitied as the people who remained behind in the cities of Hypokondrea, where melancholy reigned supreme.

Let us look forward ten years in the reign of King Somba. That great monarch's ambition was gratified, and Hypokondreak scholars were recognized as the most learned in the world. Whereas formerly the Rule of Three was only attempted by the wisest professors, now Double Proportion was actually taught in the highest colleges, and Compound Interest—a new discovery in mathematics—was engaging the attention of the greatest minds. During a late war the Hypokondreak general had won a great victory, owing to the fortunate discovery by the Stargazer-in-Chief that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. "This fact," remarked the King, "would never have been known had children been allowed to remain at large."

And not in science only, but also in language, King Somba's subjects were ahead. No less than seven words of five syllables had been adopted into the Hypokondreak tongue, and there was one sage who could actually spell and pronounce five of them by heart; whereas the most learned professor in the rival kingdom of Scrumphia could only pronounce four such words, and could not spell all of them correctly without peeping into the book.

About fifteen years after the publication of the edict, King Somba the Great died, and was succeeded by his son, Somba the Second. For several months the new King appeared to be the most utterly miserable person in his dominions, which was not to be wondered at, since he had just lost his father, and was bound to set a good example in the melancholy fashion of the time. But, strange to say, the new King did not altogether like being miserable, and he was often very much bored because he could not even smile without lowering his dignity.

To add to the miseries of his situation, everything had been going wrong in Hypokondrea lately. His armies had been defeated in battle, and not only did his learned men make no further progress in the arts and sciences, but several of them had gone out of their minds, and brought





The Children are sent to the Asylum:

reproach upon the dignified court of Hypokondrea by their absurd doings.

This condition of things kept growing worse and worse, and Somba the Second was at his wits' end to know what to do about it. In vain he called for Hevvimug and Wohful. Their advice was of no avail. Hevvimug ventured to hint that the King's court was too gay, whereupon his Majesty flew into a rage, and "would like to know where the gayety came in." Wohful suggested that if they were to send the babies to the asylums at two years old instead of three, it might do some good; but he only got scolded and called uncomplimentary names for his pains, for the new King did not think very much of these two wise counsellors.

At length there came a stranger to the city of Hypokondrea who had such a jolly red face and such a hearty laugh that he was promptly clapped into prison, lest his evil communications of mirth should corrupt the good manners of the Hypokondreaks. And in prison he might have staid until he was forgotten, had not the jailer become alarmed, for, thought he, if a man who laughs so much can use so many long words, he must be a very extraordinary kind of man, so the jailer invited the King's chief counsellors to talk with the stranger in the prison.

"Can you spell *concatenation*?" asked Hevvimug.

"*Con-ca-ta-na-tion*," answered the stranger, quickly.

"*Hypo-hypo-hypo-chondriasis*," asked Wohful, almost choking himself.

The stranger spelled the word before poor Wohful had caught his breath again.

"Say that again, please, slowly," said Wohful.

The stranger spelled it again, and the wise men checked off the letters one by one in the spelling-book, and were obliged to admit that he had spelled the word correctly.

"Can you do compound interest?" they asked; and when they gave him a quire of paper and an arithmetic book he did half a dozen sums before they had proved the first one. Then he found the square-root of a large number; so they decided to take this wonderfully learned man before the King.

"Ah," said his Majesty, "so you can do square-root, eh? I wish you would find the square-root of the trouble that is bothering my kingdom."

"I think I can, your Majesty."

"Indeed; then speak."

"Not yet, sire. I must first consult the ancient books in your royal library. Doubtless a thorough study of the early history

of your realm will suggest the remedy for your misfortunes."

"'Tis well, sir stranger," replied his Majesty. "Go, search our royal library with diligence. All the learned and ancient works shall be at your disposal. When you see any light, come again to me. If you are successful, you shall be royally rewarded."

Several weeks slipped by before the stranger, whose name, it may be said, was Rambustius, informed the King that he had made a discovery, and when the hour arrived at which the King was to receive him, all the officers of the court had assembled in the great audience-chamber.



The jolly-red-faced Man comes to Town.





## Rambustius reads the Book of Balbo.

"In my researches among the ancient works in your royal library," said Rambustius, "I chanced on a parchment scroll, which was so exceedingly dusty and so greatly favored by spiders, that I at once divined that it must be a work of the greatest antiquity and wisdom. Having brushed off several layers of dust, after a long study of the ancient manuscript I at length found the clew to the extraordinary language in which it was written. It is nothing less than the *Book of Balbo*."

At the mention of this great name the learned men looked at one another with astonishment, and their surprise was the more real for the reason that not one of them had ever heard of Balbo or of his book before.

"The *Book of Balbo*," continued Rambustius, "is a prophetic utterance which seems to have been fulfilled almost to the very letter. It sets forth the great advance that was to be made in learning during the reign of a monarch who should be greater than any of his predecessors. Then it goes on to say that evil things shall happen in the reign of the next King, since—and here the writer makes use of a language which is like no known tongue:

'Lal rowk dan on alpy  
Kame ejka a lud oly.'"

"But what does it all mean?" cried the King.

The stranger shook his head.

"A thousand crowns to him who shall interpret these words," exclaimed the King.

"But stay," said Rambustius. "That is only the reason of your misfortunes. Proceeding with my studies, I at length discovered the remedy, and this is it."

"Oh, well, then," said the King, who was not of a recklessly extravagant nature, "that offer of a thousand crowns is withdrawn for the present. Proceed, sir stranger."

"The words," continued Rambustius, "are not exactly clear. The *Book of Balbo* says that he who shall interpret them shall be the means of bringing back prosperity to the kingdom of Hypokondrea. Shall I read them?"

"Read on. We listen."

"A edarry laeep lowdu eb tils  
treah

Wree heert on tillet loeopep  
ni ti;

Het noge fo file lowdu sole  
sti rhint

Wree heert on dhirnee ot  
negib ti."

When Rambustius finished reading these mysterious words a great silence fell upon all present, and those who enjoyed the greatest reputation for learning tried to look as if they could interpret them if they liked, but did not care to do so just now.

"And the meaning, the meaning?" cried the excited monarch.

"Ay, the meaning?" cried a hundred voices.

Rambustius raised his hand, and in a voice of awful solemnity said,

"The meaning, sire, of these inspired words is"—then he paused, and looked round upon the eager throng—"is veiled in the obscurity of prophetic speech."

The King fell back in his throne, and was distinctly heard to say, "Oh, psha!" while the others groaned.



The King finds his Children.

"What?" cried the King, rousing himself. "Can none of you interpret these words? You, there, Hevvimg and Wohful, and the rest of you. Have I allowed myself to be made miserable for years in order that you might grow to such understanding that nothing that is knowable shall be unknown to you, and yet you can not interpret a single prophecy? Begone! sirrabs, addeplets, to your books! It shall go hard with you, ye learned men of Hypokondrea, if ye discover not this meaning for me. And you, sir stranger," he continued, turning to Rambustius, "go, seek diligently the interpretation, and as I perceive that you love not these our learned addeplets, on the day on which you declare to me the meaning of these words of Balbo, their lips shall kiss the headsman's block, and you shall name your own reward."

After two or three weeks, during which the sages of Hypokondrea had been puzzling their brains to make sense out of what appeared to them to be nonsense, Rambustius informed the King that he had discovered the meaning of the two prophecies, and in a private interview with the monarch told him what they were, and what would be necessary to restore prosperity to the kingdom. And when Somba had heard what Rambustius had to say, he was so much pleased that he could hardly keep his crown on his head for joy.

"Will your Majesty allow me," asked Rambustius, "to take steps to bring about this reform?"

"My Majesty has no idea of raising any objection—tol-de-rol-de-riddle-i day!—and just hurry it up, please." Then his Majesty lifted the skirts of his robe of state, and actually tried to dance a jig, which he did not perform very well, being, of course, sadly out of practice.

Then King Somba sent for the wise counsellors, who were shocked to find their master so merry.

"Now, then, you addeplets," said the King, "get ready to have your heads chopped off; but in the mean time listen to the interpretation of the words of Balbo. First,

'All work and no play  
'Make Jack a dull boy.'

"Did you ever find that out? Not a bit of it; you weren't smart enough. Tol-de-rol-de-riddle! That's the sort of a King I am. Now for the other one:

'A dreary place would be this earth  
'Were there no little people in it.  
The song of life would lose its worth  
'Were there no children to begin it.'

"Did you ever find that out? Not you. You thought yourselves mighty smart because you could spell *conceatey*—what d'ye call it?—and *hypochon*—something or other—and yet you never found this out. Now old Rambustius, who is the jolliest fellow living, is going to bring back all those children, that stupid old edict will be revoked, and you, of course, will have to get along without your heads. Ta-ta!"

A few days afterward the streets of Hypokondrea saw a strange sight. Banners waved overhead, flags flew from house-tops and windows, and a vast procession of children passed through the streets and up to the palace in a line that seemed endless. The great hall of the palace soon swarmed with these unaccustomed visitors, and such a babel arose of laughter and chatter as was never heard in a king's palace before. King Somba was so well pleased, that he had something nice to say to every one that came near him; and he patted the boys and kissed the little girls, so that he might by chance do the kind thing by his own children, whom he could hardly be expected to recognize after having been separated from them so long.

Indeed, he utterly failed to do so, and he was obliged to take the little boy's word for it who came up to him and addressed him with a lack of etiquette that was very distressing to the courtiers who stood by.

"Hello, dad; how are you?" said the little fellow. "I'm your son Somba. I knew you by that funny crown on your head, and, besides, I've seen your picture in the history book we had to study in the asylum. You must be an awfully good King if that history's all true."

Then a very pretty little girl came up and took hold of his Majesty's robe in a very loving manner.

"And who are you, little lady?" asked the King.

"Why, I'm your little girl Babil, of course," answered the child, who was indignant that her own papa should not recognize her. "And, I say," she whispered, "do princesses really have an awfully good time, as brother Somba says they do?"

Then the King stooped down and kissed her, and there were tears in his eyes. He had never shed tears while he was so miserable; these were tears of happiness.

"My little Babil," he said, "shall be the happiest little girl in my kingdom, as I am now the happiest man."

With the recall of the children prosperity and happiness returned to Hypokondrea. Hevvimg and Wohful did not lose their heads, for, at the instance of Rambustius, Princess Babil interceded for them, and told her royal papa that she would never have believed that he was such a horrid, cruel wretch as to chop off the heads of those nice, dear old men, and if he did she would never love him any more, but hate him like everything, and she'd go right straight back to the asylum, she would, and stay there till she was grown up—so, there!

Of course the King had to pardon them, for though his Majesty ruled Hypokondrea, Princess Babil ruled his Majesty like the little tyrant that she was.

Rambustius remained in Hypokondrea as King Somba's chief counsellor, and was greatly beloved by young and old. But he never told the King how that, in order to convince him of the wickedness of the late King's edict, he had taken some familiar lines that he had heard in his own country, mixed the spelling up, and passed them off as ancient prophecies from a mysterious *Book of Balbo*.

## TWO ARROWS:\*

A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIX.

WONDERFUL FISHING.

THERE had been a good deal of discussion of the fishing question between the two young friends, for Two Arrows knew nothing of the powers of a "spoon hook." Sile had them of several sizes, and Two Arrows admitted to himself that anything so very bright and pretty must be very effective. Any of those spoons was brilliant enough to have been worn in the hat of a great chief, but the doubt was as to what the trout would think of them. The gaudy assortment of artificial flies Two Arrows quite turned up his nose at. The fish of the western mountains were not in the habit of biting at such things, and could not be taught to do so. As to the hooks, however, large and small, anybody could see their superiority over such as he was accustomed to using, and the lines were elegant. Sile provided him with a rod, and when the young chief marched away with it he felt a strong desire to carry it to and through his own camp, in order that everybody he knew might see what an extraordinary thing he was doing. No Nez Percé boy that he had ever heard of had been able to go a-fishing with a joint rod and a spoon hook.

\* Begun in No. 303, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

They had but a mile or so to walk in order to reach the nearest bend of the little river, and they startled more than one gang of deer on the way. Sile had his rifle and Two Arrows had his bow, but the morning had been given up to fish, and they stuck to their original purpose in spite of all temptation. On the bank of the stream they paused for a moment and took a survey of the situation. The water was not more than fifty yards wide, and did not seem to be deep, but it ran with rippling swiftness.

"That 'll do," said Sile. "It's plenty strong enough to carry a spoon. You won't have to skitter it a bit."

"Ugh! Heap fish," said Two Arrows, but he did not understand Sile's remark, and wondered what was to come next. During all his life thus far he had never thought of the pale-faces as fishermen, or that they really knew anything valuable about such matters. The contents of Sile's box had staggered him, and now he looked on in silence while the "Red-head" (as Ha-ha-pah-no had named him) put his rod together, setting the reel firmly in its socket, and then deftly fitted on the spoon hook with its fine wire "snell." Sile's father was an enthusiastic fisherman, and had given his son more than a little good schooling. Up went the rod, and the line swung lightly back for a second, and then, with a perfect cast, the brilliant "spoon" flew out over the water, and alighted among the swift ripples. The current caught it and whirled it away, the polished silver glittering and dancing near the surface, but it was visible only for an instant. There came a rush and a plunge, and away out of the water sprang a splendid trout with Sile's hook fastened firmly in his too hasty jaw.

"Hurrah!" shouted Sile. "Got him!"

"Ugh! Good," said Two Arrows. "Break!"

"No, he won't break any line. See!"

Two Arrows did see a great deal in a very few moments. The tough rod bent, and Sile gave a little line at first; but the trout made an up-stream rush and was guided to the shore. He was lying on the grass, quietly enough, just after that. So was another and another, and now Two Arrows had mastered the idea, and was at work with energy. It surprised Sile to see how perfectly his red friend could handle his new tools, but it was well that the rod was a stout one, for the reel and its uses were as yet a puzzle. It was exciting sport, for there was hardly any waiting for bites whatever. The trout were on the look-out for their breakfasts, and nobody had ever before offered them such attractive little silvery fish as they now saw, every now and then struggling through the water, all ready to be seized upon.

"We've got enough now," said Sile at last. "We'd better hurry back to camp."

At that moment a strange and unexpected sound came to his ears from some point lower down the stream, and Two Arrows came near dropping his rod into the water.

"Ugh! Catch now!"

"Yes, you've caught your fish, but what's that? It sounds for all the world like a mule braying."

"Two Arrows know him. Heap bad mule. Nez Percé lose all pony. Find 'em now. Red-head come?"

Sile looked with admiration upon the fiercely excited face of the young Nez Percé. The dark eyes fairly glittered with pleasure and expectation, and he was striving with all the words and signs he was master of to convey an idea of the loss his band had sustained, and now once more, and more sonorously, the "morning bugle" of a mule in command of something came ringing up the river. "I'll string the trout," said Sile, as he began to do so, "then I'll go with you. It 'll be grand if we can really catch them."

"Two Arrows catch 'em all, heap time. Get one, get all tribe."

"Wish we were mounted. Better go to camp and get some horses."

"Ugh! No wait. Find now."

There was no such thing as resisting his eager urgency, and Sile himself began to get excited. The trout made two magnificent "strings," but were pretty heavy to carry, and it was decided to hang them and the two rods upon the limb of a tree until a visit should have been paid to the owner of that bray.

Not even his adventure with the grizzly, or his timely success with the two bison when his people were starving, had so aroused the ambition of Two Arrows. The future fortunes of his entire band seemed to him to depend once more upon his own individual good conduct.

The two boys did not have to follow far the windings of the stream before Two Arrows, who was somewhat in the advance, dodged behind a tree and beckoned eagerly to Sile:

"Ugh! Look! Pony!"

Just beyond him was a grassy glade glistening with morning dew, and scattered over it was the entire command of the wicked old mule. To have been seen by them prematurely would have been a pretty sure way of stampeding them again, and the occasion called for prudence and good management.

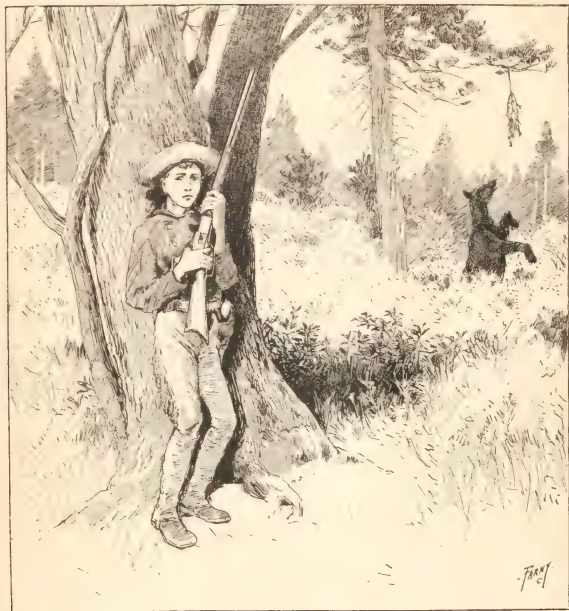
Some of the animals still had their long hide lariats hanging and dragging from their necks and some had not, but Two Arrows noted one of the former, a very good-looking pony, feeding at no great distance from a clump of hazel and willows beyond him. He made Sile understand his purpose of getting into that cover, and then all that Sile had to do was to watch him. Down dropped the young Nez Percé, and from that moment there was little of him to be seen, except when his gayly ribboned head now and then showed itself, peering over the wet, luxuriant grass and weeds. Then a slight movement among the willows told of his safe arrival, and still the runaways were feeding quietly, unaware of the nearness of human enemies.

Sile peered from behind his tree, and watched the movements of the particular pony his friend had pointed out. He was a brisk sort of fellow, and he was working at his breakfast busily. Nearer and nearer he fed his way toward a projecting growth of the hazel-bushes, and Sile perceived a promising shake in one of these. There was something more than a shake hidden by them, for in about one minute more a light, lithe, graceful human form sprang suddenly out. A quick grasp at the trailing lariat, a rapid twist of a loop of it around the animal's face, a buoyant leap, and Two Arrows was a mounted Indian once more.

Every beast of the wicked old mule's startled command was familiar with the tones of the whoop of triumph which called them all away from their grass and their freedom. They had many a time been driven in from other pastures by that particular yell, and it seemed now as if each of them took a swift look around him and listened for the expected voice of One-eye. It should naturally have followed that whoop. Their commander put out his head and brayed lustily, and so did all the other mules, but the ponies took the matter more soberly. Whether or not they had already begun to discover warning signs of cougars, wolves, or grizzlies, they actually felt better to be once more in the company of a human being whom they knew.

Sile wondered greatly to see how readily the whole drove obeyed the shouts of Two Arrows, and permitted themselves to be gathered and driven. He refused the invitation given him to mount one of the ponies, for he had doubts of his success in managing it barebacked and with such a halter-bridle. He explained as well as he could that he preferred to carry the fish and the rods and the news to his own camp, leaving Two Arrows to handle his captives as best he could.

That was just what Two Arrows wanted. He was almost afraid lest the pale-faces should send him some help, and so take from him some part of the glory of his fresh achievement. There was little danger of that, as Sile was soon to discover. He hurried back after his fish in a state of such excitement that he very nearly forgot



"SILE HAD THE 'BUCK AGUE'."

that he was in a new country. He would have forgotten it more completely if it had not been for something he heard as he drew nearer the spot where he had left his speckled game.

"What's that?" he suddenly exclaimed, stopping short and listening. "What's all that growling? I never heard a bear, but it might be one."

So it might be, indeed, in a country where they were so plentiful, but it was not a grizzly this time. It was only a common black bear, very fond of fish, and tremendously disgusted at the failure of his efforts to get hold of some which had plainly been caught and left expressly for him. Standing upon his hind-feet, and springing up as fast as he was able, his paws just reached the end of the longest string of trout and set it a-swinging. Two Arrows had wisely insisted upon bending down a branch and hanging the fish pretty high, Indian fashion, and Sile now saw the reason of it.

"He'd bring 'em all down as it is if I should let him take his time to it. What shall I do now? Oh, but ain't I glad I brought along my rifle!"

He was glad of it, very; but when he raised it in the direction of that bear the sight seemed to dance in all directions, and he could not get a good aim, short as was the distance. Sile had the "buck ague." Even old hunters sometimes find their nerves playing tricks on them. It would not do to miss a shot then and there, and Sile lowered his rifle.

"I'll try a rest and see about this thing. I must hit

that bear in the head the first time, sure." He stepped behind a tree and put his rifle through the crotch of a projecting branch. That tree had no shake in it, and the barrel grew steady. "He is getting up on his hind-feet again. Now for him."

The bear poised himself, with uplifted head, and, just as he lifted his paw for another scratch at the fish, Sile pulled the trigger.

The range was very short, the rest was a good one, the sight was quick but careful, and the bit of lead went straight to its intended place under the ear of that black bear. He would need no more fish from that time forth, and he pitched heavily forward upon the ground.

"Wait a moment, Sile! Never run in on a bar till yer sure of him. Reckon he's dead, though. Stand where you are, my boy!"

"Why, father! Yellow Pine! You here? I never expected to see you."

"Well, my son," said the Judge, "we thought we'd come over and see what luck you were having. Where's Two Arrows?"

"We watched ye jest a moment," said Pine.

"Allers take sight from a rest if you can get one. You did that thing fine. There's the making of a prime good shot in ye."

"I shook all over at first," said Sile, walking a little nearer the bear.

"Buck ager. I've had it. He won't come to. If he does it's no matter, now we've got here. I'll come back after breakfast with a hoss and fetch him in. Where's the red-skin?"

Sile rapidly explained the cause of his delay in getting back to camp; but what he did not know or explain was the fact that the Nez Percés had had no idea that their drove of lost ponies had wandered into that valley.

"Glad they've got 'em," said Yellow Pine. "Every hoof of ourn 'll be safer from this time on, treaty or no treaty, good Indians or bad."

"Would they really steal from us, after all?" asked Sile, soberly.

"Steal hosses? Well, now, that isn't jest the way it looks to them. They're brought up to it. All hoss-flesh is fair game to a plains red-skin. The more they have of their own, the easier it is to get 'em to keep their hands off from them that you have and to make believe good. These 'ere Nez Percés ain't a bad lot. Hope we won't run afoul of any that's worse than they are."

Sile was proud of his fish, and tenfold prouder of his bear, but the proudest person in the mining camp that morning was Na-tee-kah. Her wonderful brother had earned some more glory.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





—CHICKY CHICK!—

## A VERY STRANGE BOY.

BY DAVID KER

"AND if I had not rushed in and dragged the boy away from him, I do believe he'd have killed the poor little fellow."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

We all looked round in amazement, for Charlie Thornton, of the —th Bengal Native Infantry, the pleasantest and most kind-hearted young fellow among all the eighty-three saloon passengers on our homeward-bound steamer from India, was the very last man whom any one would have expected to be amused at the idea of a child being beaten and ill-used.

"I beg your pardon, really," said the young lieutenant, still quivering with suppressed merriment, "but it always makes me laugh when I hear of a boy being hurt or ill-treated."

"Then, sir," growled a hard-faced old Commissioner beside him, "all I can say is that you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Don't be too hard upon Charlie, Mr. Currie," put in Major McNab, of the Seventy-eighth Highlanders. "I'll be bound there's some good joke behind it all, or he'd never talk like that. Come, Charlie, my boy, let's have the story; it's sure to be a good one."

And Lieutenant Thornton began as follows:

"About two years ago I was down at Bombay on leave from Jhansi, just at the beginning of the hot season. I put up at Watson's Hotel, as usual; and before I had been there half an hour I met three old friends of mine, just out from England, whom I hadn't seen for five or six years.

"We had plenty to talk about, as you may think; and so we managed to sit together at dinner. After dinner we went out on to the veranda to have our coffee; and I was just in the middle of telling them about the fun I'd had among the tigers up in the Terai the year before, when all at once a great halloo from below made us look down, and there we saw a sight that put everything else out of our heads at once.

"You know that enormous square in front of the hotel, with the tall clock tower on the other side of it? Well, about midway across it, seemingly coming straight toward the hotel, was a man, carrying a small boy in his arms, and shouting at him very savagely every now and then. They were soon near enough for us to see them quite plainly; and certainly they *did* look the two most extraordinary hobgoblins that I ever set eyes on.

"The man was an immensely tall fellow, and as thin as a lightning-rod; and although it was now, as I've said, the beginning of the hot season, he wore a long dark gray coat and high black hat, which made him look taller still. But if *his* dress wasn't very gay, the boy was grand enough for both, for *he* seemed to have got all the colors of the rainbow. He had a sky-blue cap, an apple-green jacket, red pantaloons, white stockings, and a bright yellow sash round his waist.

"It takes something to gather a crowd in Bombay, where swarms of figures as queer as any in a circus are going about the streets all day long; but two such objects as this man and this boy couldn't be overlooked even there. Half a dozen young English soldiers, who were strolling through the town, began first to stare at them, and then to go after them. Then some other people turned and followed too, till at last the pair found themselves heading quite a procession. But the man seemed to take no notice, and kept straight on, with the child in his arms, giving him a shake and a rough word every now and then, while the boy kept screeching out,

"Oh, papa, please don't hit me any more!"

"I say, this won't do, you know," said big Dick Netherby, of the —th Dragoons, who was sitting beside me.

"If the fellow bullies that poor little chap any more, I'll go down and warm his hide in a way he'll remember."

"By this time the man had come close underneath the veranda, and put the child roughly down on the pavement, saying to him:

"Now, you lazy young whelp, just walk on your own feet a bit. I'm not going to carry a great heavy thing like you all the way home."

"Oh, papa, do carry me a little farther; remember that I'm lame!"

"Lame! yes, trust you for being lame when you're told to do anything. If you don't walk on this minute, when I tell you, I'll lame you in earnest."

"Leave that boy alone, you coward!" roared Dick Netherby, leaning over the balustrade of the veranda, "or I'll break every bone in your skin."

"But the man took no notice of him, and as the boy didn't go on, his father gave him a slap on the side of the head that fairly knocked him down. Dick turned quite purple with rage, and would have jumped right down into the street, and perhaps have broken his leg, if we hadn't held him. But just then there came a frightful scream of pain from below, and we all rushed down-stairs and out of the door like so many madmen, to see what had happened.

"All round the door there was such a crowd gathered that it quite blocked up the front of the hotel, and they seemed to be all shouting at once:

"Murder! Call a policeman. There's one over yonder."

"Hold him tight, or he'll be trying to sneak off."

"What a villain, to stab his own child!"

"There, sure enough, lay the boy seemingly dead, and over him stood the father with a knife in his hand, which two soldiers were just taking from him.

"Is the poor little fellow really dead?" asked Netherby, stooping tenderly over the fallen child. "Hollo! what sort of boy is this? Why, he seems all ribs and paper, like a Japanese umbrella."

"Well, I guess that ain't wonderful, seein' he's made of whalebone and pasteboard," said the supposed murderer, coolly. "Say, Britisher, don't you know a live boy from an *image* yet?"

"An image?" echoed Dick, staring, while the crowd burst into a roar of laughter.

"That's so," said the Yankee, tapping the seeming boy with his knuckles. "Fact is, I'm a ventriloquist, and all that boy's hollerin' was just *my* voice talkin' through that image. Here's my card" (scattering among the crowd, as he spoke, a shower of cards engraved with "Silas J. Polyvox, Professor of Ventriloquism") "and if any of you folks care to come to my performance at the Town-hall to-morrow evening, I'll fix you up a deal better show than this one."

"And Professor Polyvox kept his word on the following evening before a crowd such as the Town-hall had not seen since it was built."

## CHARITY TRIUMPHANT.

ONE moment stood she silently in doubt,  
Her treasure grasping tightly in her hand,  
First looking at the tempting things spread out—

Red apples, cakes, and candies—on the stand,  
Then where the blind man, old and wan and gray,

Sat patiently, his good dog by his side,  
Begging from all who chanced to pass that way

From early morning until even-tide:

One moment, then the poor child gave her all

To him who begged with piteous, sightless eyes.

Only a penny 'twas; but though so small,

Her gift as gold will count beyond the skies. M. E.

## OLD COLLEGE CUSTOMS.

BY ROBERT BRIDGES.

## THE BOWL FIGHT.

EVERY college has a number of customs as peculiarly its own as the old buildings and elms on its campus. They are part of the unwritten law, which the boys obey far better than the printed regulations which the faculty issue.

At the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, the students have a trial for Freshman nerve and grit which is certainly as severe as any known and practiced in the other colleges of the East. It is called the "Bowl Fight," and its origin was fully twenty years ago. It is said that the Sophomores of 1865 presented the Freshmen of 1866 with a wooden spoon such as is used in salad dishes. Men who were then in college do not know why the present was made. The custom was probably borrowed from Yale, where for many years a wooden spoon was presented to the most popular man in every Senior class. There was a lull in the custom for several years, and when it again came to the surface, a bowl was substituted for the spoon—probably a small salad bowl, which, as the years went by, grew in size until it became as large as the bowls which are used in bread-making.

The Freshmen at first treated the present as a mark of esteem from the Sophomores, and even when the custom was further modified by choosing one particular Freshman to be the recipient of the bowl, his class-mates still made the occasion one of good-will and hilarity. The Freshman selected for this doubtful compliment was and is the "lowest third honor man"; that is, the man whose grade for recitations and examinations during the first term is nearest to 12, which is the lowest number publicly announced.

The Sophomores asserted that they made the present on the theory that a Freshman who stood so low in the estimation of the professors must be a very good sort of fellow—which shows that Sophomores are not apt to have a high opinion of the faculty. At any rate, everybody seemed pleased with the ceremony until on one very uproarious occasion the Sophomores not only presented the low-grade Freshman with the bowl, but put him in it and carried him through the streets of the quiet Quaker City, singing jolly songs, and making him an object of curiosity to the towns-people. Everybody wanted to know why one particular man was chosen to be carried in the bowl, and everybody by-and-by found out that he was the man whom the august faculty had graded as the dunce of the class.

It began to look like an insult to the whole class, and Freshmen are only meek when the Sophomores are stronger than they are. So when the time approached for the next presentation, the indignant Freshmen decided to resist all efforts of the Sophomores to put their man in the bowl, and if possible to break it.

The result was the first "bowl fight" between the classes, in which the bowl was broken and the pieces distributed among the Freshmen as trophies of their strength. Thereafter, at the end of every first term in the college year, the bowl fight took place as regularly as any other event in the college course. In 1872 the Sophomores succeeded in placing the reluctant Freshman in the bowl, but in the following ten years the Freshmen were uniformly the victors, either breaking the bowl or holding out against their assailants until the fight became a draw.

You can imagine that great preparations were made for these contests, which each class felt was to test its honor. And although stern faculties have often frowned on similar trials of strength, I can not help feeling that they do no harm. A boy who has not patriotism enough to stand up for his class will not be likely to stand up for his home,

State, or country. There is nothing like good-fellowship, boys, and honorable faith-keeping between friends.

Well, the wily Sophomores believed in doing the best for their class, and they spared no money to have the bowl made strong. They had the hardest and toughest wood used, and the bowl was made in sections, so that the grain of the wood should run in divers directions. There is a regular rule now which provides that the bowl must be made of cherry-wood, and that it shall not be less than twenty-two inches in diameter and six inches deep, and not more than one inch in thickness. It is often handsomely decorated inside with painted designs.

The contest last year was a very fine one. It was the first held under a new and exceedingly fair set of rules which had been adopted at a mass-meeting of the college. About eleven o'clock in the morning a large crowd of students and their friends began to arrive outside the gates of the new campus opposite the college. Among them about eighty were distinguished by their peculiar clothes. The neat and attractive suits common to most students in a city college had been exchanged for knee-breeches, close-fitting canvas jackets, which will not tear and which are hard to hold, and many-colored skull-caps. The costume is similar to that worn in foot-ball matches, and is fitted for the roughest kind of a scrimmage.

Suddenly the gates were opened, and the crowd went in with a rush. The spectators took their places, and the '87 men and '88 men drew up at opposite ends of the field in battle array. The ground was in fair condition for the struggle. In the centre of it a large stone had been placed. On it the sanguine Freshmen expected to break the strong bowl to fragments. A doctor from the medical school, who had been chosen referee, mounted the stone and announced the rules for the struggle. He pointed out the place from which the Freshmen with the bowl-man were to start when he gave the signal, and the line beyond which if they carried him he was to be considered free. If, on the other hand, the Sophomores did not put him inside the bowl within fifteen minutes, he was to be allowed to go free, but was liable to be placed in the bowl on returning within bounds. Two hours were then allowed the Freshmen in which to take the bowl from the Sophomores and break it.

Then the final preparations for the struggle were made. "Where's the bowl-man?" cried several Freshmen, and immediately a short, dark-haired boy said, "I'm here," and stepped to the centre of a group of his class-mates. The latter locked arms and inclosed him in several circles of almost unyielding muscle. It seemed impossible to break through such a barrier. Opposite them the Sophomores were drawn up in close ranks ready for a charge.

"Are you ready?" said the referee; and then gave the signal. The Freshmen braced themselves for the shock. Down the field came the Sophomores as orderly as a foot-ball team at the kick-off. But in a moment the two bodies met, and all was confusion. Sophomores leaped upon the solid mass of Freshmen, changing the circle into a pyramid. Soon there was an indistinguishable mass of arms, legs, hatless heads, and torn clothes, equal to the severest foot-ball scrimmage. For five minutes the Freshmen kept their ranks compact. They were forced almost around the field, but still protected their bowl-man. Then the weaker men gave way, and the lines were penetrated. After thirteen minutes' incessant struggling the Sophomores seized the bowl-man. It seemed that he would be torn to pieces by the rival classes, but the Sophomores by hard work got him in the bowl, and the referee decided that it was a fair victory for them, and a very hard fight they had to win it.

A great shout went up, and the victors marched off with their prize on their shoulders, singing, and yelling the old college cheer, "Hooray! hooray! hooray! Pennsylvania!"



## THE "CANE SPREE" AT PRINCETON.

At almost all other Eastern colleges the test of strength between the two lower classes is made over the carrying of canes by the Freshmen. There are many different varieties of this old contest, known as the "cane rush," "banger rush," or "cane spree." At Princeton it has the last mentioned name, and is one of the most carefully regulated of all college customs. The rules which govern it have been handed down and improved from year to year, until now they are almost as complete, though unwritten, as the duelling code.

During the first weeks of the opening term prominent men in the Junior Class choose three of the strongest Freshmen to represent their class in the spree. These

inch in diameter, which is furnished by the Freshman. He also has the advantage of being given the "outside hold" on the cane; that is, each of his hands is so near the end of the cane that the Sophomore can not grasp outside of it. You see how the Freshman has at least four inches greater leverage in this way. His hands have been slightly powdered with resin to give him a firm hold on the cane.

When the word is given, the Sophomore seizes the cane and tries to wrench it from the Freshman's hands. He will suddenly turn and try to throw his opponent over his hip, or he will lift the cane up and endeavor to push it over the Freshman's head, or jump upon it with his knee and try to jerk it away. The Sophomore must take the cane completely out of both the Freshman's hands. The



BOWL FIGHT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

men are rigidly and severely trained in all the athletic tricks and arts by which the alert Sophomores will try to wrench the cane from their hands. With the advice of certain Seniors, these men are carefully matched in weight and size with three Sophomores. A bright moonlight night in early October is chosen for the contest.

It is one of the most picturesque and exciting events in the college course. Staid and dignified professors, old graduates, and occasionally ladies, gather on the campus back of East College to witness the sport. All the windows on that side of the quadrangle are illuminated. A great ring, six or eight deep, is formed of upper and lower class men, a certain number of athletic fellows acting as policemen to keep the lines intact. When all is ready, the first pair of contestants step into the ring. Each man has a clear-headed upper-class man to act as his second, and a disinterested referee is chosen.

The cane is generally a stout piece of hickory about one

latter needs only to hold on a certain time, generally an hour, to be the winner. It is the Sophomore, therefore, who does the hard fighting.

How each side cheers its man and jeers his antagonist! Songs are sung and the "tiger" given by either side as the fortune of war varies. And when at length the cane is won, the whole class to which the victor belongs break into the ring, shouting wildly, and carry him off the field on their shoulders.

After a brief interval they are back again, and the next fight goes on in a similar way. The class winning two of the three sprees is declared the champion. The fortunate class is always wild with enthusiasm. A procession is hastily formed, and the grand march made around the "Old Triangle," song after song and cheer after cheer being given from a hundred hoarse throats. It is generally long after midnight when the spree is ended at the old cannon with a last "Tiger! hiss! boom! ah!"



# CURLY LOCKS:

"Curly Locks, Curly Locks  
Wilt thou be mine?"

Thou shalt not wash dishes  
Nor yet feed the swine  
But sit on a cushion & sew a fine  
seam.

And feast upon strawberries sugar  
and cream."

She toiled along toward the town;  
The way was rough and hilly.  
Her gown was poor, her feet were bare,  
She had no gold but her golden hair,  
And her face was like a lily.

The Prince came riding to the town,  
His jewelled 'broderies flashing;  
His velvet scarf with pearls was sewed,  
A hundred nobles with him rode,  
Their golden stirrups clashing.

The weary maiden on the road  
Drooped like a way-side lily.  
The Prince looked on her angel face;  
He reined his steed; he slackened his pace.  
"The way is rough and hilly,"

Quoth he, "for thee, and, by the rood!  
I'll take thee to the city."  
He lifted up the trembling maid,  
And softly on his shoulder laid  
Her golden head for pity.

"Now who art thou, O maiden dear?  
What gives thee life for living?"  
"A cruel mistress, sir, was mine;  
I washed the dishes, fed the swine,  
Life missed me in her giving."

He kissed her lovely curly locks.  
"If thou'lt be mine, my beauty,  
To sew a seam' in cloth of gold  
Around thy charming form to fold  
Shall be thy only duty.

"On silken cushions thou shalt sit  
Within my ivory palace.  
O Curly Locks, wilt thou be mine?  
And thou shalt drink sweet cowslip wine  
Out of a golden chalice.

"O Curly Locks, wilt thou be mine?  
Thou shalt forget thy sorrow;  
Singing thou'lt sew thy golden seam,  
And sugared strawberries and cream  
Shall be thy fare to-morrow."

The Prince rode gayly to the town,  
His jewelled 'broderies flashing;  
Sweet Curly Locks was by his side.  
Behind, his nobles gay did ride,  
With golden stirrups clashing.

MARY E. WILKINS.





made into silk. The woman who did it looked like a French woman, and the process was imported from France. I had not time to stay and watch the whole process. There were two little boys, a Queen Anne cottage and the weight of one story of an ordinary cottage. Next we went up into the gallery. Here we did not see anything very important, but as we were walking along there were some spoons thrust out from the pop-corn department with pop-corn for a sample; that which I got was mixed with chocolate, and was very good. Garfield has even been named after him, for we saw a bedstead and springs called the Garfield bed. There was one department of fire-grenades. They had a good opportunity for showing how these are used, for about a week ago there was a fire in Wanamaker's department, and a man took three grenades and ran and put it out. It was very interesting, and if that had caught there would have been a blaze. Just as we came down stairs it struck ten, and out went the electric lights. Now I went, thus ending our visit to the Novelties' Exhibition. C. T.

MAISON, MICHIGAN.

I go to school and study reading and writing. My birthday was the last day of March, and I was seven years old. This summer I was out at my home, who live in the country, and I was there over five weeks. I had a splendid time. I had three little kittens, and everything else one could want. I suppose some of the children will write to the Post-office Box, and I don't; I do, and like to ever so much. My mamma and papa have gone to Chicago. I have a little sister, who is eleven months old. Her name is Sibyl. Do you think it is a pretty name? BESSIE A. T.

Sibyl is a beautiful name.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

Almost all the boys and girls here are collecting stamps. It is very interesting. I have been collecting long. Portland has about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and I think it is a very pretty city. Last evening I went to hear the Boston Ideal Opera Company. I enjoyed it very much. I have one brother, who is eleven years old. I go to the High School, and study Latin, English, algebra, chemistry, and literature. I read Mac E. Hayek's letter, and have written to her. I hope she will answer it, but I am afraid I shall hope in vain, as it has been some time. I would like to correspond with some girl between the ages of thirteen and fifteen. I am thirteen, almost fourteen. GERTRUDE M. T.

FLORIDA, NEW YORK.

Two of my good aunts made me a Christmas present of Harper's Young People. I like it ever so much. I'm a little boy eleven years old, and live in the small village of Florida, and have a railroad from Goshen to Pine Island that runs directly to New York; also the county telephone wires run through here, and some of the business men in the place have telephones. I have one sister, eight years old, and a brother, six. Papa died nearly five years ago, so mamma just has to love us children for herself and papa too. We are all going to school. This fall is the first time sister and brother ever went; they like it well. We are all having the mumps now. Little brother is just nicely over it. We don't like them very much, you may just believe. We all live at grandpapa's house, on a farm a little out of the village. ALFRED R. S.

YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, "You told me to write and tell you what girls my age are doing, and I will tell you what Galla R. and I do. We play tennis. And the best fun is to play croquet on the table. I will tell you how we do it: we use two hair-pins to form the hoops, and two two hair-pins for the poles, and handles the same, only putting corks on the ends for the mallet. Galla is American, and I am English. It was my birthday the other day, and it will be Galla's very soon. I hope my letter is not too long for you to be printed. I still remain yours truly, ALICE L. Y.

POLAND, OHIO.

For pets I have two kittens; their names are Spot and Tiger. I have six dolls; their names are Birdie, Ethel, Violet, Lillie, Nellie, and Jennie, who is six years old. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, grammar, geography, and arithmetic, and am in Decimals Fractions. I like Howard Pyle's stories very much. My father keeps a drug-store. I have two brothers, whose names are Todd and Alfred. I am ten years old. I hope you will print this letter. MARY M.

FARGO, DAKOTA.

This town is situated on the Red River of the North. It is a town of about ten thousand inhabitants. My sister and I have raised one hun-

dred and twenty chickens this summer, and they are all so tame that we can pick them up whenever we wish to. I have a hen six years old that will sing when I tell her to. I have a cock, and here and there I am asked to bring my hen in, and I told her to sing, and she sang two songs for her. The lady said she did not know that a hen could learn so much. I am ten years old. ANNIE H.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number, and now have it every day. I am anxious to read it through. I read all the letters, and have thought many times I would write to you. I have been very busy with my school, and do not tire of the splendid stories. I am twelve years old, and go to the Marquette school. I am in the Seventh Grade—there are eight grades in all—and I study reading, arithmetic, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. I have two brothers and two sisters, all younger than myself. I like to read better than to do any thing else. I was born in Chicago, and was never out of Illinois until this summer, when my papa took me with him on a trip to the East, where I saw the mountains and the sea, and then to Bennington, Vermont, where I saw the battle-ground of Bennington; then to Boston, where I visited many interesting places of interest, among which were the Common, old State-house, Faneuil Hall, Copp's Hill Burying-ground (where I saw Cotton Mather's tomb), also the old church where Paul Revere hung out his lanterns, Bunker Hill Monument, and the Navy yard. I went to Worcester (Massachusetts), Concord (New Hampshire), and Portland (Maine), and then to Newport, where I was delighted with the elegant cottages and the beautiful view of the port to New York. I visited many places there, but enjoyed Central Park most of all. I stood on the stone on which Washington stood when he took the oath of office as President of the United States. I came home by way of the Pennsylvania Railroad, over the Allegheny Mountains, around the famous Horseshoe Bend. It was a journey I shall never forget. MARCEL W.

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

My cousin has been giving me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for twelve months as a birthday present, and she says that at the end of the year I will get the numbers all bound for me. I have two sisters and three brothers. I have no pets, but my sister has a pretty nansay. I am twelve years of age. My sisters and I go to the Kindergarten school. We like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. EVELYN MARY H.

SHREWSBURY, NEW YORK.

Our aunt takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us, and we think it is a delightful paper. We enjoy "Two Arrows" very much, and can hardly wait for the next number to come. We have a riding-horseback. Our little sister went to Maine to spend the summer, and she has not got back yet, and we are in a hurry to see her. L. and B. H.

BECKET, MASSACHUSETTS.

The other day a big black snake came into our yard, and wound around the tree. He did not stir for five minutes; then he began to crawl, measured four feet and five inches long. Papa and I go hunting very often for partridges, crows, rabbits, and woodcock. I am eight years old. I have a goat that I harness and drive every day. Good-by. MINER M. C.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

I have never written to any paper yet, so I hope this will be published with a spike in my back, but no sister, but it would make me very happy if I had one. I used to subscribe for this book, and now I have commenced again. I will be eleven years old, and I will be able to read, and am very glad when my paper comes. JOSIE T.

NEW YORK CITY.

We live in Harlem, and have very nice skating and coasting in winter. There are five lots where we skate, and a very large hill, called Mitchell's hill, where we coast, and when you go down it takes your breath away, and when you try to get up the hill again, you get up a little way and then you fall down, and so this winter we are going to try to get up the hill with a spike in my back. We have a large yard in the back of the house, and we have 15 plants potted for the winter. We have a very nice dog named Sam, two rabbits, one of which is pure white and the other black and white, and two canary-birds. I received a large wagon last Christmas, and we hitch Sam to it, and he gives us rides, and we have a regular harness for him. I am in the Second Grade in the Primary, and study arithmetic, spelling, reading, writing, draw-

ing, Roman numbers, and tables. We used to go bathing every day when the weather was warmer, and we learned to swim this summer. Would some one please tell me how to keep rabbits in winter? I am a little boy, and I was nine years old last March, and Sam's birthday is one day after mine. Good-by, dear Postmistress. ADRIAN J. K.

An article on how to keep rabbits was published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 133.

WALNUT HILLS, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—Did you ever have a broken leg or a "green stick fracture" of your collar-bone? I am only eight years old, and I am just getting over both these breaks. I was going through a building before the floors were laid, and I fell from the first story into the cellar. I had to lie flat on my back with my leg in splints for six weeks. I had been up only a few days when I fell and broke it again in the same place. Now I am going through my second six weeks. I am always glad when Friday comes, for then I get your lovely paper. I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box, and I would like to see mine there. I have to lie flat on my back, so I can't write this myself; my mother is writing for me. In four weeks more I hope to be up again. I have a pleasant little kitten; her name is Kitty Snow; she stays on the bed with me a great deal. I have beautiful flowers in my own little garden. I send you a little lemon-verbena. HENRY U.

Thank you for the lemon-verbena. Your letter was performed with it. Although I have never yet had a broken limb, I don't know what I may have in time to come, so I shall be careful not to walk around new buildings before the floors are laid.

CULLERS, TENNESSEE.

I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it ever so much. I also use it as a study at school. It comprises spelling, geography, punctuation, and writing, and I like it very much. I always look forward with pleasure to a new number. I like "Two Arrows" best of all. I have no pets, for I am away at school. I had a 'cat once, but I sold it. ALF B. M. (age thirteen).

# PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO CHAISES.

1.—My first is to steal from another.

My second is a preposition.

2.—My first is a bird.

My second is an ornament.

My whole is a fish. GRACE KIDD.

No. 2.

TWO SQUARES.

1.—1. Some one the boys like. 2. Thought. 3.

Quiet. 4. A thin strip of wood.

2.—1. An infant. 2. A chill. 3. An animal. 4.

Part of an egg. PAUL STERLING.

No. 3.

F. I. G. A.

My first is in sand, but not in dust.

My second is in statue, but not in bust.

My third is in boot, but not in shoe.

My fourth is in iron, but not in you.

My fifth is in oats, but not in wheat.

My sixth is in blanket, but not in sheet.

My seventh is in rain, but not in snow.

My eighth is in a card, but not in a cow.

My whole is a park of the Pacific slope.

HARRY JOHNSON.

# ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 311.

No. 1.—November.

No. 2.—

E. veret.

V. letoria.

A. lexander.

N. o. l. l. l. l.

G. ordon.

E. merson.

L. awrence.

I. sabella.

N. e. l. i. a. s.

E. lizabeth.

EVANSFORD

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Miss Simpson, Cecil C. Smith, City, Charles Davis, Dimpie Dodd, J. C. Mullin, Louis L. Julian B., Titania, Joseph Adams, Hattie Mabel Carr, Edna Patric, Sallie Day, Ruth Prescott, John Ball, Christopher K. Brown, W. D. K. K. K. Ernest, Miles Babb, Harry Gaylord, Florence Baker, S. H. Mollison, Jun. W. Pulitzer, Helen and Gertrude Gardner, and Randolph W. Holland.





MRS. BIDDY O'POSSUM  
HANGS OUT  
HER WEEK'S WASH.

### THE HISTORY OF JAMRACH.

**H**ERE is the history of Jamrach. After a time poor Little Jack was taken ill with a tremendous cough, so I let him out of the cage, and he used to sit almost under the fire, but he was too cute ever to get singed. One day Little Jack was so bad that I thought he could not last till the next day, so I sent John to my friend Jamrach to bring back another monkey of any kind, as monkeys, like ourselves, can not live alone. John brought back a deal box, upon opening which appeared a pinched, wretched-looking face, with very bright eyes, attached to an apology for a body. After the new arrival had been a short time in the house he began to be tamed, but the poor little fellow did not require much taming; he was too ill. We made him a coat at once, and that he was wise enough not to attempt to take off. I wanted a healthy monkey, not a sick one, and at first was going to send him back to Jamrach, but I doubted much whether he would live to get there.

I named this monkey Jamrach, in honor of his former owner. I am strongly of opinion that he is a retired organ monkey. I formed this idea because, unlike most other monkeys, he no more minds being picked up off the ground than does a human baby. Again, when picked up, his great desire is to crawl in underneath one's waistcoat or coat, and there remain cuddled up as long as you will let him stay. He and poor sick Little Jack struck up a great friendship, and they sit nestled together like babes in the wood for hours without moving; still, occasionally they make mouths at each other, and have rows when questions of dainty bits arise. My Jamrach is a comical-looking monkey. When I examine him closely, I find his left ear is torn as though a ring had at some time or other been put in, and he had torn it out; his face and lower jaw are quite bald, as though he were shaved every morning; on the left cheek, just below the eye, he carries a tattoo mark. How they mauaged to tattoo him I can not conceive.

Jamrach is a very artful customer. Two baby children came to stay at our house. Jamrach at first could not tolerate their presence in the monkey room; he made terrible faces, and pouted his lips at them. The children nevertheless used to feed him with bits of sweet-stuff, etc. This, I suppose, set Jamrach thinking, for he at once changed his tactics: instead of scolding at them, he suddenly became very civil, and chattered Good-morning, thanking them especially in his own way when he got the sweets.

### A PUZZLE

(Not new, but good).

**M**Y name denotes my date to be  
The morning of the Christian year.  
Though fatherless, as all agree,

I am a father, it is clear;  
A mother, too, without dispute;  
And when my son comes, he's a fruit.  
Then—not to puzzle you too much—  
'Twas I gave Holland to the Dutch.



A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

"You see, the Mouse puts his head in there—that way; and then—"

"Ouch!"



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THE COOKING LESSON.—DRAWN BY ST. JOHN HARPER.—SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 18.

## A PERFECT PIE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I WAS much older than dear little Maud Marian, who goes to a cooking class every Saturday morning, and who often astonishes papa with some new dainty on the dinner table; much older than Clara Isabella, who tosses off feathery biscuits and foamy omelets with the ease of an artist whenever mamma has company to breakfast; much older than Laura Elise, who is just cutting the edges from the puff paste of a perfect pie (in the picture)—when a very mortifying thing happened to me. I blush whenever I think of it now, and I know very well that some of you will be surprised when I tell you that the very first dinner which I ever attempted to prepare all by myself turned out a complete failure, because when a little girl I had never liked to cook, and had always asked to be excused from learning how.

I can never forget the trouble I had that day, when the cook had gone to pay a visit to her first cousin's sister-in-law's aunt, and the waitress had been suddenly summoned to the funeral of the "frind of a frind who lived forinist me at home in the ould country, County Antrim, ma'am," and the baby was fretful and wouldn't be put down, and the range wouldn't burn, and the ovens were cold, and how to drain the vegetables and bake the pudding and make the coffee I knew no more than the little one in my arms. I am very glad that no such experience can ever fall to the lot of the little housekeepers who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, learning, as I know they are, how to do everything which comes into the routine of home life—learning it all by degrees, so that by-and-by when they shall be grown up they will step easily into the management of their own houses.

Nor is it probable that to any of my girl readers—Louise or Daisy or Letitia—will a servant one of these days say, as a good mulatto cook once said to me: "Now, honey, yo' go 'long out dis yere kitchen, an' sit yo'self in de parlor an' play de pianner. It's yo' business to eat de dinner, an' it's my business to cook it."

Poor dear Aunt Hannah, with her gay Madras kerchief arranged like a turban over her gray wool, her full white apron covering a dark print dress, her camp-meeting hymns, mournful to the last degree, and her jolly laugh, which made her shake and quake like a jelly, as she fairly quivered with fun! This nice, capable Aunt Hannah was a great comfort to a young matron who knew very little about housekeeping, for she could make the most delicious things, and nothing that she set her hand to was ever less than successful.

The result of my perplexities and botherations, children, let me tell you confidentially, was to make me resolved to find out all the housekeeping secrets, to study cookery books with more care than I had given to conic sections, and to be prouder of a light pudding, a sweet loaf, and a dainty pie than of a picture or a poem.

In cooking, you can not afford to leave anything to chance. Make it a rule to follow your receipt precisely, and do not be ashamed to take your favorite cookery book into the kitchen, to weigh your flour and sugar and butter, to beat your eggs until they are perfectly light, and to watch every step of the process from the moment you begin until the moment when you end by taking your cake or pie from the oven, done to a turn. Patience, perseverance, and thoroughness are necessary to good cooking.

You often hear ladies who are noted for their skill boast that they do not use receipts in their cookery, and that they mix and mingle ingredients according to their judgment. Believe me that it is better to have a rule and to follow it exactly. Probably, without being aware of it, they have learned their rules by heart.

Before you begin to cook, always see that your hair is

nicely brushed and tucked away—if you like, under a pretty little cooking-cap—that your hands and finger-nails are very clean, and that you have all the materials you will need on the table before you. Then, if you do not already understand your fire, ask mamma or the cook to explain the dampers to you, and to show you how to make the oven hot enough, and how to keep the fire burning so that the heat will be *steady*.

It is not a good plan to leave what you have begun, and make a half-dozen trips here and there—to the pantry, the cellar, and the refrigerator—for articles which you can not do without. If I were about to make mince-pies for Thanksgiving, I would stone my raisins, pare my apples, wash and dry my currants, shred my citron, grate my orange-peel, boil and finely chop my meat, the day before I wanted to use the delicious filling which is placed between the covers of a good mince-pie. Then I would make my pastry just as Aunt Diana has taught Miss Laura Elise to make hers.

I would choose the coolest place I could find, beside an open window if possible; for puff pastry is spoiled by being made of warm, half-melted ingredients. I would sift my flour twice with great care. Then, following Mrs. Henderson's receipt, which never disappoints, I would take, with one pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, the yolks of two eggs, a little salt, a sprinkle of sugar, and a little ice-cold water.

First sprinkle a little salt and a tiny pinch of sugar over the sifted flour; then beat the yolks of the eggs, and stir into them a few spoonfuls of water; pour this very slowly into the flour with the left hand, working it very daintily in with the tips of the fingers of the right hand.

Laura did all this until she had a smooth, firm paste. She then rolled it out in an even, square form, and having divided the butter into three portions, she spread one part flatly over half the crust, and folded the other half upon it; she rolled this out, and repeated the process three times, until the butter was all worked in. Each time she rolled it in a different direction, keeping her board lightly sprinkled with flour, so that the paste did not stick to it. When it was finished, she set it for a half-hour in the ice-box before she made her pie, of which the mince-meat had been ready for a week, carefully covered up in a stone jar.

The paste which was left over was set away on the ice and kept for future use. Paste made in the way that Aunt Diana showed Laura will keep good for a whole week. Please remember that pastry is ruined by too much handling. Learn to use the hands as little as possible in mixing it. I mix mine with a knife which I keep for the purpose.

"I tink yore pa will praise dat pie, Miss Laura, chile," said Aunt Diana, proudly, when the pie, done to a golden brown, rich and flaky, was at last baked and set on the shelf.

Papa has not yet tasted it. When he shall do so, he will, I am sure, call it a perfect pie.

## THE TUNE THE OLD COW DIED OF.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

WE are all familiar with the expression, "The tune the old cow died of," as applied to some melody which does not exactly suit the taste of Jack Noakes or Bob Styles. But I once actually knew of a case where a young cow absolutely did—no, it did not exactly die, but it came pretty near a farmer.

John, the son of a farmer at whose house I once boarded, had a consuming passion to learn the accordion—so consuming that he nearly set all the out-buildings on fire whilst practicing on one occasion, and he used to sit up late at night in the barn studying. The family had a

cow (only one, but it was a good one), and she and John were on very good terms until he bought the accordion; then there sprang up a coolness between them. The cow began to lose ambition, and droop, and give short measure in milk, so that every one noticed it; but no one could guess what was the matter, least of all John, who gave her bran mash and cut carrots and all sorts of boiled messes such as particularly kind farmers are apt to give to their cattle. Still it was no use; the cow moped and drooped and fidgeted.

One day John went away to stay a week in the city. While he was gone the cow picked up its spirits, and did its duty by the milk-pail like a regular pump. One day I was standing in the barn-yard, when I saw Mooley lift up her great big nose and give vent to a long and melancholy bellow. Happening to glance up the road, I saw John coming down the hill with a new silk hat and a black valise. We went out to greet him, but when we came back the cow was gone. It was after dark before she was hunted up in a shrubbery in the remotest part of the farm.

That night John took an extra turn at his beloved accordion on account of their long separation. The next morning Mooley was all thrown back again, and there was scarcely enough milk for breakfast.

I now began to put this and that together, and after patient watching I came to the conclusion that John was playing the *tune the young cow's going to die of*. I noticed that the beast grew uneasy whenever John made his appearance, and I thought I detected, under a pretense of driving away the flies, an effort on her part to hook him, or flirt him in the face with the duster at the end of her tail. I had an affection for Mooley, and was fond of milk; besides, I knew how it was myself in regard to the music, so I thought I would see what could be done for the poor creature.

To tell John that his music was undermining the cow's health, or that we didn't like it round the house, would never do. To stick the accordion on the cow's horn, though poetic in its suggestion of retributive justice, might breed ill-feeling between John and the cow; so I rejected that idea. I then thought I would try an experiment; it was merely an experiment, without method or purpose, but I thought something might come of it.

Just before John's usual playing hour I quietly unfasted a corner of the accordion's bellows, and slipped a healthy rat inside, having previously taken the precaution to tie its head in a canvas bag to prevent its gnawing too rapidly. Then I fastened up the bellows and replaced it in its box. At the usual vesper hour John threw himself languidly on the hay, and drawing forth his darling instrument, gave it one long, delicious pull. There was a double note from that instrument, double and squeak—a muffled, shuffling noise, whilst the thing throbbed and bumped like one possessed. The barn was lonely, the night was dark, John was not lion-hearted; he dropped the accordion and bolted for the house, where he made his appearance among us, white and wild and speechless.

The next morning he found his instrument exploded among the hay, with a big hole in its side, its music gone forever. He never had it repaired, and the cow survives to this day, giving milk in large quantities and of most excellent quality. Leaving it to be assumed that the tune has yet to be composed of which this cow in its old age will die,

The song's not been writ yet, I trow—  
Rowdy-dow!  
Nor composed is the tune—quite, I vow—  
Rowdy-dow!  
With boreastic, cyclonic  
Rowdy-dow!  
Which shall slaughter our gentle old cow—  
Rowdy-dow!

## BRIGHTIE'S CHRISTMAS CLUB.

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG.



IRLS, have you made any Christmas presents for this year?" asked Brightie Harrison, at recess.

"Why, no," cried Mabel; "I haven't thought about Christmas yet."

"I never can think of anything to make," said Mabel's cousin Nell.

"It's the same thing over again every year," remarked Sadie Grey: "shaving-case for father, pincushion for mother, worsted ball or a doll for the baby."

"Brightie, tell us what you are thinking of," said Lil-lie Brown, who had watched her friend's earnest face while the others were speaking. Brightie's real name was Margaret, but it was years since her father had first called her his Brightie Eyes, and this had been softened to Brightie, and adopted by all her friends.

"Well," said Brightie, glancing at the clock, which warned her that the school bell would ring in a moment, "I haven't time to tell you now; but if you want to know how to make some pretty things for Christmas presents, come to my house this afternoon. Aunt Jennie is visiting, and promised to show me, and she said I could ask—" The bell sounded, and as the girls separated, Brightie added, hastily, "Bring any pieces of silk or plush or flannel you have, auntie said."

Aunt Jennie found a half-dozen expectant faces gathered in Brightie's room that afternoon. Aunt Jennie was a sweet-voiced, gentle-looking woman, and as the girls drew their chairs around her, she exclaimed:

"Why, Brightie, you have quite a little society here. Why don't you call yourselves a Christmas Club?"

The suggestion was a happy one, and was at once adopted. The girls displayed their materials, and the room soon looked as if a rainbow had settled there, as the bits of red and blue, orange, green, and purple silks and fancy ribbons were tossed about in the sunlight.

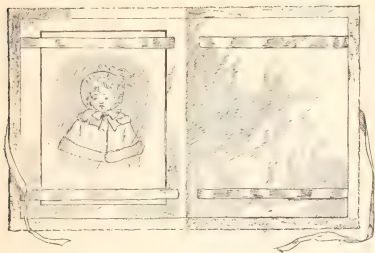
"Would any one like to make a photograph case?" asked Aunt Jennie.

"I would," answered Sadie, promptly. "Sister Kate has some cabinet photographs, and she is always wishing for something to keep them in."

"Very well, then," returned Aunt Jennie. "I will show Sadie how to make the photograph case, and the rest of you may watch if you like, and then you can remember how to make one another time."

"Cut a piece of this red plush eleven and a half inches long and nine inches wide; then a piece of this thin red silk for a lining the same size, and an interlining of black crinoline. Now these must be basted together; lay the plush down first, the crinoline on that (and we will double this crinoline, as it is rather limp), then the silk last, and baste these together a half-inch from the outside. Now the neatest way, Mabel, to finish the edges will be to bind them with narrow ribbon, but I will show you an easier method that will answer just as well. Trim off the silk and lining half an inch all around, and turn the plush over and catch it. This will keep it from making a stiff ridge all around. Now fold the two shorter sides together like a book, and sew a piece of narrow red ribbon (twelve inches long) on each side; this is to tie the case together. The edges should be finished with red cord or chenille, Mabel, but you haven't any here, so you must finish that part at home. There is one more thing to be done: fasten two pieces of narrow ribbon across the inside of each leaf, one at the top and one at the bottom; these are





PHOTOGRAPH CASE.

to slip the photographs through. The ribbon should be about eight inches long, and must be sewed very neatly."

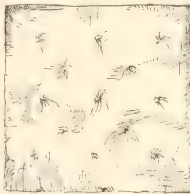
The girls listened attentively, and watched Sadie follow out the directions of Brightie's aunt.

"Have you ever made a cracker sachet?" asked Aunt Jennie, as Sadie put the finishing touches to the photograph case. "Here is just the right material, and enough for a half-dozen, so you each can make one. Cut two pieces of thin pasteboard three by three and a half—the size of a soda cracker—and lay over each a thin piece of

cotton batting, and over this a piece of cream-colored silk a trifle larger. Turn the silk over neatly all around and baste it down. Take some white sewing silk and catch it through in a dozen or so places on each piece to imitate the dents in a cracker. Sprinkle some sachet powder on the cotton (heliotrope is delicate for this purpose), place the two together, with the silk outside, and overhand them carefully. Now if you place them in an oven for a minute, your cracker will be a delicious brown, and will look nice enough to eat.

"And here," added Aunt Jennie, in a confidential tone, "is just the thing for little Daisy to make, even the lettering. I am sure she can copy. This gray-tinted paper is the very thing. Cut two pieces two inches long by an inch and a half wide. You have no court-plaster, I am sure, but I have quite a supply. Now we will cut three pieces just the size of the tinted paper, and a bit of narrow red ribbon will tie all five pieces together at one end. Now draw the ornament and letters with a pencil on the tinted paper. Have any of you water-colors here? No? Well, then, red ink will do as well. Come over to the writing-table, and I will show you how to mark over your pencil lines."

"That is just the thing for Cousin Harry in his pocket," said Sadie. "I mean to make one, too, and I have some water-colors and some water-color paper. Wouldn't that make a pretty cover?"



CRACKER SACHET.



COURT-PLASTER CASE

"Very pretty," said Aunt Jennie; "and you could tint the paper darker at the top and lighter at the bottom, having the letters and ribbon correspond in tint."

"But, auntie," broke in Brightie, "do show them how to make meal bags! they are too funny for anything."

"Yes, certainly," replied her aunt. "We shall need three pieces of different-colored silks or satins for those, full six inches long by five inches wide."

Mabel held up three pieces of silk, one of pink, one of olive, one of cream-color, nearly the same in size.

"These," began her aunt, "must be cut exactly alike, each folded on the wrong side, sewed up like a pillow-case, one end left open, and turned. The open end must be fringed an inch deep; then each bag filled with the softest cotton to about an inch of the fringe, plenty of sachet powder sprinkled in before tying each up with a narrow satin ribbon; then sew the three together."

"Now," said Aunt Jennie, "whoever can crochet nicely can make a most durable match-end holder; it can be washed like a towel, and always kept fresh and clean; very simple, too. Take a plain thin glass tumbler—you can buy them three and a half inches high. Crochet with a fine needle and some white linen thread a little round piece to fit the outside bottom of the tumbler, then three stitches apart begin the ordinary shell stitch, four double stitches from one stitch. Continue this until you have eleven rows, or the top of the tumbler is reached."

"I forgot to say, half-way round on each side, between the shell stitches, make three plain stitches on every row, to allow of the satin ribbon to be run through on each side, meeting under the bottom with a little bow. This ribbon forms the string to hang by, sewed securely to the linen thread at the sides under the bows."

"Hang it on the gas-burner in my room," began Sadie; but Brightie held her cracker up, finished, then Mabel hers, and Mabel's cousin Nell held hers, and in less than five minutes three pale-looking soda crackers were laid on Aunt Jennie's lap.

"Now let's go down to the kitchen and bake our crackers."

"A very good idea," replied her aunt. "It is getting too late to sew any more, and you are all tired."

"Suppose you come again next week some afternoon, and we will continue this pleasant work."



MEAL BAG.



MATCH-END HOLDER



## TWO ARROWS:\*

A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

## CHAPTER XX.

## A FULL CORRAL.

**TWO ARROWS** was a born horseman. About the earliest memory he had was of riding rather than of walking. The pony he was now on was one which had carried him many a time. As soon as he had cut and trimmed a very long and serviceable tree branch, all the other ponies and the mules perfectly understood what it was for.

Two Arrows was in a serious hurry. It was the most important affair of his life. So far as he could see, the only ponies now missing from the drove were the ones which had not been stampeded, but had remained in camp to be eaten. All the rest had been rescued and kept in good order by the genius and generalship of the wicked old mule.

hardly occurred to Two Arrows, in his eager determination to get his runaways home in the shortest possible order. Once they were headed in the right direction there was but little difficulty in guiding them, and now the old mule took his accustomed place in the advance. It was as if he had repented, and was even willing to get some credit for leading his reformed command in the way they should go.

The Nez Percé community had eaten a good breakfast that morning; there had been no vegetables, to be sure, but not a soul had missed them. With plenty of fish and fresh meat, they had all that red Indians expect to be provided with, and they asked for no more. Their kind of human life can be kept going upon a very narrow diet. The laziest brave in camp was well fed, but for all that there was a general air of dejection and despondency.

Long Bear himself sat in front of his lodge, cross-legged and moody, all the forenoon; his children were away from him, on a visit to the pale-faces; his ponies were away upon another visit, he could not guess with whom; his dogs, with the solitary exception of One-eye, had all visited the camp-kettles. His only remaining consolation seemed to be his pipe, and he was rapidly and



"THE ENTIRE BAND, SQUAWS AND CHILDREN INCLUDED, POURED OUT TO SEE HIM."

Two Arrows could but wish that a dozen or so of the best dogs had been stampeded at the same time. He rode busily hither and thither, shouting vigorously and lashing his charges away from every tuft of grass they lingered over. He knew exactly where to find his people, and he meant to find them quickly. The distance was nearly the same that had been travelled the day before by the mining party, but the loaded wagons had taken more time upon it than loose ponies would, followed by an excited boy with a long "gad."

The fact that he had eaten no breakfast was one which

extravagantly using up all the tobacco he had obtained from Yellow Pine. The shadow of the mighty maple near him grew shorter and shorter until it had little more left to lose, and could almost announce the arrival of mid-day.

Just then there arose, at the edge of the woods, a long, ear-piercing howl, followed by such a volley of yelps and barking as can only be fired off by a very remarkable dog. One-eye was informing the camp that something great was drawing near, and was doing his best to make up for the absence of the other dogs.

The Nez Percé warriors went for their weapons instinctively but somewhat listlessly, until they heard a

\* Begun in No. 303, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

tremendous whoop join in with the barking of One-eye, and recognized the powerful voice of the Big Tongue. He could out-whoop any other brave he knew of, and he was now doing his best. He had been strolling out toward the open country when One-eye began, and had found and seized upon a sudden heap of unexpected glory.

Away in advance of his command, farther and farther, had wisely trotted the long-legged, long-eared, long-absent wicked old mule. Not another quadruped was in sight when One-eye gave the alarm. The Big Tongue bounded forward as if he were charging upon a beaten enemy, and the mule did but whinny affectionately when he caught the remains of the lariat at the place where it had been gnawed asunder, and sprang triumphantly upon the back of the recaptured mule.

Whoop followed whoop as the happy warrior rode his prize toward the camp, and the entire band, squaws and children included, poured out to see him and to rejoice that they now had a mule as well as a dog. Long Bear came among the rest. Ha-ha-pah-no was not there to make unpleasant remarks, but the old chief knew that mule very well, and he knew that by no chance had he returned to his owners of his own free-will. He would have remained more contentedly with a man who had found or stolen him. Long Bear was positive that he had not followed his masters lovingly across the mountains, and that he need not now make any pretense of having done so. He could hardly have believed that the mule was there at all but that he could see him, with the Big Tongue sitting upon him to be admired.

The old chief turned and looked keenly and wistfully across the grassy rolls, and so did several others of the wiser warriors. There was quite a rise of ground at a little distance, and One-eye was making for it as fast as his legs could carry him. Suddenly, as if by a common impulse, all the woods rang with a full chorus of whooping. Over the crest of that green ridge came galloping pony after pony and mule after mule, in a confused rush, and then a shrill shout arose beyond, and they could shortly see Two Arrows, gayly ribboned, ornamented, mounted, dashing madly back and forth and lashing forward the rear-guard of that battalion.

Long Bear folded his arms and stood erect and still, as if he were trying to hold himself in. His own boy, and therefore he himself, had done another mighty deed.

"Ugh! Two Arrows! Young chief! Find pony all alone."

The Big Tongue tried hard to look as if he had found the mule, but he could not do it somehow, and twice he opened his mouth widely and shut it again in silence; there was no whoop ready to come. Every other brave had a score or more quite ready, but Two Arrows grew silent as he came nearer and rode more sedately. There was almost an air of stateliness about him when at last he followed the trail of his important cavalcade in under the shadows of the forest.

It was not becoming for him to volunteer, in boyish haste, an explanation of his utterly unlooked-for exploit. Even the gray-heads felt that he was entitled to a respectful and dignified reception, and Long Bear himself stepped forward and inquired, in due form, precisely how that wonderful rescue had been accomplished. Now that the question was asked of him, Two Arrows was willing enough to tell the entire story, and to point to all the animals as witnesses to the truth of it. As fast as he told it, the more or less distorted facts went swiftly round from lip to lip among the squaws and younger people. It was almost unlucky for the Big Tongue to remark, dignifiedly,

"Boy find pony. Warrior ride him"; for a half-grown warrior near him added,

"Boy *there*; Big Tongue *here*. Same way hunt buffalo."

It sounded a little like Ha-ha-pah-no, and the Big Tongue

was silenced. He and the rest now listened to the answers of Two Arrows as to his visit, and he gave a full account of the good treatment he had received. It looked as if honors had fairly been heaped upon him and Na-tee-kah, and, for their sakes, upon Ha-ha-pah-no. Some of the older squaws shortly picked up the annoying fact concerning the latter that she had learned how to make coffee, and that her hair was now brushed and combed and made shiny. They knew what combs were. She would probably wear one now. She would never again be the same woman in her own estimation, they were sure of that. She had always held her head high enough, for her husband was a renowned brave, and her tongue was always in good order.

The drove of ponies and mules was the centre of attraction, after Two Arrows had finished his recital, and every Nez Percé searched it eagerly for his own. It was decided to send off several braves at once, with some squaws and pack-ponies, to bring through the pass the lodges and other materials they had hidden near the camp of their starvation. Two Arrows ate his breakfast and dinner in one meal, and was then bidden to mount a pony at once and ride away after his pale-face friends, with the strongest assurances that the Nez Percés regarded them as so many brothers. Long Bear also sent a handsome cougar-skin to Sile, as a proper acknowledgment of the fact that he had been a looker-on at the rescue of the quadrupeds from the misguided leadership of the bad old mule. Two Arrows rode gladly away upon his errand, and some of the braves set out at once after the "left baggage."

All whom they left behind them had now abundant subject-matter for conversation and unlimited "Ughs!" The entire future suddenly brightened up for that band of Nez Percés, and they were entirely confident of their ability to procure a new supply of dogs. As for One-eye, that sagacious brute wandered around the corral, from hoof to hoof, until he knew the facts of the case thoroughly. He would have followed Two Arrows, but for the stern refusal of Long Bear. He was needed at home all the more now that there would be additional watching and barking to be done. On the whole, he was well satisfied to have it so, for his accumulation of bone treasures was becoming an affair for any dog to think about seriously.

Sile was not exactly a hero when he reached camp, but he was an uncommonly hungry boy. It seemed to him that he could eat as many trout as Ha-ha-pah-no could broil for him, and he certainly worked at it steadily for a long time. Every other human being in camp did the same, although some had already made a fair beginning upon venison cuts and coffee. All had room for some fresh trout, and all said they would be glad of a little bear-meat for a change. Sile was in the saddle promptly enough after breakfast, to go and see his bear brought in. He would not willingly have missed that, and was only afraid lest it should have been stolen in his absence, in spite of the care taken by Yellow Pine to throw bushes over it, and give any roving coyote an idea that a trap was there. Said Pine, in answer to a question:

"Them critters is too cunnin' for their own good. One on 'em 'd sit down in front of that there, and howl all day and all night before he'd make up his mind to scratch at the brush."

"How'd he guess at a trap?"

"Oh, they're laid on kind o' reg'lar, and he'd smell the b'ar too, and he'd know it was somethin' more than ordinary. There's jest one thing they ain't cunnin' enough for, and that's a rifle bullet. They'd dodge that if they could see it a-comin'."

The bear was found all safe, and was brought in and skinned, and Sile said to himself,

"Now I've got something better than a deer to tell of when Two Arrows gets back again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE HOUSE THAT JIMMY BUILT; OR, THE FREAK OF A CYCLONE.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

"PAPA! papa! come and see my house!" Jimmy was quite out of breath with running to catch papa. He had seen him galloping over the prairie, and had run with all his might to attract his attention. He had been wanting to show papa the house for ever so long, but it was quite a distance from their own "real house" where they all lived, and this was the first time papa had happened to ride in that direction.

For Kansas children do not have to play in a "yard." They have miles upon miles of play-ground, and, indeed, could not probably walk away from their mothers' sight if they walked a good deal of the afternoon. The children had talked a great deal about Jimmy's house, but neither papa nor mamma had had leisure yet to go and look at it.

Now, however, papa, attracted suddenly by the wild little figure running after him making signs and screaming, turned his horse in that direction, and rode slowly round and round the house without saying a word.

It was a great disappointment, for the children had expected him to be so pleased, as he was always sure to be when they had worked patiently and accomplished something really ingenious. They had prided themselves especially on their house, and it was very evident that papa disapproved of it.

"I'm afraid it isn't safe, Jimmy."

"Safe, papa? Why, just see how strong it is."

"I know it looks so; but if it should cave in suddenly, you would all be smothered inside of it, and you are too far from home for us to know anything about it in case anything did happen."

By this time you will want to know what Jimmy's house was made of.

It was only an old straw-stack that had been standing just at that spot for several years, and had settled gradually, so that it was almost as stiff as stone. But the cattle had eaten great holes into it on the sides, and one of these holes was so large that it had suggested to Jimmy to pull out more of the straw, and make a real cave in the middle of the stack. He had done it very nicely, and the straw had not loosened at all, apparently, except just where he had pulled it out; but papa was afraid it might fall in some time, and at any rate it would be too great a risk to run.

So the children were forbidden to play in it any more.

About a month afterward, when even the children had almost forgotten their disappointment, they were all terrified by the coming of a cyclone.

I can not hope to make you understand how awful a thing a cyclone is. You have read about cyclones, perhaps, but you can never begin to know what terrible things they are unless you have lived through one. It is not merely a frightful storm; it is almost like some great winged, living demon swooping down upon the defenseless earth in a whirling cloud, and gathering up in its terrible clutches men, women, and children, stone houses, great trees, barns, fences, cattle, iron implements—everything that comes in its way. Nothing is too heavy for it to lift, or too strong for it to break; it has been known to scoop up the water out of the wells and leave them dry.

Dazed with terror, Mr. Harris caught up the baby and ran out of the house; for they all knew that the stone house, firmly as it was built, would be no protection to them; and it would be worse to be buried under its ruins than even to be caught up by the cyclone and whirled away in its fierce grasp till it should be tired of holding them, and let them drop from its awful fingers perhaps miles away, and certainly widely separated from each other. But once free from the dangerous house,

what could be done? Almost every one in countries where they are liable to cyclones builds a "dug-out"; i. e., a sort of little hut dug out from the side of a hill. The cyclone can not blow down a hill, and as it blows over it, the frightened inmates are quite safe. But Mr. Harris had unwisely kept putting off building a "dug-out" till after the ploughing, or the planting, or the mowing, or the harvesting; and now the dreaded storm was upon them and they had no sort of shelter from it.

"Papa," said Jimmy, suddenly, "come to my house."

To this day Mr. Harris can not tell exactly why he ran to Jimmy's house. Certainly, if he had stopped to think about it, it would have seemed absurd to expect safety in a straw-stack when you could not reasonably hope for it behind stone walls. But it was at least something to do, and there was nothing else to be done; so they all ran, ran, ran, as fast as they could to the deserted stack. There was room in Jimmy's house for the whole family, and they were soon sheltered in it.

Outside, raging around them, they could hear the fearful crash and din as the cyclone did its destroying work. But it was at least a comfort that they were all together, and that they could not see the sickening color, greenish-black, of the frightful cloud, more like a living monster in its wrath than merely a force of nature, flecked with curling white here and there at the lower edge, curving and whirling slowly, then swiftly writhing round in the hollow space above, and springing suddenly down upon the earth as a hawk pounces on a chicken, boring, boring, boring into the ground like a great cruel auger, sparing nothing, and seizing, not like the hawk, that which it wants and has been taught by instinct to try and get at any cost, but that which it has no possible use for, merely with a wild and terrible instinct to destroy.

They listened, listened, listened, as it seemed to them, for hours, though in reality it was only a few minutes. Then suddenly, with one swoop of its powerful folds, the storm cloud bent to the sturdy straw-stack doing its best to befriend its master and playmates. But it did not succeed in carrying off the stack. Why not, Mr. Harris can not imagine to this day, when far firmer foundations than even the slowly settling base of the straw cone had yielded to its grasp. It only lifted off the upper half of the stack, as if it had sliced it in two with a knife, leaving the frightened family still safe in the lower half, though now that they had no roof there came pouring in upon them a terrible deluge of black mud, while they were brushed by falling timbers loosened from the clutch of the whirlwind just over their little cabin. A whirl, a roar, the flash and report of fearful lightning and thunder, a moment of murky blackness, and the cyclone was gone!

Then, indeed, they looked tremblingly at each other. They were all there, and no one was seriously hurt, though they were so begrimed with the shower of black mud that they could hardly recognize themselves. It seemed to have been driven into their very skin; many washings only removed the worst of it, and even then, Mr. Harris assures me, there was a grayness left which had to wear away gradually.

"You see, papa," said Jimmy, proudly, "my houses never cave in; they always cave out."

"True, my son. After this I will always employ you for my architect," said papa, stooping to kiss the lad whose "house" had kept safe from harm even the little helpless baby in its father's arms, though when the storm was over, and Mr. Harris looked for the splendid new threshing-machine for which he had paid a thousand dollars the week before, it was nowhere to be found, though it was made of iron, and so heavy that I dare not try to estimate its weight. Several days after, it was reported that parts of the machine had been found scattered over the prairie, four or five miles from the place where it had been standing.

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF JUMBO.

BY HIS KEEPER, MATTHEW SCOTT.

IT was in December, 1851, that my name was entered on the books of the Royal Zoological Society's Garden, at Regent's Park, in London. I was then seventeen years of age, and my great desire to be constantly among the animals which I had visited over and over again was finally gratified.

My work as assistant keeper was laborious, but I did not shirk my duties for fear of discharge, and the pleasure I



PHINEAS T. BARNUM.

found in making friends of the dumb beasts made the working hours pass quickly by. The most ferocious and the wildest animals seemed to be the ones I liked best, and whenever an elephant arrived at the Garden I was usually the first to make friends with him. Sometimes I found it impossible to gain their confidence, and I might tell of many a struggle with a treacherous wild-cat or hyena.

I well remember when it was announced, eighteen years ago, that an African elephant, with immense ears like folding parlor doors, would soon arrive, and the managers decided to put me in charge of him. There was great excitement when the boat arrived from Paris, and it seemed as if all the boys and girls in London turned out to see him. The little elephant was a curiosity on account of his peculiar shape and big ears, and the members of several learned societies came to examine him. The name I gave him, Jumbo, had no particular significance; in fact, I don't think I had ever heard it.

From the natives where he was captured it was learned that Jumbo was five years of age, and I took delight in telling the visitors that he would grow to be the biggest elephant in the world. This I judged from the peculiar size and proportions of his bones in relation to the body, and I resolved soon afterward that I would make a study of feeding him. He was then sickly, and in a bad state of health generally. Jumbo and myself were fast friends the first time we met, and he would be governed by none of the other keepers. He was like a great good-natured boy, and he took a special fancy to children and ladies, and was never so happy as when he could carry a back-load of little ones around the Park. His passengers included children of royalty and nobility, and as he grew rapidly, a larger saddle was necessary every few months.

One day as Jumbo was passing through a crowd he suddenly stopped, and would not move an inch when I commanded him to proceed. From my seat in the saddle I observed that a lady below was much agitated as she came running toward Jumbo. Leaning over the side of the

saddle, I saw that a child of two or three years had fallen in our pathway, and was lying between Jumbo's fore-feet. The beast would not stir until he had taken up the infant tenderly in his trunk and passed it over to the mother.

Mr. Barnum, ten years ago, saw Jumbo at the Gardens, and tried to purchase him. When he offered \$50,000 for him, I was afraid the directors would let him go, and that I would lose my best friend. I didn't have much to say to the great showman, and was not at all anxious to exhibit the good points of my big elephant, until after the managers of the Garden had assured me that they would never allow the animal to go to America for any price. Six years ago, however, Jumbo had turns of fretfulness which alarmed the directors, and they even went so far as to purchase blunderbusses with which to shoot him if he became mad and unmanageable. I told them that elephants were social animals, and that what ailed Jumbo was the want of society with his own species.

As Mr. Barnum had a score or two of elephants in his great American show, Mr. A. D. Bartlett, superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, advised the sale of Jumbo at a greatly reduced price. Mr. Barnum offered \$10,000, and the directors accepted it, on the condition that he should take him as he stood, as they would run no risks of removing him. The bargain was made, and it was one of the happiest days of my life when I found that I was to accompany my old friend across the water.

The journey is familiar to every boy and girl in the land. Even those who have not seen Jumbo on his travels through the country have read how Jumbo was boxed up and hoisted aboard the steamer *Assyrian Monarch* by means of enormous derricks, and how, on his arrival in New York in April, 1882, every paper in the land had columns of interesting news about the wonderful beast that had now grown to be the largest known animal in the world.

When Jumbo had got to be a good-sized boy, another African elephant was brought to the Zoological Gardens. This was a female, and we named her Alice. She is now there, and her age is twenty years, four years less than

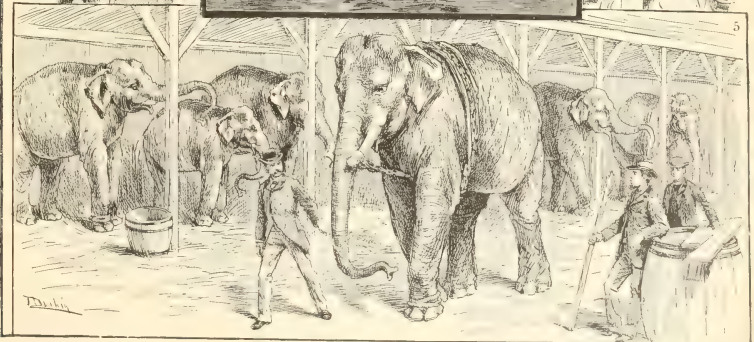
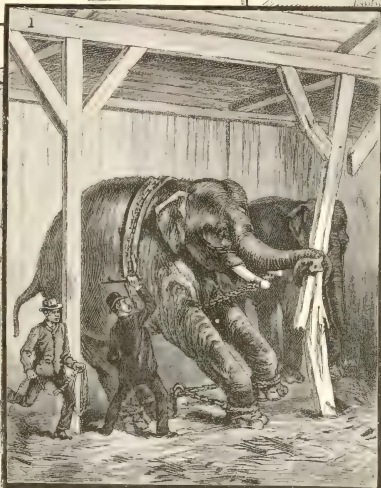
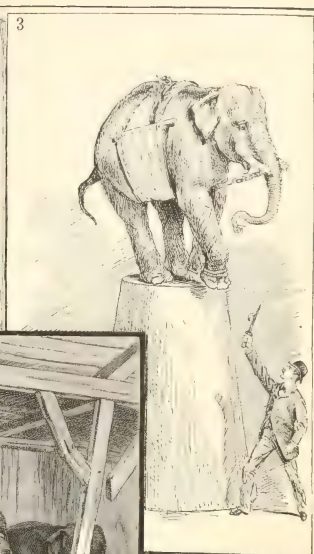
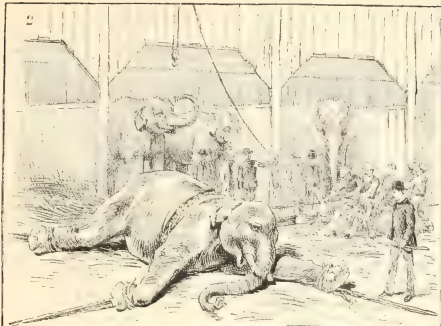


MATTHEW SCOTT.

Jumbo's age. She is of the same build, and very affectionate, but does not display the same affection for children.

Jumbo and Alice always went out together, and whenever he was taken for a promenade she was uneasy unless she could go too. Her affection for me was very marked, and when I return to England I expect to be greeted by her with cordial demonstrations of elephant pleasure. She was growing fast when I left her, and she has six or





SUBDUING AN UNRULY ELEPHANT.

1. On the Rampage.

2. Floored.

3. Placed on a Pedestal.

4. Hoisted.

5. Conquered.

seven years to grow yet. The children call her now, as then, Jumbo's wife.

Jumbo was unlike any other elephant in Mr. Barnum's great herd. It would never do to punish him or to force him to obey. Mr. Arstingstall holds sway over nearly fifty great animals (any one of which might pick him up and hurl him as a boy would a rat) solely because they fear him. Not so with Jumbo. He minded me because he loved me. Many years ago it was that he began to show his affection for me, and he never betrayed the confidence I placed in him. Whenever I could make my wishes known to him, he always obeyed. Like a child, he would sometimes be peevish and sullen, but at such times he would solicit me to pet him, and if I remained near, he would soon get over his ill feeling.

We have travelled many thousands of miles together in the magnificent car built expressly for our use. My sleeping apartment was at one end of the car, and my bed was near Jumbo. Unless I was in it he would not go to sleep, no matter what hour of the night it might be. Sometimes I would take a short walk around the city after the exhibition was over for the day, and before the cars started. Jumbo was always awake, and waiting for his bit of cake and beer, or whatever I had. He always shared my beer at night. Once I forgot to give him his portion, and after I had dropped asleep he put his trunk around me, and lifted me out of my bed. I then recollected the nip of beer I had left in the mug, not enough to wet the old fellow's throat, but as soon as he got it he was satisfied.

He was mischievous, too, and oftentimes he would wait until I had fallen asleep, and then carefully take off my bedclothes without awakening me. If it was cold weather, I would find the quilts crowded into the ventilator overhead. I recollect finding my coat and vest carefully tucked into the grating of the car, out of my reach. I looked for them for half an hour, while Jumbo swung his trunk like an enormous pendulum, as he always did when expressing delight. Finally he directed my attention to the grating, and at my request gave them back. Many times Jumbo has picked me up and placed me out of danger of various kinds to which he fancied I was exposed, and in several instances he saved my life. When the stampede of elephants took place last year, he caught me in his trunk, and held me a prisoner between his fore-feet until the general alarm had subsided.

An amusing instance occurred at Penn Yan of Jumbo's jealousy of the attention paid me by visitors to the great show.

A young lady from the rural districts took quite a fancy to me, and I suppose I took more pains than usual that she should know the whole history of Jumbo. She returned several times before the circus performance began in the big tent, and each time brought a bouquet or other small gift. After the exhibition she came again, and Jumbo concluded that I was either in great danger or else receiving altogether too much attention from the damsel. At any rate, he wound his trunk around me and drew me away from her. I freed myself, and again made myself agreeable, when Jumbo picked me up and placed me on one side, and then gently but firmly pushed the lady away from him as far as his chains would allow.

Poor Jumbo is now no more, and I shall probably return to England this winter. Mr. Barnum has repeatedly desired me to remain in Bridgeport, and go out again with the great show next spring. The trip will be west across the continent, and I expect to go; but I will first go to my old home in London, where my brother and sister reside.

I do not like to review the details of Jumbo's sudden death. He showed his affection for me to the last moment, and it seems that he realized the danger to which I was exposed. He first took care, as he saw the fatal train

coming, that I should be saved, and quickly put me out of harm's way. Then he as quickly rolled Tom Thumb away from the track, and in so doing lost so much time that the engine was upon him before he could move away. He was a king, and he faced death like a king. The locomotive struck him on the head, fracturing his skull.

All the inhabitants of St. Thomas, Ontario, where the accident occurred, turned out to see the great animal as he lay stretched on the bank next day, and an enterprising photographer took a large picture of Jumbo, while I stood by his head. I have the first copy which was printed, and prize it as the only perfect picture of my dead companion of eighteen years, who was always faithful, and to me as devoted as a human being could ever be.

Jumbo's hide and bones are now in charge of Professor Ward, proprietor of the great museum at Rochester, New York, and he is preparing them for Mr. Barnum hereafter to transport through the country with his show. Eventually the skeleton will rest at the National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, while the stuffed skin will be placed in the Barnum Museum of Natural History at Tufts College, near Boston.

Mr. Barnum sends the following short account of Jumbo's introduction to his herd of elephants:

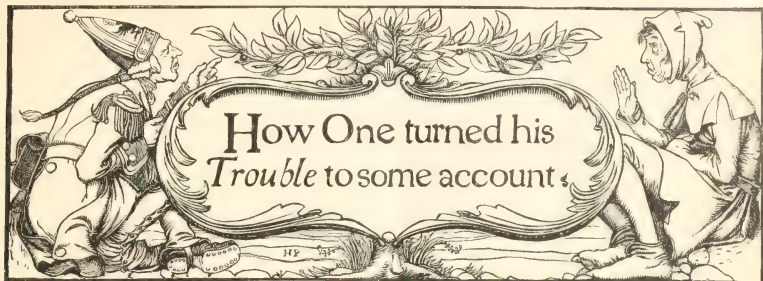
"The day after Jumbo's arrival at Madison Square Garden we resolved to introduce him to the thirty-five Indian elephants which we had there. Some of us feared the result, but Scott insisted that Jumbo was *too much of a gentleman* to misbehave. So we placed our thirty-five elephants in a row, each being chained one leg to a post, and then Scott led Jumbo in. He passed in front of the string of elephants, looking at first a little surprised, as did all the other elephants when they first discovered him approaching. But Jumbo and all the other elephants at once looked kindly, and each extended its trunk as Jumbo passed, which he fondly took with his own trunk, giving each elephant a kind caress. Mutual affection seemed at once established, and it existed without interruption till the day of his death."

The illustrations on the preceding page show the treatment to which an unruly elephant is subjected. The animal in the central picture, which is trying to "bring the house down about their ears," is evidently a new arrival.

In the second picture he is shown strapped down to the floor, with his legs pulled out in different directions, so that he is a very helpless and unhappy monster. This treatment ought to show him that the slight young man standing near him is his master; but no sooner is he released, perhaps, than he forgets his late humiliating position, and begins to "cut up" again. Accordingly, his keeper proceeds to the third mode of correction. The huge beast is hoisted on to a pedestal which allows him just room enough for his four feet, so long as he keeps them close together. To make it worse, the keeper stands below, and addresses his great charge in terms of reproach such as a nurse might use to a naughty child.

A little of this kind of treatment usually goes a long way toward subduing the rebellious spirit, but not always. An elephant, it is well known, has a proper appreciation of his own bulk and weight. He will not cross a bridge until he has tested its strength. He has no confidence in anything but solid earth. Imagine, then, what his feelings must be when he is raised eight or ten feet in the air and left to hang there.

This generally reduces him to obedience. He finds it easier now to do what this man, his keeper, wants him to do, and follows him around the premises as meekly as any kitten.



BY HOWARD PYLE.

THERE was a soldier marching along the road, right—left—right—left, until he had come to his rich brother's house.

"Good-day, brother," said he, "and how does the old world treat you?"

But the rich brother screwed up his face and rubbed his nose, for he was none too glad to see the other. "What!" said he, "and is the pewter penny back again?"

The brave soldier said tut! tut! and was not this a pretty way to welcome a brother home, to be sure! All that he wanted was just a crust of bread or two, and a chance to rest the soles of his feet back of the stove a little while.

Oh, well, if that was all that he wanted, he might have his supper and a bed for the night, but he must not ask for any more, and he must jog on in the morning and never come that way again.

Over by the fire was a bench, and on the bench was a basket, and in the basket were seven young ducks that waited where it was warm until the rest were hatched. The soldier saw nothing of these; down he sat, and the little young ducks said "Peep!" and died all at once. Up jumped the soldier, and over went the beer mug that sat by the fire, so that the beer ran all around and put out the blaze.

At this the rich brother fell into a mighty rage. "See!" said he, "you never go anywhere but you bring trouble with you. Out of the house before I make this broom rattle about your ears!"

And so the brave soldier had to go out under the blessed sky again. "Well! well!" said he, "the cream is all sour over yonder, for sure and certain! All the same, it will better nothing to be in the dumps; so we'll just sing a wee bit of a song to keep our spirits up." So the soldier began to sing and sing, and by-and-by he made out that somebody was singing along with him.

"Hello, comrade!" said he; "who is there?"

"Oh," said a voice beside him, "it is only Trouble."

"And what are you doing there, Trouble?"

Oh, Trouble was only jogging along with him. They had been friends and comrades for this many a bright day, though the soldier had known nothing of that. Why, where had the soldier ever gone anywhere that Trouble had not gone along with him?

Yes, yes. This was all very fine; but there must be an end of the business. See! yonder was one road and here was another. Trouble might go that road, and he would go this.

"Oh no," says Trouble, "I will never leave you now; you and I have been comrades too long for that."

Very well. The soldier would see about that. They should go to the King, and he should know all about the

business. Things had come to a pretty pass if one could not choose one's own comrade in this broad world, but must have Trouble always jogging at his heels.

So off they went—the soldier and Trouble—and by-and-by they came to the great town, and there they found the King.

"Well, and what is the trouble now?" said the King.

Trouble, indeed! Why, it was thus and so; here was that same Trouble tramping around at the soldier's heels, and would go wherever he went. Now the soldier would like to know whether one had no right to choose one's own comrades.

Well, the King thought and thought, and puzzled and puzzled, but that nut was too hard for him to crack; so he sent off for all of his wise councillors to see what they had to say about the matter.

When they had all come together the wise councillors began to talk and talk, and one said one thing and another another. After a while they fell to arguing with loud voices, and then they grew angry, and at last came to fisticuffs.

That was the kind of prank that Trouble played them.

Now the King had a daughter, and when she heard all the hubbub she came to see what it was about.

Well, the King told her how the soldier had come to get rid of Trouble, and how he had done nothing but bring it with him.

"Perhaps," said she, "Trouble might leave him if he were married."

At this the King fell into a mighty fume, for no man likes to have a woman tell him to do thus and so. He should like to know what the Princess meant by coming and pouring her broth into their pot! If that was her notion, she might help the soldier herself. Married he should be, and she should be his wife; that was what the King said.

So the soldier and the Princess were married, and then the King had them both put into a great chest and thrown into the sea. But there was room in the chest for Trouble, and he went along with them.

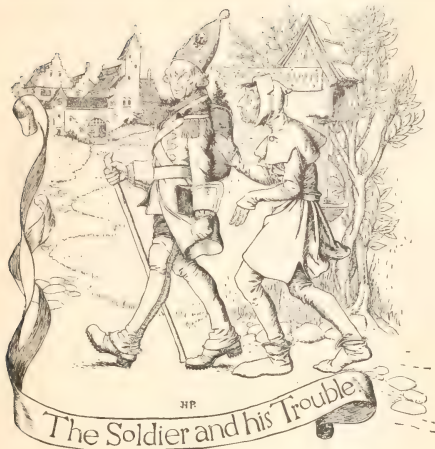
Well, they floated on, and on, and on for a great long time, until at last the chest came ashore at a place where three giants lived.

The three giants were sitting on the shore fishing. "See, brothers!" said the first one of them; "yonder is a great chest washed up on the shore." So they went over to where it was, and then the second giant took it on his shoulder and carried it home. After that they all three sat down to supper.

Just then the soldier's nose began to itch and tickle so that, for the life of him, he could not help sneezing.

"At-tchew!" and there it was.





"Hark, brothers," said the third giant; "yonder is somebody in the chest!"

So the three giants came and opened the chest, and there were the soldier and the Princess. Trouble was there too, but the giants saw nothing of him.

They bound the soldier with strong cords, so that they might have him for breakfast in the morning.

And now what was to be done with the Princess?

"See, brothers," said the first giant; "I am thinking that a wife will about fit my needs. This lass will do as well as any, and as I found her, I will just keep her."

"Prut! how you talk!" said the second giant. "Do you think that nobody is to marry in the wide world but you? Who was it brought the lass to the house, I should like to know? No; I will marry her myself."

"Stop!" said the third giant; "you are both going too fast on that road. I thought of a wife long before either of you. Who was it found that the lass was in the house, I should like to know?"

And so they talked and talked until they fell to quarrelling, and then to blows. Over they rolled, cuffing and slapping, until each one killed the others, and they all lay as dead as fishes.

"See, now," said Trouble to the soldier, "who can say that I have done nothing for you? Listen! Over yonder in the field is a great stone, under which the giants have hidden stacks and stacks of money. Go and borrow a cart and two horses, and I will show you where it is."

Well, you may guess that that was a song that pleased the soldier. Off he went and borrowed a cart and two horses

of one of the neighbors. Then he and Trouble went into the field together, and Trouble showed him where the stone was under which the treasure lay.

The soldier rolled over the stone, and there, sure enough, lay bags and bags all full of gold and silver money.

Down he went into the pit and began bringing up the money and loading it into the cart. After a while he had brought it all but one bagful.

"See, Trouble," said he, "my back is nearly broken with carrying the money. There is still one bag down there yet; go down, like a good lad, and bring it up for me."

Oh yes; Trouble would do that much for the soldier, for had they not been comrades for many and one bright, blessed days? Down he goes into the pit, and then you may believe that the soldier was not long in rolling the stone back into its place. So there was Trouble as tight as a fly in a bottle.

After that the soldier went back home again with great contentment. He had left one bag of money, but then it was worth that much to be rid of Trouble.

After that the soldier built a ship, and loaded it with the money. Then he and the Princess sailed away to the King's house, for they thought that maybe the King would like them better now that Trouble had left them and money had come.

When the King saw what a great boat-load of gold and silver the soldier had brought home with him, he was as pleased as could be. He could not make enough of the brave soldier. He called him son, and walked about the







streets with him arm in arm, so that the folks might see how fond he was of the other.

Well, one day a neighbor came to the rich brother and said,

"Dear! dear! but the world is easy with your brother the soldier!"

At this the rich brother pricked up his ears. "How is that?" said he.

Oh, the neighbor could not tell him. All that he knew was that the soldier was living over yonder with a Princess for his wife, and with a barn full of bags of gold and silver instead of barleycorn.

Well! well! this would never do. The rich brother must pick up acquaintance with the soldier again now that he was rising in the world. So he put on his blue Sunday coat and his best hat, and away he went to the soldier's house.

Well, the soldier was a good-natured fellow, and bore grudges against nobody, so he shook hands with his brother, and they sat down and had their pipes and beer together by the stove. Then the rich brother wanted to know all about everything. How came it that the other was so well off in the world?

Oh, there was no secret about that; it happened thus and so. And then the soldier told all about it. After that the other went home, but there was a great buzzing in his head, I can tell you.

"Now," says he to himself, "I will go over yonder to the giants' house, and will let Trouble out from under the stone. Then he will come here to my brother, and will turn things topsy-turvy, and I will get the bag of money that was left there."

So off he went until he came to the place where Trouble lay under the stone. He rolled the stone over, and, whisk! clip! out popped Trouble from the hole.

"And so you were leaving me here to be starved, were you?" said he.

"Oh, dear friend Trouble, it was not I; it was my brother the soldier."

Oh, well, that was all one to Trouble. Next day the man who let him out, and there was an end of it. So bring along the bag of gold, for it was high time that they were getting home.

So the rich brother took the bag of gold over his shoulder, and the two went home together, and if anybody was down in the mouth, it was the rich brother.

And now everything went wrong with the rich brother, for Trouble dogged his heels wherever he went. At last his patience could hold out no longer, and he began to cudgel his brains to find some way to get rid of his Trouble.

So one day he said, "Come, Trouble, we will go out into the forest this morning, and cut some wood."

Well, that suited Trouble as well as anything else, so off they went together, arm in arm. By-and-by they came to the forest, and there the man cut down a great tree. Then he split open the stump, and drove a wedge into it. So

it came dinner-time, and then Trouble and he ate together.

"See, now, Trouble," said the man, "they tell me that you can go anywhere in all of the world."

"Yes," said Trouble, "that is so."

"And could you go into that tree that I have split yonder?"

Oh yes; Trouble could do that well enough.

If that was so, the man would like to see him do it—that he would.

Prut! it was little the man wanted; Trouble would do that and more, too, for a friend's asking. So he made himself small and smaller, and so crept into the cleft in the log as easily as though he had been a mouse. But no sooner was he snugly in the cleft than the man seized his axe and knocked out the wedge, and there was Trouble as safe as safe could be.

Dear me, that was a long, long time ago, or else some busybody must have let Trouble out of that log, for I know very well that he is stumping about the world nowadays.





the black hole!" I kept saying to myself, and that made me cry more, I thought she would be so frightened. You know I was only six, and I was very hard on myself, but I remember that I was much stricter than they are now. A month is very long to a little child, and I was, of course, anxious to keep out of the way, and I would console myself by thinking how near I was to the end when the third week came.

Well, one evening I was sitting at the table with my little and myself with some empty spoons. Presently aunt, who was busy writing, looked up and said, "Emily, I don't know why you are so sad, but I am sorry for the end of the month, and as you have been a good little girl, you may have all your toys out again."

Oh, how pleased I was! I jumped for joy, and I was happy I was when I went to bed to think that next night I should have my dear Boudicca again!

Next morning after breakfast aunt and Mary and the steps went in a joyful procession up the stairs, with me following behind, too impatient almost to wait while the awful trap-door was unrolled, like having all the toys new over again. I quite forgot that Boudicca had only one eye, and that one stick was missing from the harmonicon, and that the horse, unlike my animal, used my mortal eyes, and that I had with brilliant blue spots and had no visible ears. My aunt's cure for discontent, if sharp, was effective, and I think she never had, and I was, of course, me again—at least, though I was often discontented after that, I took great care not to say anything about it.

After aunt and I exchanged glances, and it suddenly struck us that after all our toys were very nice, and we wouldn't like them all to be bestowed away in a certain cupboard we knew of, and afterwards, when mother looked up, and I was, of course, from her work, she saw us playing with our dolls as happily as if we'd never hurried in our lives.

MABEL GEORGE, NEWELL (aged 11).  
EAST DREHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

I thought that I would write to you, as I have not sent a letter from this place. Our city is situated eighteen miles from the Atlantic Ocean, on the Savannah River. There is nothing to say, except that we think it has the finest public-school system in the South, and the second oldest artillery company in the United States. I wonder what all the boys and girls are doing up North.

C. L.

Some of them must write and tell you what they are doing.

#### LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE.

"I'm afraid that poor Dolly will have to learn by Experience," said Dolly's mamma, shaking her head, and looking very grave indeed.

What is Experience, mamma, asked Bessie, who was a little younger than Dolly, and when one way was a great deal wiser, for she always did precisely what the dear mother told her to do. Dolly was very fond of taking her own way, as you know some silly little children are.

"I can not very easily explain so long a word, pet," said Mrs. Cox, "but if Dolly should have one of Experience's lessons to learn to do, she will see it for herself. Experience is not a very gentle teacher, dear. She always treats her pupils fairly, but she is sometimes very severe. And you don't understand one word of what I am saying either. Come here and let me hug you."

Mamma gathered the good little Bessie up in her lap and kissed her, and told her she was a sweet little comfort, as she surely was. And down the damp street, where the wet leaves lay as if they had been pasted to the pavement, and where chill gusts of wind came spitefully from around the corners. The three children, Dolly's overshoes from the porch beside the lounge, where heedless Dolly had left them, and she sighed softly to herself.

"Here while Dolly came tripping home. 'Are your feet damp, my dear?'" said her mother. "You took off your overshoes after coming from school, and you put on your little slippers. Minnie's house you forgot to put them on again. I am afraid you will have one of those bad colds again."

"Feel perfectly well now, mamma," was Dolly's reply, "and my feet are not in the very least bit damp."

But mamma thought it well to look. So she made Dolly take off her shoes, and she felt the soft little stockings of fine merino with her own hands, and told Dolly that they were not quite dry, so she must put on another pair, and then change her shoes for her scarlet slippers.

"Good, mamma," said Dolly. "I like to wear my scarlet slippers. Quilted shoes are so nice and warm."

Mamma kept watching Dolly. By-and-by she saw that Dolly's cheeks were growing very red, and her eyes were very bright, and she was looking very hot. Then Dolly said that she did not feel well, but she thought she was only tired, and her throat hurt her a little.

"You see, Dolly Cox, was a child who took cold very easily, and was subject to sore throats."

"My darling, you are learning by Experience," said the mother, sorrowfully, as she bathed the little feet in hot water, made quite sharp and cooling with mustard, and gave Dolly a hot drink, and wrapped her up in the blankets.

Wide-awake Bessie, looking on, saw what her mother was doing.

And when Dolly, next day, felt better, but could not go to the museum with papa because, though the day was very fine, her throat was so delicate, and she must stay in-door, she would be thinking that she would be careful in future, and let Madam Experience find somebody else to teach and punish.

MARGIE E.

WALK, PITSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little boy eight years old. I have two pets, their names are Spot and Strick, and I have a big St. Bernard dog. I go to Sunday-school, and I get a great many papers and cards. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much.

ROBERT P. C.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I go to a private school here, and I am in the second class. We have two birds: we had four, but two of them died. One was found in the seed jar, and the other was found in the box. I was twelve the 2d of November. I write with my left hand, but I am learning to write with my right. I have read all of Mrs. Lillie's stories, and I wish she would write more. I am now reading the "Two Arrows," and I like it very much, but I liked the "Talking Leaves" better. I have learned to play tennis, and I have taken an interest in base-ball and foot-ball. We have a permit to play in the Park. We have rackets, balls, net, etc. Now I must stop, for I am afraid my letter is too long; so good-bye!

MAUD C.

STAFFORD SPRINGS, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have three sisters and one brother. My oldest sister is six years old, the next four, the next two, and the boy is nine months old. Our names are Kitty, Betty, Florence, May, and Alvan. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I like "Baa! Baa!" very much. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for some time.

KITTY R. S.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

My brother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I read it and like it very much. We have a big dog that is named Lion. I have a play-house, a bureau, a wash-stand, chairs, and a table. I have a set of dishes, and two big dolls. I am nine years old. Our dog is almost as old as I am.

ALICE S.

FERRY, MICHIGAN.

This is the first time that I have written to you. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; I like it very much. I have been writing for some time, and my second year's writing. I like to go to school. Will you let me ask a question in the Bible? I am afraid that my letter is too long. With love, I am your little friend.

LINDSEY P. (ten years old).

But you did not ask your question. Did you forget it?

ROXBOROUGH, CANADA.

I thought I would try and write you a letter. This is the first letter I have written to you. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. We have lots of ice skating here in the winter. For pets I have a little dog named Fritz, a cat named Buster, a horse named Frank, and numerous others. I send you some maple leaves, showing what the frost does to the leaves of the trees.

HERBERT L. N.

Thanks for the brilliant leaves.

TRIOY, NEW YORK.

I am a boy thirteen years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. "Into Unknown Seas" is a splendid story. I am studying at the grammar school; I study arithmetic, grammar, geography, spelling, drawing, writing, reading, and history. I have a dog named Duke; he is a Skye terrier; he will perform a great many tricks. I had two small fish named The Fish and the Fish, and the turtles ran away. I was very sorry I would like to exchange several articles for a pair of small mud-turtles. I wish some of the boys or girls who have turtles would exchange with me.

AGUSTUS L. C.

Write out an exchange, with your full name and address, and it shall be inserted on the cover, where the boys will see and consider it, and you will receive a great many answers, I am sure, and very likely make a good exchange.

JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA.

I am a boy eleven years old. My father is a Methodist minister, and lives at Glenwood, Indiana, but I live at my grandpapa's. I have had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly a year, as a Christmas present from my aunt and uncle.

The stories I liked most were "Rolf House" and "Ten Days a New Boy." I like the story of "Two Arrows" so far as it has gone. As I have no pets, I will have to tell you something else. When I was about six years old I went to Niagara Falls with my grandpapa, grandmamma, and some of my cousins. At the Falls it looked like a large sheet of water falling over a high hill. As I went on the bridge which you cross to Goat Island, I stopped about the middle of the river and looked where the water was coming from, and it looked very beautiful and blue. I did not go over to the Canada side. It was all a very beautiful sight, and I will never forget it. I will tell you about our new love in the next letter.

MYLES D.

F. W. Finzer and others: The cover and Index to the last volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is now ready, and will be sent by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, by mail, prepaid, on receipt of fifty cents.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

THREE RESPONSES.

1.—In out, not in in.  
In needie, not in pin.  
In ivy, not in brake.  
In rivers, not in lake.  
In season, not in fall.  
In great, not in tall.  
In sour and in sweet.  
In cakes, not in wheat.  
In edge, not in rim.  
In prison, not in sin.  
In man, not in boy.  
In mourning, not in joy.  
In bolster, not in bed.  
Can you tell me the name of this hero dead?

DORRIS DODD.

2.—My first is in iron, but not in lead.  
My second is in youth, but not in age.  
My third is in pray, but not in kneel.  
My fourth is in pay, but not in owe.  
My fifth is in hour, but not in lein.  
My sixth is in desk, also in press.  
My seventh is in dot, also in not.  
My eighth is in shade, but not in bought.  
My ninth is in mist, but not in fog.  
My tenth is in sister, but not in brother.  
My eleventh is in post, but not in nail.  
My twelfth is in iron, but not in lein.  
My thirteenth is in three, also in ten.  
My fourteenth is in this, but not in that.  
My fifteenth is in shawl, but not in hat.  
My whole is a person loved by us all.

ANNIE A. SMITH.

3.—In bird, not in nest.  
In bar, not in bolt.  
In grow, not in how.  
In to, not in new.  
In held, not in tell.  
In two, not in few.  
In lot, not in tot.  
In do, not in plan.  
In bin, not in box.  
In sit and in stand.  
In tar and in start.  
In sea and in lake.  
In tar and in pitch.  
In ban, not in cane.  
In deep and in sleep.  
Whole commands our harbor fair.

BELL WARDMAUGH.

No. 2.

A SQUARE.

1. Part of the body. 2. A river on the map of Europe. 3. Weapons. 4. A prescribed quantity. — SAM BOWENS.

Answer to Charade on page 816, "Mainspring."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 812.

No. 1.—Newfoundland (owl, new, down, own, laid, few, fowl, old, found, food, fold, dew, dew, one, nod).

No. 2.—Primrose. Convivulus.

No. 3.—  
B E F O N S  
B R E A D S N A K E  
E R K S A L E  
D E E

M E L O N  
L O T  
N

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Bertha Palmer, B. S., Otto C. Kahn, Grace Kidd, James W. Lauber, Edith W. Rose Lind, Margie Hastings, Thomas Hollenbrook, Clarence Flinch, Ripley Tiebout, Don K., Emma Baxter, and L. T. Harris.

[FOR EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]





She was quiet and affectionate when we first got her,



But was apt to trip people up with her tether rope.



She displayed an unfortunate taste for rose-trees.



The children used to drive her in a cart



Until she became troublesome.



And got them into difficulties.



So they would not trust themselves behind her again.



But one day she got into the drying-ground,



And fell out with Mrs. Gubbins,



Who complained that she had been ill used by her,



So we gave her away to the milkman.



# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

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ROSELAND CASTLE.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

IT is wonderful how much the birds know, not only about their beautiful nest-making, but about people. When the castle of Roseland was seized and sacked by Baron Bugbear, that cruel, wicked man, not a bird would

build its nest in the trees near, though for ages past they had made the leaves quiver with their bursts of melody. Roseland was a fine old place, with its turrets and towers and moat and draw-bridge. Through its grassy meadows ran a sparkling river that wound down about the village of Ferndale, which is said to have been a favorite spot of the fairies for many years. The bold, bad Baron had been eager to possess Roseland ever since a certain fair lady had refused to smile on him; but with all his boldness, which was not true courage, he had not dared to attack the castle while there were many men about.

There had been a great war, and Lady Blanche having heard that her husband was wounded, and that the people he had taken with him were suffering, rode away to his relief. Nothing else would have induced her to leave Ronald and Rosa, her two dear children, alone with their aged grandmother and a few women-servants; but when the news came that the lord of Roseland's life was in danger, Lady Blanche could hardly wait for the horses to be saddled or the hampers to be packed.

It was not unusual in those dreadful days for an enemy to use a ruse of this sort to get people out of the way when he wished to make an assault, and Baron Bugbear was equal to any treachery.

It was lovely spring weather. The meadows were full of buttercups and daisies, the lark sang in the early mornings, shaking the dew from his wings as he rose from the grass, and Ronald and Rosa watched the cavalcade leave the castle without a thought of fear. The children were used to war's alarms, and thought that just the sight of their dear mother's sweet face would make their father well and strong again.

The steward of the castle was old and feeble, and so Lady Blanche had bidden his son remain with him; but the son, a wild young fellow, had felt much injured at being obliged to remain at home, and was cutting up all sorts of pranks in consequence. The ladies-in-waiting had need of many wraps, and the young man's sister had given him a huge bundle to carry. On his head he had two or three velvet hoods, and on his back, overlapping capes and cloaks, so that his long legs were quite hidden. What did the master of the party do but seize him around the waist with a jerk, and mount him on a palfrey for one of the women-servants! The children shrieked with laughter, but not a word escaped the pretender's lips, and the order to march being that moment given, away he went, riding the side-saddle as demurely as any of the maids.

That very night, while the stars twinkled, and the frogs croaked, and the flowers were folded, there came a terrible thundering at the gates. The old steward had not strength to defend the castle; had his strong young son been with him he might have delayed and summoned assistance. As it was, he yielded his post, lost his life, and the beautiful castle fell into the hands of Baron Bugbear.

Terrible times followed. The place was filled with a wild, disorderly set. Everything of value was carried away. The walls were stripped of tapestries and armor. Big bonfires smoked the halls and burned the floors. Loud and coarse were the revels. The aged grandmother died from fright, and Ronald and Rosa were imprisoned in the top of a tower. Here they were kept by themselves, locked in, and only fed once a day. From their narrow windows they could look down and see Baron Bugbear's children quarrelling and teasing their pets, and doing their best to make the world a wretched place to live in.

After a while the children fell into a state of dull despondency, lightened only by one single ray.

They discovered a secret door in the tower which opened on a narrow winding stair that led down into the gardens. Down these steps they crept in the evening or just at dawn, and so got a breath of fresh air and a glimpse of the river. They were so small that they could easily hide in the bushes when they heard approaching steps.

A whole year had now passed, and it was spring again. Dandelions spotted the grass like golden stars, but all the birds had deserted Roseland—not one would sing on the boughs about the castle—but by the river their merry songs could be heard, and here poor little Ronald and Rosa loved to wander. They were especially afraid of the Baron's son Brian, whose coarse nature had shown itself in many a hateful deed. In the cold winter evenings when the two poor children were hovering over the few fagots which were allowed them, Brian had come to find amusement in their society, and had teased and taunted them with their misery. He it was who had taken Ronald's little reed pipe from him because it made a sweeter sound than any of his instruments, and had made Rosa cry by pulling feathers from her pet dove.

So they arose long before Brian thought of moving from his bed, and cautiously crept out into the fields of a morning on purpose to hear the birds sing.

They had wandered thus one day—Ronald in his velvet coat, which was becoming old and worn, and Rosa in the pretty damask gown which her own fingers had often to mend—when they heard a great commotion in the bushes. A wailing, sobbing cry went up, then an angry chatter as of magpies, and between these sounds another as of eager, hungry birds. Suddenly they stumbled over a nest full of young thrushes, and Ronald was about to pick it up, when he stopped in terror, and Rosa rushed to his arms for protection.

Every tree, every leaf, every insect, suddenly seemed to take shape of elf and fairy. Weird, wild, and horrible were some, others beautiful as the flowers themselves.

Between his pity for the birds, whom some one must have stolen and dropped, his alarm at seeing the enraged fairy folk, and his desire to defend Rosa, Ronald was sorely perplexed. Clapping his sister in his arms, he stood gazing at a dreadful creature who seemed to be the leader of the elfin crew.

"Vile miscreant!" buzzed the angry elf, "is this thy work? Can no one be happy where children exist?"

"Oh, what do you mean?" stammered Ronald.

"Are you the robber of these innocent fledglings? and if you are, do you expect peace and happiness to follow your footsteps while you thus rejoice in the misery you have caused?"

"I am no robber," said Ronald, bravely.

"We are determined to avenge this great wrong," screamed a waspish voice in his ear.

"The birds are our friends," said another.

"I tell you truly I am not the robber of this nest," maintained Ronald.

"We never dreamed of doing it," sobbed Rosa. "We love birds; we never take their eggs; we like their songs, and we try to imitate them—at least Ronald does."

Amid all the hubbub an old and solemn-looking turtle suddenly said: "Hush! If you love justice, elves, listen to this plea. These children once saw me crawling by the river-side on important business. I had far to go, but they did not know that. I heard them whisper hastily that Brian was coming, and they seemed consumed with fear; but before they hid themselves they covered me with leaves, saying, as they did so, 'He would tease it to death.' No wonder. This same Brian was an ugly fellow, and before he left the spot had stoned to death a dozen fine frogs. May not he be the culprit now?"

Silence followed this speech. Then a sweet-voiced fairy said, "Let them prove their innocence if they can."

"But how shall we do it?" asked Ronald.

"By going to some knightly quest," said another.

"You ask too much," said the turtle, who seemed to be of a legal turn of mind. "Remember they are only children. Let them take these young birds home, nourish them till they can fly, and then return them to us."

"Agreed!" cried one and all of the fairies.

"Agreed!" cried Ronald and Rosa; but when they saw their desolation, and the possibility of not being able to hide the birds from Brian, they suddenly grew pale and pale, and Ronald said, "After all it is impossible."

"There! I told you they were guilty," screamed a horrible old goggle-eyed fellow. Again there was a confused cry of "Shame! shame!" But again came the turtle to the rescue as he said, "Tell us why you refuse."

So Ronald and Rosa poured out their tale of woe—how Roseland Castle had been captured, how they were prisoners, and what dreadful privation and suffering they had endured, but especially how they feared Brian. As they spoke, the fairies crowded about them, noting Rosa's tears, watching the indignant light that flashed in Ronald's eyes, and rustling their downy wings in evident agitation. One beautiful little being, who looked as if she might have sprung from the heart of a rose, perched herself on a spray near Rosa, and whispered: "Take courage; we will be your protectors; you should have sought our aid before," and leaning forward she touched the turtle, saying: "It is late. The cocks are crowing. Leave the birds to us. The children must be rescued. You will go home with them and await our orders. Depart!"

In an instant, like a flash, the fairies disappeared. The nest of young birds became a shining heap of pebbles, and Ronald and Rosa heard the bugle from the castle which awakened the troopers. They ran as fast as their feet could carry them to the castle gardens, for they feared they were so late their absence might be discovered. But the turtle crawled slowly after them. Once, hastily looking back, they thought they saw him make a motion as if to wait, but this they dared not do, and the next time they glanced in his direction he was gone. Then they thought they saw Brian's ugly eyes peering from the kitchen yard, where he often went to tease the scullions, who had much better manners than their master.

Sure enough, Brian had seen them, and when they tried the garden door it was locked.

"Come back to the woods, Ronald," begged Rosa, trembling like a leaf; "they may kill us, and if Brian looks for the nest of birds he will think we have hidden it."

"But what shall we do for food, Rosa?"

"The fairies will feed us," answered Rosa.

"No; they never appear at mid-day. I have heard; and did you not see how quickly they vanished because the cocks crowed? We shall have to wait too long."

Just then a beautiful pigeon which had been circling above their heads dropped on the greensward beside them, and, spreading its snowy plumage, seemed to invite inspection. Rosa's eyes were too filmy with tears to see what Ronald's bolder gaze discovered: tied to the bird's coral leg was a tiny golden key, which Ronald quickly seized and placed in the lock. The door opened, and they entered. None too soon, for they had hardly reached their prison when the cross old woman who served them brought their breakfast.

Fatigued with their exertion and fright, the children fell asleep after they had eaten, and woke to find the sun high in the heavens. All that had happened seemed a troubled dream. But it was no dream when Brian came in and asked Ronald in an angry voice why he had dared to touch the nest of young birds. There is no knowing what cruel blows might have been given had not the white pigeon again made its appearance. This time it sat on the window-ledge, and Brian, making a great rush to catch it, lost his balance, reached too far, and fell, catching on a projecting carving, which alone saved him from being hurled into the moat below. As it was, he would have fallen before assistance came had not Ronald and Rosa dragged down a bell-rope and lowered it to him. By tightly holding on to this, they managed to keep him until stronger hands could reach him. The pigeon, meanwhile, fluttered in and out, at last perching on the bed canopy

where no one saw it, so much were all excited over Brian.

"I would not have been so foolish," said Ronald, offering the crumbs of a hard, dry crust which had been part of Brian's dinner.

"I do believe this is a carrier," said Ronald, examining the bird more carefully.

"What is that?"

"A bird that takes letters and messages to people far away."

"Oh!" cried Rosa, "let us send one to our mother."

"But we have nothing to write with," said Ronald.

Poor Rosa's bright look faded.

"I tell you what we can do," said Ronald; "we will cut off locks of hair, yours and mine, and send them."

No sooner said than done. The two pretty tresses—one light, one dark—were tied with a bit of ribbon to the coral leg of the bird, and whispering in its ear, Ronald tossed it high in the air.

The days dragged wearily after that, for there was no more going out to be done. Not even their aid to Brian in his peril brought them any relief. The little golden key had been taken from them, and their walks in the lovely cool dawns and fragrant twilights could no more be enjoyed. They thought they would never see the fairies again, and there was small chance that the pigeon would ever return.

They had reached this hopeless stage, and Rosa was quite ill, when, lying awake one moonlight night, a sound as of wind in the trees attracted their attention. Now it came nearer and nearer, and instead of a vague indistinctness, it became a regular thump, thump, thump. All Roseland was bathed in moonlight and slumber. Ronald gazed from the window and saw a troop of armed men. Were they friends or foes? Steadily came on the host. They gained the moat. What are they doing? The draw-bridge is down. They cross. Bang! bang!—down crashes the gate. A light flares up from within—hoarse cries are heard. The castle is at their mercy. The frightened sleepers dash here and there. Blows are given—groans are heard. The children cower in a corner; but presently their door is burst open, and they are in their father's arms. What joy was that!

There was a long tale to tell of the father's and mother's imprisonment and wounds and illnesses; of their despair at hearing their children were dead and their home burned to ashes; and then of the carrier-pigeon bringing those well-loved locks of hair and hope to them once more. Sufficient is it to say that Roseland became again the haunt of the birds, whose melody filled the air, and whose nests no one was allowed to touch.



## BRIGHTIE'S CHRISTMAS CLUB.

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG.

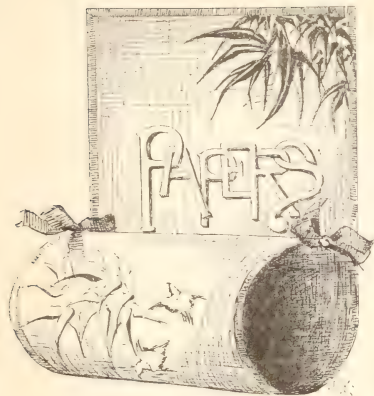
II.

HE next Friday was stormy. The morning began with a cloudy sky, and at noon the sky darkened and a heavy rain falling. Brightie was at home with a slight cold, and at four o'clock Aunt Jennie, after looking out of the window, remarked,

"I suppose you girls will be here."

"Why, I think the girls will be here," replied Brightie, confidently.





NEWSPAPER POCKET

"Here comes an umbrella and a girl under it" announced Aunt Jennie, after a pause.

Brightie ran to the window. "That's Lulu Denning," she exclaimed. "And here come Mabel and her sister. They'll all be here, auntie."

In less than half an hour the half-dozen girls belonging to the Christmas Club were gathered in Brightie's pretty room, warming their hands over the open fire, and talking briskly.



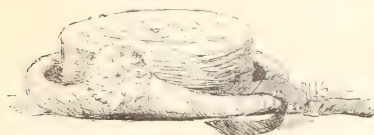
PEN-WIPER

"Brightie," said Aunt Jennie, "before we begin with other things, bring me that newspaper pocket I bought the other day. This," she continued, when Brightie returned, "is simple and effective. You see it is made of pasteboard, covered with red satin and bound with satin ribbon. The lower end is bent forward, and tied about half-way up. This is a capital thing to hang in the hall or dining-room."

"Miss Jennie, do you know of any new way to make pen-wipers?" asked Lulu. "My father always likes one for Christmas, and I know he must be tired of the old kinds."

"If you have some small pieces of chammois, I can show you how to make a very pretty one, and it is very easy to make," replied Aunt Jennie.

Brightie tumbled over the contents of her work-basket



A HAT FOR HAIR-PINS.

hurriedly. "Here are some pieces mother gave me last week to clean my bracelets. They are fresh and new."

"For one pen-wiper," began Aunt Jennie, "you will need three pieces of the chammois, each six by four inches. Cut them carefully, Lulu, or they will not look well. Lay one piece flat on the table, and the others on it. Then fold them together like a book, and sew through the middle, like the binding of a book. Tie a piece of narrow ribbon over the threads. Now take a pen, and print on the cover, in pretty letters, 'Extracts from the pen of—' What are your father's initials?"

"R. W. D.," answered Lulu.

"Then add those, and your pen-wiper is finished."

The girls laughed at the unique idea, and wished that Santa Claus would furnish each of them a place for "extracts" from their pens.

"If any of you know how to crochet, here is a pretty way to make a hair-pin holder. It looks like a sailor hat when it is completed, and is very pretty and dainty."

"Take a small

round box and remove the lid. Cover the bottom with silk or satin. Fill the box with hair. Crochet with worsted a round mat, widening to fit the top. Lay this over the top, and crochet rows down to fit the sides until the bottom is reached. Crochet flat again, and widen every third stitch on the first row; on the second row every seventh stitch; after this there is no need for widening. Seven rows are enough to form the brim of the hat, and this will roll up of its own accord. All this is simple chain stitch. Catch up one side of the brim with a rosette of worsted, and tie a piece of narrow ribbon around the crown of the hat, and leave the ends two inches long."

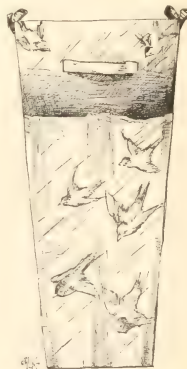
Bertha Browning was the handiest among the club with a crochet needle, and as Aunt Jennie gave the directions slowly she worked rapidly, taking in every step clearly. When Aunt Jennie paused, the sailor hat was well under way.



AID FOR HAIR-PINS.



THE SAME COMPLETED.



UMBRELLA POCKET.



"It's going to be lovely," cried Nell. "I wish I could make one, but I don't know how to crochet."

"If you admire the hair-pin holder so much," said Aunt Jennie, "I can tell you how to make another equally pretty."

Every eye was eagerly turned toward the speaker, who by this time seemed a person of endless resources.

"The effect of the whole when completed," began Aunt Jennie, "is of an orange hung up by a narrow ribbon; and, Brightie, if you will bring that gold-colored worsted from the table drawer, I will show you how to make one. First, some pasteboard. Here is a blank-book cover. Very good. Now cut two circles of the stiff board, each three inches in diameter; then in the exact centre of each a round hole, which will measure one inch in diameter. Place the two pieces together exactly, and take one ounce of the worsted, untie the thread that fastens the separate skeins, and cut one end through for greater convenience in handling. Then take three or four threads of worsted together, and wind them over the card-board and through the hole in the centre.

"Wind tightly until the whole is covered. Use great care to make each layer even and straight. Continue this until the hole is so small that you will need a needle to draw the worsted through. Finally crowd a bunch of worsted about three inches long into the remaining space. Insert a sharp scissors through the worsted between the card-board, and cut the worsted all round. Separate the two pieces of board to enable you to pass a strong twine between. Wind round and tie as tight as you can draw it; two or three times tie it, to make it very firm and strong. Then cut the card-board from the outer to the inner circle, and pull it out. The ball is rough and ragged, so trim off with a sharp scissors.

"Now a yard and a half of narrow orange or olive-colored ribbon sewed on one side will, after tying in a small bow, allow you to hang it upon the side of the dressing-mirror." All the while Aunt Jennie had been speaking her hands had been busy, and the ball, looking indeed the

terpart of an orange, developed and was completed. The six young people sat looking on, absorbed in the work. But Aunt Jennie had not finished yet. She had a hair-pin.

"Why, don't you see?" said Sadie, taking a hair-pin from her head and pressing it in the soft wool. "See how it soaks in!"

"Capital!" "How nice!" "Sweet as it can be!" were only a few of the praises bestowed upon the dainty gift.

Daisy interrupted. "Do, please, tell me how to make a needle-book."

"A very, very simple one, I suppose," said Aunt Jennie, "for a very little girl. We take a piece of line three inches by six inches covered on both sides with fine brown linen, neatly over-handed all round. Brown embroidery silk in loose button-hole stitch will ornament the edge on the right side, and a fold or two of fine flannel, also button-holed, or cut into fine points, and sewed inside, will hold the needles. Two ribbon strings will fasten the book together."

"I think it should be ornamented, at least on one side," said Mabel, Daisy's sister; "or I could fasten a decalcomanie on for her."

Daisy's needle-book is shown in the ornamental initial to this article.

"One thing more before we separate," said Aunt Jennie. "I saw the other day a very good arrangement for holding umbrella, parasol, and rubbers, and you, Brightie, might make one for your mother."

"Buy a yard of brown linen about twenty-five cents a yard. Cut a strip of the width eleven inches with a slope this piece carefully from end to end so that at one end it will be eleven inches and at the other end six inches wide. Line this with strong, stiff crinoline. Hem it all round to keep it in place. Cut another piece of linen twenty-eight inches by fifteen inches wide. Fold a hem on the wide end two inches wide, and hem it. Fold this piece exactly in half, lengthwise, creasing well the division line. Also fold the piece already lined with crinoline,



CHRISTMAS SECRETS.

ALICE. "Tell me what you are going to give me, Freddie, and I'll tell you what I'm going to

and crease in the middle. Place these two middle lines together, linen to linen, and baste securely, making the wider linen meet the narrower at the bottom. The hem will be about ten inches from the top.

"Fold the linen on each side of the centre in a box pleat at the narrow end, and baste the end and sides together. The upper linen or pocket piece will be a trifle larger than the under part at the top; that is right. Bind all round with worsted braid. Sew also with coarse silk a strong stitching or chain stitch, where you have already basted through the centre, quite through the crinoline to make it firm. Cut a band of linen and crinoline eight inches long by two inches wide, baste together, and bind with the worsted braid. Baste this band three inches below the top, in the centre of the space above the wide hem, and sew it securely about an inch and a half from either end. This band will hold the rubbers, the two pockets, umbrella and parasol.

"If you choose to decorate the pockets, you can do so by embroidering two or three brown birds flying on the linen, with a few slashes of gray silk in slanting lines to represent rain."

Here Aunt Jennie stopped, for the clock struck a silvery peal.

## HOW RICK MADE HIMSELF A CHRISTMAS.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

IT didn't look as if there would be any Christmas at the Hayrick. Lucinda Ellen confided to Rick a dreadful suspicion that Ambrose meant to "turn" every one of the turkeys, so they shouldn't even have a Christmas dinner. The crops had proved a failure, and there was that mortgage, with its interest rolling up like a snow-ball! They had struggled with the mortgage all through their father's long illness, and now, three years after his death, it was still unpaid. There had been long droughts and untimely frosts and cattle distemper; it seemed as if everything was against them, and it was no wonder that Ambrose, the man of the family, although he was not yet twenty, was almost discouraged.

Rick was fifteen, but he was lame; he had hip-disease, and one leg was shorter than the other; it wasn't much: he only wasn't "a square trotter," they said at home; but what was the use to try to make light of it? Rick was always thinking bitterly; he was of scarcely any use upon the farm, he grew tired so soon; Lucinda Ellen, a girl, could beat him at hoeing potatoes. He was only a burden, limping about; but he had one comfort—there was no limp in his brains. He had "floored" the school-master with a mathematical problem, and the minister had asked his opinion of some Latin verses. And one needn't be "a square trotter" to be a great lawyer, a civil engineer, a statesman. If he could only go away to school, learn enough to teach, and make his way through college.

What was Christmas to him, since it would not bring him his heart's desire? Ambrose might "turn" all the turkeys (which meant in Danville change them for groceries and other necessities)—all except the Duchess Griselda; he wouldn't think of touching her, anyway, for she was Rick's especial property and his great pet. A turkey is a rather queer pet, but Rick had brought this one up from a scrawny, featherless morsel, all neck and voice, the sole survivor of a large brood that had fallen victims to a turkey epidemic, and it had rewarded him by growing into the finest and handsomest specimen of turkeyhood that Danville had ever seen. Such eggs as the Duchess Griselda laid, and such broods as she hatched! Her fame reached all over town, and Rick had been able to buy all his Sunday shoes and jackets from the proceeds of her industry; but this year, alas! all Griselda's brood had been destroyed by Farmer Hodsdon's old sheep-dog, and when she had been almost ready to bring off another

flock, a weasel had eaten her eggs. But the Duchess Griselda shouldn't make anybody's Christmas dinner—not though they themselves should go hungry.

The Sunday before Christmas the minister said something in his sermon that Rick remembered. The minister preached about Christmas, and he said, "Not one of us is too poor or too sad to make a Christmas for himself by giving to somebody poorer or sadder."

Make a Christmas for himself by giving! A great deal the minister knew about it! thought Rick. What could he give, who hadn't a cent in the world? Even his egg money had gone to pay the doctor who cured Lucinda Ellen's sore throat. Liph Wheeler owed him eight cents on their last "swap" of knives, but he couldn't collect it.

He wanted to buy a warm little worsted shawl for his mother, a new sled for Lucinda Ellen, a chest of tools for Ambrose. He might "make himself" something of a Christmas if he could do that, even without his heart's desire; but without one cent to spend for anybody, with Ambrose's shoulders all "humped up"—Ambrose always did hump himself up, unconsciously, when he was very anxious—and his mother struggling to keep the tears out of her eyes, it was easy for the minister to talk about making Christmas, but Rick would like to see him try it.

But Ambrose did keep a turkey for the Christmas dinner—the old purple gobbler whose bad disposition had always kept him lean—and a pair of chickens besides, and Mrs. Hayford said she would make a plum-pudding; but she looked all the time as if she were flavoring it with mortgages and hard times, and Rick didn't see how it *could* have a Christmasy taste.

The day before Christmas Rick went to the village with Ambrose to dispose of the last lot of Christmas poultry. While Ambrose drove his bargains, Rick wandered about among the shops; the dusk had fallen, and they were all lighted, and gay with Christmas greenery and gifts. Rick was looking at a red and gilt sled that would be just the thing for Lucinda Ellen, when a boy, looking in at the next window, attracted his attention; a pale and pinched little fellow, very thinly and poorly clad; he didn't look as if Christmas had ever come to him. Rick had seen him before, and knew that he belonged to a family that had come to the town in the autumn, hoping to find work in the mills; but the mills were running on half time, and the family hadn't been able to find any work. Rick thought they must be foreigners, for the children had queer names; this boy was Fritz.

He was looking, not at the pretty Christmas knickknacks, but with longing eyes at the food in a provision shop.

"He looks as if he were hungry," said Rick to himself. With all his troubles, Rick had never known what it was to be hungry. "*Poorer than I!*" And there suddenly flashed into his mind the minister's recipe for making a Christmas.

"Are you going to have any Christmas?" he asked, stepping up to the boy.

The little fellow's lip quivered, and he drew his sleeve quickly across his eyes.

"We wouldn't mind if we had enough to eat," he said. "The little ones think Santa Claus will bring us a dinner because our little Nicholas was named for him, and we always called him Krisschen; but I'm afraid he won't."

Rick turned away with a lump in his throat. Ambrose was calling him. He had not sold his poultry to very good advantage, and was all "humped up." He said he supposed by next Christmas they shouldn't have any poultry to sell, nor any farm to raise any on.

Rick didn't say a word all the way home, but he wasn't thinking, as usual, of his own troubles, but of those hungry children in the old house by the river. He had nothing to give them—nothing except the Duchess Griselda. He *couldn't* have her eaten; but he could change her for another turkey that would give the poor people a Christ-

mas dinner. Judge Templeton, who had a country residence about half a mile from their farm, admired Griddle and very often sent his man to buy her eggs.

As soon after supper as he could slip away unobserved, Rick went out to the poultry-house, took the Duchess from the roost where she had settled herself for a peaceful night's rest, and tucking her head under his neck to muffle her voice, which was not one of the Duchess's charms, he hurried away with her to Judge Templeton's.

She was very heavy, but he was scarcely conscious of that, his heart was so much heavier. Only a turkey, but he had not been able to play with other children, and had never cared for any other pet.

He knocked modestly at Judge Templeton's back door, with the Duchess's mournful, muffled squawking sounding from under his jacket.

"Give him another turkey for that one, and promise not to eat her?—why, of course we will," Rick heard Judge Templeton say, in answer to the message he sent. And then the Judge himself came hastily out. It was he who held the mortgage on their farm, and he never troubled them about the interest, although it was growing so big as to deform poor Ambrose's shoulders.

"Bring a large fat turkey, Jenks," he said to his servant, "and a goose besides. *She's* worth more than a common turkey; and what do you say to a basket of my golden sweetings? You haven't any such apples as those on your farm." And when the basket was packed, the Judge ordered some great oranges to be put upon the top.

It was a heavy basket, but Rick went off with it as if it were a feather. He almost forgot the Duchess.

"I am interested in that boy," said the Judge to his wife. "I don't think they can be so poor as to lack a Christmas dinner, and I want to know what he is going to do with that basket." And in spite of his wife's remonstrances the Judge hurriedly donned his wraps and followed Rick.

"I like his looks. I've had my eye on him for a good while. People tell wonderful stories of his scholarship. If I find the right kind of stuff in him, I may do something for him," the Judge had said to his wife.

On went Rick, running as if his legs were all that could be desired, as if Christmas had really come. His heart was getting as full of Christmas cheer as his basket was of good things. And on went the Judge, who was portly, puffing and panting in his efforts to keep Rick in sight.

The choir boys at the little chapel were carolling.

"The first Noël that the angels did say  
Was to certain *poor shepherds*—"

"The first Christmas was for poor folks; it always is something to them," thought Rick.

As for the Judge, I am afraid he was thinking just then, the chapel being at the top of a hill, that he had better have taken out his fat wallet and given Rick something, rather than take this "wild-goose chase" to discover "the kind of stuff that was in him." But he had perseverance—men who get to be judges are apt to have—and on he went

Rick had begun to feel shamefaced about presenting his gifts. "I'll just leave the basket at the door, and knock and run away," he said to himself. "But no— Oh, wouldn't *that* be jolly!" as a new idea struck him. It was an old farm-house; there's a great wide chimney and an open fire-place, and it isn't likely they have much fire. And it would be easy to climb up by the wood-shed."

Rick fairly kicked up his heels with delight at the bright idea, and with the Christmas jollity that had taken possession of him. And the jolly old Christmas moon, with a knowing look on her face, shone her very brightest, and showed the Judge the boy he was following climbing with his basket on the roof of the little old house.

In the living-room of the old house a sad group was

of Christmas cheer: there had not been even bread enough for all that day. And yet the smaller children gathered around the great fire, the sticks of the sticks burned, were clamoring to be allowed to hang up Krisschen's stocking!

"Why not let them, mamma? If I am disappointed, though they *will* be disappointed in the morning," said Lena. "Oh, mamma, if your family knew how we were suffering, they surely would help us now!" Lena had become her mother's confidante, and even had her father had cast her off when she married a poor German musician.

"Horace, my brother, would; he was not so hard as the others. I would ask him now, for your sakes, but I do not know where he lives."

Lottchen, who was seven, thrust her curly head into the fire place and called up the chimney: "KRISSEN, KRISSEN, if you don't come down this chimney and put something into Krisschen's stocking, he sha'n't be called after you any more! Something good to eat, if you please!"

Rush! thump!—almost before the words were out of her mouth down the chimney came a great fat turkey; a plump goose followed; then came a shower of great yellow apples and golden oranges. The children laughed and clapped their hands.

Mamma opened the door; she had heard sounds on the roof, and she seemed to want to see Santa Claus.

The Judge stood there, portly and dignified. Lottchen caught sight of his white beard, and immediately seized him by the skirts of his coat.

"Come right along in, you good old Kriss Kringle. But you oughted to have come down the chimney," she said.

Mamma was white in the face, and clung to the door for support: was she afraid of Santa Claus?

"Katharine, my dear, dear, lost sister!" said the Judge, in a husky voice.

And the next moment mamma was sobbing out, "Horace, my brother!" with her head on his shoulder.

It is undeniable that Lottchen and Krisschen were a little disappointed to find that he was their uncle, and not Santa Claus, but the others were old enough to understand the joy in their mother's face, and to realize that their dark days were over. Santa Claus upon the roof had hidden behind the chimney when he saw the Judge, and now he came down looking very shamefaced.

"How did you happen to bring that basket *here*?" asked the Judge.

"I saw *him*" (nodding at Fritz) "looking in at a window, and I knew he was hungry," said Rick.

"To think if it hadn't been for him I might have gone back to the city without finding you!" said the Judge.

Rick told them all about it at home, and his mother hugged him, and Lucinda Ellen wiped her eyes. Ambrose said he thought they were about poor enough without hunting up poorer folks. But Ambrose wasn't as hard-hearted as he pretended to be.

Rick went to sleep that night with a pretty good opinion of the minister's recipe for making a Christmas; but he hoped they should not lose the farm before another Christmas, as Ambrose prophesied, and he did hope that the Duchess Griseida wasn't homesick.

Just as they were sitting down to breakfast the next morning there came a great box from Judge Templeton for Rick. They heard the Duchess's ear-splitting squawl. Rick actually thought it melodious. But there was something else in the box—a large envelope with Rick's name on it. Inside was the mortgage, torn in halves, and a receipted note for all the money owed by them to the Judge. More and more Rick began to understand why all their eyes round with wonder—"to be expended upon Rick's education."



"A GREAT FAT TURKEY AND A PLUMP GOOSE."

Ambrose sat down with the torn mortgage and the receipted note in his hands, and straightened his shoulders, and swallowed what seemed to be a very hard lump in his throat. "It does seem to be considerable of a Christmas that you've got up, Rick," he said.

Rick was invited to a Christmas party at the Judge's that night. He felt shy at first in the gay assembly, but he was made such a hero of that the feeling soon wore off; and Fritz seemed like an old friend.

Rick danced; they took such pains to help him that it seemed quite easy, and he felt as if his legs were just like any boy's. He kissed Lottchen under the mistletoe, and he had presents on the Christmas tree that made him wonder how they knew just what he wanted, especially a sled that would just suit Lucinda Ellen. But perhaps, after all, the very best moment was when the widow put her hands upon his head and solemnly blessed him.

"What if I hadn't done it?" he said to himself, with a gasp. "If I should always be poor, I'll remember that I can make some kind of a Christmas."

Just then the choir boys began their carol outside the window:

"The first Noël that the angels did say  
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay,  
Watching their flocks on a cold winter's night,  
When the moon was so bright."

## TWO ARROWS:

A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE GOLD MINE.

A PROUD girl was Na-tee-kah that bright September day, and she took an extraordinary amount of pains with her hair. So, for that matter, did Ha-ha-pah-no, and Sile could but discern that both treated him with much more respect than at first. He had been with Two Arrows at the recovery of the ponies, he had killed a buck and a bear, and was evidently able to use the weapons of grown-up white braves. He was therefore not a boy to be snubbed; and if it had not been for his unfortunate light complexion, he was almost good-looking. At all events, he was disposed to do his best to be polite, and they were willing to meet him as nearly half-way as was con-





"THE CRAGGY MOUNTAIN AROSE AGAINST THE SKY."

sistent with dignity and propriety. They were under the especial care of the Judge himself, however, and Na-teekah derived a vast amount of comfort from an occasional look at his very fatherly and benevolent face.

"We'll git to the mine afore night, Jedge," said Yellow Pine, when they halted for their noon luncheon.

The camp of the Apache marauders broke up at sunrise, with a considerable amount of discontented grumbling.

A man familiar with their dialect, or with only a little of it, could easily have gathered that they were eager for news which did not come, and for scouts who did not return. Not all of them, to say the least, would ever again come into that or any other camp, news or no news. In the absence of any, it was plainly a due precaution to push forward even farther beyond the supposed pursuit of the men in blue.

There was a good deal more than a mere supposition about that pursuit, for Captain Grover and his men were on the trail at as early an hour as was consistent with a proper care of their horses, and a hearty breakfast all around. They were a fine-looking lot of men, bronzed and weather-beaten and soldierly. Their uniforms were not exactly in "parade" condition, but there was nothing slovenly about them, and their weapons were in excellent order. They had several "led horses," to make good the places of any that might become overworn, and every animal in the troop showed signs of careful grooming. A captain, a lieutenant, and thirty men did not seem an overpowering force for a hundred and more of Apache warriors to run from, but neither of the two parties could have a correct knowledge of the strength of the other. Besides, the main object of an Indian raid is never a hard fight, but rather to pick up scalps and plunder and get away without serious loss.

As for Captain Grover, he had been ordered to follow and "strike" that band of Apaches, and compel them to return to their "reservation," and he had no other purpose in mind than to obey thoroughly.

"I'll follow them," he remarked to the Lieutenant, "as far as they choose to go. We've wiped out six of their scouts already."

"Garry," said one of the men at the same moment, "reckon them 'Paches'll begin to think this 'ere's an unhealthy crowd to creep in on."

"The more of 'em we can pick off," said Garry, "the fewer we'll have to fight at the close."

"Sharp work when that comes, or I'm mistaken; but they can't take hoss plunder into the mountains."

As they rode along so cheerily and confidently, it became plainer and plainer that those men had small doubt of their ability to deal with any ordinary band of red horse-thieves if they could meet them fairly. It would hardly have seemed so to an unprejudiced observer of the Apache cavalcade that morning. Every warrior was a perfect horseman, and was well mounted and well armed. There were lances instead of sabres, but the pistols and carbines, or rifles, were just as good as those carried by the cavalry. The red men were all trained and experienced soldiers, under capable leaders, and it looked as if all they had to do was to choose a good position and wait for Captain Grover and his men, and destroy them all. As it was, all they seemed to think of was to urge their drove of stolen quadrupeds forward. They could not make the best of time so encumbered, and when they again halted for the night, the men in blue were several miles nearer, without one Apache knowing exactly where they were.

"Beginning to break down, are they?" said the Captain. "I'll strike them among the foot-hills of the ranges within three days."

All that exciting chase was as yet hidden from the red and white men in the upper valley, and it was quite possible that they would never know anything about it. That depended, in fact, upon whether the Apaches should turn to the left or the right when they reached the "forks" of the little river.

It was pretty late when Two Arrows again caught up with his pale-face friends, and his pony showed signs of very hard riding. If he had been a grown-up brave he could not possibly have had so warm a reception, except from Na-tee-kah and Ha-ha-pah-no. These two considered him the tallest kind of a young chief already, but all the rest regarded him very much as Yellow Pine did, as "the likeliest young red-skin he'd ever come across."

"I believe he is," said Judge Parks. And Sile had added: "Father, what wouldn't he know pretty soon if he could learn to read and write? He understands everything he sees right away."

"I'd like to try the experiment, Sile, but I don't be-

lieve he would ever take kindly to books. I'll talk about it some other time. There is something else on my mind just now."

There was a good deal upon everybody's mind, and even Sile ceased to admire Long Bear's present when Yellow Pine rose in his stirrups and pointed forward, shouting,

"There she is, Jedge—right back in that there notch!"

Away to the right of them the craggy mountain arose against the sky, facing the valley with an uncommonly precipitous wall. In this grim face of granite could be seen what looked like a mere indentation. When they came to it, however, they discovered that Yellow Pine's "notch" was much narrower at its mouth than beyond it, owing to some ancient overturn and "landslide" of great rocks and small, which almost shut it in. Beyond this barrier, the opening through which was a mere roadway, there were several acres of good grass and trees. There were springs of water, also, and the whole place was a good one to camp in, so long as no more boulders should break loose from the slopes above and come crashing down into it. It was plain that none had done so for a long time past, and the wagons were hauled fearlessly in. There was nobody with them but their drivers, for every other human being had galloped on after Yellow Pine and Judge Parks, until the old miner drew rein in front of a great mass of shattered, ragged, dirty-looking quartz rock. In the front of this a deep hole had been dug by somebody, and near it were traces of old camp fires, bones of deer and buffalo, and a worn-out pickaxe.

"That's the lode, Jedge. It's all I ever told ye it was. Safest place in the world, too, now the 'Paches are gathered into their reservation."

Judge Parks was at that moment examining some bits of quartz he had picked up. He took from his pocket a magnifying-glass, and closely inspected stone after stone.

"It looks like it, Pine. I haven't a doubt of the value of that vein. Look at that, Sile."

"Why, it's exactly like Yellow Pine's old specimens, so far as I can see; no more gold in these than in them."

"That's just the point, Sile. He brought me fair specimens. There isn't any humbug or delusion about it. It's all right, Pine, so far as I can see. As for safety, the mouth of this notch could be made a perfect fort of, if we had to quit mining and go to fighting."

"Guess we won't ever have to do that. Game's plenty, and so is fish, and we won't have to use up our provisions. Chance for you, Sile. You can keep the camp fires going. Fetch in some fish first thing in the morning, and then go for all the fresh meat there is. What we don't eat we can cure and put away."

"I'll do the hunting," shouted Sile. "What are the men all chopping for? There's plenty of dry dead wood."

"I'd call it!" exclaimed Yellow Pine. "If they ain't struck with the mine-fever now. Jest look at 'em, Jedge."

"Pine," shouted one of the men, "this shelf by the spring's the spot you marked for the shelter, isn't it?"

"All right, boys," he responded. "Thirty feet by twelve, and an ell for cooking and an ell for stowage."

"Nine feet high to the front, and slope to seven and a half, and lay on the mud as you go?"

"That's it. Pitch in, boys."

"I declare," said the Judge, "they haven't eaten a mouthful, and they've begun building."

"They're old hands, and the sight of that show of pay-rock has kind o' stirred 'em up."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A NEW SETTLEMENT.

THERE is nothing like enthusiasm. That band of bearded miners went into their work like a crowd of boys building a snow fort. Ha-ha-pah-no and Na-tee-kah took full possession of the camp fires and cooked for dear life.

Judge Parks and Yellow Pine finished their work on the hole in the rock and of the ore which had been dug out of it, and then they went to help Sile and Two Arrows care for the horses and mules.

"We won't unpack much until the house is up," said the Judge.

"You're satisfied with the outcrop, are ye?" asked Pine, a little proudly.

"It's all you said it was, and that is all I could ask for. We can run a tunnel right in now, so we can work straight along, under cover, in bad weather."

"That's the thing to do. I believe it will pay for itself from the very start."

"If it does," said the Judge, "it will be an uncommonly good mine for a gold mine. Not one in ten but what empties the pocket of its first owner."

"This one won't, then. It's as good a property as there is, and we can cover all the ledge with claims and get a good title to 'em. It's fresh ground, and no kind of interference."

"Unless the Apaches interfere."

"They don't often come east so far as this, specially now that most of 'em have been cornered. Mining in these parts isn't the risky kind of business it used to be. Must say, though, that I felt kind o' streaked sometimes, last year, when I was prospectin'."

"There was risk in it, all alone; but nine rifles and a good breastwork will make a tremendous difference."

"They will that, and there's no sech thing as takin' us in the rear. They can't climb over that ridge, nor that one."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE CLEW FOUND IN THE ROCKS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

MORE than sixty years ago there lived in a fishing town on the northeastern coast of Scotland a boy who afterward became a very famous man. When he was only five years old, his father, who was a sailor, was lost at sea. His mother, though very poor, managed to send little Hugh to school, and there he learned a good deal from books; but if he had learned no more than to read and to write, he would probably have still been a great man, for in the mean time he had found something else worth more to him than many books. He had learned to read another language. He had found out that he had two eyes, and how to use them. The rocks about the Firth of Cromarty were waiting for just such a pair of eyes to read their open secrets. Thousands of boys had played about those rocks, and thousands of men had fished and spread their nets and loitered there, but no one of them all had read the riddle of the stones till Hugh Miller came.

The boy used to go down to the beach with his uncle Sandy when the tide was low, and look at the ripples left in the sand by the water. He would gather shells, half buried in the sand, and sea-weed lying upon it. His uncle had eyes that saw, too; it seemed to run in the family—and he helped little Hugh to see the wonderful life of the sea-shore, and to think about what he saw. These lessons, far more than anything he had read in books, helped him in after-life, though he was a great reader of books too.

When Hugh grew to be a tall, lanky boy he chose his work in life; he chose to be a mason. His work lay in a quarry near Cromarty, close by his beloved sea. One day, as the men were lifting up the great slabs of sandstone, Hugh saw some markings on the piece of rock laid

These were the old familiar ripple marks in the solid stone, just such marks as he had often seen on the beach. He did not say, "How strange!" and then think all about it. He began to think and ask himself questions. Could it be that this was an old sea-beach? How could it be, under those tons and tons of solid rock? The answer came to his questions after a while.

Stroven along the water-edge, and he found many curious roundish pieces of limestone rock. One day, hammer in hand, Hugh strolled along the beach. He struck one of these bumps, and it was a piece of limestone bedded in part of the stone a creamy-white shell, beautifully carved, and showing tints of color like the pearly lining of many of our shells. Another and another of these stones were broken open (Fig. 1). In some of them he found scales of fish; in others, fern leaves; in others, again, bits of decayed wood—all in solid stone.

Now he could answer his questions. These things had once been alive. He had spelled out one word from the tables of stone written upon by the finger of God himself. He had found the clew in the rocks, and he never rested until he had followed up this clew, and found, by examining the rocks themselves, and by reading about what other men had discovered, how the earth as it is had come into being.

If you have never carefully looked at the rocks of a railway cutting as your car went through it, be sure that you do so the very first chance that you have. You will probably see that the rocks are in layers. Sometimes these lie level with the ground; sometimes they are very much bent or tilted (Fig. 3).

To understand how these came to be so, we must understand some things which are very simple, but yet they are things that we would not naturally think of. What we call *earth* or *soil* is only rock finely powdered, mixed up with some of the dust from the dried parts of dead plants and animals. Earth is to rock about what the pulverized sugar you sprinkle over your berries is to the block sugar your mother drops into your tea.

The surface of the earth was once rock which had no layers in it, like granite. Part of the round globe was cov-



FIG. 1. SECTION OF A Fossil.

ered with water, and a little of it was dry land. The grinding of this old ocean's waves, the rain, the air, all the things that have happened since, have grinded the rock to powder, and with it muddied the sea water. Take a tumbler of water, and into it drop a few bits of finely ground earth. Your mud,

thing like the sea-water was then. Now watch, and you will see what happened. The fine powdered rock settled in the bottom of the sea-bed as the earth settles in your tumbler, and the first layer was made. Layer after layer was formed in this way. After a while "the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." A feeble life stirred in the bottom of the sea. Some very simple animals lived there, and we can find the curious shells in which they lived in those deep-down rocks. We know that plants must have come first, because plants are the only fairies that can turn rock and



FIG. 2.—FERN LEAF IN STONE.

earth and water into the food that all animals need to feed upon; but the soft, delicate sea-weed had died and left no sign. The early animals, however, had hard glassy shells, and when they died these shells sank to the bottom of the sea, and the next layer of powdered rock settled over them and preserved them—some of them until now.

You can see how this would be, and that when we lay open the rocks, as Hugh Miller did with his hammer, we might find the shells. Here is a drawing of a bit of such earth that was turned into stone, with its corals and shell lying thick in the layer which is half broken away (Fig. 4). This was picked up just below my house on the shores of Newark Bay. The work went on through thousands of



FIG. 3.—TILTED LAYERS IN THE ROCK.

years, the sea laying one upon another these wonderful beds of rock of different kinds.

All this was not an *adding* to what already existed, but only a new arrangement, with some change in the character of the old materials already there. How this great earth came to be, is one of the secret things of God. The Bible begins with, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." That is all we know. A guess here and there has been made as to how it was done, but no one knows, and no one probably ever will know.

But we can tell the way the crust of layers was put on, because we can watch the same things going on now which went on thousands and thousands of years ago. At the bottoms of shallow seas and lakes, at the mouths of rivers, in the coral islands of the Pacific, the earth is still a-building.

About a hundred years ago men began to be interested in these strange things found in the stones. They hunted up pieces of such stone, and wrote out all they could find about it. They arranged the facts, and called the new science geology, or the science of the earth.

It is very easy to see that if the seas had staid all the while in the same place, with no disturbance going on, that the layers would have settled one on top of the other, according to age, the oldest being the lowest, and so on up.

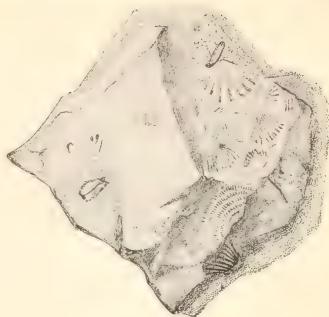


FIG. 4.—SHELLS IN BROKEN ROCK.

But you must remember that the earth was then, as it is now, part dry land and part water, though there was much less land in proportion then than there is now. It was only *under water* that the layers were formed. But there were other things at work besides this gentle wearing away of the rocks and building up of the sea bottoms.

Long ago people believed that under the volcano of Etna, on the island of Sicily, a giant was imprisoned, and that the trembling and cracking of the earth before an eruption were his struggles to get free. This had a meaning in fact, though it was only a fable. Under the whole earth the giant fire has been imprisoned. When the crust of the earth was thinner than it is now, the giant's struggles cracked and bent it: sometimes the bottom of the sea would be suddenly lifted up, and the dry land would sink and be covered with the waters of the ocean (Fig. 5). On the left side of the picture are the level layers of rock, broken up so that they look like a stone wall. After a while we will see just why these are so broken. On the right-hand side you see the layers are lifted up by the curious, curly-looking rock which boiled up out of the earth beneath as lava comes out of a volcano. Whichever part of the earth happened to be under the water would be covered up with layers of mud, and in them plants and shells, fish and animals, would be buried, and their hard parts preserved. The other part, the dry land, would not be very much changed; the plants and animals there would die, and mostly be blown away as dust.

This history of the earth written upon the rocks, you can see, is not a very easy history to read. Its leaves were all scattered and torn and twisted, and the writing on them often rubbed out, and many of them lost. It had to be gone over again and again, in many different places and



FIG. 5.—LEVEL AND LIFTED LAYERS.



by many different men, before these stone leaves could be put together in the right order.

If these layers, or strata, as they are called, had remained just as they were placed, there would have been no way to reach them but to dig down to them, for twenty miles in some places, and that would have been impossible: no-

body has ever been down, in the deepest mine, more than a mile. But the movements of the earth's surface, caused by the struggling fire underneath, would tilt and break through the layers, and so the broken edges would be on the surface (Fig. 5), and the geologist could in places study the very bottom layers without digging down to them.



*Allegro.* TO WILLIE YOUNG. S. B. MILLS.

Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, A mer-ry old soul was he; He called for his pipe, and he called for his fife, And he called for his fiddlers three.







BUMPS OF EXPERIENCE—A LESSON IN GRAVITATION.

## A SCHOOL-GIRL'S DRESS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE name of Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary, is familiar to many of the mothers and grandmothers of the children who read this paper. Perhaps some of the girls who are going to school to-day would like to hear how the little Mary Lyon dressed for her simple school life seventy years ago. I am often sorry that dress occupies so much of the time and thought of the girls of to-day. I observe that when Eva or Gracie is invited to a little party, the first question is almost always, "What shall I wear?" and mothers and aunts are often quite perplexed to satisfy all the demands which even a school-girl's wardrobe makes.

In Mary Lyon's day, on the little mountain farm in New England, the child saw the flax grow to make her single summer dress, and herself petted and fed the lambs and sheep which gave the wool to keep her warm in winter. The fairy flax-

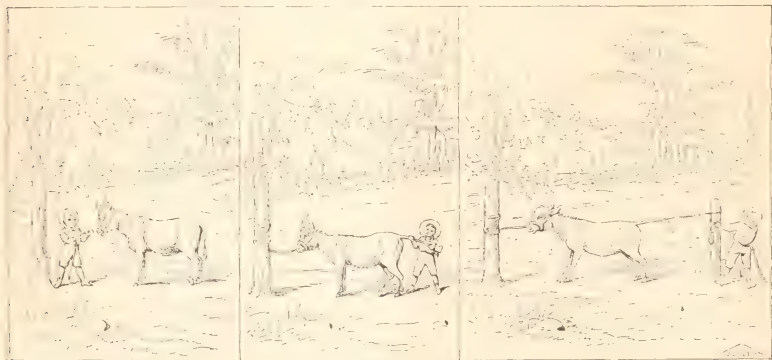
my adornments, I was advised to read a piece of poetry beginning:

"How proud we are, how fond to show  
Our clothes and call them rich and new,  
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore  
That very clothing long before."

The thick flannel of which Mary Lyon's winter dress was composed was dyed a bright warm red, and it was just the thing to keep out the cold. When she was spinning the wool, and the wheel became unmanageable, as it sometimes did, her mother would sing to her,

"It's not in the wheel, it's not in the band;  
It's in the girl who takes it in hand."

The capable girl who took the wheel in hand was always at the head of her classes, and the spelling-book, arithmetic, and grammar presented no difficulties which she did not overcome.



## PREFIX.

Prefix is something added at the beginning.

## LESSONS IN LANGUAGE.

## SUFFIX.

Suffix is something added at the end.

## FIX.

Fix, from the Latin *ferus*, fastened.



HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

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A BIT OF THANKSGIVING.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 50.

## BENNY'S "EXTRY BITE"

BY MARY D. BRINE.

**H**IS name was Benny—Benny O'Moore—  
 And he kept the "wolf" from his dear mother's door  
 By trotting around on his tireless feet  
 And crying "Paps!" about the street.  
 Though cold the days and though cheerless the skies,  
 Bright summer looked out of the lad's blue eyes.  
 And though hands and feet and little pug nose  
 Were often, as Benny declared, "mos' froze,"  
 Yet love for mother, so sweet and so true,  
 Kept warming his heart all through and through.

Thanksgiving drew near. "Oh dear," sighed he,  
 "Sure a turkey 'd taste good to mother an' me.  
 But it's niver a taste of that bird we'll get,  
 An' it ain't no use for a feller to fret."  
 So "Paps! paps!" cried Benny O'Moore,  
 Poking his head into many a store,  
 And boarding the cars as they passed his way  
 On that cheerless, rainy November day,  
 Always thinking—the brave little lad  
 Of "mother, the dearest a boy ever had!"

Thanksgiving Day came, and our Benny arose  
 From his bed on the floor. "Cheer up, mammy! who knows  
 But I'll bring home a bite that is extry, you see,  
 To make a Thanksgiving for you and for me?"  
 Then he kissed her good-by, and was off and away  
 Attending to business on Thanksgiving Day.  
 "For," says he, "there are folks as I know won't refuse  
 To season their dinner wid readin' the news."  
 So he shouted out loudly in passing each door,  
 "Here's all kinds of paps—an' Benny O'Moore!"

'Twas noon, and poor Benny began to feel blue,  
 For business was dull. "Sure there's nothin' to do  
 But jist to go home," thought the lad, when, oh, joy!  
 He heard a voice calling, "Look here, little boy,  
 Here's a nice piece of pie; don't you want it?" Oh then,  
 What a world of delight filled the heart of our Ben  
 As he sprang up the steps, to the sister and brother—  
 "Oh, God bless you, miss! 'twill taste good to me mother,  
 An' I'll ate it wid her, if yer place, for ye see  
 It's a bit of Thanksgiving for her an' for me."  
 Then he pulled off his cap with a bow for "good-by,"  
 And dined with his mother on good mince-pie.

## TWO THANKSGIVINGS IN THE ARCTIC.

BY LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

**M**OST of my young readers, and the old ones too, for  
 that matter, may think that the proper time for a  
 real heart-felt Thanksgiving on the part of an arctic ex-  
 pedition should take place just after it is all over, if they  
 have returned in safety. Yet, after all, an expedition in the  
 frozen north-land can have a Thanksgiving just as  
 well as the more favored ones at home; and although a  
 person viewing both, were such things possible, would say  
 that the gathering seemed a little more cheerless "way  
 up north," yet I am sure that those who took part in it,  
 so extremely cold and uninviting is everything around  
 them by contrast, would remember their arctic Thanksgiv-  
 ings as the most pleasing and cheerful of any they  
 have ever had.

There is one curious thing about an arctic Thanksgiv-  
 ing, and some of my readers may think it would at once  
 deter a party from observing the day in that region: you  
 can not tell exactly when Thanksgiving comes. We folks  
 at home have no trouble in this respect, for the President  
 of the United States fixes it by proclamation, and the Gov-  
 ernors of the different States and Territories follow him  
 with their proclamations, naming the same date, and thus  
 we know just when to kill our turkeys, and, more impor-  
 tant than that, just when to eat them.

Thanksgiving Day is usually, by a sort of unwritten  
 law, the last Thursday in November, but there have been

departures from this rule, and there is no knowing when  
 it will occur again. A party in the arctic, therefore,  
 far removed from post and telegraph offices, are never  
 certain just when to bring their can-opener into play in  
 order to "kill" their turkey. In the polar regions we  
 were compelled to keep the turkey in such a little pen  
 that that kind of an instrument was needed to allow it to  
 see daylight; and very little did it see then, with only an  
 hour or two of twilight at noon. So the only way out of  
 the dilemma, if a polar party must have a Thanksgiving,  
 is for the commander to appoint a day himself, and if it  
 does not agree with the date fixed at home, he can not  
 help it if the President does feel badly when they return.

We spent two Thanksgivings in the frigid zones, and as  
 one was while we were "at home" in north Hudson Bay,  
 and the other while we were traveling with dogs and  
 sledges, I will briefly describe them both.

Our first one in northern Hudson Bay found us living  
 like Esquimaux in houses built of ice and snow. We had  
 plenty of civilized provisions with us, however, and among  
 them were some canned turkey and chicken, both mixed  
 together, but unfortunately the labels had become wet in  
 the long sea-voyage, and had dropped off, so that we could  
 not tell the difference between the true chickens and the  
 chickens put up and labelled as turkey, as one of my  
 party expressed it. We had no place to keep our provi-  
 sions so as to protect them from the cold, and as the ther-  
 mometer had been down to forty degrees below zero,  
 everything was frozen solid and stiff. In this condition  
 I would defy any one to tell the difference between canned  
 frozen turkey and chicken. It would be like asking a  
 boy to shut his eyes and tell which end of an icicle he was  
 chewing upon. So our Thanksgiving turkey was a little  
 bit uncertain.

Eliering, our Esquimaux interpreter, had told all the  
 natives roundabout that an important day with the white  
 men was about to take place; and as the Esquimaux had  
 been in the habit of assembling at our snow-house after  
 meals for such little morsels as they could pick up—gener-  
 ally a small panful of boiled hard bread or sea-crackers  
 well sweetened with molasses—they naturally associated  
 an "important day" with one when they would get an im-  
 portant addition to their usual rough rations. Accord-  
 ingly they were on hand in full force, and knowing of  
 their coming, we prepared for them accordingly. The  
 canned turkey, or whatever it was, was placed aside, a nice  
 saddle of reindeer meat was picked out of the many we  
 had in another snow-house alongside, and a half-dozen  
 ptarmigan, or arctic grouse, were gotten ready, being a  
 present from a couple of Esquimaux boys, although we  
 did not forget that a present from a savage means that  
 you must give something in return.

A huge walrus flipper was allowed to simmer for a  
 whole day in one of the curious little stone kettles of these  
 curious people, this part of the cooking being left with  
 some native women employed for that purpose, and in a  
 snow-house not far from ours. Cooked in this manner  
 for so long a time, flipper tastes like some sort of jellied  
 meat, served hot; but as the walrus lives on clams, this  
 flavor is the foremost in this dish. To those of my readers  
 who live along the sea-coast, and delight in clam bakes  
 and clam chowders, I am sure walrus flipper would not  
 prove an unacceptable dish. A big sirloin of seal was  
 fixed up as a roast, and we did not forget to have a steak  
 or two from the round of a musk ox, and as this is some-  
 times called the musk sheep, we dressed it as mutton with  
 capers. Two large arctic salmon, caught by these fisher-  
 men of the frigid zones through ice four or five feet thick,  
 and looking like wooden Indian clubs, they were frozen  
 so stiff, were dressed for the meal.

None of our native hunters had been successful in kill-  
 ing a polar bear in time, so we had to do without this kind  
 of arctic food; but when I tasted it, some months after

ward, I was perfectly willing to admit that we had lost no great luxury. In the winter-time the bears are as lean as a knife-blade, and in the summer they live on seals which are not very fresh, and a person wants to go without his breakfast and lunch to partake of bear-meat for dinner and enjoy it.

Such was our bill of fare, and enough there was for both white men and Esquimaux, although the latter thought that the best part of it all was the boiled crackers. "Seemse," as our whaling cook called it—covered with pork grease, over which an ample supply of thick molasses was poured. This, washed down with tea or coffee, made our Esquimaux friends give great quantities of thanksgiving in "Ma-nook poo! ma-nook poo-uad-lo!" (good! very good!), and no doubt wished that Thanksgiving came seven days in the week, and at least twice a day. After the dinner was over, and for which our Esquimaux gave more thanks than for any other part of the proceedings, they slowly dispersed to their snow-houses in the village that was clustered around ours as a centre, and turning in between their warm robes of reindeer-skins, dreamed away the rest of the day, while the white men tried to spend the day as they would in more civilized lands.

The next Thanksgiving, one year later, we spent on our sledge journey returning to Hudson Bay, which we spoke of as "home," from the islands in the Arctic Ocean near the mouth of Back's Great Fish River. The last Thursday in November found us crossing a broad peninsula passing from one large arm of the Arctic Sea to another, where the Back's River empties, and which we were extremely anxious to reach. That day we came upon a river some sixty to seventy paces broad, and it was named Thanksgiving River to commemorate the event.

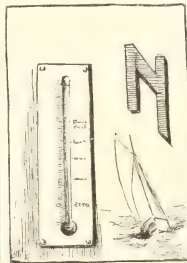
It was of a great deal of importance to us to know just which way it flowed, for should its waters run eastward, all we would have to do would be to sledge along its icy covering, and it would take us by an easy grade to Back's River. Usually the Esquimaux can tell which way the current of a frozen river trends by lying flat on the ice, and placing the face close to it, and turning the eyes alternately to the right and left, or up and down stream, sighting along the level ice; but although two of the keenest-sighted of the Esquimaux young men tried this plan on several parts of Thanksgiving River, they gave it up in despair, shaking their heads, and informing me that if the ice was off the river so that we could see the water flowing it would be a very sluggish current. The only way to settle the matter was to dig through the ice, some five or six feet thick, and sink a pole in the ice-well, first on one side and then on the other, until the force of the current, however sluggish, would carry it across to the other side, and determine the direction of the current.

This cutting an ice-well is very interesting, and is done with two instruments, each on the end of a long pole. The first is a chisel, a sharpened spike, a bayonet, or any such instrument, with which the native cuts a hole about a foot deep in the ice, and probably a foot and a half wide. This chopped ice made by the ice-chisel is then scooped out by a sort of a ladle made of musk-ox horn on the end of another pole, and this alternation of cutting and scooping is kept up, digging out from six to twelve inches each time until the water is reached six or seven feet below. The farthest I ever saw them dig an ice-well to get to fresh-water was eight feet and a half.

After we had dug a well about a foot and a half in diameter, I put down the scoop beyond the bottom of the ice on the western side, and there it remained; then on the eastern side, and it lazily floated over to the west, which showed that the current flowed that way, or in the direction from which we had been coming. It was a great disappointment to us, and a river that we could hardly be thankful for; so it was abandoned next day.

Our Thanksgiving dinner that day was nothing but

reindeer meat, the same as any other day, for the good and sufficient reason that we had nothing else. For breakfast we had three or four pounds of broiled reindeer meat, drinking the soup afterward. For lunch while travelling we had raw frozen reindeer cut in chunks about half as big as one's hand, and then beaten into brisly shreds with the back of the hatchet. For dinner, as soon as the snow-house was finished, we had the same frozen meat, and a hot dinner of boiled meat and soup about an hour after. Now that the intensely cold winter weather of the arctic was coming rapidly toward us, we ate large quantities of reindeer fat to help us keep warm, oftentimes as much in quantity as the meat itself. Just about this Thanksgiving we were living on reduced rations, however, for we had but little reindeer meat, and could not see our way clear to Back's Great Fish River, where we could procure fish. Our poor dogs! they had even less to be thankful for than we, as they were being fed only about once a week.



## BRIGHTIE'S CHRISTMAS CLUB.

BY AMICE M. KELLOGG.

III.

EXT Friday found the same girls at Brightie's house who had made their preparations for Christmas the two weeks previous.

"Ready for work?" asked Aunt Jennie, coming into the room with a sunshiny smile.

The young faces responded as if by magic: Aunt Jennie's smile was always magnetic. Lulu and Mabel held up their hands to show thimbles on

and needles threaded, Nellie and Mabel's sister displayed their work-boxes and baskets, and Cora Stuart stitched busily on a photograph case that she had begun during the week.

"I bought several yards of scrim when I was downtown this morning," said Aunt Jennie, after the girls had drawn their chairs a little closer; "and if you would like to make some pretty aprons with it, I shall be glad to show you how."

"What is scrim?" asked Nellie.

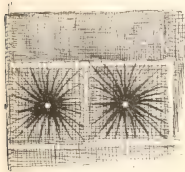
"This open-work material; it looks like fine canvas," replied Aunt Jennie, unrolling a bundle. "It is used sometimes for curtains, but is very pretty for fancy aprons. It is nearly a yard wide, you see, and the selvage may be used for the sides. We will cut it the length you wish the apron to be, allowing enough material to make a hem three inches wide at the bottom and an inch wide at the top. Through this one you can run a ribbon which will gather it around the waist. This makes a plain apron, but if you wish to add more work, and make it a great deal prettier, I can tell you two or three ways of doing it."

"Please do," said a chorus of voices, persuasively.

"An inch above the hem, then," Aunt Jennie continued, "draw out the threads that run across for an inch. Then run through this row of very narrow ribbon—lute-string, I think it is called—allowing the ribbon to show every quarter of an inch. Different shades of yellow, beginning with canary and running to a deep orange, are pretty for this purpose; or blue or red if it is a favorite color. I saw the different colors of the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet—a row of each, used in this way, and the effect was very pretty.

"Another way to trim an apron of this kind is to em-

broider various designs with silk of the same color as that used for the strings. I will give you two or three, and you can choose which you like best. These can be repeated row after row to suit your own fancy. It is also pretty to draw a certain number of threads at reg-

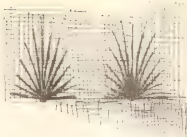


ANOTHER DESIGN.

for fifteen cents—and fasten a calendar on? Then decorate with a verse or quotation put on in quaint letters; or buy a panel made of wood, and fasten a small thermometer on it, and if you can draw or paint, Cora, add some of your work. [See initial design.]

"You might make a match-scratcher of holly-wood cut in diamond shape. Paste sandpaper on one side, and make a silhouette on the other by drawing a head or figure and filling it in with black paint or India-ink. At the upper corner fasten a loop of ribbon to hang it by."

"Don't forget to tell them about that other present

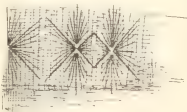


EMBROIDERY FOR AN APOLO.

ular intervals, and then draw a pattern with darning cotton."

"Do you know of anything I can make for my father and Uncle Harry?" asked Cora Stuart. "It is so hard to find something that a gentleman can use, and that will be pretty too."

"Why not get one of those small palettes made of white holly—they can be bought at any art store



STILL ANOTHER.

for gentlemen we were talking of last night," said Brightie.

"I must not, indeed," said Aunt Jennie; "that is one of the very best we have. It is a shaving case. Take a piece of water-color paper, or tinted paper of any color you prefer, four inches by six. Cut also three dozen pieces of tissue-paper the same size. Lay all together evenly, the tinted paper uppermost. Take a piece of ribbon four inches wide by seven long, of any pretty color,

fold it with the two edges together, and lap one edge over the tinted paper about half an inch; the other edge will cover the tissue-paper the same distance behind. Baste it down carefully, and sew with a coarse stitch on the machine close to the edge of the ribbon. The stitch will go through all the paper, and enable you to tear off the pieces one by one. Fringe the ends of the ribbon, sew a narrow ribbon at the corners to hang up by. The letters 'A Clean Shave' can be as fanciful as you choose, and so can your decoration be."

"I think there couldn't be anything nicer for a gentleman than that," exclaimed Brightie, enthusiastically.

"Suppose," said Bertha Browning, airily, "your father gets shaved at the barber's; what then?"

There was a laugh at this ingenious question, but all agreed that the article was both pretty and useful.

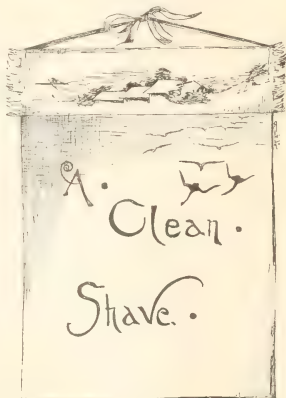
The daylight was fading fast, so they reluctantly gathered their things together and started for home.



ALWAYS USEFUL.



FOR UNCLE HARRY.



FOR PAPA, FROM CORA.



## FRIENDS AT LAST.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"TOMORROW is no holiday for me," thought Eugene Mason, as he walked slowly home from school the day before Thanksgiving. "We don't seem to have anything to be thankful for; everything is so gloomy at our house!" Here his unpleasant thoughts were interrupted by the sound of wheels rattling upon the road behind him. Eugene turned, and saw approaching a child's wagon drawn by two sturdy goats. In it sat a little boy not more than four years old. In one hand he held the reins tightly, and in the other a toy whip with a red handle.

As he passed Eugene he called out, "How de do, Cousin Gene?"

"Where are you going so fast, Bob?" asked Eugene, smiling.

"Only think! mamma has forgotten that to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day," replied Bob; "so I am going to bring home the biggest turkey I can find in all Turkey-land."

"Where's Turkey-land?" asked Eugene.

"Over there, I think," replied Bob, in a rather doubtful tone, pointing before him with his whip. "I'll get two, if I can—one for you, Cousin Gene. Good-by." And whipping up his team, he rattled away, and was out of hearing before Eugene could answer.

"I suppose they don't keep holidays at Uncle Benjamin's either," thought Eugene, as he resumed his walk. "How different everything would be if father and Uncle Benjamin were friends again! Then grandma and Aunt Mary, Tom and all the others, would come from the city, and we would have just as pleasant times as any one. I wish the quarrel was made up."

Eugene reached his home full of this thought, and as he opened the door of the room where his mother sat in a low chair, close by the fire, sewing, he said, suddenly, "Mother, don't you think it would be much pleasanter if father and Uncle Benjamin were friends again?"

His mother glanced up quickly, and presently she answered, "Yes, dear, it would be; but what made you think of that just now?"

"Nothing much," said Eugene, hesitating a little; "but to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day, and all the other boys are going to have such nice times, uncles and aunts and cousins coming to see them, and turkeys and pumpkin pies for dinner, and—and all that."

"Yes," replied his mother, with a sigh, "it is a great day for family reunions. When I was a child the house where your uncle Benjamin resides was my home, and once a year, on Thanksgiving Day, all father's and mother's relations and connections came from every direction to meet at our dwelling."

"That must have been jolly!" cried Eugene.

"Yes, it was very, very pleasant," said his mother. "The great dining-room was filled so that you could scarcely turn about in it; but father always said there was room for one more."

"Uncle Benjamin is your own brother, is he not?" asked Eugene, after a few moments' silence.

"Yes, dear."

"What made him quarrel with father, then?"

"Never mind, Eugene," said his mother. "I would rather not talk about that."

"Oh, very well," said Eugene; "but I wish they were friends again, that's all."

"And so do I," replied his mother, sadly. Then she added, quickly, "But, Eugene, if you would like to have turkey and pumpkin pie for dinner to-morrow, you shall."

"No, I thank you," replied Eugene, rather sulkily. "I think I'll fast, as the Puritans did on the first Thank-

sgiving Day in New England. I don't care for dinner, if I can't have a good time; for it is not so much *what* you eat as the *way* you eat that makes it pleasant."

"You are right, Eugene," said his mother, smiling, "but if I remember rightly, even the Puritans did not fast on turkey when it was sent to them after their Thanksgiving fast. I have heard that they were both thankful and delighted when a flock of the birds was discovered at the edge of a thick wood near their settlement."

"Then that is the reason people always have turkey on Thanksgiving Day," said Eugene, forgetting his grievances for a moment. Then he added, "But I suppose even the Puritans did not go and shut themselves up all alone to eat their dinner."

"I am sorry, Eugene," said his mother, with a pained look, "that your holidays are not more pleasant."

"Never mind, mother," said Eugene, quickly, as he noticed how sad her face was. "Perhaps some day the quarrel will be made up, and then things will be changed."

That evening as Eugene went out to the barn to help Luke, the hired man, feed the horses, he happened to look across the brown, barren field, over which the full moon was just rising. He was surprised to see a number of



"SUSPENDED HELPLESSLY ABOVE THE RIVER."

lights dancing about in a singular manner in the direction of his uncle's house. At first they were grouped together closely, then presently they separated, and singly or in couples moved toward a thick wood behind the house.

"What is the matter over there, Luke?" asked Eugene.

"Haven't you heard?" replied Luke. "Why, I reckon every one in Silver Fall knows about it by this time but you and your folks here. We don't take no stock in—"

"Knows about what, Luke?" interrupted Eugene, impatiently.

"Why, the little one over there is missing, and all the neighbors have turned out to hunt for him."

"Do you mean my little cousin Bob?" asked Eugene, very much startled.

"Yes, that's just it. He has been missing ever since five o'clock, they say. He went out in his goat carriage, and the goats, with a piece of the wagon dangling after them, were found in the woods. So folks think that they must have run away and thrown the young one either in the woods or among the hills."

"The poor little fellow!" exclaimed Eugene, watching the lights as they flashed here and there in the distance. "Has any one looked along the river-bank?"

"Why, no," replied Luke, slowly; "you see, the goats were found in the woods, so naturally the folks look to find him thereabouts."

"But, Luke," said Eugene, "I met little Bob this afternoon about four o'clock. He was in the road leading to the river, driving toward the bridge as fast as he could."

"Hello!" exclaimed Luke, dropping the bundle of hay he was carrying. "I guess I had better go and tell some of them before they all go off to the woods." He locked the door hastily as he spoke, and climbing over the stone wall, started across the stubble field with long, quick strides.

Eugene started for the house, but at the garden gate he met his uncle Benjamin coming toward him. His face looked drawn and white, as the full moon shone down upon it.

"Eugene," said he, in a hurried voice, "have you seen Bob?"

"I saw him about four o'clock, driving toward the river," replied Eugene.

"Toward the river!" exclaimed his uncle, clutching at the fence for support. "Did he say where he was going?"

"He said something about going to Turkey-land to buy a turkey."

"Oh, my poor little boy!" murmured Uncle Benjamin.

"Will you come in and speak to mother?" said Eugene, very much affected by his uncle's distress.

"No, no," he replied, hastily. Then he turned and hurried down the road. But he was no sooner out of sight than the meaning of little Bob's words flashed across Eugene's mind.

On the other side of the river some one had built an extensive poultry-yard, inclosed in a high wire fence. Late-ly there had been a great number of turkeys in the inclosure, and Eugene remembered having heard the children call it Turkey-land. This must have been where little Bob intended to go for his turkey.

"No one will think of looking there," thought Eugene. "I will go over myself."

He ran out of the gate, and across the fields toward the river, which was rather narrow, but deep and swift-flowing, falling in one place twenty feet down a mass of rock, making a beautiful but dangerous water-fall, from which the village took the name of Silver Fall. A strong stone bridge spanned the river a little above the fall, and Eugene, without wasting any time, made his way toward it.

He paused a moment as he reached the centre of the bridge, and looked up and down the river. Beneath him the water tumbled and foamed over great bowlders of

black rock, leaping high into the air before it plunged over the precipice into the quieter water below. Boats were seldom used above the fall at this point, as it was considered next to impossible to keep from being carried down by the current. In the distance Eugene saw lights moving slowly along the bank, and knew that his uncle's friends were now searching there.

He crossed the bridge, and climbing down over the rocks, kept on for some distance along the shore, until he came within sight of the poultry-yard. To reach this he was obliged to force his way through the thick bushes that surrounded it. He peered about in every direction for some sign of little Bob. At last he caught sight of some object hanging to the wires of the inclosure, and on pulling it out it proved to be Bob's little red-handled whip, and close to it, stuffed between the wires, was a small gray woolen mitten.

"He has been here, certainly," said Eugene, as he thrust these articles into his pocket. "But where is he now?"

As he picked his way back his foot became entangled in something, which on examining he found to be a long rope, one end of which was made into a loop and thrown over a stake, while the other dangled loosely into the water.

"Where is the boat?" thought Eugene, as he stood still and looked about, for he remembered to have seen an old flat-bottomed skiff lying here, fastened to this very rope. And there it was at some distance lower down the river, among the rocks, in a little cove formed by a slight bend in the land. It was rocking up and down with every motion of the water, and lying in the boat, his head supported by the seat and his face upturned to the moonlight, was little Bob, fast asleep, and perfectly unconscious of the danger he was in.

Eugene did not dare to call and wake the child, for he knew that the least movement might free the boat and send it off. He looked toward the lights on the other shore; they were still some distance off. As he stood on the bank, undecided as to what course he should take, the boat floated slowly around, and after swinging to and fro indecisively, sailed out into the current, and moved rapidly toward the bridge. Eugene, with a loud cry of horror, ran back to where he had seen the rope, and pulling it from the stake, threw it toward the boat; but it did not even touch it. So, with the rope still in his hand, he started toward the bridge. As Eugene hurried along the bank he saw that the little vessel had lodged against another of the many rocks projecting from the water, pausing there for a moment, then slowly whirled about and went on again. And now Eugene had gained upon it, and was fast nearing the bridge.

Others had seen the boat too, for he heard cries and shouts from the opposite bank, and the lights began to move rapidly along the water's edge.

But Eugene knew, as he stood upon the bridge watching them impatiently, that before help could arrive the skiff would be dashed over the fall, and poor Bob crushed and mangled among the cruel rocks below.

"If I could only get down there," thought Eugene, as he leaned far over the parapet, "I might hold the boat until some one came to help me."

He glanced at the rope in his hand; it was stout and strong, with a loop in one end large enough for his arm to go through. The river ran swiftest between the two centre piers, which were placed some distance apart. Dangerous it was, but still possible; so—

"Well, here goes!" said Eugene at length. "If I drown, I drown; but I *must* try to save him."

He slipped his arm through the loop, and tying the other end of the rope firmly to the stout iron railing, he seized it with both hands, and without a moment's hesitation slipped between the bars, and supporting his feet

against the stone-work, slid rapidly down, just as the tramping of many feet close by told him that the others had arrived.

As Eugene hung within a few inches of the surging, roaring water, the crowd above uttered loud shouts of encouragement and warning; for the boat was now in full sight of all, and little Bob, his small hands folded on his breast, his yellow hair and white forehead gleaming in the moonlight, lay peacefully asleep amid all the wild turmoil of water and the uproar of the throng.

Eugene's heart beat fast as the boat's bow appeared under the shadow of the bridge. He let the rope slide down his arm, and taking a firmer grasp of it, bent forward and waited. The men above held their breath. As the boat glided by, Eugene, with a quick movement, seized little Bob's short skirt in his hand, and snatched him quickly from it. The light vessel shot by, and almost instantly disappeared over the fall, leaving the two boys suspended helplessly above the river.

Bob awoke with a cry of fright.

"Catch hold," panted Eugene, for he felt that his strength was almost exhausted.

Bob, after one bewildered look, did as he was told, and with one chubby arm around Eugene's neck, and the other hand clutching the rope, he hid his face on his friend's shoulder and sobbed softly.

"A rope—quick, a rope!" cried some one on the bridge.

"They will both be drowned; the boy can never stand the strain." Above all the other wild, excited voices Eugene recognized this one: it was his uncle Benjamin's.

"We are going to draw you up," said another trembling voice above his head. "Can you hold on a little longer?"

"Harry, father," was all Eugene could answer.

Then in a moment more the rope began to move, and before he knew that he was within reach he and little Bob were lifted over the railing by strong arms, and gently placed upon the bridge. Then with loud cheers the crowd surrounded Eugene, who, bewildered and almost unconscious, leaned against his father's arm.

Presently he heard Uncle Benjamin say, in an earnest voice, "Thank Heaven! my little one is safe."

"I never thought to see my boy again," murmured Eugene's father, with something like a sob in his voice. Then he added, "Brother Ben, we have much to be thankful for this day."

"We have indeed," answered Uncle Benjamin, seizing Mr. Mason's hand in both of his: "you for possessing so brave a son, and I for my darling's rescue."

"And now, Ben," replied Eugene's father, returning the grasp, "we will have no more misunderstandings. Let the past be forgotten, and to-morrow will then be a day of real thanksgiving."

"With all my heart," replied Uncle Benjamin, as they walked away arm in arm.

"Gene," said little Bob, looking down from his father's shoulder, "you see, I couldn't get you a turkey. They gobbled so I was obliged to wait until it was dark. So I got into the boat, and I think I went to sleep."

Thanksgiving Day arrived, but not the gloomy day Eugene had anticipated. In church the pew next to theirs was filled by his uncle's family, and instead of cold looks and sombre frowns passing between them, there were smiles and pleasant greetings. The good old minister, after giving thanks, as usual, for the safety of his people and the abundant harvest that year, added another thanksgiving for little Bob's escape.

On the church porch Uncle Benjamin turned to Eugene's mother, and said, "Fannie, I have telegraphed to mother, father, and all the rest to be sure and meet us at the old homestead. We will once more eat our Thanksgiving dinner together, for, thanks to Eugene, we are friends at last."

## A POOR EXAMPLE

BY MARY E. VANDYKE

"JUST take a look at papa!"  
I said a little sweet  
"How neat she is in all she does,"  
How clean she keeps herself!  
She says you an example  
With all that dainty care.  
Why can't you keep your little frock  
As white and clean and fair?"

One day the cream was missing;  
No vestige could we see  
Of all the pretty jug contained,  
Just set aside for tea.  
I cried, "How very naughty!"  
Who could have been so bad?  
Who could have robbed the larder  
Of all the cream we had?

A little voice came crying:  
"I'm sure you shouldn't scold.  
I know I can't be naughty;  
I did as I was told."  
'Twas pussy found the pitcher  
Upon the closet shelf.  
I watched till she had tasted,  
Then drank the rest myself."

## A TALE OF "TERROR."

BY JOHN R. CORYELL

THE race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. And on the same principle it is not always the biggest dog that wins the most glory.

There is the Bowmans' little pug-dog Terror, for example. No one would suppose, to look at the snub-nosed, curly-tailed, bow-legged, pert little fellow, that he could be of any real use, and yet—well, he was.

Of course the Bowmans always hung up their stockings at Christmas; but besides that they always expected to make presents to each other. And, to tell the truth, it was saving the money and selecting the presents in great mystery that made Christmas what it was with them.

As this particular Christmas came around, what should Arthur do but fall ill of scarlatina, most provokingly. That would not have amounted to much if that had been all, but unfortunately it was only the beginning. The Doctor said Arthur would get well, but that Elsie, who had been with him all the time, was going to take it. And so she did; and there they were, feeling well enough to go out, and yet not allowed to. And so the purchasing of Christmas presents had to be left entirely to their papa.

Papa had done his task well, and had not forgotten a thing. So it turned out when the presents were examined on Christmas morning, unless, indeed, he had forgotten Elsie.

It did look like it. Mamma and Arthur had each received something lovely from papa, but Elsie could not find a thing from him, though she looked very carefully. Papa saw how disappointed she was, and he smiled to himself.

"Elsie," he said, "there is something for you in my ulster pocket. The ulster is hanging on the inside of the door of the closet."

It took Elsie about one minute to jump to her feet and fly to the closet door and open it.

"Oh! oh! hi! hi!" she exclaimed.

There hung the big ulster, and there, staring placidly over the top of one of the pockets, was the head of a comical-looking little puppy pug-dog. The very thing Elsie had been longing for.

"Oh, you little darling!" she cried, hugging him in her arms. "What's his name, papa?"

"Terror."



"THE VERY THING ELSIE HAD BEEN LONGING FOR."

"What a funny name for such a little dog! Why did they give him that name?"

"Because he scared a man once."

"The idea of any man being scared at such a little thing as this!"

"Well, he did scare him. And that isn't all, either; he prevented the man from getting all the Christmas presents that were intended for some young people named Elsie and Arthur Bowman, and for a lady of more mature years known as Mrs. Bowman."

"Why, papa! how could he?" cried Elsie and Arthur at once.

"It was this way. I knew, Elsie, you wanted a pug, so I had arranged with a man to bring this one to me at the office. When the dog came I didn't know what to do with him. I didn't like to carry him under my arm as the ladies do, and I was puzzling how to manage it, when the man said, 'Put him in your pocket—look here.' I looked, and he took two dogs out of each coat pocket.

"It seemed such a good idea that I slipped the little thing into my pocket, and went up-town to buy the presents. The stores were very much crowded, and I didn't like to be opening my coat every few minutes to get at my pocket-book; so I put it into the same pocket with the dog, though I had forgotten all about him then.

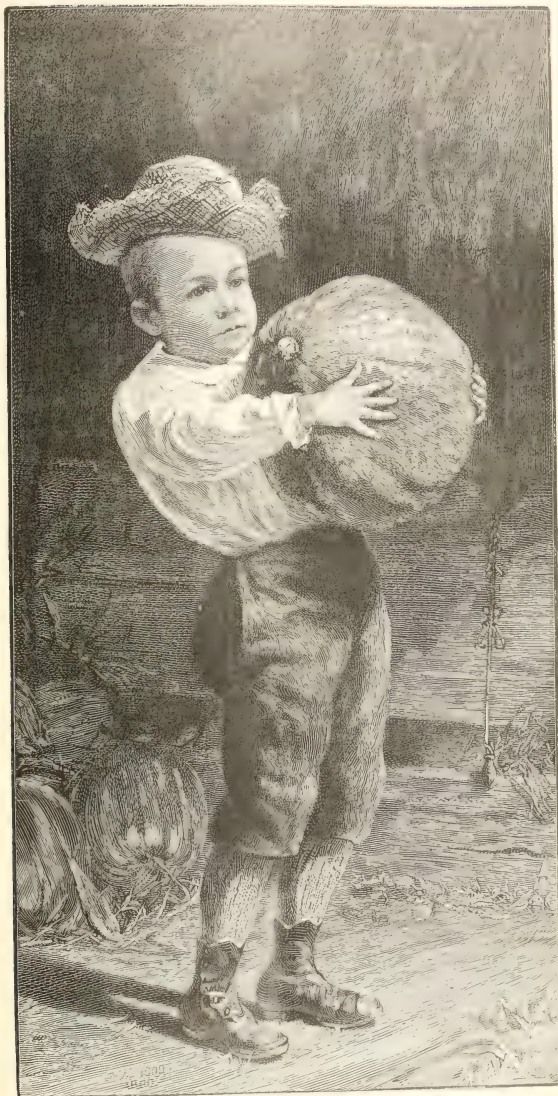
"I was just looking at Arthur's bicycle, when I heard Terror yelp, and a man alongside of me cried, 'Ouch!'

"I clapped my hand to my pocket, and I declare if that man had not put his hand in there to get my pocket-book! but instead of getting that, he had put a finger in the little dog's mouth, who, thinking it something to eat, I suppose, had shut his sharp little teeth on it. And so it seemed to me that Terror would be a good name for him. What do you think?"

"I think it's just splendid," replied Elsie, with enthusiasm.

"H'm!" said Arthur, condescendingly; "a good enough name; but if he were mine, I should call him *Tearer*."





FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY T. W. W. 1885.

## MRS. BANTAM'S BOOBY BOY.

A TRUE STORY.

**F**AR away in one of the great Southwestern States an old dame wild turkey came out on to the prairie to make her nest. She was very shy, and it had taken her a long time to muster up courage to leave the girdled timber land and steal on dainty tiptoe into the open prairie. Every now and then she would stop and lift up her head to see if the settler and his boys were wasting their time in looking at her, and spying no one, she would utter a clear and mellow congratulatory "Touk, touk-touk," and go tripping on.

At last she decided on a spot where the long dead reeds encircled the old leafy top of a fallen oak, and there she deposited her first egg. Proud as pie of her achievement, and forgetting her usual caution, she rustled her wings, and gave vent to her delight in a loud "Clup." A moment later, with outstretched neck, she was trotting away as fast as her legs would carry her through the high hazel brush, and a little boy, with his hands in his pockets, stood looking down at the great big egg.

He was a very funny-looking chubby little German boy, with a rosy, freckled face and great blue eyes that at present were opened very wide.

"Jimmeneetty!" he said, with a look of astonishment; and then he picked up the egg, and held it up toward the sun, and tried to squint through it. First he held it side-wise to the light, and then endwise, and then sidewise again; and as he could not make out which gave him the most information, he ran off to his log home on the ridge to show his treasure and put the great egg under his own little speckled hen which was then sitting.

It was some time before the little hen could get used to the great big white mountain that had so mysteriously appeared in her nest. She would walk round it and "Cluck"; then hold her head on one side, and then on the other. But as his hard shell resisted her vicious little picks, and she had not sufficient strength to scratch it up the steep hill-sides of her nest, she at last flopped down and tried hard to balance herself on the great egg.

It was very funny to see the little speckled hen teetering upon the large slippery egg which took up so much room in her little box. At last, after many days of anxious watching, the little chicks began to appear, and one morning a queer little flesh-colored nose poked its way into the world from out of the great egg, and in less than no time out strolled the gawkiest, oddest-looking bird the hen thought she had ever seen. She was so very much astonished that she put her wings akimbo and stared very hard at the straggly, long-limbed, almost featherless youngster that stood swaying unsteadily backward and forward in front of her.

But the little speckled hen loved her great booby boy more than all the rest of her children, and the big silly thing hung to his mamma's apron strings, and never let her get out of his sight. And then how the boy did grow! In less time than winking he was as tall as his dear mamma. Soon he began to bristle with the stiffest of quills, which, added to his intense bashfulness, made him the laughing-stock of all the Misses Pullet in the barn-yard.

The surprise of his mamma had been very great when the big boy had grown to reach her own height. With tremendous rapidity he continued to climb up until his long wattled neck looked to her like a red-painted steeple, and a few straggly hairs betokened the coming of a beard. His pink legs had become so strong and long that it made the old lady quite out of breath to follow her boy when he went a-walking. By rights he should have been the terror of the yard, but any saucy young rooster could easily send him squealing to his mamma, under whose wing he tried to nestle, in such haste that he would oftentimes roll his fond parent over in the dust.

One day his mamma said to him, "Sonny, I think I'll raise another batch of little brothers and sisters, so you will have to look out for yourself, my dear." But the big booby would not leave his mamma, and all the time she was sitting on her nest he fondly snuggled up to her in a big baby sort of way.

"Peep! peep! peep!" By-and-by came fourteen yellow-colored, down-covered little speckles, which the little hen mother was very glad to see; but before she could introduce them to their great huge giant foster-brother, jealousy had entered into his heart. He flew into a terrific rage; his wattles grew crimson with fury; he puffed up his feathers, cocked up his tail. His eyes glared with hate as he darted at them with his iron beak. "Pick, pop!" directly the air was filled with his dead little brothers and sisters; for with movements as quick as lightning he picked them one after another and flung them far over his head. The freckled little boy ran shouting out, and snatching up a piece of fire-wood, threw it at the giant, whom he nearly hit. Then the wild nature of the bird came to him for the first time. He ran a few steps, uttered a short "Tup," and sailed away to the great forest, never to return.

In the winter, when the snows are deep and the hunters venture in the timber in search of game, they occasionally come across the track of a solitary turkey gobbler whose foot-prints show him to be unusually large. He is too wary, however, for them to approach, and this makes them think that he is the same booby turkey that was hatched long ago by the little speckled hen.

## TWO ARROWS:\*

A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

A NEW SETTLEMENT.

**I**T was later than usual when anybody lay down that evening. Two Arrows and his sister had heard of mines before, but they had never seen one, and the whole matter was a great curiosity.

These uncommonly well-behaved pale-faces meant to dig a hole into the side of that mountain, and get gold out of it, and they were going to build a stone "lodge" and stay there. Sile explained to them, as well as he could, a purpose he had formed of making a great farm in that valley, and of raising all sorts of things to feed the miners, and of having a town there, with schools and churches for the Indians, and a public library and a saw-mill and a grist-mill and a blacksmith's shop and a hotel.

The main idea obtained by Two Arrows was that in a little while the valley would be nearly full of horses of the best kinds. Na-tee-kah went beyond that, and got a picture into her mind of a big stone lodge, where a trader would live, and would have for sale a wonderful heap of all such things as the white squaws dressed themselves up with. She went to sleep at last, with her black eyes half dazzled by a vision of bright colors and glitterings, and had a dream that the trader had come, and was ready to trade almost anything for the skin of a grizzly bear.

Two Arrows had learned from Sile that there were extra rifles and pistols and no end of cartridges in those wagons, but everybody knew that all that sort of thing had to be paid for, and Two Arrows lay awake a long time, feverishly wondering what he could find among those mountains to buy a rifle with and a revolver and

\* Begun in No. 393. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

some ammunition. He felt that he should be a mere boy, after all, and not a full-grown brave, until he could exchange his bow and arrows for weapons which would kill a bear at long range. He wished never to have to wait for another on the top of any rock. It was the only point in which he could see that Sile had any real advantage over him to balance the humiliation of being a pale-face instead of the son of a Nez Percé chief. He was compelled to admit one more in the morning, for he had forgotten the fishing-rods and hooks and lines, and Sile was up before it was light, ready to begin his duty of keeping the camp supplied with provisions.

"We won't walk this time," he said, in a very business-like way. "We'll just ride across to the river, and catch enough for breakfast, and hurry back."

The sun arose very grandly over the magnificent mountain ranges, but he showed them all that wonderful scenery in vain. Sile was fishing for provisions for his father's men, and Two Arrows thought of rifles and pistols every time he pulled in a trout. He did not speak of the weight upon his mind as yet, but he was gradually forming a purpose of doing so at the earliest opportunity. It was almost like going to an open market for fish, except that there was nothing to pay for them. As fast as a line could be thrown, and its little silvery trap set a-whirling, the hook was seized by some trout or other, large or small. Some of them were so heavy as to test the toughness of the upper joints of the rods, and now Two Arrows made a discovery. He had watched Sile work his reel until he had caught the secret of it, and could let a strong fish run a little before he drew him in.

"I say," exclaimed Sile, before a great while, "they're awful eaters, but they can't use up all we've got now. Let's just string 'em, and ride back to camp."

The movements of his hands, along with his words, explained his meaning, and Two Arrows pulled in his last fish with an "Ugh! good," for answer. He was doing one thing more rapidly than anybody had an idea of. He was a born "linguist," as many Indians are, and he was gathering words of English at a great rate. He was not sure he could yet utter correctly quite a number that he fully understood on hearing them, and his pride forbade him to make blunders.

The camp was all astir when they rode in, and the coffee-pot was already upon the fire.

"That's the checker, my boy," said Yellow Pine, when he saw the fish. "We shan't do any starving. Let your horse feed awhile, and then you and he go for some fresh meat. Look at them!"

There was a great grin upon his face as he pointed at Judge Parks and the miners. The Judge had taken up a heavy hammer, and was busily breaking masses of quartz to examine their quality.

"Nary one of 'em's eaten a mouthful," said Pine, just as a chopper rested from his work to shout,

"We'll have enough shingles rived for the roof by the time them fellers gets their wall up," and another said,

"Pine, that there clay bank by the spring's the very best kind; it's 'most as good as mortar."

"Tis if you temper it well," said Pine. "Call 'em to breakfast. There'll be fish broiled and ready in no time."

As soon as he had finished his coffee and trout and "army bread," Sile went to take a look at what they were doing, and it made him open his eyes. The ground they had chosen, near a fine spring of water, was nearly level. They had marked out the lines of the walls they meant to build, and then along those lines they had dug a trench about a foot deep and two feet wide. No cellar was called for as yet, and the mason-work began at once. There was plenty of broken stone to be had, and it was rolled or carried with busy eagerness to the men who were laying the wall. One man at the clay bank toiled zealously at the important task of mixing and tempering it, while an-

other came and went with pailfuls that were used up as fast as he could bring them. The stones were laid with their smooth faces inward, and not a minute was wasted in trimming anything for the sake of appearances.

Sile could hardly believe that so much could have been done in so short a time, and he was again astonished when the men returned from breakfast. He went from the building to the place where the choppers were swinging their axes. A tall pine-tree, four feet in diameter at the base, was down shortly after the men went at it the previous evening, and now two sturdy fellows were making the chips fly as if they were chopping for a wager. They were evidently cutting the huge trunk into lengths of about three feet, and Sile was studying the matter, when Two Arrows touched him on the elbow and pointed at the choppers.

"Ugh! What for?"

"Wait. Show him by-and-by," said Sile. "Make shingles to cover house."

"Ugh! Big lodge. Heap hard. No fall down. Top?"

"Yes. Make cover. Keep out rain."

"Ugh! Pale-face do a heap. Go away and leave him all," said Two Arrows.

It was the longest sentence he had yet attempted in English, and Sile looked at him with some surprise, but he should have remembered that Two Arrows had made a beginning long before that, and was but adding to it. At all events, he was correct in his conclusion that such a lodge could not be carried away, as could those for which Long Bear had sent his braves and squaws through the pass. It was perfectly certain that these would not loiter anywhere, but would go straight on their errand and return, and then the village would once more be under as good a shelter as it knew anything about or cared for.

All that day the axes fell, the wall grew fast, and Judge Parks and Yellow Pine went on with their examinations and their other preparations for "opening the mine"; and all day long some other things went on without their knowing it.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### ANGER.

THE Apaches, in their encampment away down the river, cooked fish for breakfast at about the same hour that the miners did, but their trout had not been caught anything like so rapidly. It had required the work of several men, up and down the bank, for hours of the previous evening and for all the time since daylight, with their imperfect tackle, to get in enough for such a war party. Nor had they cleaned or cooked it so perfectly, and the fish had been eaten without pepper or salt. There was not a plate or a fork in the band, and there was not even a wish for coffee.

It was a hasty meal, greedily devoured, and then the marauders were once more in the saddle, or riding bare-backed, as the case might be. All the while that the miners were so enthusiastically raising their stone lodge a peril they hardly thought of was pushing nearer and nearer. They knew well enough that they were in an Indian country, but were well assured that as yet no hostile red men could be aware of their arrival. It was also pretty sure that every stroke of work they did added to their security, for neither arrow nor bullet will go through a wall of quartz and granite two feet thick.

It was not many hours after the Apaches got in motion before they came to the forks of the stream, and here they halted for a general consultation. They already had well-mounted scouts ahead in both directions, and neither side had yet sent in any warning of danger discovered. They were evidently familiarly acquainted with the whole region, and there were arguments in favor of both lines of advance, but a gray-headed old warrior at last settled the question. He had been sitting quietly and



listening to what others said until his turn seemed to come; but now he arose, and all seemed willing to listen. Pointing with his long, naked arm up the right fork of the river, he said, in his harsh, guttural tongue:

"Mountains. When blue-coats come, lose horses. Caught in big trap." Turning and pointing up the other fork, he said, "Mountains. Hole in mountains. Blue-coats come. Go through hole. Get away. Come back some day, when blue-coats go home sick. Ugh!"

It was not a long speech, and it could hardly be described as "eloquent," but all the wiser and more influential braves said "Ugh!" and the road to the left was decided upon without any more discussion. That also decided in advance the course to be followed by Captain Grover and his cavalry, when they in their turn should reach the same point. Hour by hour they were slowly gaining upon the dangerous horse-thieves they were pursuing, and in due time they would learn whether or not they had a right to rejoice upon catching up with them.

"Ask pale-face chief," she said.

"Ugh! Laugh. Bow and arrows good enough for boy."

He said it almost bitterly, and Na-tee-kah stamped on the ground sharply as she responded:

"Two Arrows is a young chief. Big brave. Not a boy any more. Kill grizzly. Kill cougar and big-horn. Bring back pony. Great chief soon. Give him rifle."

Two Arrows had a good opinion of himself, but he perfectly understood the easy good-nature with which he was treated by Yellow Pine and the rest. They regarded Sile as one bright boy and him as another, and had no idea of wasting costly rifles and such things upon him. He grew almost sullen over it, and was glad to get away from the camp when Sile came and asked him to go on a hunt with him.

This time there was a little pride as well as good sense in his positive refusal to borrow a rifle. He was determined to shoot with his own weapons or none, and he rode

away with no better ones than had been used by his tribe before they had ever heard of white men, and long before gunpowder had been invented. They were pretty good weapons yet, but there was one thing Two Arrows did not dream of. That was that it was not such a great number of years since the ancestors of these very pale-faces had gone to war and to hunt with bows and arrows vastly better than any ever carried by any red Indian.

Two Arrows felt that there was a sort of fever upon him. It made him hot and restless, and his eyes wandered searchingly in all directions, longing for an opportunity to do something which would bring him nearer to the prizes he coveted. Sile also was watching keenly the tops and branches of every clump of bushes they came to, but it almost seemed as if the game had suddenly migrated. It was natural that none should linger



THE JUDGE AND PINE WENT ON WITH THEIR EXAMINATIONS.

As for Long Bear and his Nez Percés, they had a very good reason for lazily hunting and fishing around their present camp until the return of the party which had gone for the hidden lodges, and so forth. Very few Indians need anything better than an excuse for not doing anything.

Two Arrows was not one of those Indians. Na-tee-kah continually called his attention to something new which she had discovered in the ways or in the possessions of those pale-faces. She was greatly interested in a curious wire "broiler." It opened, and a fish or a steak was put in, and it shut up and was put upon the coals, and when the cooking was finished, the long handles enabled you to take it off and not burn your fingers. There were twenty other things as wonderful as the broiler; and the Judge had shown her how to wash her hands with soap, and had given her a pair of ear-rings, and a silver buckle for her new blanket. She hardly knew what would come next, but she entirely sympathized with her brother in his own dream when he told her what it was.

near the smoke and smell of camp fires and cookery, but it was queer that the two young hunters should canter quietly on for mile after mile, and not so much as get a shot at a deer.

"We won't go back without something," said Sile. "I told father so. I mean to go right along. We can camp in the woods by ourselves if we don't kill anything early enough to go back to-night."

He had some trouble in making his meaning clear to Two Arrows, and the ambitious young Nez Percé was in precisely the frame of mind to agree with him. They even rode a little faster, and were hardly aware of the distance they had travelled. Sile was beginning to grow nervous about his reputation as a hunter, and to remember that the camp had only a three days' supply of fresh meat, in spite of the fish. Suddenly Two Arrows uttered a loud, astonished "Ugh!" sprang from his pony, and beckoned Sile to do the same, leading him hurriedly toward the nearest bushes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





*In Unison or as a Solo.*

*Con brio.*

*f* *esce*

1. Sing, chil-dren, sing a joy-ful strain,  
2. Be-hold! the Prince of Peace is born,  
3. We too would go to Beth-le-hem,  
4. Sing, chil-dren, sing, and send a - long

In long res-pond-ing  
The sky of night is  
And at the low-ly  
The nev-er-end-ing

cho-ri- And hail the Lord who comes to reign. In Love's do-min-ion o'er us. He comes, He comes, a  
riv-en. Let glad to greet the sa-cred morn. Fly shin-ing hosts from heav-en. The star! the star! its  
man-ger, With hum-ble hearts, with gold and gem. Would seek the king-ly stran-ger. The song! the song! it  
cho-rus. Till na-tions lift a might-y song. To Love tri-umph-ant o'er us. The Love! the Love! O

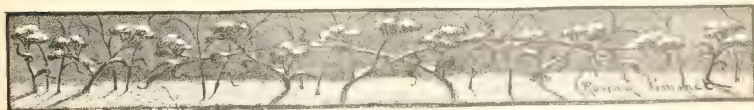
lit-tle Child, A moth-er bends a-bove Him; He comes, the gen-tle, meek and mild. And we'll may chil-dren love Him.  
wondrous flame Lights king and priest to find Him; The day-spring quick'ns at His Name. The dark-ness drew her hand Him.  
nev-er dies, To Son of Ma-ry And sing-ing: It ours, let's sing the rit-er-ous. Where-er gods join the song-ing.  
tell it out. It comes, our grief to ban-ish: The world shall well the ve-to's shout. When death and sin shall van-ish.

*esce*

*Chorus. With Spirit.*

*esce.*

Tell far and wide, that all may hear, The sweet, the dear old sto-ry; Sing loud and high, sing true and clear The heav-en-ly an-gel's glo-ry.





FIVE LITTLE GIRLS AT SCHOOL.

Five little girls, sitting on a form,  
Five little girls, with lessons to learn;  
Five little girls, who I'm afraid,  
Won't know them a bit when they have to be said.

For little eyes are given to look  
Anywhere else than on their book;  
And little thoughts are given to stray  
Anywhere—ever so far away.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

## THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

AS many Sunday-schools might be glad to use the Christmas Carol on page 61 in their Christmas celebrations, Messrs. Harper & Brothers will be pleased to furnish superintendents, free of charge, with copies for that purpose, printed on separate sheets of heavy paper.

Early application (stating the number of copies desired) is requested, as only a limited number will be printed.

## OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The next number, dated December 1, will be our special Christmas number. It will consist of twenty pages, instead of the usual sixteen, but even the four additional pages will not suffice for all we should like to print in it, so we shall omit the serial story and the Post-office Box from that number.

Now let us see what there will be to make up for the omission: First, a story by John R. Corry, called "Little Miss Santa Claus," with two illustrations by Frederic Dielman; a story by William O. Stoddard, entitled "Christmas on the North Fork," with two illustrations by C. D. Weed; an old-fashioned fairy tale, "How I was Enchanted by the Snow," by Howard Pyle, with six illustrations by the author.

The principal illustration will be a full-page engraving of a Christmas subject, accompanied by a poem.

What will perhaps attract the most attention is a comic operetta, entitled "Three Little Kittens," by H. C. Banner, the well-known poet, dramatist, and humorous writer. It is founded on the familiar rhyme of the "three little kittens" who "lost their mittens," but the treatment of the subject is entirely novel and exceedingly amusing; the dialogue sparkles with wit and humor, and, moreover, the operetta is written in such a manner that it can be performed by any sufficient company of bright young people with tuneful voices and an ear for music.

## HARRISBURG, NEW YORK.

Here in Central New York is a place of more than local notoriety, and although not in Italy, it is sometimes styled the second Tarpeian. It is a gap in the hills through which flows a rapid stream into the "Toughline," now a tributary of the Chenango at Messengersville, on the Syracuse, Binghamton, and New York Railroad. About one mile from its mouth the brook is its eastern source takes a short turn to the north and back, in the form of the letter U. On the north the rocks rise perpendicularly one hundred feet for quite a distance. On the south there is a jutting rock fifty or sixty feet high, and quite overhanging the road which runs by the side of the brook. At the extreme point of the rock there is a little stump, which has seen that to which there is but one living witness. Nearly sixty years ago, on a bright spring afternoon, when the ground was covered with wild flowers, and the trees were just putting forth their leaves, Isaac Bloomer and Hannah Towbridge were rambling over these rocks, when Hannah, thinking that she had reached the scenery more than her brother, climbed upon this stump, and told him that unless he would promise to marry her she would jump off. Of course he did not let her jump, so they were soon married, and lived together for over fifty years through sunshine and shadow. There was some shadow in their lives, for of their eight children four lie by her side, and now the old man totters around "only waiting" for a little while to meet them in another world.

One day in the last part of September, about a drive to this romantic gorge with some literary friends, among them Miss T., whom we call our Alice and Phoebe carry the day was all that could be wished. The trees were just changing to the beautiful hues of autumn; the sumacs were as red as blood, the soft maples were like flames of fire, and other trees had all the different shades, from pink and drab to the deepest, warm, and brilliant. The sides of the roads were lined with wild flowers, and as we went along we gathered balsams, ferns, golden-rod, etc., to our hearts' content. We passed over the high ground near the United States Signal Station; there we stopped and looked around. We could see the Highlands over in Chenango County, and the mountains south of the Chenango. From there we passed down a hill, so steep that none of us dared ride except the driver, into Gridley Hollow, the place where men first learned to peg shoes, because the trees were so close together that they could not straighten their arms out to sew them—so an old man told us. There we found a great stump, climbed up the path the lovers climbed, and had our picnic lunch on the green grass beside this famous stump, which, although showing considerably the effects of time, was not more than half a century. On our return we came through Virgil, and visited the quiet country churchyard and saw the grave and monument of Hannah Towbridge Bloomer. As we stood there I could not help thinking of the changes which sixty years more will bring about.

Willie's description of the beautiful gorge is well written. Its legend is quite romantic.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER\* AND ITS AUTHOR.

The Right Rev. B. Wistar Morris, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Oregon, writes as follows:

"Will you allow me an additional word to the interesting article on Francis Scott Key, the author of 'The Star-Spangled Banner'?"

For the pardon of Mr. Key (I am famous for just one thing), I would like to add that he is not famous for other things, he is certainly well known to many as the author of a hymn that will be as undying even as "The Star-Spangled Banner." The first verse of this hymn will surely recall it to many of your readers:

"Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise Thee  
For the bliss Thy love bestows,  
For the pardons and graces that crown me,  
And the peace that Thine from flows.  
Help, O God, my weak endeavor,  
Thou shalt lead me to capture raise;  
Thou shalt light the flame, or never  
Can my love be warmed to praise."

"This hymn is the 45th in the Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church—of which Mr. Key was a member, and is found in the collected selections. Mr. Key is also the author of another hymn in the same collection—the 30th, for National Fences, before the 'Long-bow' banner. It has a trace of the same patriotic sentiments that are found in 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

"It is well that our young people should know that Mr. Key was the author of this hymn, and that he was also a devout and earnest Christian man."

## HARRISBURG, NEW YORK.

About six miles from here is a place called the Millcreek, consisting of immense rocks, which almost form a natural bridge across a narrow chasm. Between these rocks runs a mountain stream, which rises to a great height during winter, but goes almost dry during the summer. About eight miles farther we come to a small town called Elk. It is a town of a few stores, a hotel, a saloon, and a half-dozen houses. The only point of interest about this place is the large garden and orchard, which look pretty and pleasing to the eye. Away to the west rise the lofty peaks of the Coast Range Mountains, which one never tires of gazing on. On every side rise the hills, and the view is so beautiful and interesting a sight.

A pretty photo-picture, Gypsy.

## NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS, I am a little boy nine years old. My name is William Harvey. I like it as much as she does. I want to write to you, because you seem so kind. My papa is a doctor,

and I have lots of rides with him when he goes to make his visits. I have a big sister, and a dear little sister nearly six years old, who studies at home for dear mamma. I go to the State Normal School, and am in the training department. Our school is in music today, because one of our dear pupil teachers died last night. We have four horses in our stable, and their names are Kitty, Don, Cno, and Inen. We have a dog, and a great many cats. She sings opera style. She uses no bad words, and is a very good Polly. I have had such a nice little boy to visit me. His name is Valdo. He is from China. We have a friend in China, but now he lives near Fresno. His papa is a sea-captain. Waldo is only eight years old, and he has been all around the world. He has been in China, and Japan, and has lots of curiosities from there. I was going to tell you about some other things, but I am afraid that my letter will be too long, and so I do not want to tire you; so I will say good-by.

Write again, dear boy.

## BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—I wrote once to you, and as my letter was published, I thought I would write again. I was fourteen on my last birthday, and in honor of the day I was presented with many tokens of love from my friends. I am in the graduating class of the 38, of Brooklyn. I study rather difficult, as I take music lessons, and have only limited time to study and practice. I expect to graduate in June, and then I shall attend the New York Conservatory of Music, where I expect to pursue my musical education.

I have seven correspondents, four of whom were obtained through this dear paper. I have asked my four unseen correspondents to write to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and see who would be so fortunate to first see their letter in print. They are Margaret A. and Eva L. in Minnesota, and Florence S. and Cherry E. in California.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is kindly presented to me every week.

I read Nellie Mason's letter, and I thought it splendid. I sent her a few pieces of silk, which I hope she will use in her crazy quilt, and through the Post-office Box I send her my love, and hope that she may receive many interesting letters, which will help to cheer her during her hours of suffering.

I have a great many numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which I would like to send to some children's institution. Can you tell me, Postmistress, where they would be appreciated?

I hope this is not too long for a little place in the Post-office Box, but I would like to send the thanks of anxious readers, I am one of your girl admirers.

GEORGE W. R.

Send your papers to the Home for Destitute Children, in Brooklyn. They will be gladly received. If you have a complete volume, why not have it bound, so that the children may keep it in their library?

## NEW YORK CITY.

I have four pets. They are all little fishes; the silver and three gold ones. When they were three weeks old, when I got them, they were about three inches long, and now they are about six inches long. I feed them with Shepard's prepared fish food. They give fresh water every other day, and I take good care of them. They are healthy, just as fast as they can be, and very lively. They are quite tame, and when I feed them, the water they drink is very fast as they can, as if they enjoyed it very much. I will be eleven years old the 15th of February, 1888, and am going to take Hannah's birthday next year.

HARRY C.

## NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I am ten years old, and study geography, spelling, reading, grammar, and drawing. I have a doll, and her name is Florence. Do you think I am too old to play with dolls?

Your little friend,

MINNIE C. L.

No, darling; play with dolls as long as you enjoy them.

## CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

My brother Eddie reads me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every night, which he borrows from a boy whose name is Charles B. I have some pretty snails, and I am the smallest. I will be eight years old, and one of the birthdays with my brother Eddie is that he will take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two years for me.

HARRY M.

## BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, drawing, geography, and arithmetic. I like the game, but the flowers are in bloom now, because it is so cold. I like flowers very much; don't you? I have no pets, but I have three dolls and a doll's house, and many other toys. It would make my letter too long if I should name them all. I went to the country last Monday, and staid till Wednesday. It was lovely; the leaves





PLANNING A CAMPAIGN.

(The day before Christmas.) "Mamma, please cut my hair off, so when Santy Claus sees my head sticking out of bed he won't take me for a little girl, and put dillies and beads in my stocking, 'cause I want a gun and a drum."

## HOW WE GOT THE BEAR.

ONCE when hunting in Nova Scotia we found a cleft among the rocks which showed so many signs of a bear that the Indian with me cut a pole and went to probing. Sure enough something soft could be felt, and when the stick was withdrawn bear's hairs were clinging to it. John poked and punched again,

but to no purpose. The brute wouldn't come out where we could see him, nor even utter a growl. So I took position in front of the hole and tired directly along the stick. That caused a commotion, but no noise, and a more vigorous stirring up with a still bigger pole failed to rout Bruin out. Peering down the crevice, I could distinctly see the fiery eyes, and I let fly squarely at them. The row inside was tremendous for a moment, and then all became quiet. Apparently the bear was done for.

But how were we to get him out? Here Indian John came to the front with the ingenuity of woodcraft. He sat down, and quickly split at the end the sticks he had used in poking at the bear. Each of us then thrust one of these down the hole, and when we felt Bruin's body we pressed the split end into the fur, and twisted in opposite directions until we could twist no longer. Then pulling slowly and steadily together, we brought the shaggy body to the surface, and found it that of a two-year-old bear, very fat and handsome. One bullet had gone through his brain and the other through his body.

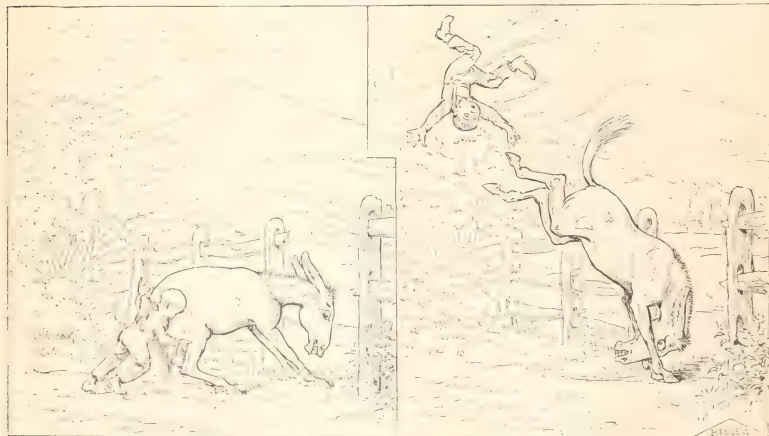
## A SONG.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY.

SCATTER in spring-time a handful of seeds,  
And gather in summer a lapful of flowers:  
This is the song of the birds in the bowers,  
This is the song of the wind in the reeds.

Down by the road-side and over the meads,  
Under the sunshine and under the showers,  
Scatter in spring-time a handful of seeds,  
And gather in summer a lapful of flowers.

Scatter in childhood kind words and deeds,  
Scatter them everywhere through all the hours:  
Whether sky brightens or whether cloud lowers,  
Their blossoms shall come to thee ere summer speeds.  
Scatter in spring-time a handful of seeds,  
And gather in summer a lapful of flowers.





HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

Christmas Number.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

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"CAROL, CHRISTIANS, CAROL" — DRAWN BY FREDERICK DEGENHART.

## LITTLE MISS SANTA CLAUS.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

WHAT a night it is! So clear and crisp and bracing! A genuine December night before Christmas, when the main streets of a great city are flooded with light and thronged with busy bustling crowds of people, and when the side streets are given over to gloom and silence, when everybody is laden with bundles, and when every heart is throwing off its cares.

Every heart? Why, look at that lad standing in the hot cabin of the ferry-boat. If his face tells the truth, his heart is taking on new cares every moment. What can draw down the lines on that resolute young face? Is he hungry? No doubt. His thin, pale cheeks say so. Is he cold? Not in that hot cabin; but he wears no overcoat, and his jacket has not fitted him these two years.

Ah, then! Hunger and cold are spoiling his Christmas. Hunger and cold? Food and clothes? No, no; be sure that such things never would push down his boyish heart, and bring into his face that care-worn, desperately anxious expression.

See! The ferry-boat has crunched its way into the ice-packed slip. The lad throws open the cabin door, shudders as the cold air strikes him, and darts out into the open street.

Not up the hill to bask in the delights of the joyous crowds and glittering store windows, but off to the left, in the narrow streets where the cold is colder and the darkness darker than anywhere else.

He never looks up nor checks his shuffling run until he is in front of a rickety little wooden house mercifully propped up between two tall tenement-houses.

There the boy stopped, hesitated a moment, swallowed hard, closed his lips more firmly, opened the gate, went to the door, knocked, and entered.

A withered little man sat at the head of the table, and a motherly little girl opposite the little man, and between them Ruth—big-eyed Ruth: bigger-eyed than ever at sight of the boy.

"Come in, Robert; come in," said the little man.

"No, thank you," answered Robert, crushing his old hat in his hands and looking at the floor. "I've come—I've come about the rent. Have you seen Mr. Allison? Will he give us the time?"

"Sit down, Robert; sit down."

"Will he, Mr. Potts?—will he?" demanded Robert.

"Why, Robert—please sit down, Robert."

Robert repeated his question impatiently.

"Will he? Tell me."

"Well, Robert, I saw him this morning—now don't be cast down—and he said he must have the money, or— Do sit down with us, Robert."

"Or we must go?"

Mr. Potts nodded his head.

"And we must move?—my mother move out into the cold streets? My mother—blind—sick? Oh, Mr. Potts, will he be so cruel? Oh, mother! mother!"

The door closed behind the despairing boy, and he went shivering off into the darkness.

"Poor Robert!" ejaculated little Mr. Potts.

"But, papa," said Katie, with a touch of horror in her voice, "Mr. Allison won't do it, will he?"

"I'm afraid he will, dear."

"Papa," said Katie, the next morning, "suppose we didn't have any Christmas presents, couldn't we get the money for Mrs. Carrol's rent?"

"Couldn't do it, Katie," said the little man, despondently. "I wish you could, my dear, but I don't see how you can. Good-by. I must be off now to collect the weekly rents. Won't be home till late to-night."

Katie, like her father, was little, energetic, and brisk, and the way she tied a gingham apron around her waist, rolled up her sleeves, and cleared the table was a marvel. Ruth

was little too, as, of course, she ought to be, being only five years old; that is, she was short, but, dear me! she was very wide, and not a bit brisk. She was very deliberate, in fact.

Suddenly Katie asked Ruth this remarkable question, "How would you like to sleep on the cold sidewalk?" And then, before Ruth could make up her mind, she continued, "Because that is what blind Mrs. Carrol will have to do if we don't get fifteen dollars for her."

"Yes," went on Katie, "and I think maybe I can get the money. I don't know how papa will like it, but I only just thought of it, and I don't see how I can wait to tell him. Could you sing that Christmas carol with me, Ruthy?"

"Tourse I tan."

Sing it? Why, she was just aching for the next day to come, when she was to sing it in church.

"Yes; but could you sing it if there were a lot, a whole big lot, of strange people around?"

"Of tourse."

"Yes, but," persisted Katie, "suppose it was on a ferry-boat; could you sing it then?"

"I ain't a-doin' to sin' it on a felly-boat," answered Ruth.

"Yes, but, Ruthy, you don't understand. I think maybe if you and I were to put on our good clothes and go sing our Christmas Carol on the ferry-boat, we could get money enough from the people to pay Mrs. Carrol's rent."

"Will dey div it to us?"

"I don't know, but I hope so, though fifteen dollars is a great deal. Do you think you could sing the Christmas Carol on the ferry-boat, Ruthy? They would all be strangers, you know," said Katie, who felt so nervous about it herself that she could not believe Ruth understood just what she meant. "You see, we will wait till the boat leaves the New York side. Then we will sing, and then we will go around and collect the money the people will give us."

"Yes," responded Ruth, "on a drean pie plate."

"On a what?" demanded Katie.

"On a drean pie plate, same as dey has in church."

"Oh!" exclaimed Katie: "I was going to take a tin cup."

"I fink a drean pie plate would be nicerest," said Ruth, positively. So Katie yielded.

It was just growing dusk that afternoon when a little girl and a *very* little girl walked into the front cabin of a Fulton Ferry boat on the New York side, and sat demurely down. At least the little girl sat down, the *very* little girl stood upon the seat to look out of the window, but seeing only the boards on the side of the ferry slip, turned complacently around and stared composedly out of two very big eyes at the people who came in.

"Is it time yet, Katie?" asked the *very* little girl, in a loud whisper.

"Sh! no," said Katie.

"Don't squeeze my hand so hard," said the very little girl, in another loud whisper; whereupon Katie grew very red, and dropped the hand.

Pretty soon the seats were all filled, and a few persons were standing up.

"S'all I bedin?" came in the usual loud whisper from the very little girl.

"Sh! Ruthy, no," answered Katie, nervously.

"But de boat's a-doin'," Katie.

Ruth's loud whispers had called everybody's attention to the two little girls, and everybody was smiling.

"Tatie, de boat's a-doin', I tell you," whispered Ruth again. "S'all I bedin?"

"Yes," said Katie, desperately. And hardly were the words out of her mouth when, to the astonishment of the passengers, Ruth fixed her big eyes on a fat man opposite to her, and at the top of her shrill little voice burst forth,

"Carol, Christians, carol—carol joyfully."

Then she suddenly stopped, and turned to Katie, who had not yet found courage to open her lips.

"Why don't you turn on, Tatie?" and then began again, this time with the abashed Katie joining her in a very weak voice.

As the beautiful little hymn progressed, Katie recovered courage, and sang as heartily as Ruth herself. The passengers in the mean time looked very much surprised, for singing is not allowed on the ferry-boats; but it was not in human nature to hear two sweet childish voices in an old familiar hymn the day before Christmas without being interested and even touched.

When the carol was finished, Ruth, with a very business-like air, produced her "dreen pie plate" from under her cloak, jumped down from her seat, and presented the plate to a gentleman nearest her.

He fumbled in his pocket, and drew forth five cents, which he smilingly put on the plate.

"How much is dat?" demanded Ruth of Katie.

A smile swept around the cabin.

"Sh! five cents," replied Katie, flushing.

But Ruth had her own idea of what to do, and would not budge.

"Dat ain't enough," she said to the gentleman. "We wants fifteen dollars, an' five cents ain't noffin'."

"Fifteen dollars!" said the gentleman, good-naturedly. "What do you want with so much money?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Ruth, perfectly willing to take anybody into her confidence, "we wants it for a blind woman what will have to sleep on de told sidewalk--won't she, Tatie?--if we don't pay--don't pay what, Tatie?"

"Her rent," said Katie, faintly.

"Es, her yent; an' we wants fifteen dollars, please," concluded Ruth, with the calm air of expecting her questioner to give it to her.

"Oh, if that's the case," said the gentleman, laughing, "and seeing to-morrow's Christmas, here's my share of the fifteen dollars." And he put fifty cents into the plate. "Is dat enough?" inquired Ruth of Katie.

"Yes, dear," answered Katie, ready to sink through the floor in her confusion. "Go on, Ruthy."

But there was no need to "go on." The whole cabinful of passengers had been amused and interested listeners and spectators of the scene, and only needed an invitation of the right kind to make them go to the "dreen pie plate." Up jumped the fat man upon whom Ruth had fixed her eyes when singing.

"Here's another fifty cents for little Miss Santa Claus," he cried, and dropped the silver coin in the plate.

Then a rush was made for the two little girls, and amid laughing exclamations of "For little Miss Santa Claus!" quarters and half-dollars rattled like hail on the plate.

Katie was so much excited, even after she had reached the ferry-house and was counting the money, that it was no wonder she had not noticed a tall man who had followed her and Ruth off the boat, and was now watching them.

"Fifteen dollars and sixty-five cents," said Katie, after she had counted the money for the third time. "Ain't that splendid? I'll put the fifteen dollars in this bag," producing a canvas bag used by her father when he was collecting money, "and we'll take it to Mrs. Carrol right away. But what shall we do with the sixty-five cents, Ruthy?"

"Det some taffy?" suggested Ruth.

"Mrs. Carrol won't care for taffy," said Katie. "Suppose we buy her a turkey for her Christmas dinner? You may carry the bag of money," said Katie, generously, "because you are little Miss Santa Claus, you know; and I'll take the sixty-five cents and buy the turkey."

Behind them silently followed the tall man, muttering all the while softly under his breath.

"An easy way to get fifteen dollars," he said. "Such little girls, too! Nobody will know I did it."

Katie and Ruth had turned into the dark side streets, and were just nearing one of the loneliest and gloomiest spots, when the tall man quickened his pace, and was

nearly able to touch Ruth with his outstretched hand, when Katie dragged her suddenly around the corner, and hurried to a butcher's shop in the middle of the block.

The man uttered an exclamation of disappointment, and stole after the unconscious little girls, and watched them stealthily through the butcher's window.

"I didn't know turkeys cost so much," said Katie, as she came out of the shop. "Anyhow, a chicken, even if it is only a little one, is better than nothing."

Ruth was too cold to make any answer, but she trotted along by Katie's side as they hurried to Mrs. Carrol's.

"I can catch 'em again," muttered the tall man.

But Katie had made good use of the time, and was a block ahead of her pursuer; though if she had known he was following her she would have gone more quickly still.

The tall man broke into a trot, and was almost in sight of the two little figures, when his foot slipped on a slide, and down he dropped with a painful thud.

"Ugh!" he grunted, and put his hand out to help himself up. "Ah! what's this?" he exclaimed, holding up a heavy canvas bag. "The very bag with the fifteen dollars! I guess I don't need to follow them any more."

Katie and Ruth meanwhile—Ruth had not discovered her loss, her little hands were so cold—had made their way to the tenement-house where Mrs. Carrol lived, and had climbed the stairs to the door of her room.

"Is Robert home?" asked Katie, as she stepped into the cheerless hall at Mrs. Carrol's bidding.

"No. Who is it wants him?" asked the blind woman.

"We don't want *him* at all," answered Katie, half-laughingly. "We only want *you*."

"Me! And what do you want with me?"

"I want to introduce little Miss Santa Claus."

"Little Miss Santa Claus!" exclaimed the blind woman.

"Yes, ma'am. Tell her about it, Ruthy."

Then Ruth's lower lip began to quiver, much to Katie's astonishment, and big tears began to roll down her round cheeks, as she sobbed forth, "I I—don't want de de poor blin' blin' lady to sleep on—on de told told sidewalk; but but I lost it."

"Wha—at?" gasped Katie.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Carrol. "What does she mean? What is the matter?"

"Lost it!" cried Katie. "Let's go look for it quick." And taking Ruth by the hand, she hurried down-stairs.

"Well! I declare! What funny children!" was Mrs. Carrol's remark when she was so suddenly left alone.

She was still wondering what her odd little visitors could mean, when her quick ear caught the sound of a familiar footstep in the hall.

"Robert," she said, after her son had kissed her, "did you meet two little girls just now?"

"Two little girls? No, ma'am."

"Well, two little girls were here." And Mrs. Carrol told her son what had taken place.

Robert's heart was too heavy for him to wonder who the children were or how they knew his trouble. He had kept from his mother all knowledge of the misfortune that was upon him, because he wished to save her from worry.

Still she must know soon, and he thought this as good a time as any. He told her, then, as hopefully as he could, of the dismal prospect before them. He had hardly finished when there came a quick rap at the door.

The door opened, and a rosy-cheeked butcher boy came in, laid a turkey on the table, and said, "From little Miss Santa Claus," and walked out.

Rap, rap, rap again.

A boy threw a bundle on the table, said, "From little Miss Santa Claus," and was off again like a flash.

The bundle was marked "Robert Carrol—little Miss Santa Claus," and contained an overcoat.

Rap, rap, rap again.

It started little Miss Santa Claus very much, and excited





"WHY, ROBERT—PLEASE SIT DOWN, ROBERT!"

"My Katie and Ruth here?" he gasped.

"No," answered Robert. "Why?"

"Oh, my!" groaned little Mr. Potts, rushing out.

"Well!" exclaimed Robert.

"I declare!" said his mother.

"Oh!" shouted little Mr. Potts, suddenly darting into the room again, and throwing a parcel angrily on the table, "I'm sorry, but I can't help it."

"Well," said Robert, as he read from the package, "From little Miss Santa Claus to Mrs. Carrol." Then opening the package, he cried, "A receipt for two months' rent, signed by Mr. Allison, and fifteen one-dollar bills. Why, mother, who can this little Miss Santa Claus be?"

Rap, rap, rap.

In popped the head of excited, breathless Mr. Potts.

"Have they been here yet?" he demanded.

"I think they have, Mr. Potts," replied Mrs. Carrol.

"Oh, have they?" he said, with a sigh of relief, as he closed the door; "and where have they gone?"

Rap, rap, rap. Robert opened the door this time, determined to capture whoever should enter.

"Why, here they are now!" he exclaimed, as the two little girls stood mournfully in the doorway.

"Papa here!" exclaimed Katie.

"Oh, papa!" cried Ruth.

"That's little Miss Santa Claus!" said Mrs. Carrol.

"Little Miss Santa Claus!" cried Robert and Mr. Potts in a breath.

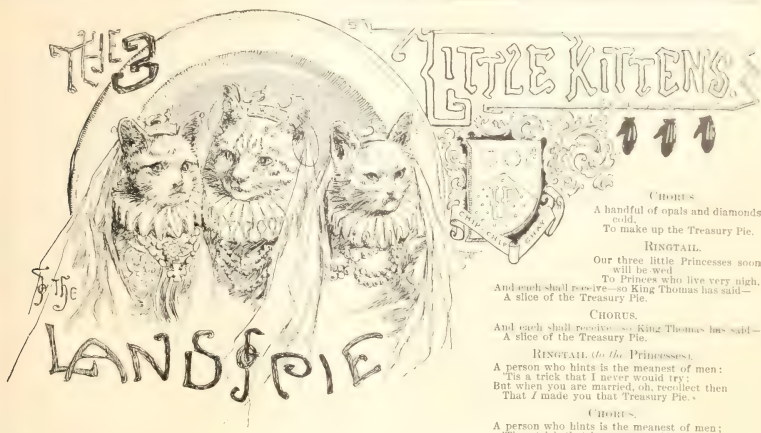
"I see, I see," suddenly shouted little Mr. Potts, jumping up and spreading out the paper in which the parcels had been wrapped. "They are all in Mr. Allison's writing. See! see! I thought he was a brute, and I told him so, too," groaned the little man. "But you see he came tearing into my house and thumped a bag of money on the table."

"That settles you," said he; "you may take that, and bring me your accounts to-morrow. And that," said he, throwing down this parcel, "settles those Carrols. Give it to them, and say they must pay in full or get out to-morrow. Those young ones of yours are there now. You'd better go get them. They've been singing for money on the ferry-boat, and telling everybody about a cruel landlord who turns blind women out to sleep on the cold sidewalk—the little imps."

"Imp yourself, sir," said I, mad as a hornet, "and, what's more, you're a brute." And, oh dear! to think he was only joking all the time! Isn't he a blessed good man, Robert? oh, Mrs. Carrol? My precious Rutty, and so you lost the money, and he found it! You dear Katie! Little Miss Santa Claus, eh, Ruthy?"

Perhaps they did not have a jolly Christmas dinner at the little house the next day, and perhaps little Miss Santa Claus and her sister did not sing "Carol, Christians, carol," with tremendous spirit, and perhaps a tall gray-haired man did not sit in one of the back pews in the church, and drop a tear or two as he caught the voice of that same little Miss Santa Claus piping high above the others!





## AN OPERETTA.—By H. C. Bunner.

## CHARACTERS

KING THOMAS THE FIRST, King of the Land of Pie, and head of the House of *terinakis*.  
 RINGTAIL, his Lord High Chamberlain.  
 KITCAT, the Court Jester.  
 PRINCE TORTOISESHELL of Caterwaulia, *Princess of neighbor Kingdoms, he*  
 PRINCE SPOT of Esquiquelania,  *betrothed to the three Princesses.*  
 PRINCE VELVET of Miculawa,  *betrothed to the three Princesses.*  
 PRINCESS KITTY, the Princess Royal, daughter of King Thomas.  
 PRINCESS MALTA, *Her sisters.*  
 PRINCESS ANGORA, *Her sisters.*

*Courties and Ladies-in-waiting.*

SCENE: The Royal Palace of the Land of Pie.  
 Time.—Once upon a time.

## ACT I.

*A room in the Royal Palace. The King's throne at the back. A lounge on the right hand side of the room. Princess Kitty is lying on the lounge; Princess Malta and Princess Angora are sitting on low stools, one at the head of the lounge and one at the foot. They rise quickly as the chorus of Courtiers and Ladies-in-waiting enters at the back of the stage. Every one in the chorus carries a pie. They enter singing.*

## CHORUS.\*

This is the land of Pie, the land of peace and quiet.  
 We live a little high, for pie is all our diet.  
 The duty of a man we hold, beyond all question,  
 To eat the most he can, and not get indigestion.  
 Our pies are made of mince, of apple, peach, and cherry,  
 Of lemon, currant, quince, and cran and huckle berry.  
 We honor men of mark with merit pies of custard;  
 For those whose lives are dark we make a pie of mustard.

*(Enter, at back, Ringtail and Kitcat.)*

RINGTAIL *(to the Princesses)*. Your Royal Highnesses, I shall now have the pleasure of exhibiting to you the Treasury Pie, which contains the treasures of the royal family.

*(Enter, at back, four Courtiers, bearing the huge Treasury Pie. It is full of gold and jewels, which burst out through the crust in various places.)*

Song.—RINGTAIL.

I'm a Chamberlain lofty and stern and severe,  
 And a Treasurer also am I,  
 And my regular task at the end of the year  
 Is to make up the Treasury Pie.

## CHORUS.

And his regular task at the end of the year  
 Is to make up the Treasury Pie.

RINGTAIL *(checking off on his fingers)*.

Take a pound of fresh rubies, a gallon of gold,  
 With pearls heap a quart measure high,  
 A handful of opals and diamonds cold,  
 To make up the Treasury Pie.

## CHORUS.

A handful of opals and diamonds cold,  
 To make up the Treasury Pie.

## RINGTAIL.

Our three little Princesses soon  
 will be wed  
 To Princes who live very high.  
 And each shall receive—so King Thomas has said—  
 A slice of the Treasury Pie.

## CHORUS.

And each shall receive—so King Thomas has said—  
 A slice of the Treasury Pie.

RINGTAIL *(to the Princesses)*.

A person who hints is the meanest of men:  
 'Tis a trick that I never would try;  
 But when you are married, oh, recollect then  
 That I made you that Treasury Pie.

## CHORUS.

A person who hints is the meanest of men;  
 'Tis a trick that he never would try.

RINGTAIL. There, young ladies, you behold the Treasury Pie; pastry, but no paste.

THE THREE PRINCESSES *(all together)*. Oh, how beautiful!

RINGTAIL *(flattered)*. Well, I thought it was rather a neat little pun when I made it.

THE PRINCESSES *(all together)*. We don't mean the pun; we mean the Pie.

RINGTAIL *(disgusted)*. Oh, the Pie! *(To the Courtiers.)* Take the Pie away, please.

*(The Courtiers and Ladies-in-waiting all go out at the back, singing first stanza of opening chorus. Ringtail and the Princesses are left on the stage.)*

KITTY. Yes, it is always the same thing, my Lord Chamberlain; you show us the Pie, and then you take it away from us *(throwing herself on the lounge)*. Oh dear me! I am sixteen years old to-day, and I am firmly convinced that the world is a hollow mockery.

MALTA. Yes, one does get such ideas as one grows older.

ANGORA. How very hollow the world must seem to you, Lord Ringtail!

RINGTAIL. Young ladies, I can not approve of this sort of talk. Your royal father would be deeply grieved if he heard you. Are you not to be married to three estimable young Princes? Ought not that to make you happy?

ANGORA. It ought to, but it doesn't.

KITTY. You never can tell anything about matrimony.

RINGTAIL *(to Kitty)*. Prince Tortoiseshell, who is to marry you, is a charming young man. Of course, well—I might say—

KITTY *(starting up, from the lounge)*. Yes, you are quite right. I agree with you entirely. He is unbearable. He is too good, too brave, too handsome, too generous, too everything. He's too good to live.

RINGTAIL *(to Malta)*. And Prince Spot, whom you are to marry, is an excellent young man, although—perhaps—he's rather—

MALTA. I knew you would think so. And it's quite true. He's so lively and vivacious and frivolous and full of fun that he makes my life perfectly gloomy.

RINGTAIL *(to Angora)*. And your Prince Velvet—

ANGORA. Yes, that's just it. How you do see things, Lord Chamberlain! He's quiet and nice and dignified and polite, and I hate people who are quiet and nice and dignified and polite. I die with electricity was invented now; I'd like to give him a shock and wake him up. *(Buzzer.)*

RINGTAIL *(aside)*. Thus do I sow the seeds of discontent in their young minds. They will discard their lovers, and I shall have the Treasury Pie for my own use! *(Time passes. The Princesses die, good-morning.)* *(He goes out at back.)*

KITTY. There is no mistake about it, we are the most unhappy girls in the whole world.

MALTA and ANGORA *(together)*. We are, we are, we are. So young, so beautiful, and so unhappy! *(They weep.)*

\* The selection of tunes to which the songs shall be sung is left to the performers. Each song can be sung to the tune of "The Land of Pie."

## Trio.—THE PRINCESSES.

KITTY.

I am weary of my love, of my love so brave and true.  
He is much too good for any one; I do not think he'll do.  
For he never does a single thing deserving what he should.  
Yet I feel that I could love him if he wouldn't be so good.

MALTA.

I am weary of my love, for he's such a lively lad  
That he never gives me chances to be comfortably sad;  
With his merry ways and manners and his bright and laughing eye,  
It is seldom I've the chance to get a good, fair cry.

ANGORA.

I am weary of my love, for he's painfully polite.  
If he were but somewhat ruder, he would just about be right.  
But his proud and formal manner and the stiffness of his spine  
Are so very irritating that he never can be mine.

ALL TOGETHER.

We are weary of our loves for this reason and for that;  
We know we ought to love them, but we don't, and that is fat.  
We are weary of our lovers. They are all they ought to be,  
But that is just the reason why we never can agree.

KITTY. Something must be done at once; that is clear. See!  
*(She looks off the stage where they come to pay us their regular morning call. Let us tell them now, before it is too late, that it never can be. Never!*

MALTA. Never!

ANGORA. Never, under any circumstances whatever!

ALL TOGETHER. It never can be!

*(Enter, at back, the three Princesses. They march in abreast, in military style. Each carries a bunch of flowers.)*

## Trio.—THE THREE PRINCES.

PRINCE VELVET.

We bring you our posies, our posies of roses,  
That early this morning we gathered for you;  
Excuse me, but going out early exposes  
One's feet to the chilblains that come from the dew.

Chorus.—The Princesses.

We bring you our posies, our posies of roses,  
Our posies of roses, still wet with the dew;  
The gift's not extensive, nor very expensive;  
But please to accept it—'twas gathered for you.

PRINCE SPOT.

We bring you our posies, our posies of roses,  
That early this morning we gathered for you;  
Please lift them with care to your dear little noses,  
And put them in water whenever you're through.

Chorus (as before).

We bring you our posies, our posies of roses, etc.

PRINCE TORTOISESHELL.

We bring you our posies, our posies of roses,  
That early this morning we gathered for you;  
Each flower a gem of a dew-drop incloses,  
And the love that goes with them's as clear and as true.

Chorus (as before).

We bring you our posies, our posies of roses, etc.

KITTY. Excuse us—no!

MALTA. Emphatically, distinctly, and decidedly, no!

ANGORA. Just no!

TORTOISESHELL. But what does this mean? You won't have our posies?

KITTY. No. And if you will excuse us, please, we won't have you.

TORTOISESHELL. Well, if we hadn't been accepted long ago, I should say this was a rejection.

KITTY. It is a rejection. We have changed our minds. I suppose a woman can change her mind? Instead of rejecting you first and then accepting you, we have accepted you first and then rejected you. Do you see?

TORTOISESHELL. No. Do we see, Spot?

SPOT. I don't think we do.

TORTOISESHELL. Do we see, Velvet?

VELVET (bowing). If the ladies desire it, of course we do.

TORTOISESHELL (to the Princesses). Perhaps you'll kindly explain.

KITTY. With pleasure.

Song.—KITTY.

There is a law unwritten  
When a girl would answer Nay,  
She gives a man the mitten.  
And sends him on his way.  
So here's a pretty mitten—  
[She takes a black mitten from her pocket]  
It's very neatly knit.  
I hope your hand will fit in—  
Just let me try a bit.  
[She fits it on Tortoise's right hand]

Chorus.—PRINCESSES.

So there's a pretty mitten,  
It's very neatly knit;  
And if your hand won't fit in—  
Why, please don't mention it.  
[They fit mittens on the hands of the other Princesses]

KITTY.

It's quite a simple matter—  
Your adoration bores—  
Excuse me if I chatter;  
But—how's the air out-doors?  
You seem surprised and smitten—  
You may dislike the tint—  
But—won't you take the mitten?  
And—won't you take the hint?

TORTOISESHELL. But what have you against us?

KITTY. Nothing, except that you are all—you are all too much so.

MALTA. My idea exactly.

ANGORA. I should say that you were all very much too much so.

TORTOISESHELL (to the Princesses). Gentlemen, what do you call this?

KITTY. I call it the best joke I ever heard.

VELVET. Pardon me; I like a joke well enough; but this isn't the kind of joke I care for.

SPOT. You must make a good deal of a joke when you want to feel funny. What more do you want than this? Don't you think we're about as ridiculous as we can be? Why don't you laugh?

VELVET. If I did feel like laughing, I should not laugh now. His Majesty the King is coming here—I see him just outside the door—and it would be very improper to laugh.

Chorus.—PRINCESSES.

So there's a pretty mitten, etc.

*(During chorus, Malta and Angora fit mittens on the right hands of Velvet and Spot.)*

TORTOISESHELL (earnestly, to Kitty). Dear Kitty, tell me it is only a joke.

KITTY (smiling). Yes, it is a joke.

TORTOISESHELL (eagerly). Then you do love me?—you will marry me?

KITTY. No; that's the joke.

*(Tortoise's hand clasps his hands in despair. Enter, at back, the King, preceded by chorus of Courtiers and Ladies. He takes his seat on the throne, while the chorus sings.)*

CHORUS.

Here is the King of the Land of Pie;  
See him sit on his throne so high!  
He sits with grace, and he sits with ease,  
But, like other mortals, he bends his knees.

THE KING. Good-morning, my daughters. Good-morning, my future sons-in-law. Good-morning, everybody-else-in-a-lump. Where is my Court Jester?

KITCAT (entering at back with Ringtail). Here I am, your Majesty. RINGTAIL (severely). That isn't right.

KITCAT. I beg your pardon. Here we are again, your Majesty. I didn't know I was expected to be funny.

(Ringtail talks with Princesses.)

THE KING. Court Jester!

KITCAT. Yes, your Majesty.

THE KING. Jest.

KITCAT. Certainly, your Majesty. I am always ready to obey your Majesty and to earn my salary. What will your Majesty have in the way of a jest?

THE KING. Oh, I don't care; anything brilliant, clever, sparkling, and witty—and new.

KITCAT. Certainly, your Majesty.

Song.

KITCAT. When is a door not a door?  
CHORUS (answering quickly). When it's ajar; we have heard it before.  
KITCAT. When is a man not a man?  
CHORUS. When he's a-slaving. Go on if you can.  
KITCAT. Why does a miller wear a white hat?  
CHORUS. To keep his head warm. We know all about that.

KITCAT.

You seem to put spokes into all of my jokes,  
And I think I'll retire from the floor;  
A joke is no fun when it is done  
It appears that you know it before.

THE KING. My Lord Chamberlain, is this all the entertainment provided for this morning?

RINGTAIL. No, not quite all, your Majesty. These young gentlemen here have just informed me of something that will greatly entertain your Majesty.

THE KING. Entertain me, then.

RINGTAIL. The Princess have just been rejected by the Princesses, who positively refuse to marry them.

THE KING (almost falling off his throne). But—oh!—I say—that won't do. I can't allow that.

RINGTAIL (aside, to the King). But it's done, your Majesty.

THE KING (to Ringtail). Then it's got to be undone. I've given each one of those Princess, separately and privately, a first mortgage—a first mortgage, do you hear, Ringtail?—on the palace, and if my daughters don't marry them, I am a foreclosed King.

KITTY. Yes, papa, we have told the Princesses that we will not marry them.

MALTA and ANGORA. Yes, papa, all three of us.  
KITTY. The fact is, we're tired of them, and so we have given them the mittens. See there!

(The Princesses hold up their hands, with the mittens on them.)  
THE KING. Then take them back at once. Take back those mittens.

TORTOISESHELL. Oh no, your Majesty. When a lady gives a gentleman a present—

VELVET. It wouldn't be polite to give it back.

SPOT. This is really a particularly large joke.

KING (to Princesses). Disobedient girls! Hear my commands! Get back those mittens at once, or I disown you. Unless you have those mittens back again before to-morrow, you shall never share in the division of the Treasury Pie; and you shall all of you eat mustard tart for the remainder of your lives.

THE PRINCESSES (falling on their knees). Oh, horror!

TORTOISESHELL. Your Majesty—be merciful! be merciful to my Princess, at least.

THE KING. No! I am firm.

#### FINALE.

THE KING. No, they shall have no Pie!  
They'll have no Treasury Pie!  
The naughty kittens,  
They've lost their mittens,  
And they shall have no Pie!

THE PRINCESSES. And we shall have no Pie!  
We're almost ready to cry!  
We're naughty kittens,  
We've lost our mittens,  
And we shall have no Pie!

THE PRINCES. We really can't deny  
They don't deserve their Pie,  
They're naughty kittens,  
We've got their mittens,  
And so they can have no Pie.

CHORUS. And they shall have no Pie!  
This comes of looking too high!  
These naughty kittens  
Have lost their mittens,  
And so they are out of Pie!

*Curtain.*

#### ACT II.

*The same room in the same Palace.*

(Enter at back Ringtail and Kitcat.)

RINGTAIL (at right of stage, aside). All goes well for me. If I can only get those Princes dismissed from the court, I must retain command of the Treasury Pie. How fortunate for me that I was born villainous! I should have been a terrible failure as an honest man.

KITCAT (at left of stage, aside). I see his little plot, and I will plot against him. Everybody spoils my jokes, and now I am going to see if I can't do a little spoiling myself.

THE KING (entering hurriedly, right). Ha, you are there, my faithful Ringtail! I must consult with you, Kitcat, summon my daughters and the whole court. Now don't joke—please don't joke—go and hurry them up. (First Kitcat left.) Ringtail, what is to be done? If these Princes don't get my daughters they will take the palace. Three first mortgages, Ringtail! Do you understand the situation? They will take the Treasury Pie and everything else; and they'll sell my crown for a muffin ring. O Ringtail, what shall I do?

RINGTAIL. I feel deeply for your Majesty; but I don't see what your Majesty can do. The Princesses can not demand their mittens back again. You know the Constitution and By-laws of the Land of Pie, Article 97, Chapter III.: Chip, chip, chay, give a thing away; never take it back again, chip, chip, chay!

KING (walking up and down). But we've got to have them back again, chip, chip, chay!

RINGTAIL. Here they come, your Majesty.  
(Enter at back the Princesses and the Princes, with Kitcat and Chorus.)

#### CHORUS.

This is a terrible, terrible muss;  
We're in for a horrible, horrible fuss;  
We do not quite see why affairs should be thus—  
It's distressing to them, and distressing to us.

(The Chorus stands at the back of the stage; the King, in the center, with Ringtail on his right, and Kitcat on his left; in front, the Princes on the right, and the Princesses on the left.)

THE KING. Ladies and gentlemen, this matter must be settled. I can't have my palace all full of broken engagements. Princes, you must give those mittens back to the Princesses.

THE PRINCESSES (all together). But we shan't take them back.

THE PRINCES (all together). And under those circumstances we shan't give them back.

THE KING. This is most annoying. Ringtail, what's to be done?

RINGTAIL. Nothing.

KITCAT. Yes—something.

THE KING. Kitcat, this is no time for jesting.

KITCAT. I'm not jesting, your Majesty; I'm serious.

THE KING. You are serious?

KITCAT. I have a very simple way out of the difficulty, your Majesty. The Princess Malta objects to her lover because he is too lively and frivolous, and the Princess Angora objects to hers because he is too dignified and serious. As a result, they have changed partners. Give Prince Spot to Princess Angora, and Prince Velvet to Princess Malta.

THE KING. Admirable idea! One has heard of a king's daughter being married to a prince, but not of a prince being married to a princess.

But how about the Princess Kitty?

KITCAT. That's a very simple one. The Princess Kitty won't have Prince Tortoiseshell because he is too good, too gentle, too generous, too brave, and too handsome. Well, let her take my friend here, the Lord Chamberlain.

ALL. What, Ringtail!

KITCAT. Yes, Ringtail. He isn't good, he isn't gentle, he isn't generous, he isn't brave, and nobody can say that he is handsome.

THE KING. Excellent! Kitcat, I shall make you my Prime Minister the next time I have occasion to engage one. I always said you would do better if you weren't a jester. Kitty, are you satisfied?

KITTY (mournfully). I don't know, papa. I suppose I ought to be.

THE KING. You certainly ought, if that's what you wanted.

RINGTAIL (to the King). But, your Majesty, how about the mortgage you gave to Prince Tortoiseshell?

THE KING (to Ringtail). Oh, I'll have the mortgage transferred to you. It's only for fifty thousand sequins.

RINGTAIL. Fifty thousand sequins!

THE KING. Oh, you can afford it. You must have stolen as much as that out of the Royal Treasury.

RINGTAIL (aside). I haven't. I have neglected my opportunities. I have stolen only forty thousand sequins. But I will make up for lost time. I will go now and steal the other ten thousand.

(Exit, continuously, right.)

THE KING. So that's settled. And now we can all go off and enjoy ourselves. (To Tortoiseshell.) My poor fellow, you must feel quite unhappy. Come with me, and I'll give you a stick of slippery-elm. Slippery-elm is very consoling.

TORTOISESHELL. But I don't want to go—

THE KING. Nonsense; come along.  
(Takes his arm and walks him off at back; the Chorus following them. Velvet, Spot, Angora, and Malta are left on the stage.)

CHORUS (singing as they go off).

So that is the end of the terrible muss,  
And that is the end of the horrible fuss,  
How clever it was to arrange it all thus!  
If it's pleasant for them, it is pleasant for us.

SPOT. Well, ladies—

ANGORA. Well, sir?

Quartet. —SPOT, VELVET, MALTA, and ANGORA.

SPOT and VELVET.

It's very nice to change about;  
A most ingenious plan to do it out,  
Though neither of us chose his bride,  
We hope that you are satisfied.

MALTA and ANGORA.

We're glad to find you so polite,  
You're too accommodating, quite;  
And as to being satisfied,  
Perhaps we'll tell you when we're tried.

ALL FOUR TOGETHER.

It's very nice to change about;  
A most ingenious plan, no doubt;  
But still, maybe, some folks would say,  
The old way is the better way.

SPOT (to Angora). Princess—

ANGORA (excitedly). Oh, please don't begin with any of your horrid jokes. I can't stand them now. Don't you see, my nerves are all unstrung?

VELVET (to Malta, Princesses). Malta, Oh, really, you are too much for one to bear, with your miserable old politeness! Why don't you do something to cheer me up, when you see that I'm feeling simply wretched!

THE PRINCES. But, ladies—

ANGORA (half-sobbing). I'm going to my own room!

MALTA (the same). So'm I!

ANGORA. I'm going to cry!

MALTA. So am I!

(Exeunt sobbing, Malta, and Angora.)

SPOT (absolutely). It's a shame, a shame!

VELVET. I'm glad you like it.

SPOT. Why do you go and cheer up your Princess?

VELVET. She isn't mine; she's yours.

SPOT. Then I'll go and cheer her up myself.

VELVET. Then I'll go and cheer her up myself.

SPOT. Go! Who cares?

BOTH (angrily). Bah!

(Exit, angrily, Spot and Velvet.)

(Enter, at back, Kitty, who looks at them.)



KITTY. It's really strange that when I have everything just as I like it, I find out that I don't like it at all.

*Song.* — KITTY.  
I've had my way,  
I've said him nay;  
I've let my lover go;  
But now — but now —  
I don't know how —  
I wish it wasn't so.

I feel like a girl who's about to cry —  
About to cry,  
About to cry;  
And the worst of it is that I don't know why,  
I don't know why,  
I don't know why.

It's very strange,  
I wanted change,  
And now I'd change again;

I'd be  
Why  
Will you  
I feel like a girl who  
(While she is standing  
back; he stands  
singing she turns  
KITTY. Oh dear! A





in?  
to cry, etc.  
iseshell has entered at  
ing her. At close of  
(a.)  
?

TORTOISESHELL. Yes, *dear*, I am here.  
KITTY. I didn't mean "*dear*" in that way.  
TORTOISESHELL. Yes, but *I did* *dear*.  
KITTY. Well, then, you oughtn't to. It isn't proper.  
I'm engaged to somebody else.  
TORTOISESHELL. But *I'm* not engaged to anybody else.  
KITTY. You will be, though, won't you?  
TORTOISESHELL. Never! I am going to sea. I am go-

ing to spend the rest of my life in foreign lands—as for-  
eign as possible.  
KITTY. Oh, but then you can't be a *dear* to me.  
TORTOISESHELL. I can't.  
KITTY. But you ought to care for the society of ladies.  
And you'll see ever so many girls who are much nicer  
than I am.  
TORTOISESHELL. No, I shan't.

KITTY. Why not?

TORTOISESHELL. Because there aren't any girls who are nicer than you are.

KITTY. Oh yes, there are (*angrily*). Yes, I'm perfectly sure that when you get off in those hateful foreign countries you'll find some girl (*almost sobbing*) who's a great deal nicer than I am.

TORTOISESHELL. No, indeed I shan't. You are the nicest girl that ever lived in all the whole world, and I should say so even if nobody else agreed with me.

*Song.*—TORTOISESHELL.

Heave, ho! the anchor over the bow,  
And off to sea go I.  
The wild wind blows, and nobody knows  
That I have you always and true.  
Right close in my heart I can keep you here  
In memory fond and true.  
For there 'll never be one like you, my dear—  
There 'll never be one like you.

Oho! the billows of Biscay Bay,  
And the stars of the Southern sea!  
But the dark-haired girls may shake their curls,  
With never a look from me;  
For the thought of my love shall be ever near,  
Though wide is the ocean blue,  
And there 'll never be one like you, my dear—  
There 'll never be one like you.

The end of the world is a weary way,  
And I know not where it lies,  
And maidens fair may smile on me there,  
And girls with laughing eyes;  
But in all the days of all the year,  
Though I wander the whole world through,  
There 'll never be one like you, my dear—  
There 'll never be one like you.

KITTY. Do you really love me as much as all that?

TORTOISESHELL. Indeed I do. More.

KITTY. Why didn't you ever mention it before?

TORTOISESHELL. Didn't I?

KITTY. Not in that convincing way (*coming close to him*). Oh dear, we might have been so happy!

*(She lets her head fall on his shoulder.)*

TORTOISESHELL (*putting his arm about her*). Kitty, couldn't you love me a little? I'm so sorry I displeased you.

KITTY. I'm sorry I was displeased.

TORTOISESHELL. I'll try to be different. And really, you know, I'm not so good as you think I am.

KITTY. Oh yes, you are.

TORTOISESHELL. I'm quite bad sometimes.

KITTY. I'm sure you're not.

TORTOISESHELL. I'm sometimes cross; and if I had the tooth-ache, I think I could be very disagreeable.

KITTY. Oh no, you couldn't; not even if you tried.

TORTOISESHELL. And as to being brave—well, I think I could be afraid—of an elephant, for instance, if it was a very big elephant.

KITTY (*indignantly*). Tortoiseshell, I won't have you saying such things of yourself. You're the bravest, best, kindest, nicest Prince in the world, and you know it.

TORTOISESHELL (*sadly*). Then you can't love me at all?

*(He releases her.)*

KITTY. Of course I can—of course I do. Who could help loving you?

TORTOISESHELL. But a while ago you said you hated me for just those very reasons. This is very strange. It isn't quite—consistent.

KITTY (*surprised*). Isn't it?

TORTOISESHELL. No.

KITTY. Do you mind?

TORTOISESHELL (*embracing her*). No; you may be as inconsistent as you please, so long as you are mine.

THE KING (*entering suddenly at back*). Here, young man, what are you doing with that young lady?

KITTY. Oh, papa, we're making up! Please don't interrupt us.

THE KING. But this won't do! She's engaged to the Lord High Chamberlain!

*(Calling.)* Here, Ringtail! Here, my courtiers!

*(Enter, right, Ringtail; at back, Kiteat, Velvet and Angora.)*

Spot and Malta, and Chorus.)

CHORUS.

What can be the matter,  
And what can it be?  
All this fuss and clatter  
Made by lovers three?

TORTOISESHELL. The matter is that Kitty and I have made up; and I will defend her right to change her mind. I will defend it with my life!

*(He makes a motion as if to draw his sword.)*

THE KING. What! you would draw your sword upon a king—a real, genuine king!

RINGTAIL (*to Tortoiseshell*). Don't draw your sword, young man; draw your mortgage!

THE KING. Ringtail, why don't you claim your bride?

RINGTAIL. The honor is too great for me,

your Majesty. I must respectfully decline it. (*Aside.*) I can't get the rest of the money; it's all in that Treasury Pie, and I can't get it.

KITEAT. Ha! ha! If I can't make a joke, at least I can spoil one.

THE KING. My daughters, what does this mean?

ANGORA. It means, papa, that we should like to have our mittens back.

MALTA (*to the Princess*). Gentlemen, if we may trouble you for those mittens.

THE THREE PRINCES. With pleasure.

*(They bow politely, and return the mittens.)*

*Sextette.* PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.

THE PRINCESSES. Chip, chip, chay!

THE PRINCES. Give a thing away.

ALL TOGETHER. Sometimes take it back again,

Chip, chip, chay!

THE PRINCES. Chip, chip, chay!

THE PRINCESSES. When a girl says Nay.

ALL TOGETHER. She sometimes takes it back again,

Chip, chip, chay!

CHORUS.

Now all is done,

And it was fun.

Although their story is only begun!

Until they die,

Time ought to fly.

Gayly in plenty, in pleasure, and Pie!

*(The Treasury Pie is brought in as in Act I.)*

THE KING.

And they shall have some Pie,

Attired in mantilla light—

Those good little kittens

Have found their mittens.

And they shall have some Pie!

THE PRINCESSES.

And we shall have some Pie,

We'll eat it by-and-by—

We'll give our lovers

The Pie with covers,

And we'll eat custard pie.

THE PRINCES.

We all shall have some Pie,

Both they and you and I—

Our good little kittens

May keep their mittens.

And all shall have some Pie.

CHORUS (*dancing around the Treasury Pie*).

And they shall have some Pie,

They'll have the Treasury Pie—

The good little kittens

Have found their mittens,

And so we'll say Good-by!

*Curtain.*



PRINCESS KITTY AND PRINCE TORTOISESHELL.



BY HOWARD PYLE.

ONCE upon a time there was a King who was the wisest in all the world. So wise was he that no one had ever befooled him, which is a rare thing to find, I can tell you. Now this King had a daughter who was as pretty as a ripe apple, so that there was no end to the number of the lads who came asking to marry her. Every day there were two or three of them dawdling around the house, so that at last the old King grew tired of having them always about. So he sent word far and near that whoever should befool him should have the Princess, and half of the kingdom to boot, for he thought that it would be a wise man indeed who could trick him. But the King also said that whoever should try to befool him and should fail should have a good whipping.

This was to keep all foolish fellows away.

The Princess was so pretty that there was no lack of lads who came to have a try for her and half of the kingdom, but every one of these went away with a sore back and no luck.

Now there was a man who was well off in the world, and who had three sons; the first was named Peter, and the second was named Paul. Peter and Paul thought themselves to be wise fellows, if there ever were wise fellows living in the world, and their father thought as they did.

As for the youngest son, he was named Boots. Nobody thought anything of him except that he was silly, for he did nothing but sit poking in the warm ashes all of the day.

One morning Peter spoke up and said that he was going to the town to have a try at befooling the King, for it would be a fine thing to have a princess in the family. His father did not say no, for if anybody was wise enough to befool the King, Peter was the lad.

So after Peter had eaten a good breakfast, off he set for the town, right foot foremost. After a while he came to the King's house, and rap, tap, tap, he knocked at the door.

Well, what did he want?

Oh! he would only like to have a try at befooling the King.

Very good; he should have his try. He was not the first one who had been there that morning, early as it was.

So Peter was shown in to the King.

"Oh! look!" said he; "yonder are three black geese out in the court-yard."

But no; the King was not to be fooled so easily as all that. "One goose is enough to look at at a time," said he. "Take him away and give him a whipping."

And so they did, and Peter went home bleating like a sheep.

One day Paul spoke up. "I should like to go and have a try for the Princess too," said he.

Well, his father did not say no, for, after all, Paul was the more clever of the two.

So off Paul went as merrily as a duck in the rain. By-and-by he came to the castle, and then he too was brought before the King, just as Peter had been.

"Oh! look!" said he; "yonder is a crow sitting in the tree, with three white stripes on his back."

But the King was not so silly as to be fooled in that way. "Here is a Jack," said he, "who will soon have more stripes on his back than he will like. Take him away and give him his whipping."

Then it was done as the King had said, and Paul went away home, bawling like a calf.

One day up spoke Boots. "I should like to go and have a try for the pretty Princess too," said he.

At this they all stared and sniggered. What! he go where his clever brothers had failed, and had nothing to show for the trying but a good beating? What had come over the lout? Here was a pretty business, to be sure! That was what they all said.

But all of this rolled away from Boots like water from a duck's back. No matter: he would like to go and have a try like the others. So he begged, and begged, and begged until his father was glad to let him go, to be rid of his teasing, if for nothing else.

Then Boots asked if he might have the old tattered hat that hung back of the chimney.

Oh yes; he might have that if he wanted it, for nobody with good wits was likely to wear such a thing.

So Boots took the hat, and after he had brushed the ashes from his shoes set off for the town, whistling as he went.

The first body whom he met was an old woman with a great load of earthenware pots and crocks on her shoulders.

"Good-day, mother," said Boots.

"Good-day, son," said she.



"What will you take for all of your pots and crocks?" said Boots.

"Three shillings," said she.

"I will give you five shillings if you will come and stand in front of the King's house, and do thus and so when I say this and that," said Boots.

Oh yes; she would do that willingly enough.

So Boots and the old woman went on together, and presently came to the King's house. When they had come there, Boots sat down in front of the door and began bawling as loud as he could: "No; I will not! I will not do it, I say! No; I will not do it!"

So he kept on, bawling louder and louder, until he made such a noise that at last the King himself came out to see what all of the hubbub was about. But when Boots saw him he only bawled out louder than ever, "No; I will not! I will not do it, I say!"

"Stop! stop!" cried the King. "What is all this about?"

"Why," said Boots, "everybody wants to buy my cap, but I will not sell it. I will not do it, I say!"

"But why should anybody want to buy such a cap as that?" said the King.

"Because," said Boots, "it is a fooling cap, and the only one in all of the world."

"A fooling cap!" said the King. "And could you fool me with it?"

Oh yes! Boots could do that easily enough; he could fool anybody in all of the world with it.

"Hum-m-m-m!" said the King; for he did not like the thought of such a cap as that coming into the town. Who knew but what it might win the Princess! "Hum-m-m-m! I should like to see you fool somebody with it. Could you fool that old body yonder with the pots and the crocks?"

"Oh yes! that is easily done," said Boots, and without more ado he took off his tattered cap and blew into it. Then he put it on his head again and bawled out, "Break pots! break pots!"

No sooner had he spoken these words than the old woman jumped up and began breaking and smashing her pots and crocks as though she had gone crazy. That was what Boots had paid her five shillings for doing, but of it the King knew nothing. "Hui!" said he to himself; "I must buy that hat from the fellow, or he will fool the Princess away from me for sure and certain." Then he began talking to Boots as sweetly as though he had honey in his mouth. Perhaps Boots would sell the hat to him.

Oh no; Boots could not think of such a thing as selling his fooling cap.

Come, come; the King would not mind giving as much as a hundred thalers for it.

No; Boots would not sell it for that.

Well, then, two hundred thalers.

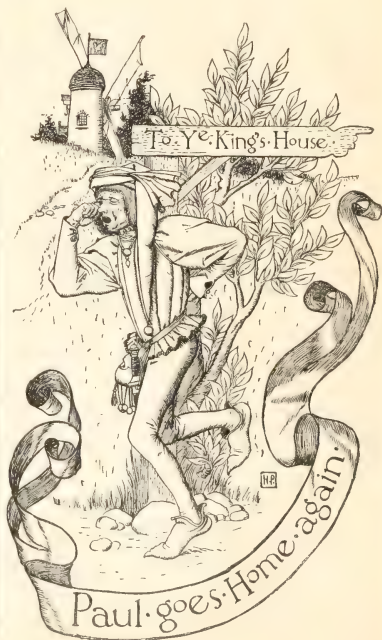
No; Boots would not sell it for that, either.

Very well; sooner than let the hat go, the King would give a whole bag of gold money for it.

At this Boots looked up and Boots looked down, scratching his head. Well, he supposed he would have to sell the hat some time, and the King might as well have it as anybody else. But for all that, he did not like parting with it.

So the King gave Boots the bag of gold, and Boots gave the King the old tattered hat, and then he went his way.

After Boots had gone, the King blew into the hat, and blew into the hat; but though he blew enough breath into it to sail a big ship, he did not befool so much as a single titmouse. Then, at last, he began to see that the fooling







cap was good on nobody else's head but Boots's; and he was none too pleased at that, you may be sure.

As for Boots, with his bag of gold he bought the finest clothes that were to be had in the town, and when the next morning had come he started away bright and early for the King's house.

When the King saw him he screwed up his face as though he had sour gooseberries in his mouth. "What do you want?" said he.

"I have come," said Boots, "to marry the Princess, if you please."

At this the King hemmed and hawed and scratched his head. Yes, Boots had befooled him, sure enough; but, after all, he could not give up the Princess for such a thing as that. Still, he would give Boots another chance. Now there was the Chief Councillor, who was the wisest man in all of the world. Did Boots think that he could fool him also?

Well, yes, Boots thought that it might be done.

Very well; if he could befool the Chief Councillor so as to bring him to the castle the next morning against his will, Boots should have the Princess and the half of the kingdom; if he did not do so, he should have his beating.

Then Boots went away, and the King thought that he was rid of him now for good and all.

As for the Chief Councillor, he was not pleased with the matter at all, for he did not like the thought of being fooled by a clever rogue, and taken here and there against his will. So when he had come home, he armed all his servants with blunderbusses, and then waited to give Boots a warm welcome when he should come.

But Boots was not going to fall into any such trap as that. No, indeed; not he. The next morning he went quietly and bought a fine large meal sack. Then he put a black wig over his beautiful red hair, so that no one might know

him. After that he went to the place where the Chief Councillor lived, and when he had come there he crawled inside of the sack, and lay just to one side of the door of the house.

By and by came one of the maid-servants to the room, and there lay the great meal sack with somebody in it.

"Ach!" cried she, "who is there?"

But Boots only said, "Sh-h-h-h-h!"

"Who are you?" said she.

But Boots only said, "Sh-h-h-h-h!"

Then the serving-maid went back into the house and told the Chief Councillor that one lay outside in a great meal sack, and that all that he said was, "Sh-h-h-h-h!"

"So the Councillor went himself to see what it was all about. "What do you want here?" said he.

But Boots only said, "Sh-h-h-h-h!"

"What are you doing there?" said the Chief Councillor.

"Sh-h-h-h-h!" said Boots. "I am not to be talked to now. This is a wisdom sack, and I am learning wisdom as fast as one can pick peas."

"And what wisdom have you learned?" said the Councillor.

Oh! he had learned wisdom about everything in the world. He had learned that the clever scamp who had fooled the King yesterday was coming with seventeen tall men to take the Chief Councillor, willy nilly, to the castle that morning.

When the Chief Councillor heard this, he fell to trembling till his teeth rattled in his head. "And have you learned how I can get the better of this clever scamp?" said he.

Oh yes; Boots had learned that easily enough.

So, good! Then if the wise man in the sack would tell the Councillor how to escape the clever rogue, the Councillor would give the wise man twenty thalers.

But no, that was not to be done; wisdom was not bought so cheaply as the Chief Councillor seemed to think.





## Boots tricks the Princess into showing herself

Well, the Councillor would give him a hundred thalers. That was good. A hundred thalers were a hundred thalers. If the Councillor would give him that much he might get into the sack himself, and then he could learn all the wisdom that he wanted, and more besides.

So Boots crawled out of the sack, and the Councillor paid his hundred thalers and crawled in.

As soon as he was in, all snug and safe, Boots drew the mouth of the sack together and tied it tightly. Then he flung sack, Councillor, and all over his shoulder, and started away to the King's house, and anybody who met them might see with half an eye that the Councillor was going against his will.

When Boots came to the King's castle he laid the Councillor down in the goose-house, and then he went to the King.

When the King saw Boots again he bit his lips with vexation. "Well," said he, "have you fooled the Councillor?"

Oh yes; Boots had done that.

And had he brought the Councillor with him?

Oh yes; he had brought the Councillor along, too.

And had the Councillor come against his will?

Well, yes; on the whole Boots thought that he had come against his will.

And where was the Councillor now?

Oh! Boots had just left him down in the goose-house. He was tied up safe and sound in a sack, waiting till the King should send for him.

"So the Councillor was sent for, and when he came the King saw at once that he had come against his will.

"And now may I marry the Princess?" said Boots.

At this the King hemmed and hawed and scratched his head just as he had done before. No, no; Boots must not go so fast. There was more to be done yet before he could marry the Princess and have half of the kingdom. If Boots would come to-morrow morning he might have the Princess and welcome, but he would have to pick her out from amongst fourscore other maids just like her. Did he think that he could do that?

Oh yes, Boots thought that that might be easy enough to do.

So, good! Then come to-morrow; but he must understand that if he failed he should have a good whipping and be sent packing from the town.

So off went Boots, and the King thought that he was rid of him now, for he had never seen the Princess, and how could he pick her out from amongst eighty others?

But Boots was not going to give up so easily as all that. No, not he. He made a little box, and then he hunted up and down until he had caught a live mouse to put into it.

When the next morning came, he started away to the King's house, taking his mouse along with him in the box.

There was the King standing in the doorway looking out into the street. When he saw Boots coming toward him, he made a wry face. "What!" said he; "are you back again?"

Oh yes, Boots was back again. He was not for giving up so easily as all that. And now if the Princess was ready, he would like to go and find her, for lost time was not to be gathered again, like fallen apples.

The King hemmed and hawed, but there was nothing for it but to let Boots have his trial. So off they marched until they had come to a great room, and there stood eighty and one maidens, all as much alike as peas in the same dish.

Boots looked here and there, but, even if he had known the Princess, he could not have told her from the others. But he was ready for all that. Before any one knew what he was about, he opened the box and out ran the little mouse amongst them all. Then what a screaming and a hubbub there was! Many looked as though they would have liked to swoon, but only one of them did so. As soon as the others saw what had happened, they forgot all about the mouse, and ran to her, and fell to fanning her and slapping her hands and chafing her temples.

"This is the Princess," said Boots.

And so it was.

After that the King could think of nothing more to set Boots to do, so he let him marry the Princess as he had promised, and have half of the kingdom to boot.

That is all of this story.

Only this: it is not always the silliest one that sits kicking his feet in the ashes at home.

Also, Boots often does better than any of them in the long-run.

If there is anything more in this nut, you must crack it yourself; that is, if your teeth are strong enough.

## A CHRISTMAS CHAT.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS

WE were all around the cheerful fire in the twilight—Bessie and Charlie and Nellie and Will, and our dear old story-telling aunt, who had put down her knitting. We knew what that meant. It was always the signal for a chat.

Auntie seemed to be meditating.

"What shall it be about?" she said, half to herself and half to us.

"Why, Christmas, of course," we all answered together.

"Christmas—merry Christmas! Has it really come again? Looking up at the stars this clear cold evening, I see them shining as they did when the brightest of them led the three Wise Men of the East to that old inn of Judea where they were to find our Saviour. There, among the cattle belonging to the travellers come to pay their yearly tax money, in the arms of his lovely young mother, was the Babe of Bethlehem, who became the Man Christ Jesus. To Him the Wise Men carried gifts, even as now we bestow them in His name upon those we love. His birthday was our first Christmas Day. We must not forget that, as we are apt to do in the pleasures of this gay season.

"You all know about the English carols and waits, the great Yule-log and the Christmas candles, the boar's head borne in on a platter to the sound of music, and the mistletoe hung in the castle hall. You know, too, all about the plum porridge and the mince-pie. But do you know that the fourteen days before Christmas were called halcyon days? These days were supposed to be peculiarly beautiful, like our Indian summer, and they were named after the bird we call the kingfisher. The ancients supposed that the halcyon made its nest on the ocean, and that it possessed the power of lulling the waves and producing calm and lovely weather while its young were being hatched. And this power came from the bird's song. Must it not have been sweet?

"Perhaps the Christmas carols may have had their origin in some one's trying to sing like a halcyon. They are among the oldest of English songs, and were first printed in 1521. Among the many pleasant customs at Christmas 'in ye olden time' was that of electing a person as Lord of Misrule, or Master of Merry Disports, whose duty it was to amuse everybody and start all the games.

"Our Santa Claus—whom we borrow from the Germans—is Saint Nicholas, who was a bishop in Greece in the fourth century, and the patron saint of children, especially of school-boys. Claus is a contraction of the last two syllables of Nicholas.

"In the Middle Ages a boy used to be chosen as a mock bishop for St. Nicholas Day (which is still in the English calendar, occurring on December 6), and was allowed to preach. One of these boy bishops had a monument in Salisbury Cathedral. In all old customs you will find a curious blending of truth and superstition. Shakespeare said that at Christmas-time it was believed: 'no spirit dares stir abroad; the nights are wholesome; then no planets strike, no fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, so hallowed and so gracious is the time.'

"When I was a child I used to visit the then beautiful little town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, which you probably know was a Moravian settlement. Don't you remember Longfellow's poem called 'A Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at Bethlehem'? He speaks in that of cowed heads and tapers and censers. It is a beautiful poem, but the Moravians, as I saw them, had no such things. They were a simple, frugal, and industrious people, very religious, and very fond of music, but their church services were very plain. The men and women were divided, as

at Quaker meetings, and I saw no censers or cowed heads. A poet, however, is needed to express the difference in their customs were very pretty, and they were more of the Easter and Christmas, especially the latter.

"In every household there was not only an exchange of gifts and much rejoicing, but for many days previous there had been extensive preparations in the way of decorations. Not only did each family have a tree—and it did not matter whether there were children or only old people in the family—but each tried to outdo the other in the especial beauty of its Christmas 'Putz,' as I think they called the lovely bowers of evergreens erected in their parlors.

"On a broad stand covered with green muslin and well hidden by boughs and branches four pillars were raised. These were twined with ivy and holly or ground pine. Within this inclosure, and beneath its leafy canopy, was the Christmas tree, glittering with sugar fruit and waxen tapers. At its base was a field of moss, through which ran a sparkling stream, made of glass sometimes, but usually of real water, which played in fountain jets or tumbled in mimic cascades over tiny rocks. On the moss was a representation of the manger, the Holy Child, and the shepherds with their woolly flocks. Waxen angels (made at the Widows' and Sisters' houses) hung hovering over these figures. Visitors were expected to go about from house to house to see these pretty decorations, and coffee—a favorite beverage—was always hospitably offered.

"In the Moravian Church on high festivals they always had brass instruments in addition to the organ, and many choristers made sweet harmony. But, children, I really must stop talking, for Christmas is so fascinating that I might keep on all night; only before I stop let me beg you all to remember when you hang up your stockings that there are many poor bare little feet without stockings whose owners' hearts you may help to make glad, and the sweetest blossom on the Christmas-tree is the flower of Christian love."

## HER GIFTS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A DEAR little mother is waiting apart—

The mother of children three,

"My Lord," she cries, in the hush of her heart,

"Wilt Thou take a gift from me?"

I have heard the angels sing Thy birth,

I have followed Thy shining star,

And here at the shrine of all the earth,

Lo! I and my children are.

"And all in the glow of the Christmas morn,  
My gold to lay at Thy feet,

I am leading my darlings with care unworn,

With brows that are pure and sweet.

O never had gems from the mines such worth

As the treasure to-day I bring

To the beautiful shrine of all the earth,

To the glorious Infant King.

"My children three, with their waving hair,

And the fearless look in their eyes,

They lispen Thy name in the vesper prayer,

And at matins when they rise.

Nothing they know of the dole and death

Of souls that with sin have striven,

They kneel at the shrine of all the earth,

'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'

They stand in the shadow of pine and fir;

They listen, and floating through

They catch the answer that's sent to her

Through a rift in the upper blue:

"Since the Christ-child came to the weary earth

No gifts are to Him so sweet

As the children's hearts, with their joy and love

Lovingly brought to His feet."

☞ The Serial Story, Post-office Box, and Exchange Department, omitted from our Christmas Number, will be resumed in a week.

"A Christmas Present which lasts all the Year." HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.







A CHRISTMAS ON THE NORTH FORK.

## CHRISTMAS ON THE NORTH FORK.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

ALL the school-teaching of Burnaby Township was done in the school-house down by the bridge over the North Fork. It was a frame building, and had never been painted, but it was as big as any of the houses that the people around there lived in. It was all in one room, with benches everywhere, and there was a platform a foot high at one end and a table on it.

There never had been much of a Christmas along the North Fork, but now that the country was settling up so fast, people were thinking of improvements all the while. What was needed was a winter of the right sort, and there came one when the sleighing was so good and the skating on the North Fork was so altogether uncommon, that you could almost see Christmas coming.

Nobody knew exactly what to do about it until Miss Arabella Hopkins, the school-ma'am, decided that there must be a Christmas in the school-house. She was apt to decide things for the people who lived along the North Fork, for her folks were old settlers, and all the children believed that she knew more than anybody else in the world, and they said so at home.

Miss Hopkins had been dreadfully puzzled up to the morning when she asked Paddy Mudge,

"Wouldn't you like a Christmas?"

Paddy looked across the road at a sumac bush with red bobs on it, and answered her very soberly:

"Yes'm. But he couldn't get around to everybody. It's too bad."

"You think the people are scattered too much for Santa Claus to find all of them?"

"Yes'm. Our house is on the river road. He'd find us, but he'd miss most of the new-comers."

"But if all the children should come to the school-

"Yes'm. I'd come and bring my dinner."

"That's just what we must do, then, and we'll have a Christmas tree."

"Yes'm. He'd better have a tree, for there isn't any chimney but the stove-pipe."

Paddy was only nine years old, but she had notions of her own, and she had friends, for before Miss Hopkins finished her dinner that day she was told that Joe Heidelberg wished to speak with her.

"What is it, Joe?" she asked.

"Christmas tree, ma'am. Paddy Mudge told me. Cedar. 'Way down the river. Do you want a big one?"

"Not too big to set it up on the platform at the school-house."

"That's the one, Miss Hopkins. I shot a rabbit under it yesterday morning. I know just where it is."

"If you will get it for me— But then I must see the people about it."

"They're all been told, Miss Hopkins. All the boys were down on the ice when Paddy Mudge came. I told Mr. Crump, and he said he'd go to town right away to-morrow for some candy."

Mr. Crump kept the store on the other side of the bridge. He did go to town, and he came back with a sleigh-load of all sorts, and his wife told him it was just like him.

That was two weeks before Christmas, and Mr. Crump felt worse and worse afterward every day that came. Everybody for miles up and down the North Fork and out on the prairie came and visited his store, and looked

at the pretty things, and bought a little candy, and went home. Poor Mr. Crump did his best to help Miss Hopkins and the children talk Christmas, but all the older people said:

"There isn't any ready money going nowadays, and so long as there's to be a Christmas at the school-house, that'll have to do."

That was what was the matter, and it kept right on until Mrs. Crump told her husband for the twenty-seventh time, "I just do wish there hadn't been any Christmas!"

Joe Heidelberg went down to see his tree almost every other day, and he killed more than a dozen rabbits going and coming. He talked about it in his sleep, and sometimes while he was awake, and people generally knew that he had a tree picked out, and that he meant to cut it down three days before Christmas.

He had to go past Paddy Mudge's house every time he went, and that was the reason why she was in the road, close by where he was chopping, in the middle of the forenoon. She knew it was the day, and was watching for him until he came along. He was all ready for the tree, for he had two sleds, one tied on behind the other, to carry it back to the school-house. Paddy caught up with him before he got to the tree, and when she saw it she walked all around it with the snow almost up to her knees.

"It's a real good tree," she said, "and I'm glad it's close to the road."

"So'm I," said Joe.

"And there's no fence for you and me to lift it over: but I'll help you drag it home after we've cut it down."

"It's Christmas all over," said Joe.

"There's a sleigh with bells on it coming up the road."

"Somebody's going to town."

"None of our folks. Nobody on this timber has any bells."

The bells came merrily up the road until a handsome cutter, drawn by two splendid bay horses, pulled up within fifteen feet and six inches of Paddy Mudge. There were just fifteen of her foot-prints in the snow between her and a wolf-tail which was dragging out on that side of the cutter. It occurred at once to Joe Heidelberg, under the tree, that wolves must be plenty in the country that sleigh was made in. There was a great deal of fur to be seen, and some bright blankets, and a great fur cap with a very red nose under it, and below that was a long, bushy white beard that seemed to be holding the reins.

Paddy took it for granted that a man was there somewhere, and she was not scared a bit when a deep hoarse voice asked her:

"What are you doing away out here in the snow?"

"We're doing some Christmas. Joe Heidelberg is cutting down a tree for it, and we're going to have it in the school-house."

There was a sort of cough that made Joe think of one of the wolf-skins trying to be alive and bark, and then the voice went in under the tree, looking for him and saying:

"Joe, is all that tree to be for one Christmas?"

"Of course it is. You see, we haven't anything but some candles to put on it, and so we're going to have a big one. Miss Hopkins she got the candles with her own money, and she's cut 'em all in two. Going to stick 'em on everywhere, and then we'll make the school-house good and dark, and light 'em up and have a Christmas."

"Candy and presents and all sorts of things?" said the voice.

"No, there won't," said Paddy, gravely. "The candy and all the other things are in Mr. Crump's store, at the bridge. Nobody's got any money to buy 'em. So we're going to have a big tree and some candles. We're going to sing, too."

"Now I'd like to hear that, and to see the tree. Have you got any children to come?"

"Stacks of 'em," said Joe, "all up and down the timber, and some out on the prairie, and they'll all be there, and all the old folks too, and the school-house'll be jammed, and we'll have the biggest kind of a time."

"That's it. Going to have some cold chicken and some pies."

"Yes, sir," said Paddy, "and there'll be some apples, and Miss Hopkins isn't sure but what there'll be some coffee."

"Where does Miss Hopkins live? Who is she?"

"She's the school-ma'am," replied Paddy, "and she lives down on the other side of the Fork."

"What's your name?"

"I'm Paddy Mudge, and he's Joe Heidelberg, and—"

"Jump right in here with me, Paddy, and come along and show me where Miss Hopkins lives. She's just the young woman I want to see."

"She isn't young at all, sir," said Paddy; "and I've got to stay and help Joe cut down the tree and drag it to the school-house."

"No, you haven't," shouted Joe. "Go right along. Don't you miss a good sleigh-ride. Besides, he wants to go and see Miss Hopkins."

That settled the matter, and Paddy at once clambered into the cutter. Joe Heidelberg lost sight of her then, except that something about as large as a small wolf was on the seat beside the white beard that was driving, and in a moment more he heard her call back to him: "Good-by, Joe. Hear the bells!"

He heard them, and peeped through the boughs of the tree after them, saying to himself: "It sounds kind o' Christmas. If we had a lot, we could hang 'em on the tree, and they'd make a jingle if you shook it."

Paddy Mudge held her breath for a little distance, those two horses did spring away with such a whiz. When she was asked, "Where is Mr. Crump's store?" her breath came out in a great puff, and she had to draw it in again before she could answer:

"Down by the bridge, this side, and the school-house is just 'cross the bridge; and Mrs. Crump feels real bad about it, and so does he."

She was led right on to explain what it all meant, and it was curious how very much she knew about everybody.

"You must have ears," he said to her.

"Yes, sir." And then the sleigh was pulled up in front of Crump's store, and its driver got out to hitch his horses to the hitching-post.

Paddy was not one bit afraid of him, but she did wish she could see more of his face, so she should feel sure of knowing him again some other time. He was short and fat, and he wore an overcoat that came down to his feet. It had a fur collar that turned up around his neck, and the laps of his fur cap turned down over the collar, and the front of the cap came down to his nose. There was nothing of his face to be seen but the nose itself, big and red and hooked, and a pair of great gray eyes, one on each side of the nose, like other men's; but then he wore glasses, and Paddy said they were "all one twinkle."

In a minute more the furry man was examining the toys and candies in Mr. Crump's big window, and Mr. Crump told him he could have the whole lot for what they cost him.

"You don't say!" exclaimed the furry man. "All I want just now is a pound of candy for Paddy."

"Put it up in two papers, Mr. Crump," said Paddy—"one for me and one for Miranda Adams."

"Two pounds," said the furry man, "in two papers. I'd forgotten all about Miranda."

"She lives right on our way to Miss Hopkins's," said Paddy; "and you needn't stop long. I can run in and leave it for her."

"Come along, Paddy," said the furry man; and when they got out by the sleigh he lifted her in as if she had

been a kitten with two papers of candy between her fore-paws. When they stopped in front of old Mr. Adams's house Peddy heard him exclaim: "Log house, I declare! I see how it is about Christmas. This is a very new country; it's just settling up. I must see Miss Hopkins."

Peddy did not say anything in reply to that. She went straight to the door, and opened it without knocking, and put down the paper of candy on the floor, and shouted: "That's for Miranda. I must go and take care of the man. It's his present. He's real good, and he knows all about Christmas."

"Wish I did!" said the furry man.

Then she was in the sleigh again as if she had been a sort of bird and had hopped there, and before he could do many more questions and answers she said to him: "Miss Hopkins lives there. It's Deacon Graham's house, all but the little wing."

Peddy found herself compelled to stay in Deacon Graham's part of the house while the furry man went in and had a long talk with Miss Hopkins. After that she had a splendid, jingling sleigh-ride all the way home; but there was not one chance given her to guess what the furry man said to the school-ma'am. He drove right away when she got out, and her mother put the pound of candy into the closet, for fear it might be eaten up too fast.

Joe Heidelberg chopped his tree down, and set out with it all alone. It was a job to get it upon the sleds, and then it was hard pulling, until he came to where the road went close to a bend of the North Fork, and some of the boys saw him. He walked behind the sleds to steady the tree after that. Nobody would have thought that there were so many boys in that neighborhood as were pulling those sleds and giving orders about it before they got to the school-house.

Christmas morning came wonderfully. Nobody along the North Fork had ever before seen so clear and bright and beautiful a day, with such perfect sleighing. Besides, there was almost nothing in the world for anybody to do except to be happy if he had any real Christmas in him.

Joe Heidelberg and some of the other boys were at the school-house right away after their breakfasts, but they had put up the tree the day before. There it stood on the platform, and all that they could do with it now was to turn it around and back again, and guess which way it would shine the candles best.

The planks across the bench backs that were to serve as tables were all in their places, but there was nothing upon them until after the people began to arrive. It was not until after that, moreover, that Miss Hopkins had blankets and coverlets enough to darken the windows, or sheets to finish the great curtain across the room in front of the platform.

"Anyhow," said Joe, "we can make the old stove red-hot, and we can keep the dogs from fighting on Christmas Day."

It was great, and everybody said so, when the tables began to stop looking so bare and planky and hungry. Miss Hopkins was looking at them, when Peddy Mudge said to her:

"There's nine prairie-chickens already, and there's more a-coming, besides the other chickens and the rabbits, and a whole bag of apples and some doughnuts."

There was something or other the matter with Miss Hopkins. Her face was pretty good-looking at any time, but it seemed particularly rosy that morning, and her mouth was all one ripple of smiles.

"None of us boys and girls must touch anything on the tables till after the curtain drops," said Jerusha Langworthy. "They're beautiful now. Just look at them."

So they were, for they represented the very best that the new settlers on the North Fork could do for the great

Christmas at the school-house. There was a great quantity of corn bread, but not anything like enough butter.

The rope across the room in front of the platform was now all hung with sheets, pinned together at the edges, and it made the best kind of a curtain. Nobody could guess what was going on behind it, and Miss Hopkins had promised that there would be a real Santa Claus. Some people said it was going to be Joe Heidelberg dressed up, and now he was suddenly called for and disappeared behind the curtain. Then they heard Limesay "O-o-o-o!" and cough and chuckle as if he were half choked.

"He's eating something nice," said Jerusha Langworthy, "and it isn't fair. I wish I was in there."

"It's time for me to go in," said Peddy Mudge. "They want me."

Her face was red and pale, both, and she crept under the curtain with her mouth and eyes wide open.

"Children," suddenly shouted Deacon Graham, "all of you that can sing, let us sing."

Everybody began with him, and you could not even hear the plates clatter while that hymn was going on.

"Now, boys," called out Miss Hopkins, from away in there among the mysteries, and Bob Langworthy at once exclaimed:

"That means to darken up the windows. It's a-coming, boys! Christmas is a-coming."

"We're going to have one this time, sure."

Nobody knew just why, but Deacon Graham was starting another hymn, and a loud one, at the very moment when there came a sound of sleigh-bells, going around the school-house to the platform end. Then the door at that end flew open, and a gust of cold air almost blew down the curtain. It was awful to be so nearly in the dark in the daytime when such things were going on, and some of the people found it very hard to sit still. Right between two of the stanzas of that hymn everybody heard Peddy Mudge's voice again and again, and it sounded a good deal as if she were trying to crow.

"Miss Hopkins is lighting the candles now," whispered Jerusha Langworthy. "There won't be anything else except them on the tree, but it'll be splendid."

"Boys," rasped out Billy Graham, "look at the stove! The red-hot's going on up into the pipe. We must throw in some more wood, and see how high we can make it climb."

"Hush!" said his mother. "Miss Hopkins is saying something in there."

Even Mrs. Graham herself did not know that her husband was under instructions to "keep them singing hard all the time." The hymn he was now on was a long one, and the next stanza of it poured out and drowned whatever talk was leaking through the curtain.

During all that time there had really been a great deal going forward upon and around the platform. The Christmas tree reached to the very ceiling, and its branches were uncommonly wide, and there was a perfect extravagance of half-candles tied to them everywhere. There was nothing but half-candles until after the sleigh-bells came jingling around the house, and Peddy Mudge and Joe Heidelberg were called in to help Miss Hopkins. Four other boys and three girls had to be sent out, and neither of them heard Miss Hopkins say to herself:

"Peddy can keep her mouth shut, and so can Joe, but not one of them could for a minute."

The people out there in the dark began to see one another as the candles on the tree were lighted and the light shone through the curtain, and Wash Martin got his ears boxed for going up to peek through. His mother said that nobody could blame him, considering what an awful bustle was going on inside there, and Deacon Graham struck up "Old Hundred" tremendously. Then everybody stood up, and at the end of the last line they heard Peddy Mudge say:



"FIRST A GIRL, AND THEN A BOY, BY TURNS."

"Now, Miss Hopkins, if it doesn't break down—"

"Ready, Joe?" said Miss Hopkins, very loudly. "All ready, Peddy? Now, one, two, three—drop!"

"Ah—ah—ah!" was the first sound that was heard. It came from every long-drawn breath in the whole school-house, and then a small boy who was standing so near the stove that his trousers were scorching gave a sort of hot dance, and called out, "Bully!"

"Wish you merry Christmas!" almost laughed a deep hoarse voice from just in front of the tree. And Peddy Mudge stood close by that voice and shouted,

"Hurrah for Santa Claus!"

Nobody else could hurrah at all for looking at that perfect blaze of wonder. All the candles were well a-burning when the curtain fell, and they had a sort of miracle to shine upon.

"Everything old Crump had, sure as you live!" said Wash Martin.

All was there, sure enough, with some other things that had never been inside of Mr. Crump's store. There were three big frosted cakes on the table at one side of the tree. The tree itself was hung all over with little white parcels, and little colored parcels, and toys, and skates, and there were sleds and other things scattered around it. It was just the craziest thing to look at that had ever been seen along the North Fork.

Right in front of the tree stood a little fat mountain of wolf-skins, with a fur cap and a long white beard, and the deep hoarse voice came out through the beard. "Children, step up as your names are called, and if anybody isn't called for, let him say so. Now, Peddy, read the list."

"Jerusha Langworthy," began Peddy.

And Jerusha came up all of a tremble, to go back with her hands full. Peddy read another name, and another, as fast as the furry man nudged her; and first it was a girl, and then it was a boy, by turns. They all came forward on tiptoe, and with very red faces. Some of them tried to say, "Thank you, sir," and said it huskily, and some could not get it out at all. The furry man said something or other, very chirpily, to each as they came.

"All done?" he shouted at last. "Now, Miss Hopkins, the Christmas Carol."

Never before had the children of the North Fork sung as they sang that carol. The furry man beat time to it with his hands and feet as he stepped slowly back till he was nearly behind the tree. On went the singing, and now his left hand touched the latch of the door. Just as it died away he lifted his right hand very high, and said: "Children, don't any of you ever forget it—it is written, AND THEY BROUGHT HIM GIFTS."

The door he was touching flew open, and before anybody knew what to say or do there was a sudden jingle of sleigh-bells and a sound of rapidly trotting hoofs, and Peddy's Santa Claus had disappeared. There was a great time after that, and the cake was all eaten up; but Miss Hopkins knew nothing, and Mr. Crump knew nothing, and Peddy Mudge said he told her that he came from the East, and she thought he must be one of the Wise Men. Perhaps he was, for as he drove away he remarked to himself: "It's worth while to be rich now and then, but I never before got quite so much for a little money. Hurrah for Christmas!"



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WRITING THE INVITATIONS TO THE CHRISTMAS TREE.—SEE STORY ON PAGE 180.

## THE "LONELY LADY'S" CHRISTMAS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

## Part E.

"DOLLY! Dolly! wake up; it's after five."

"What if it is?" Down went Dolly's curly head under the apology for bedclothes.

But Val, the elder sister, continued: "It's no use, Dolly; you'll *have* to get up, you know. Come; the coffee is nearly made. Don't you smell it?"

This brought the little golden head on the cot slowly around; a pair of merry if only half-awakened blue eyes appeared above the old blanket, and surveyed Valerie's brisk little figure, the attic-room, and the coffee-pot boiling on a small kerosene stove, with some satisfaction.

"Come; and don't wake mother." Valerie pinned her old frock together, and moved back to the stove, while Dolly made a heroic bound out of bed, and began dressing as only a little girl on a bitter December morning in a fireless room can dress: clothes flung on, hands and face washed in a few seconds, and hair brushed as though by a gymnastic feat. All the while, however, Dolly's eyes were directed toward the breakfast Valerie's cold fingers were preparing, for the younger of the two little Morisons had, as Val often remarked with a sigh, an "appetite for twenty." But what could you expect? Was ten-year-old Dolly Morison not human? And work as hard as she and her sister might in the shirt factory, had they not young blood in their veins, healthy appetites, and natural childish longings?

And this was Christmas-time too—time to be merry and hungry, and wish for all sorts of comforts and delights, as Dolly could have told you, even though you had hard work to get three meals a day, and were obliged to work eight hours in a factory, and then climb four flights of stairs to an attic where your poor mother had labored painfully all day. But Dolly and Val could remember better times—at least Val could—what Dolly called "Christmas-tree times"; and Valerie had a happy way of telling stories which delighted the young people at the factory, and which, with her odd knack in doing services for this one and that, her tact and her fun, and her ready good-humor, made her a favorite and a leader among her own circle. Val's word was law in the room where she and Dolly sewed on cuffs and buttons at ten cents a dozen shirts, and so when she had declared the day before to a select few that she had a "scheme for some Christmas fun," not one but went home happier for it, although not even to Dolly had Val as yet confided any details of her plan. But she had informed the younger sister that if she would be up half an hour earlier on this morning she should hear of it.

"Tell me now," Dolly whispered, while she sipped at the weak hot coffee Valerie had prepared.

"Wait until we are out," returned Val. "I have to show you something first."

And so Dolly had to be content to do as Val said, but something in the older girl's twinkling glance showed that success was to come of her scheme, whatever it might be, and Dolly hurried after her down the rickety old stairs, almost forgetting how bitterly cold it was, how few warm things she had on, and what a long bleak walk it was to the factory.

Their walk took them through some of the best streets of the New England town, past many houses where, under soft blankets and on comfortable beds, children of their own age were lying fast asleep, not to be wakened or disturbed until nature had had her full measure of rest; and Dolly often sighed as she glanced up at some of these windows where, later in the day, young faces were to be seen, wishing she and Val ever could come in for the "good times" that she felt sure were to be had there.

Dolly was a soft, round-faced little thing, who looked just made for petting and caressing, for plenty to eat

and drink, warm clothing, and bright, pleasant surroundings. Valerie was taller and thinner, and much more independent; but if she had only had her way she would have loaded her little sister with all the good things of this earth, and made her life one long gala day of brightness and rejoicing. Val never minded how hard she worked; somehow her active, clever fingers seemed made for it, just as her dark eyes seemed made to flash out a bright glance on some tired comrade, to grow pitiful and gentle when some one was in trouble, to gleam with indignation when some one was injured or overburdened; but Dolly—pretty "blue and gold" little Dolly!—how entirely out of sorts with everything natural did it look to see her bending her curly head over a great piece of coarse calico, to see her pretty little mouth screwed to one side in the effort to get her needle through the buttons, or to watch her babyish fingers struggling with the cuffs Valerie so often had to baste on for her, or even to sew over again! Sometimes Dolly's tears splashed down upon her work, and then Valerie could stand it no longer. Down would go the elder sister's sewing, Dolly's work was taken swiftly out of her hands, and Dolly herself sent out on one excuse or another, while Val staid after-hours and did the little sister's work when her own was finished.

So many of these sudden gusts of tears had fallen lately that Valerie had decided upon some definite Christmas festivity just among themselves. Dolly for once should know what "Merry Christmas" meant.

"There, Dolly," said Val, suddenly putting her hand on her little sister's arm; "do you see that little sort of shed—near the lonely lady's house?"

Dolly looked. In the dim light of the winter morning she looked at the big brown house standing back from the road which Val had named the "lonely lady's," because they had seen its solitary occupant so often standing in her window, or going to and from her carriage, always alone, always with an expression on her handsome face of such weariness and fatigue. The children did not think she was ill. She walked firmly, holding her head high; she spoke—giving orders to the footman or others—in a clear, sweet, healthful voice; but she was *lonely*. Val was sure of that, and Dolly accepted it because Val said so. I wonder what Mrs. Vandyke, the wealthy widow lady, whose nephew owned the very factory in which they worked, would have thought had she but known that the two little children trudging back and forth often stopped to look at her—to *pity* her!—and that they named her the "lonely lady."

Not far from the house, just where the roadway took a bend, was an old long-unused shed. It had some windows, but no longer any panes of glass, and why it had been allowed to stand there in that way so long tenanted nobody knew. But Val's keen glance had detected it, had seen in it just what she needed. In that shed she and Dolly would have a Christmas tree, and to-day she meant to unfold her plan and get a few friends to join them.

Dolly listened breathless; her color came and went, as, following Val, she entered the little building and looked around at the bare walls, while Val said, in a prompt voice: "Here we'll put the tree up. Johnny Baker will get one for us. Only a little one, but there shall be things for every one."

"What things?" said Dolly.

"Oh, *something*; we'll get something. See here; I've made a list of twenty children in the factory."

Val perched herself on an old ledge under one of the windows, and pulled from her pocket a piece of brown wrapping paper on which she had written the list of names.

"I don't believe any of these would have a thing for Christmas, so I chose them," she announced to Dolly, pulling her skirts down to make her knees and ankles if possible warmer, "and, Dolly, you know our hymns? Well, we must sing them. Oh dear—"

"What?" said Dolly.

"We ought to have some candles to stick in," said Val, in momentary despair, and turning around to regard the place which she intended the tree to occupy with a frown between her straight little eyebrows.

"We can ask Mr. Jones for some."

"I suppose so," said Val, springing down from her perch. "Now, Dolly, you see we will have so little for the presents that we'll have to do lots for the s'prise part of it, so don't say a word to any one, will you?"

Dolly promised. But all that day it was hard work to keep her word, for so many in the factory said, "What are you thinking of, Dolly?" or "What's the matter with Val? she's up to something!" that it was hard not to burst forth with details of their secret. At dinner-time Val rushed to Dolly with news that Mr. Jones had promised her five candles.

"When he said what would I give for them," said Val, gleefully, "I told him an invitation to a party. You ought to have seen his look."

"But the presents, Val," said Dolly, whose face all day had looked like a happy cherub's.

"Oh, they'll come! I've a whole lot to show you when we get home."

Mrs. Morison had gone out to work for a "long day," and so when the children got back to the attic at half past six they had it to themselves, and Val displayed her treasures. I wonder what many young people in Dyketown would have thought of them: odds and ends of calicoes—some long enough for aprons, others only fit for patchwork. These Brumeley, the foreman, had given Val. Then some bits of silk which belonged in the department where the jerseys were made, and dozens of empty spools.

"What are those for?" queried Dolly.

"You'll see," said Val. And Dolly did see the next day when at dinner-time Johnny Baker and Val went to work, fastening them for wheels on to boxes, and then making toy carts of them, or stringing the smallest ones and painting them in gay colors, while some were cut up into rounds and glued on to ornament the button boxes the foreman in the upper room had given Val. Val and Johnny cut up the button cards into paper dolls and furniture, and Val dressed some of the dolls in calico, while Johnny drew faces and colored heads of hair with the pencils he had for marking off "lots."

It would have been well worth any one's time to have watched Val and her friends the next few days. How they contrived to make so much out of a little I can hardly explain; but gradually the collection of presents accumulated until a very fair show was made, and then as they were going home one cold starlight night Johnny Baker and Val got the tree into its place in the old shed.

The day had been a very tiring one at the factory; Val had worked hard, not only for herself, but for others, and it had been rather difficult to feel cheerful; but when Johnny set up the little fir-tree he had contrived to get from the woods near his own house, and Val thought how her Christmas party would please the children in the factory, her spirits rose, and she almost forgot how cold her fingers were as she helped Johnny fit the tree into a little round box he had cut a hole in for that purpose.

"I don't suppose we could get a fire going," said Dolly, ruefully, and Val shook her head, and answered:

"They're not so used to fires, though, that they can't do without them. Now see here, Dolly: I'm going to write the invitations."

As it was late and dark, Val allowed the use of one of the candles, and this, stuck into an old box cover, illuminated the three little heads—Dolly's curls, Johnny's wild locks, and Val's rather rough dark hair, all brought near together, while Val, on some of the wrapping-paper obtained at the factory, wrote the invitations.

"Johnny Baker and Val and Dolly Morison invite you to their Christmas-tree party Christmas Eve—next Tuesday."

"That's about it," said Val, regarding her work with some pride and deliberation. "Well, they can't smile out easy enough."

Val lifted her head at this point and looked out of the old window across the stretch of wintry lawn to the lonely lady's house—to the library window, within which she could see ruddy beams of fire-light, and could guess what fine objects the glow brought to view. Only odd bits were ever disclosed to the two children who so compassionated the prosperous Mrs. Vandyke—the frame of a picture, the rich curve of an old sofa, the corner of a table; but they suggested so much, even to these little untaught minds, that it was surprising the pity for her only grew.

Dolly pulled Valerie's dress.

"What are you thinking of, Val?" she whispered. Johnny had returned to another inspection of the tree, and Valerie bent over her little sister, saying in a low tone: "Dolly, I guess we'll ask her—the poor lonely lady. I don't believe any one is ever with her, or she ever has a Christmas tree."

Mrs. Vandyke was alone in her fine old house that December evening, trying to while away the twilight hours which were to her full of so many sad memories. Husband and children had been swept away from her within the space of two short weeks by a fever raging in the town five years before, and since that time, refusing all offers of companionship and consolation, the broken-hearted woman had shut herself more than ever away from the world, closing her door and her heart as well, believing that the weight of her bereavement, the dignity of such unlooked-for sorrow, gave her the right to this silence and seclusion.

Years before, her half-sister had married not overprosperously, and settled in a neighboring town, and being left a widow with two little girls and one son, had written to Mrs. Vandyke asking "advice." Mrs. Vandyke gave it liberally, sending her a check for seven hundred dollars, and promising her the same annually until the girls should be educated, and then placing the lad in business—after that she would decide what else could be done; but in all of this the kindness had only been from a sense of duty; there was no opening of the closed doors of her heart, no impulse of tenderness and affection; and Dorothea and Irene Williams, and their half-grown-up cousin Adelaide, used to wonder why Aunt Irene was not more loving, why it seemed so hard to accept the gifts which never failed to reach them for Christmas and New-Year's.

There was no heart in them; even Mrs. Vandyke herself realized this with a sigh. The season had lost all its fine flavor since her own little son and daughter—her black-eyed little Philip and golden haired little Tessie—had been taken from her. "They were mine," the widow would say to herself in her lonely hours; "why could not God have left them to me a little longer?" And meanwhile the proud heart hardened, the cold hands closed tighter and drew back further from friendly grasps, and as the two poor little children in the factory had discovered, she was indeed lonely and to be pitied.

The fire-light flashed upon many beautiful objects in her library that evening, and on the figure of the "lonely lady" herself, richly dressed, with her white hands clasped listlessly, shining with jewels, her face cold and melancholy even in the comforting glow; and yet there was something in it which would appeal strongly to a tender heart for sympathy. I think quick little Val, for all her poverty and the hardships of her young life, would have understood what to say to the "lonely lady" that moment if she had been near her.

## BRIGHTIE'S CHRISTMAS CLUB.

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG.

IV.



ALL the members of the Christmas Club were chatting busily over the register at school.

"This afternoon is to be our last meeting," said Sadie. "It doesn't seem as if it were four weeks since

Brightie asked us to come that first Friday to her house."

"I wish Christmas would come sooner now," said Mabel. "I have made such pretty presents for our family!—with Aunt Jennie's help," she added.

"Mamma said we must not forget to thank Brightie's aunt for helping us," said Mabel's sister.

"She has been too lovely for anything, giving her aft-



FOR OPERA-GLASSES.

ernoons to us girls, and showing us how to make so many different things," said Daisy, with enthusiasm.

"Wasn't it nice of her to let us all call her Aunt Jennie?" asked Nell. "It made me feel at home with her right away. She has the sweetest voice—"

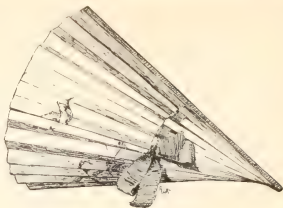
"And the loveliest face—" interrupted Sadie.

"And the pleasantest manner—" put in Mabel's sister.

"—Of any one we know," came in one breath from all



FOR BABY KITTY.



WHITE BROOM CASE.

the six members of the club as they parted to take their places in the history class.

A stranger might not have thought Aunt Jennie the embodiment of all the graces that had been attributed to her, but the hearts of young school-girls are easily won by kindness and attention, and Brightie's aunt was securely placed in their affections.

At Brightie's suggestion each member of the club brought the articles she had made at the previous meetings, and the room looked like a fair, so covered were the tables and chairs with photograph cases, card holders, scent bags, match holders, aprons, pen-wipers, calendars, umbrella cases, and bags of every description.

The quietly organized little band of workers had accomplished a great deal by steady and careful endeavor.

"To-day, I believe, you were each to ask me how to make some particular thing; isn't that so?" inquired Aunt Jennie. "But, first, I have just made a card case that you must see. Two pieces of card-board covered with fine brown linen, two strips sewed inside of one side, and one wide one inside the other. See how convenient for the pocket, folding together as it does, and taking so little room. Now, Mabel, you begin."

"I saw a plush bag for holding opera glasses," said Mabel. "I would like to make one ever so much."

Aunt Jennie smiled. "I made one not long ago, so I can show you very quickly, Mabel."

"Stand your opera glasses on some stiff pasteboard, and pencil around the bottom of them. Cut out the figure thus made, which will look like two heels. Cut two pieces of pasteboard like this. Cut a piece of plush and of silk (the same color) large enough to go all around the pasteboard figure, and three inches taller than the glasses are when closed. Cover the pieces of pasteboard, one with plush and the other with silk. Sew the two bags up, basting the silk one inside. Sew the plush securely to the plush-covered board, and baste the silk lining over these stitches. Then with strong glue fasten the silk-covered board over the stitches. Turn the bag right side out. Sew the tops neatly together, and run sewing silk three times around, an inch and a half from the top, for the silk cord drawing-strings to be run through. If you make this neatly, Mabel, you will be surprised to see how handsome your case will look. Now, Daisy, how can I help you?"



GRANDMA'S KNITTING BAG.



"I want to make something for Baby Kitty, but I can't think what," replied Daisy, with a puzzled expression.

"Why not make her a pretty blanket of white flannel? Cut it just the size you want, and bind it all around with blue ribbon. Have a pattern stamped on it, and the word 'Baby' in one corner. Then embroider or outline this with blue floss. Now, Nellie?"

"Mother needs a new laundry bag, and I'd like to make something different from her old one," replied Nellie.

"Here is something pretty and new," began Aunt Jennie. "Buy two lengths of figured cretonne or calico a yard and a quarter in length, unlike if possible. Divide each in the middle lengthwise. Cut one end of each length in a point. Sew them together, and you will have a bag with a pointed end. Cut a strip of calico, and make a bow for this. Hem the top in a three-inch hem, and run two extra threads half an inch apart above the hemming. These are for the drawing-strings, which should be of strong tape. It is simple, and is really the shape of an ornamental bag for the arm, but very roomy for your purpose, and very pretty in color wherever hung."

Lulu had her hand up before Aunt Jennie had ceased speaking, and when she met her inquiring look, said, hurriedly, "A whisk-broom holder for me, please."

"Another bag, I declare!" exclaimed Daisy.

"Here is quite a novel way to make a whisk-broom holder," replied Aunt Jennie. "A fan, with the wire taken from the bottom and folded in the middle; a piece of bonnet wire doubled, run through the holes, and twisted securely. Also run another doubled wire between the fan sticks close to the paper. Cover this with narrow

satin ribbon passed out and in between the sticks, and tied with a bow in front. A piece of pasteboard, V-shaped, covered with linen, and neatly overlapped on the edges, forms the back. Bore holes in this, and in the fan sticks also at top and bottom, and fasten together with wires."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Lulu, as the holder grew to completion in Aunt Jennie's hand; "the very thing to hang in our hall. But I'm not going to tell whom I shall give it to," she added, with a toss of her curls.

"I know," said Bertha, saucily. "But, Aunt Jennie, I'm the last, and there isn't much time, and I want a bag for grandma's knitting-ball."

"Here is a pretty one, and very new. That silk handkerchief about your neck would make one, but of course you must have a fresh one. Baste the four sides of the handkerchief down for a hem two inches wide, rounding the corners. These four corners will hang down like tabs, when three runnings of silk are sewed on the edge of the hem. Run in a yard of lutestring ribbon on each side to draw up snugly, and grandma's ball will be secure."

As she finished speaking, the door opened, and Brightie's mother appeared, followed by the servant with a tray.

"Oh, mamma, what a surprise!" screamed Brightie, quite overcome with the seven dishes of ice-cream, which were speedily monopolized by the little group.

When the clock struck five, none of the party were in haste to go, although they began to gather their work together. When Brightie's mother proposed that the carriage should take them all home, their faces brightened, and quickly donning hoods and cloaks, with kisses and farewells the little Christmas Club dissolved.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CHRISTMAS TREE.



OUR INFANT CLASS GOING UP.



COMING BACK.

## HOW THEOPHILUS FISHED SANTA CLAUS OUT OF THE SEA.

BY MARY E. VANDYKE.  
I.

"It seems as if I always feel it more at Christmas than at any other time of the year."

"It is too bad, Mary. I can't bear to have the children disappointed."

"Aren't we really going to have any Christmas, mamma? Won't Santa Claus really come?"

"I'm afraid not, dear. Oh! oh! oh! What *was* that? What *was* it?"

Mrs. Miller sprang to her feet nearly frightened into a nervous attack; her husband looked sharply around, and the children—there were four of them—flew in all directions, adding their voices to the general tumult.

The cause of all this disturbance was a noise—such a remarkable noise!—a noise that seemed unlike any that had ever fallen upon the human ear before, and it seemed to come from directly under the sofa.

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" it sounded. "Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! Boo-hoo-BOO-BOO!" louder and louder.

"Oh my!" sighed Mrs. Miller, as something familiar in the sound seemed to strike her, "it's Theophilus."

"Why, of course it's Toph," added the eldest boy Charlie. The others, seeing the alarm subside, began to laugh—all but Mr. Miller.

"Come out of there, you young scamp," he said.

"I—I—I— I don't. Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

"Stop that noise at once and come."

Mr. Miller was accustomed to obedience, and this time the offender thought it best to make his appearance.

Such an appearance as it was! Theophilus, called Toph for short, was a negro boy of ten. He was not as black as ink, but he was just as black as a negro boy could be. His hair curled so tightly that only a madman would have thought of putting a comb through it. His eyes were as bright as polished coals, and they in their blackness and his teeth in their whiteness shone and sparkled almost like diamonds. Toph was very handsome to look at ordinarily; now he was a pitiful object. His face wore the ashen-gray look that with his race passes for pallor; the tears streamed down his cheeks.

"What were you doing there?"

"N-n-nuffin'."

"What brought you into this room?"

"I—I—I was l-l-lonesome."

Mr. Miller smiled. Toph might have been lonesome. He was accustomed to sharing nearly everything with the other children but their meals. Just now there was fearful enmity between Toph and the ruling power of the kitchen. The desire for human companionship had perhaps led him to seek it in the dining-room.

"Why did you make that horrible noise?"

Toph's tears flowed afresh.

"Cause I heard Missus say that Kismus ain't coming. Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

"Stop!"

Mr. Miller looked at Theophilus with the expression of a man who has endured all he can.

"Mary—to his wife—"this boy must be sent away."

"I'm afraid so," Mrs. Miller sighed.

"W-w-what for?" sobbed Toph.

"Who does all the mischief in this place?"

"M-me."

"Yes, 'Me.'" Mr. Miller could not help smiling. "Yes, Toph, it is you who keep the household in commotion. It was you who set fire to the corn rick and nearly burned us out of house and home; you who ate up all the custard when the minister was coming to dinner; you who put the kitten in the well so that we nearly died of thirst before it could be cleaned out and the water used. Now

you nearly set Dinah distracted with your pranks in the kitchen, and this morning you have ruined our breakfast and probably made Mrs. Miller ill. Toph, you must go. To-morrow I'll take you back to the settlement."

Theophilus left the room with his heart quite broken. Big sobs shook his breast, and the tears rained down.

"Must Toph really go, mamma?" asked Charlie, while Ted and Johnnie and Bertha listened eagerly. Toph was dear to them all.

"I'm afraid so, dear. The fact is, we can't afford to keep him. Toph eats a great deal, and we are very poor, and growing poorer every day."

"Is it all Uncle Alick's fault?"

"Uncle Alick's fault? Why do you ask such a question?"

"Didn't you say one day, mamma, that if Uncle Alick had done differently, we would have been well off?"

"Yes, I said so."

"They are old enough to understand the matter," said Mr. Miller.

"Do tell us about it, mamma."

"There isn't much to tell, dear. Your father and I have always had a sad struggle to get along. Before you were born, Uncle Alick lived with us. He got very tired of our life here, and one day he went away to seek his fortune, promising that if he found it, he would come back and share it with us. For years we never heard of him, but something like eighteen months ago a letter came saying that he had been successful. He had made a great deal of money quite suddenly. He had invested it abroad, thinking it a safer plan. After some time he wrote again, saying that he was coming over to see us. Then news came that the ship on which he sailed was lost, and Uncle Alick with it. We sent to London, and tried every means to find the property. We had, of course, nothing but Alick's letter to show that it existed. We could find no trace of anything. The business house he named as having charge of his papers and valuables denied their existence. Uncle Alick has never been heard from, and we can find no trace that he ever owned anything. Every year we grow poorer, and so it is that this season we think Christmas will fail to come to us."

Mrs. Miller looked round at a circle of very grave faces. It certainly was hard—four little folk, and no Santa Claus. If only Uncle Alick had not been lost at sea!

In the mean time how was it with Toph? That young man had gone into the kitchen very disconsolate. His first greeting to Dinah was, "Yer needn't trouble 'bout me no mo'."

"Why not? Ain't yer born to wear de life out o' some 'un, and ain't dat some 'un me?"

"No, I ain't."

"What is yer, den—: a sort of lubly honey blossom, jes a reg'lar blessin' to dose yer c'nnected wid?" This was sarcasm. Dinah's wrath broke out. "Hi! yer good-fur-not'in' no-count little niggah! Git out o' here. Scat!"

Toph went. His bearing was very forlorn and the tears fell fast. The rest of the day he spent in wandering about the house and grounds saying farewell to his old haunts. The children, Charlie at their head, did the best they could to console him.

Everything was done that could be done by the family to soften the blow, but there was no averting it. When morning came, Mr. Miller was ready, and so was Toph. With his bundle of belongings he was helped into the wagon by Charlie, amid a series of sad good-byes. Even Dinah forgave the departing sinner, and put up a nice luncheon for him. Toph was carried off to the settlement.

## II.

Toph had been a member of Mr. Miller's family for three years. He was a relic of the hired man Sam and Maum 'Liza. The latter had been Mrs. Miller's cook. When she

died and left her nine-year-old pickanning behind her. Mr. Miller had kept the boy on his father's account. But Sam had been among the first of Mr. Miller's prosperous belongings to retire. Toph had been left principally because his father had not known what to do with him. Now that it had been found impossible to keep him longer, the only disposition that could possibly be made of him was to send him away to a negro settlement some ten miles off, where Sam had some relatives. Toph was delivered into the hands of an aunt as black as himself, and bearing some resemblance to the boy.

Toph was a miserable boy. Life was a very different business in Aunt Chloe's cabin from what it had been in the Millers' pleasant home. There was no shirking now, and very little mischief to get into. Toph had to work. There were sticks to be gathered for Aunt Chloe's fire, there were errands to be run, and there was food to be provided. Aunt Chloe had the "rheumatiz," and there were very often days when but for Toph's ingenuity they might have gone hungry. Toph did odd jobs for anybody who would employ him, now and then he snared a rabbit. Fortunately, too, the settlement was near the sea and at the mouth of a shallow river. Toph was a pretty good fisherman, and many a meal he coaxed out of the blue waters for himself and Aunt Chloe, when but for his activity they might have gone hungry.

As December drew near, Toph became very melancholy. What should he do? Everybody had forgotten him. Even Charlie Miller, his great friend and ally, had learned by this time how to get along without him. Life at the settlement was unendurable; nothing but hunting for fire-wood, fishing, and running errands for Aunt Chloe. Was there no way of getting back to the Millers? Toph felt that if he didn't accomplish it in some way he should die. After all, dying wouldn't be so bad. What a big fuss was made about people when they died! Perhaps if he was dead somebody would remember him. The idea was quite a new one. What a splendid way out of all his difficulties it would be!

"I tink," says Toph to himself, "I'll jes go down to the sea an' drown myself. Den dey'll all be sorry. Dey'll find out how nice I is, jes as dey always do when people die."

Toph took his way to the sea on suicide intent, but it was to be remarked that as he went he whistled. There were, indeed, a great many things to attract his attention. Winter though it was, there were a few animals about. Now and then a squirrel out for an airing ran across his path. Now a friendly dog belonging to some neighbor looked at him kindly. He spied a chicken or two, and sent a stick flying at them by way of diversion. Presently Toph arrived at the shore, and looked at the water.

"It looks awful cold."

Certainly it did. Toph, like the rest of his race, loved to be warm. It would certainly be a mistake to plunge into those freezing waters. The very foam on the crested waves looked like snow. Toph hated even to wash his face. How much worse it would be to be wet all over when the thermometer was nearly down to zero, and no fire to warm himself by anywhere about!

"Hi! what's dat?"

Toph spied something knocking about among the waves. It seemed to be a square object, heavy, but not too heavy to float. Was it a box, and what might there be in it? A great many ships were wrecked off the coast near which Toph and his friends the Millers lived. This object had probably come from one of them.

Thoughts of desperate deeds vanished from Toph's mind. His attention was concentrated upon that square box. A wave brought it nearer.

"Sho's yer born, it's a trunk."

Toph knew what a trunk was. There were several in the Millers' household. People always used trunks when they travelled. He had seen Charlie Miller sent away to

school with a trunk. He, Toph, would like very much to have a trunk to go travelling with. Not that he expected to travel much. Still, he might as well have the trunk. The only point now was to get hold of it.

Somehow this was accomplished more easily than might have been expected. That trunk seemed determined to come ashore. It even showed an inclination to land itself at Toph's feet. All that was necessary was for him to wait until a wave brought it inland, then give it a good push up the beach with all his strength, and put a stone under it to keep it from being carried back into deeper water. The tide was rising, and after the above operation had been performed several times, Toph was in possession of his treasure.

Presently he turned his attention to the lock. A stone conquered it, and the contents were revealed to view. What were they? Some clothing such as men wear—shirts, under-shirts, collars, coats, and trousers; little traps such as shaving-brushes, tooth-brushes, hair-brushes, a few books, and a package of papers.

Toph despised books and papers. They reminded him of the school Mrs. Miller had sent him to. The clothes were of no use; he could not wear them for years. Brushes! Toph grinned. What use were they to him? Really the contents of that trunk were very disappointing. There was nothing about his find at all satisfactory but the trunk itself. It was a small one, such as travellers keep in their state rooms. Toph turned the contents out, and began to look them over. Presently he was interrupted by a tall man who stood beside him.

"Well, what are you about?"

"I'm all right. What you doin' watchin' me?"

"Trying to find out what mischief you are in."

"I ain't in no mischief."

"Then give me that bundle!"—pointing to one Toph had just laid down.

Reluctantly Toph surrendered it. The stranger untied a string, and began to look over some papers. They were very wet, but still readable.

"Mr. Alexander Miller," said the stranger, reflectively.

"Hi!" said Toph. "Gimme dat."

"What for?"

"You said Miller, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I know Mr. Miller and Mrs. Miller, and if dere's any Miller about den tings, I knows deir owners, and I wants to take 'em home."

After this there was a long discussion between Toph and the stranger.

### III.

It was two days before Christmas. Charlie Miller was standing at the gate of his home. There was a very sad look on his face. He had just been explaining to Johnnie and Bertha and Ned that Santa Claus certainly was not coming. Was it not enough to make any group of children look grave?

"Why, there's Toph!" A prolonged shriek came from Johnnie.

"So it is!"

"So it is!"

"So it is!"

A prolonged series of shrieks from all.

"Mamma! Papa! Come—come quick!" It's Toph, come back, and in a wagon with a gentleman. And v— a trunk!"

In a few minutes Mr. and Mrs. Miller had received their visitor. The stranger had drawn Mr. Miller aside, while the children were playing Toph with questions.

"Oh, Toph, how did you get here? What brought you back?"

"The trunk," answered Toph.

"Tell us all about it," demanded Johnnie.

Toph began, but was interrupted by Mr. Miller's re-



"THE FACT IS THAT TOPH HAS FISHED HIM UP FROM THE SEA."

turn. What did that strange look on his face mean? He certainly was not sorry about anything. It even seemed as if he might be glad, and yet he was very grave. Mrs. Miller looked at him, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, papa, do tell us what has happened!"

"Come here, Toph." He drew the boy toward him, and placed his arm about him.

"We—we must all thank Toph," he began. "We told you, did we not, little ones, that Santa Claus wasn't coming? Well, he will come. The fact is that *Toph has fished him up from the sea.*"

Oh! what a chorus of shouts there was! "Toph and Santa Claus! Santa Claus and Toph!" The voices rang out until Dinah came from the kitchen, and "clar'd raise de house."

When the story came to be told at length, Johnnie and Bertha were too little to understand, and Toph was quite puzzled, but to the rest it was all very clear. Uncle Alick had been quite as good as his word. He had made a great deal of money. He had put the papers that represented it into the care of a banker in London, taking a receipt for them. Then he started for America with the precious receipt in his trunk. The ship was wrecked and poor Uncle Alick was lost forever. But the little state-room trunk had floated ashore, and Toph had been the one to find it.

The gentleman who had seen him examining his treasure happened to be a clergyman staying at a little town near by, who was walking on the beach for his health. He it was who had examined the contents of the trunk, listened to Toph's story, and then concluded that Toph's friends,

the Millers, were the ones most interested in this offering of the sea. When his vacation ended he had taken pains to bring Toph, trunk, and all back to his old friends.

What a hero Toph was! He had fished up Santa Claus, and the whole house must be made ready for his reception.

While this was being done, Mr. Miller made a journey to New York. With that precious receipt in his hand there was no trouble in proving the whereabouts of Uncle Alick's money, and also their claim to it.

Poor Uncle Alick! It would have been nice to have had him come back, but the next best thing to that was to have the poverty that worried papa so much and kept mamma so pale and anxious driven away forever. To the little folk Uncle Alick was a stranger, and it was hard for them to see why mamma wore such black dresses and cried so much for two whole weeks.

But as for Charlie and Ted and Johnnie and Bertha and Toph, they did not cry. In fact, how could they? Santa Claus had never been so liberal before. He seemed to bring a perfect shopful of velocipedes and Noah's arks, of steam-engines and locomotives that ran by clock-work, dolls that talked, and toys that performed wonders.

As for Toph, finding himself a hero and the benefactor of the family, he has since undertaken to live up to his position. He wears a suit of whole clothes every day; he has learned to read, and now he never, never, never tells lies or gets into any kind of mischief. When asked about his improvement, he says, "A gemman never does such tings, and I's been a gemman eber since I fished Santa Claus out ob de sea."



A COLLEGE FOOTBALL MATCH—A SCRAMBLE.—See Page 94.



## THE RUGBY GAME OF FOOT-BALL.

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE.

THE best part of a boy's life, the hardest struggles, the greatest risks, and the biggest triumphs, have been missed by the man who has grown up without ever having played a rattling good game of foot-ball. Such a man may remember with pride his underhand pitching, or his skill in hooking cat-fish, and his luck in never letting them get away; he may recall the proud fact that he was the only boy who ever found a humming-bird's nest around where he lived; but what are all these things compared to the glorious recollections of your genuine foot-ball player. He can tell of whole seasons spent with never a spot between his ankles and his knees that was not black and blue. If he used to be a crack kicker, his memory is filled with pleasant recollections of the many times he kicked a goal from the middle of the field. Whenever he sees a young rooster grabbing a worm, and struggling to escape with the prize from the other chickens, he remembers how he used to squirm and dodge around over the frozen ground in the same way when he got hold of the ball; and if there is no one to be shocked at his undignified conduct, he will probably shout and yell and encourage the young rooster all he can. For the love of foot-ball is like a taste for buckwheat cakes—easy to get and hard to lose.

The glory of inventing the game probably belongs to the boys of England, and Rugby, one of the old English schools which did most to foster it, enjoys the honor of having had named after it the old-fashioned and very rough game, "Rugby," after which all the games now played are more or less closely patterned.

The principle of the game, as almost every boy knows, is to have a certain number of players divide into equal sides, and place the ball between them. Back of each set of players is some sort of a high obstruction called the goal. Each player tries his best to force the ball over the goal of his enemy, and works at the same time to prevent the enemy from driving the ball over the goal which he has undertaken to defend. The side which in a given time succeeds oftener in driving back the other, and in sending the ball flying over the rival goal, wins the game. This is the skeleton of the game, upon which has been fastened a body of rules and laws so complicated, that in our colleges to-day the students who want to be good foot-ball players have to spend almost as much time on that as on Latin, Greek, or any of the other things that are usually considered most deep and incomprehensible.

In the English game of Rugby there are fifteen players on each side, making thirty players on the field at once. The ball played with is shaped very much like an egg, and the rules allow the players to pick the ball up and run with it, to kick it along the ground, and, in fact, to do almost anything that will help along toward victory. The other English game "the Association" is a milder game than Rugby; the ball played with is quite round, and the art of the game consists in "dribbling" the ball across the field between the feet with such skill as to prevent others from capturing it and dribbling it back again. Players are not allowed to take the ball up in their arms, and this makes the game much less rough, as it does away with the necessity of jumping upon men who are running with the ball, tripping them up, charging them in the back, and other ways of inducing them to stop and rest.

The game that we play over here is perhaps the best of any. To go through a really fine game, such as is played between rival colleges, is very much like being in a smash-up on the railroad, with the only difference that the railroad smash-up is just a little safer than the other. The egg-shaped ball is played with, and when a man once picks it up and starts away with it, his duty is to keep on going until so many players are hanging to him that he can't go any further. Then, if possible, he should pass the ball

backward to one of his own side, who will grab it and proceed to show what struggling he can do. The difference between our game and Rugby is that with us only eleven men play on each side, so that if you fall down you have the consolation of knowing that not more than eleven men will light on you at once.

The hardest and most exciting part of the game comes with the scrimmage. This occurs when a man is caught and held with the ball, which then belongs to neither side. All the players in the field, except the goal-keepers, or full-backs, gather round the spot where the ball ceased to be in active play, and each side forms a semi-circle, with backs to the goal and faces toward the enemy. The ball is dropped in the centre of the circle formed by the two sides, and then begins the struggle for its possession which is illustrated on page 93. The rushers, among whom are the biggest players, exert every muscle to rush through or over their opponents, driving the ball before them toward the rival goal, while the quarter-backs, usually the lightest, fleetest, and most expert players, bob nervously around on the outside of the scrimmage, eager for the opportunity to snatch the ball as it rolls out from the forest of legs, and scoot away with it. After a battle of a few seconds some sly individual seizes the ball, but before he can go two feet every solitary one of his rivals will pounce upon him and squeeze out his breath, and then the scrimmage begins all over again.

The great beauty of this game is that although English boys discovered it and Americans took it up, yet it is not any more English or American than it is French or German. No game is more widely spread among boys, unless it be Tag, the father of all games, which was probably played by the two sons of Adam as soon as they grew big enough to walk. If you visit the play-grounds in the Bois de Boulogne, outside of Paris, you will find the students of Chaptal College chasing wildly after foot-balls, with the long tails of their queer uniform coats flying out behind them. There are foot-balls flying around the play-grounds of almost every school in Germany, and wherever Englishmen live, on the Continent, at home, or in India, you will find this beloved game on top.

English and Americans are usually the best players, of course, but still that is not always the case. I remember that with the foot-ball team that came from Stuttgart, the capital of Württemberg, to play the foot-ball team of Heidelberg, there was a young German named Mertz. Mertz was poor, and unable to buy the gay costume usually worn; so he came upon the field dressed in a pair of yellow trousers and a gray flannel shirt. This made some of the spectators smile at Mertz, and it seemed to afford one gentleman very much amusement indeed. This was one of the Heidelberg players, a very swell English student, very tall and well dressed. He rode to the game on a bicycle, and gazed on Mertz through a single eyeglass screwed into his left eye.

But the gentleman with the eyeglass did not know Mertz as well as I did. That humble German had a powerful neck, almost as big around as his waist, his arms were like iron, and he could play foot-ball. Before our English friend had time to think, Mertz had rolled him over and over five or six times on the muddy field, and finally, taking the ball away from him, cantered away with it and made a beautiful run, scattering the Heidelberg team on both sides as he went. When the game was over, Mertz's flannel shirt was badly torn and his yellow trousers were covered with mud; but he had won the game, and the man with the single eyeglass was proud to shake hands with him.

American colleges have brought the game to a high point of excellence. Princeton College, by its recent victory over Yale, holds the foremost position, and is followed by Yale, Wesleyan, and the University of Pennsylvania in the order given.

## TWO ARROWS:

A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIII. (Continued.)

SILE obeyed, without an idea of a reason for it, until Two Arrows took him by the arm and pointed away to the right toward the mountain range. They were on the crest of a high roll of ground, and could see for miles in some directions, except as the view was cut off by patches and strips of forest.

"Look! 'Pache!"

All that at first appeared to Sile's eyes were some moving black spots; but now he was able to show Two Arrows another of the advantages of a civilized man over a savage. Slung from his left shoulder was a small leathern case, and Two Arrows watched him closely while he opened it, took out something silver-mounted and handsome, and put it to his eyes. Such things had been much discussed in his hearing, and he knew it was the "long eye of the pale-faces"; but he had no faith in it until Sile made him try it.

"There they are; six of 'em," said Sile. "Then look away down yonder and you'll see some more."

"No see us," said Two Arrows. "Come! Heap bad."

So it was, for the dreaded strangers were between them and the mountains. For all they knew, they might have ridden past others unseen, and these might intercept their return. Sile was only a white boy, and he understood that the young chief was the "captain" of their squad of two.

"Come!" said Two Arrows, as he led his pony back down the slope and toward the forest that skirted the river. This was less than half a mile away, but the horses were not mounted until both were well under cover of it. It struck Sile that they might safely ride homeward along the stream, but Nez Percé training and caution forbade any such risk as that. Even the operation of reaching the bank might be full of peril, for nobody could guess at what moment they might stumble upon Apache warriors, and no others were at all likely to be there. It was most unlikely, however, that their enemies were advancing upon both sides of the water, and as soon as Two Arrows reached it he rode in. It was a wide and therefore shallow place, easily forded, and Sile breathed more freely as soon as he was under the shade of the woods beyond. His guide and captain pushed right on until they were out in a comparatively open reach of country, and then he turned to Sile, his whole face gleaming with uncontrollable excitement, and exclaimed:

"Ugh! Ride now. Kill hoss. Save pale-face. Save Nez Percé. Get there before Apache. All scalp gone if 'Pache come first."

He suppressed a whoop, but the next bound of his pony explained his meaning, and Sile galloped, stride by stride, with him. It was a race for life and for the lives of many others; for Two Arrows had briefly read that problem when he said to Sile, as he handed him back his glass:

"No squaw. Braves on war-path. No hunt. Kill. Take scalp."

Both were well mounted, and Sile rode well, although by no means so completely at home on horseback as was his red friend. His rifle, too, was more tiresome to carry than was a light lance, and the bow and arrows were now tightly "slung," and required no handling. It would not do to wear out their horses in one rush, but they kept on at the highest speed at all consistent with a long ride. It was much faster, at all events, than the Apaches were likely to travel, unless something new should stir them up. By keeping well away from the stream, they were not

compelled to follow its windings, and could ride more nearly in a straight line, only turning out for clumps of trees and similar obstructions, and paying no attention to game, although they now saw going after going of deer and a fair-sized herd of bisons.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## SILE'S VICTORY.

THERE had been no anxiety at the mine on account of the absent hunters. Judge Parks and Yellow Pine had their hands very full of an inspection of the cargoes of the two wagons. The men toiled vigorously at the stone wall and at the shingle riving.

Noon came and went, and there were no signs of returning hunters or of game of any sort, but there was no danger of a famine in that camp for days and days to come.

Judge Parks would hardly have unpacked mining tools and "fixings," as Pine called them, so compositely if he could have known what was going forward farther down the valley and on the other side of the little river.

On, on rode Two Arrows and his companion, and it almost seemed as if both were growing older. It was no sort of boy-play to ride like that, with such tremendous consequences depending upon them. Sile's merry face put on a tremendously sober and earnest expression, while Two Arrows looked as if he were already a chief in command of a war party.

Mile after mile went by, and the horses held out capitally; but at last Two Arrows slackened his gait, seemed to make a silent calculation, and halted.

"Pale-face camp there," he said, emphatically, pointing across toward the mountain range at their left. "Red-head cross water. Tell his people. Two Arrows ride. Tell Nez Percé. Red-head go straight, find camp. Ugh!"

"I can find it," said Sile. "I was thinking we'd gone up-river about far enough. We must have got away ahead of the Apaches. Hope I sha'n't meet any."

"Shoot quick," said Two Arrows. "Kill. Take scalp. Be great brave. Two Arrows kill grizzly. Kill 'Pache some day. How!"

He held out his hand, and Sile shook it hard in token of good-by, and the two boys separated, each to carry his own tidings and face his own dangers. Two Arrows rode on in a straight line up the valley, and Sile wheeled toward the line of forest which bordered the river. It struck him that he was yet a little below the precise neighborhood of the mine, and he was correct, but as yet it was all guess-work. At all events, he was sure that his remaining ride could not be a long one; it could not fail to be intensely exciting. In a few minutes more his horse's feet were in the water, and he was almost immediately aware that he had not chosen a good ford. It grew deep too fast, and he had to ride out again.

"I won't go into another pool," he said to himself. "I'll hunt for a wide place where it ripples well."

He had not the experience and the quick eyes of Two Arrows, but he was learning fast, and it was easy to find a better crossing. Once over, he felt that the forest was itself a sort of protection, and there came a great thrill all over him at the thought of riding out from under it. What if the Apaches should be already there, and what if they had found the camp and destroyed it?

"They haven't done that," said Sile, "unless they managed to take it by surprise. Our men are all old hands, and Yellow Pine keeps his eyes about him. I'll get in a good while before dark—that is, if I make out to get in."

He drew rein for a moment under the last line of trees, and he looked earnestly in all directions. His glass could not reveal to him a sign of danger. He had never seen anything more absolutely quiet and peaceful than was that stretch of open valley, with its grass and its bushes, and its clusters of grand old trees. It encouraged



"HE SAW THE RED MAN REEL TO AND FRO IN HIS SADDLE."

him a good deal to see a buck and two does feeding within a quarter of a mile of him, and he at once rode watchfully onward.

Just as he rode out through a patch of willows in a long hollow, walking his horse because of their being in his way a little, his heart seemed to stop beating and stand still. Then it beat again, and like a trip-hammer, for a moment. The bridle fell from his hand, and he made ready his rifle as if by an instinctive movement.

Right before him and hardly a hundred yards away, on the rising ground, sat an Indian brave, in his war-paint, upon a very fine-looking horse, and Sile was sure at a glance that he could not be one of his Nez Percé friends. They had no such horses as that among all that he and Two Arrows had found for them. The warrior was looking in the opposite direction at the instant, but he was also wheeling his horse, and in a second or so more he caught sight of Sile. He had a lance, but it was slung behind him, and in his hands was as good a repeating-rifle as Sile's own, and he raised it like a flash.

It was as if he lifted two, for Sile's rifle also came up with precisely the same quick, ready-handed motion.

It was an awful moment for Sile. He had never before done as much real thinking in one hour as he did between his first glimpse of that red-skin and the rising of the dark, threatening line of that rifle-barrel.

He had thought of the men at the mine, and of their need of warning, and therefore of the necessity that he should protect himself and get to them alive. He had thought of his father and his mother, and of some other people, and he had also thought what a dreadful thing it was to shoot straight at a man, and perhaps to kill him.

At that very instant the two rifles came to a level, whether he would or not. He felt no symptoms of

"buck ague" this time, for every nerve and muscle of his body was stiffening, while his tired horse stood as still as a stone. That was where he had a priceless advantage. The spirited animal ridden by his enemy was a trifle restive for some reason, and caused a shade of delay that was just enough to give Sile his only remaining chance.

"If I hit his horse in the head," he was thinking as he pulled the trigger; but that would have been close shooting at a hundred yards, and just beyond the head of the horse was the naked breast of the warrior.

There were two reports close together, and Sile felt something prick him sharply on the left arm near the shoulder. At the same moment he saw the red man reel to and fro on his horse, and then pitch off head foremost into the grass.

"Oh, dear me, I've shot him!" he exclaimed.

Then came a suggestion that the brave might be only wounded, and that it was his duty to go and see if he could do anything for him. With that, too, there came a gush of curiosity

and a fierce and feverish sense of triumph. He had fought a duel on horseback with an Indian warrior, with rifles, and there were no other white boys who could say that they had done that. He sat still upon his horse for a moment, and his breath came and went very quickly, and then he somewhat cautiously rode forward.

All irresolution passed out of Sile's mind as he rode forward, for he felt that he had behaved rightly, and had done nothing for which he could blame himself. He watched the fallen man narrowly as he drew near him, but there was no motion or any other sign of life.

"I must have killed him outright!" He sprang from his horse and bent over the prostrate form, but he did not have to look more than once. "That hole—that's where the bullet went in. It must have gone right through his heart. Well, he would have killed me if I had not killed him."

It seemed to Sile a matter of course that he should pick up the red warrior's rifle, unbuckle and take off the bead-worked belt that carried his knife and revolver, take his lance, catch his horse, and then ride onward, carrying with him all as "spoils of war." He did it coolly and steadily but rapidly, and without any idea how very fast he was growing.

That tall, brawny Apache warrior had been a distinguished brave, and he had been sent upon a scouting trip away in advance of the rest merely as a customary precaution. There had been no expectation that he would discover anything remarkable. In meeting a solitary pale-face, he had undertaken to kill him very much as a matter of course, for he was just then at war with all white men. Sile had made the better shot of the two, and that was about all that could be said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]













## A HOLIDAY DREAM.

This little girl had been to see the animals at the Park in the afternoon, and in the evening she had been to a party and played games.

## LIZARD-CATCHING IN BRAZIL.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

**W**HY should anybody want to catch lizards at all? will be the first thought, no doubt, in the minds of most young readers whose eyes fall on the head-line. No matter about that; this article is to tell *how*, not *why*. One thing at a time. Supposing that you are in Brazil, and do want lizards to make "specimens" of, or as pets, or to feed to your snakes, or to eat yourself, this is the way the Indian boy with you will arrange to capture the agile and wary little reptiles.

Lizards, he will tell you, are very difficult things to get hold of. It is almost impossible to trap them; and if caught in a net, ten to one they will wriggle through it, or break off their tails in their struggles. The natives, however, have learned how to circumvent the wily game, whose weak point, they have discovered, is his ticklishness.

Arming themselves with long bamboo rods, they tie horse-hairs, made into a slip-noose, at the end, and then proceed to search for a lizard sunning himself on some garden wall. One is soon found. Now begins a wary approach. The greatest stealth and caution are needful. A lizard runs like a streak of light, and can disappear as if by magic into cracks and crannies unsuspected. But sometimes a terrier who knows its business, and keenly enjoys it, helps greatly by heading off and turning back the swift reptile when he takes alarm.

Having crept unnoticed to within fair reach of a lizard, however, the Brazilian thinks he has won half the battle. Gently lowering his rod, he jets the horse-hair fall deli-

cately upon the creature's back and dangle about his head. The lizard seems to like it. He will stand any amount of this twiddling—the big iguanas seem positively to laugh at having their knobby sides tickled—when the cracking of a twig or the falling of a shadow would put him to instant flight. In a moment, however, the noose is dropped before the pointed snout just right, there is a sudden jerk, and the lizard is hanging in mid-air, utterly motionless and limp, apparently out of pure surprise and discouragement, for the noose never pulls tight enough to choke it seriously.

Let him hang—it won't hurt him—until you have your box or basket in full readiness to receive him. Then grasp him with both hands in such a way that he can neither bite nor scratch nor lash his tail, and hold on to him until he has been placed well within the receptacle. Then let go suddenly, and clap down your cover.

If you have only one compartment in your box, probably this lightning racer will be gone before you can get your hands out; but if you have been wise enough to have an inner dark part of the box with a door in the partition, he will dart in there instead of over the edge, and think himself safely hid, so that you can put a dozen captives into the same double box, and all will stay quietly in the inner room till you get them home.

Lizard-catching is great fun, and some of the lizards make interesting and beautiful pets. One of their peculiarities is the extreme brittleness of their tails, which snap off as easily as if made of thin glass. Nature, however, repairs the loss very quickly, for a new tail soon grows.



"I LOOK LIKE A MAMMA,



BUT I'M ONLY A BOY."



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"THE WIND IS CHILL; BUT LET IT WHISTLE AS IT WILL, WE'LL KEEP OUR MERRY CHRISTMAS STILL."

## AN ANIMAL IN A BOX.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

IF any of my readers have ever seen the boys of the "Country Week" returning from their week's run and roll in the green fields, they will have seen an amusing sight. These poor little waifs, born in the slums of the city, and most of whom have never seen the verdant meadows or heard the gurgling brooks, come back not only full of delightful memories, but most of them bringing some prize from the treasure box of the country paradise. And the most valued of all prizes seems to be a land turtle. Every little urchin who has been lucky enough to secure one of these queer creatures clings to it as proudly as if it was one of King Solomon's jewels, while his less fortunate companions gather around him with curious and envious eyes.

Boys like turtles; that may be set down as an axiom. Whether turtles like boys is another question. A turtle is not much of a thinker. Give him something to eat, and let him alone, and he will get along almost anywhere. And if disturbed too much, he can shut himself up in his shell, like a "jack-in-a-box," and laugh at his tormentors.

And, by the-way, as most people know the turtle mainly by his outside, and as young and old folks generally are interested in this comical creature, some short account of what there is inside the turtle's box may not be without interest.

The turtle—or the tortoise, to give the little crawler its proper name—is not the only "animal in a box." Oysters, clams, crabs, and many other creatures are boxed-up animals. But they all differ greatly from the tortoise, which is, in fact, a very distant cousin of ourselves; that is to say, it has a backbone and ribs, as we have. The lower orders of animals have no inside bones; all their hard parts are outside their bodies. It is the peculiarity of the vertebrate (or backbone) animals to have their hard parts inside, while their outside is of soft flesh, or is covered with scales, as in the fishes and reptiles.

But the turtle is peculiar in that it has bones both inside and outside. In this peculiar animal the bones come

the breast-bone comes out, and spreads into a broad, flat shell. Thus the tortoise is actually shut up in a box made of its own bones. This is usually joined together above and below, except where the head, tail, and legs come out. And these can be withdrawn at will, and the shell closed by strong muscles, until the little creature becomes like an old-time knight shut up in his iron box of armor.

The head is also covered with a coating of horny plates, and the edges of these plates at the jaws do duty as teeth, since the tortoise has none of these useful organs. These horny jaws are often saw-toothed, so that they cut up food very well.

Our little land tortoise—*Cistudo Carolina*, to give it its scientific name—is by no means confined to Carolina, but may be found everywhere along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida. It is very abundant in the pine forests of the South, and is familiar to almost everybody everywhere throughout the region named.

The shell of the box tortoise is about six and a half inches long by four and a half wide. It is more rounded than is usual with turtles, and has a remarkable variety of colors and markings. Its most common colors are yellowish-brown and bright yellow, but these are so variously arranged that it is nearly or quite impossible to find two tortoises alike.

In its wild state it feeds on insects, and probably on some species of plants; but when confined it very quickly makes itself at home, and will eat nearly everything offered it, such as bread, potatoes, apples, and other civilized fare.

One thing remarkable about it is its wonderful length of life. We are not surprised to hear that the huge elephant can live for two hundred years; there is stuff enough in the great beast to keep it going for centuries. Yet it is hard to conceive that a little crawling tortoise can live as long as an elephant, though writers declare that it can. I doubt, however, if any single observer has watched a tortoise for two centuries.

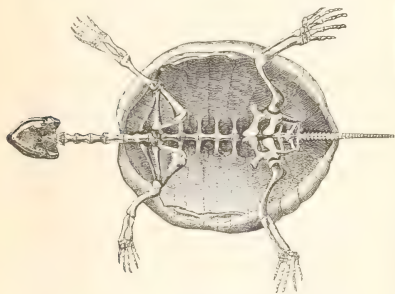
There is one way of telling a turtle's age, and that is by cutting a date on its shell. The inscription will remain during its whole life. But as it is not uncommon for roguish boys to date such inscriptions twenty years or more back, they are not fully to be trusted.

Yet all boys are not rogues, and we can relate one remarkable and well-attested instance of this character. Mr. William Eyre, a gentleman of Chester, Pennsylvania, relates that when he was a boy of ten he caught a land tortoise and cut his initials on its under shell. Going out afterward for a ride, he took the tortoise with him, and left it at a place ten miles away. That was the last he saw of Master Tortoise until he was an old gentleman of seventy, when, to his surprise, he found the identical creature in his own garden. There were the initials, which he recognized as undoubtedly his own handiwork.

In this incident, which I have good reason to believe actually occurred, the long life of the little creature is only one of the interesting points. It is very remarkable that it returned to its starting-point after sixty years. How far it had roamed during that long interval, what sights it had seen, and what thoughts it had thought, are beyond guessing. But back it came, after an average lifetime, to see in his old age the person by whom in his boyhood it had been marked for life.

There are some few other species of land tortoises in this country. There is one on the Western prairies considerably larger than ours. And in the South there is a very large one, known as the *gopher* turtle. This creature has a shell nearly fifteen inches long, and is so strong that it can move under a weight of two hundred pounds, so that it might easily carry a man on its back.

It lives in underground burrows in sandy forests, and does its prowling by night, often making havoc in the sweet-potato and melon patches of the inhabitants. So



SKELETON OF TORTOISE (UNDER PART OF SHELL REMOVED).  
[From Arthur's "Comparative Zoology"]

through the flesh, and spread over the body outside. The turtle's shell is made up of its backbone and its ribs, which are spread out broad and flat over its back, the ribs joining at their edges. This tent of bone is covered with a thin, almost transparent, beautifully tinted coating, which is the tortoise-shell from which such pretty combs, knife handles, and like ornamental objects are made.

The lower shell is made in the same manner. Here

the good people of the Gulf States do not altogether relish the gopher.

It is the water turtles, the terrapins of our fresh waters, and the great sea turtles, which are the delight of epicures. Of the fresh-water species we have several varieties, from a little fellow of the waters of Pennsylvania and New Jersey not four inches long, to the great and fierce snapping turtle with a shell nine inches and more in length. It is said to have been taken of four feet in total length, from snout to end of tail.

To kill this creature does not kill its snapping propensities; the head will live for hours after being cut off, and has been known to snap a boy's finger or the leg of an investigating hen hours after it ought to have been dead. It is not a safe thing to throw the head of a snapper in the grass as a trap for prowling chickens or curious boys.

There is one other odd peculiarity of tortoises and some other reptiles with which we may conclude. If we want to breathe freely, we open our mouths to do so; but if the mouth of a tortoise or a toad be kept open by inserting a stick between its jaws, it will soon suffocate for want of breath.

This may seem impossible, yet it may be easily explained. All the higher animals breathe by pumping the air into and out of their lungs. We do our air-pumping by means of the diaphragm, a broad membrane below the lungs, which moves up and down at every breath, and opens and closes the lungs successively. In the tortoise the mouth is the pump. It takes in a mouthful of air. Then it closes its lips, contracts the cavity of the mouth, and drives this air down into its lungs. If the mouth be kept open, this pump will not work, since the air will rush outward instead of downward.

This is one of the odd facts of nature. As many fish can be drowned by being fastened under water and not allowed to come to the surface, so many air-breathers can be suffocated by being placed in an ocean of air with their mouths wide open.

### TOO SMART FOR THE BRIGANDS AN AMERICAN'S ADVENTURE IN SICILY. BY DAVID KER.

A SMALL clearing half-way up a thickly wooded hill-side among the ridges that overhang Palermo; a fire of dry sticks in the centre, with a piece of goat's flesh hanging over it by a string; around it a score of swarthy, fierce-eyed, wild-looking figures in picturesque mountain dress which would have been worth any money to a painter; and a little behind them two men in plaid suits, tied hand and foot with stout leathern thongs. The mountaineers were a band of Sicilian brigands; the two prisoners were an English and an American tourist whom they had just captured.

"Any chance of their sending out soldiers to rescue us, do you think?" asked the Englishman, in a whisper.

"Not they, stranger," answered the American, with the stern composure of one so familiar with all dangers that no form of peril could shake his coolness. "If you and I were a couple of kings perhaps they might; but plain Seth Hickman and John Stubbs ain't the sort for these Italian loafers to burn powder for. You may be sure that if we mean to get clear of this trap, we've got to do the whole thing ourselves."

"But how are we to do it?" asked Stubbs, dolefully. "Even if we could get loose (which isn't so easy, with twenty of these fellows mounting guard over us), we should never be able to find our way back to the town."

The Pennsylvania man gave a dry chuckle. "Beg pardon, mister, but you're out there. They thought them selves very cute in blindfolding us when they brought us

up here, but they don't fool Seth Hickman. I've got the points of the compass right square, and I know where to find the sea, and when I know that, I can make a bee-line for Palermo any time I like."

"Well," rejoined Stubbs, brightening up, "if I have any chance of escape, I'm ready to fight as long as I can stand or see."

"That's the way to talk," said his comrade, approvingly; "but you won't want to do any fighting over this job, I guess. Now that that captain of theirs and his two chums have gone down to the village, I calculate I can fix this thing my own way, especially as I happen to know their language. Didn't I ever tell you I was a ventriloquist? Well, I am, and if I don't fool these macaroni-eating scoundrels so that they won't know whether they're standing on their head or their heels, call me a Mexican!"

Meanwhile the bandits, having finished their supper, thought it time to feed their captives, having orders from their chief to take good care of them, as being likely to yield a good ransom. As one of the robbers (who had a somewhat more good-natured face than the rest) came forward with some pieces of black bread and garlic and a few morsels of the roasted goat's flesh, Hickman called out to him in Italian:

"Hark ye, comrade, can't you let us have the use of our hands for five minutes? We can't very well get away with so many of you watching us, and we're not clever at picking up food with our mouths like ducks."

The brigand laughed, and untied their hands—a proceeding which evidently angered a ferocious-looking fellow with a black beard who was standing near. But before he had time to speak, a voice, hoarse and broken as if with hurry and fatigue, called out from among the trees:

"Heip, comrades! the captain—he's attacked!"

"Where?" roared the bandits, springing to their feet.

"Santa Rosalia! the soldiers!" gasped the voice.

"Quick!—he'll be killed."

Instantly guns and knives were caught up, and all was ready. Six of the band staid to guard the prisoners, while the other fifteen went rushing down the hill-side without even waiting to see who had brought the news. Some shepherd, perhaps, or some villager. They could think of nothing now but the rescue of their captain.

"Was that voice really your ventriloquizing?" whispered Mr. Stubbs, suddenly enlightened by the knowing smile that flitted over his companion's statue-like features.

"Guess so," replied the Pennsylvanian, briefly.

"Why, it's really amazing!" said the delighted Englishman. "I would never have believed it if I hadn't actually seen it myself."

In his excitement he raised his voice somewhat too high, as he was speedily reminded by a hearty kick from the savage-looking robber with the black beard. But just then Mr. Hickman called out, in an admirable ventriloquial imitation of the gruff tones of one of the other bandits:

"That's just like Peppino! He's brave enough against a helpless man, but trust him for never striking any one who can strike back."

Round whirled Peppino, and planted his fist full in the eye of the man whom he supposed to have spoken. Instantly both knives were out, and the two were slashing and stabbing at each other like madmen. Successful thus far, the American next tried his ventriloquism once more, and a moment later he was again alone.

Thinking that Tito had called him a liar, and Antonio feeling certain that Battista had made an ungentlemanly allusion to his having once been a thief, he was now

Seth Hickman's plan succeeded. The brigands were all engaging one another in deadly combat, and it became probable that, unless the remainder of the band quickly returned, the captives would be left unguarded. This idea seemed to occur to one of the ban-



ditions, for Battista, having disposed of his antagonist, returned to the prisoners.

Up jumped Seth (who, having his hands already free, had untied his feet during the battle), and with one blow from the butt of a gun that lay within reach, felled him senseless to the ground.

"Now, mister," said he, unbinding Stubbs's limbs, "let's make tracks for the town. If I can pilot the soldiers up

## A JOLLY SANTA CLAUS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

It was Christmas Eve, and we children had been hustled unceremoniously off into the back parlor, while Uncle Jack, our sailor uncle, superintended the carrying upstairs of a certain mysterious-looking basket carefully wrapped in a horse blanket. We did not mind this so

much, for we were used to being hurried out of the way just before Christmas-time; but the group in our little back parlor was by no means so jolly as it had been in former years. Papa looked troubled, and poor mother seemed just completely worried and tired out. As we were pushed into the room by Uncle Jack, who had been entertaining us in the little library on the other side of the hall, papa made an effort to look cheerful, and said: "Well, I suppose there is no use worrying about it. If it is gone, it is gone; but it seems hard, for I know of so many things we could have done with it."

"Yes," sighed mother; "but don't worry; perhaps it may come yet."

"Come!" repeated papa, almost petulantly; "how can it come when we've looked everywhere for it? It's lost, and we must make the best of it."

We hardly understood the importance of the "it" which had been spoken of as lost. We knew that papa had received from grandpa a letter containing a crisp new bill, which papa had said was his Christmas present. The fact that it was a five-hundred-dollar bill did not greatly impress us, as it was no bigger or prettier than a one. In fact, had it been a dollar, I believe the loss would have affected us more acutely, as to us a dollar represented a large amount of candy and other good things; but five hundred dollars, that was beyond the stretch of our imagination, so we did not bother our heads about it; indeed, little Hilda, the baby, had climbed up on

papa's knee, and patting his cheek with her soft little palm, had lisped, sympathetically, "Did oo lose the nice green pieter?"

But the rest of us were too busy in surmising what was in Uncle Jack's basket to pay much attention to anything else. It was the custom in our family to distribute the presents—with the exception of the few bonbons and tri-



JUST NEAR ENOUGH.

here to-morrow as well as I'll pilot you down to-night, I guess we'll have these scoundrels in a pretty close place."

Mr. Hickman spoke truly. The very next day, thanks to his skillful guidance, a detachment of soldiers surprised the bandits, and (as Seth phrased it) "cleaned 'em all up except the captain, whom they kept over to be hanged in honor of his rank."



fles that Santa Claus left in the stockings of the younger ones after breakfast on Christmas morning, but for some reason this package of Uncle Jack's excited our curiosity more than any other of the packages we had seen brought into the house for the past month. Perhaps because Uncle Jack always knew just what we wanted, and generally got it for us; perhaps because there was an undefinable feeling, as we saw the man bring it in, that it contained something alive.

You may be sure that we did not sleep much that night, for, in addition to the wakefulness occasioned by our curiosity, there were certain mysterious sounds as of gnawing and breaking of wicker-work proceeding from the little hall bedroom where Uncle Jack's box had been placed. But, like all things, the night at last came to an end, and we were up bright and early to ruin our digestions and pass away the time before breakfast in eating the candy we would find in our stockings. But imagine our surprise when we went to the chimney in the nursery and found our stockings gone! There were a few candies scattered on the hearth-stone; a knife, some scraps of paper, and an orange or two lay on the floor; but the stockings were nowhere to be seen. We wondered somewhat at that, but we older ones supposed that papa or mamma had for some good reason taken them away, while little Hilda contented herself with an explanation of her own.

"Santa Claus took 'em up chimney to fill 'em better," and shortly after she ran off to nurse to get dressed, being always the first of the family down-stairs. But this morning she did not have much the start of us, and before long we were all down in the dining-room waiting impatiently for the elders to come to breakfast. They evidently sympathized with our anxiety, for we were seated around the table half an hour earlier than usual.

Just as papa had finished saying grace, Hilda came rushing in from the hall, her big blue eyes fairly standing out of her head with excitement.

"Oh! I've seen Santa Claus! I've seen him! I've seen Santa Claus! Oh, papa, Santa Claus is in the hall by the hat-stand. I saw him!" she continued, turning to papa, and evidently wanting to convince one member of the party.

Papa jumped to his feet. "A sneak thief!" he exclaimed, running into the hall.

We all followed, only too glad to have an excuse for finishing breakfast in such short order. But in the hall there were no signs of anybody having been there, except that in the corner lay Tom's stocking, bulky, and looking as if it might contain presents for the whole family. Tom seized it with a shout of delight, and proceeded to empty it. But what a surprise! An old overshoe, a single glove, mother's pincushion, some candy and coal cinders mixed together, a paper-weight from the library table, and an ink-bottle which came uncorked as Tom drew it out and spilled the contents all over the carpet. We were at a loss to understand the meaning of this, but Uncle Jack looked at papa in a sort of comic despair, and there was an "I-told-you-so" expression on papa's face that made us think that they knew more about it.

Hilda in the mean time kept insisting that she had seen Santa Claus. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike her.

"I know I saw Santa Claus!" she exclaimed. "He was standing on the hat-stand, and he had on a fur coat, and, oh, papa! he put a letter in your overcoat pocket."

Papa winked at Uncle Jack, and thrust his hand carelessly in the overcoat. He took it out again with an exclamation of surprise, holding in it a square envelope. Hurriedly he drew out the letter, and a crisp new green-back fell to the floor.

"Where on earth do you suppose the creature found it?" he exclaimed, turning to Uncle Jack.

"I'm sure I don't know; but now you have your bill, we had better find the creature before he does any more harm," said Uncle Jack.



"I don't think he has done any harm," answered papa. "I'll forgive him a great many tricks for this."

But it was not necessary to search for the "creature," for Hilda came running out of the parlor exclaiming, "Santa Claus is fixing the Christmas tree!"

"We'd better fix him before he fixes it any more," remarked Uncle Jack, as he went into the parlor.

There on the top of the big Christmas tree sat Hilda's "Santa Claus," one of the most comical-looking Brazilian monkeys you ever saw. He made faces at us, and spitefully threw a bit of candle at Tom; but catching sight of Uncle Jack, he sprang down on to his shoulder, and sat there staring at the rest of us with the gravity of a judge.

"This is your Christmas from me," said Uncle Jack, stroking the monkey's long tail, which was twisted round his neck like a tippet. "I did intend to wait until after breakfast before I brought him out, but he took the law in his own hands, and played Santa Claus before I knew it."

"And to very good purpose too," said father.

"Let's call him Santa Claus," I suggested, and Santa Claus he was from that day. He soon learned his name, and was very good to mind. I must say to his credit that he was a living contradiction to the stories about the ill-temper of monkeys. He was as docile and affectionate as a dog, and his mischief was seldom malicious. His great delight was to put things in people's pockets, and while it embarrassed papa, who was a firm hater of tobacco, to pull out half a dozen cigars in the street when he

used his handkerchief; or if Uncle Jack was perhaps a trifle angry to find, when out sleighing one day, instead of his gloves, a pair of baby's stockings, yet this was all forgiven in remembrance of the time when he so successfully played Santa Claus.

## THE LITTLE RED SKATES.

BY R. K. MCKITTERICK.

**T**WENTY years ago there was a certain little boy who had a pair of red skates; that is, a pair of skates whose runners were fastened into red feet. This shade of red, which would have been beautiful in a gladiolus or a pickled pepper, was vulgar in a pair of skates, as it indicated cheapness, and stamped the skates as being within the reach of every one.

The red skates had a peculiar and most aggravating kind of heel strap, designed to go around the ankle instead of across the instep. This heel band was intended as a substitute for the screw in the heel, the red skates being provided with a peg, which the skater drove into the heel of his shoe by means of jumping and stamping.

The runners were narrow and low, and had a groove which caused them to be known as "gutters," it being considered rather more difficult to whirl about on those that were unbevelled. In front the steels came away out and around in a great curve, ending over the instep in a brass acorn. This feature, if it may be termed a feature, caused the skates to be known as "turn-ups," and they frequently tripped any one that came in contact with them.

In those days boys were judged, among themselves, more by the skates they used than by the company they kept. The boy with the "rockers" in a nice green baize bag was regarded with peculiar envy, which by degrees developed into reverence, for if he was envied for being able to have a pair, he was revered for his ability to fly on them without interfering with the natural symmetry of the back of his head. Club skates were comparatively unknown at this time; not more than one boy in a hundred owned a pair, and if he put them on he was stared at so hard and questioned so freely that he couldn't enjoy his skating.

The little boy who owned the red skates was a very poor boy—in fact, he was so poor that he had no overcoat. He used to wear a huge comforter around his neck, which crossed on his breast, and was fastened in a hard knot at the small of his back. This, with the exercise he had, kept him sufficiently warm, and the boys who wondered that he should possess a pair of skates and not an overcoat soon began to realize that he could get more glowing comfort out of the former. He was a short, stocky boy, and in spite of the fact that his skates were red, he was not subjected to ridicule. He was too much of a fighter not to be respected even more than he deserved.

When he first appeared on the ice he had but one skate, as he believed in the system of learning to skate on one foot at a time. He would run five or six feet, and then strike out and slide twenty. He frequently fell, but as the ice cracked sometimes, and his head never, he concluded he might as well put on the pair. Hardly a week had passed by before he could "grind the bark" and jump over things, a feat that was considered daring on "turn-up" skates. His great trouble seemed to be in keeping the skates on securely. Frequently he had to stamp the peg into his heel, and oftener he had to thrust sticks of wood under the straps to make them tighter. When he had a sufficient number of sticks under the straps to light a fire with, his face wore the happy expression of triumph, and he would glide along like the wind.

Nothing upset the composure of this freckled youth on the red skates. If he fell, he always arose feeling better.

If any one ran into him, that person always got the worst of it. If he broke through the ice, he came out and skated himself dry in half an hour.

It used to be considered a charming accompaniment to the pastime of skating to have a large dog on the ice. We had a Newfoundland that was as fond of running on the frozen surface in winter as he was of swimming in the pond in summer, and as freely and cheerfully as he would swim for sticks thrown far into the water, he would run for them thrown on the ice. But when the little boy with the red skates was around, the dog would go and lie down by the fire of fence rails on the shore, and keep one eye open, because he seemed to know that a boy could walk and run on land and stones with perfect impunity, and not injure a pair of red skates.

The reason the dog kept out of the way was that one day the boy with the red skates grasped his tail in one hand and beat him with a switch held in the other, and made him run with might and main, while the tormentor held his feet together, and made the hills send back his merry shouts as he flew along behind his four-footed locomotive. The switch kept the dog from turning on him, and he had such a ride as the dog vowed that boy should never again enjoy at his expense.

But in spite of this the little boy was generous. One day he sprained his ankle. It was quite painful. Not sufficiently painful to keep him from skating, but just sufficiently painful to keep him from school. So while he was obliged to skate on one foot, he lent the idle skate to another boy, to whom even a pair of red skates was a dream of princely opulence little short of an Arabian Night. And they skated together in this way until the owner of the "swan necks," as they were called, was able to strike out with both feet. And he skated and played shinney on the ice through that sombre gray winter of twenty years ago, and a jollier or merrier boy never stood on club skates. Perhaps when the spring smiled the little freckled boy exchanged his little red skates for a trap-cage or a base-ball, but this is only a conjecture on my part. I removed from the place in the spring, and have not seen the boy since, but wherever he is, I only trust that he is gliding along as gayly and happily as he once did on his little red skates.

## TWO ARROWS:\*

A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

A MIDNIGHT MARCH.

**W**HEN Two Arrows parted from Sile he was well aware that the errand of the Red-head had more real peril in it than his own, and he would not have had him armed with only a bow and arrows; but, oh! how he did long for a repeating rifle for his own use! He had been hungry enough for one before; but now that there was a promise of war, it seemed to him that the only thing in the world worth the having, except a horse, was one of the white man's terrible weapons. With such as he now had he had killed wild animals, and won for himself a name and fame; but in spite of that he almost despised them. What could he do now, for instance, against an Apache well armed, as all that warlike tribe were said to be?

He also had a prejudiced idea that if Sile were to meet one of them he would be in a manner helpless—a mere

\* Begun in No. 333, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

ignorant, green, untaught, unready white boy, not the son of a Nez Percé chief, nor skilled in the wiles and ways of Western warfare. As for himself, he felt quite confident that all he needed wherewith to meet and overcome anything or anybody was just such a perfect "repeater" as Sile carried. He somehow overlooked the fact that he had never practiced much with one, while Sile belonged to the race that made them. He had been used to a bow and arrows from the time he had learned to ride, and almost from the time he had learned to walk; so that, after all, they might be his safest weapon.

He rode on steadily for a few miles, and then he crossed the stream, and proceeded under cover of the trees. It was time to travel more slowly, for his pony had no gallop left in him. The approach to the camp even was made with some caution, but there was no need of any.

The sun was going down, and the fires were blazing brightly. The hunters had done well that day, and there were preparations for much eating. Two Arrows knew at a glance that all things were working prosperously, and that his people had no suspicion of any danger near them. The vast importance of his errand filled him very full, and he halted under the shadow of the trees.

Warriors were stalking around here and there, or were lazily stretched upon the ground. Squaws were busily dressing skins, or cooking, or chattering with one another, and children were hungrily watching the cookery, and wishing that their turns to be fed might come pretty soon. Old One-eye was at work upon a well-covered bone before going out for his usual night-watch and patrol, but he was suddenly called upon to drop it and to raise his head for a howl.

Out of the growing darkness in the edge of the woods there came a quick series of sharp, threatening, warning whoops, uttered in a shrill and youthful voice that the dog knew perfectly. So did others, for Long Bear sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "Ugh! Two Arrows!" and answered him with a whoop of such volume and meaning that every brave and boy who heard it understood it as a command, and ran for his weapons first, and then to the corral to see about his pony.

Two Arrows dismounted and led his overriden pony into the camp. Long Bear stood silently and dignifiedly in front of his lodge waiting for him, and the older warriors were gathering fast to hear the news. They knew very well that no Indian boy would have dared to give such a signal as that without good reason, and their faces were clouding seriously.

"Two Arrows, speak quick," said his father. "All hear him."

The young scout felt deeply the pride of his position. He pointed toward the lower valley with all the dignity he could muster, and uttered only the words, "Pache! War-path!"

There was a dismal chorus of "Ugh!" from all who heard him, but there was not one war-whoop. He was at once called upon for a minute and careful account of the whole affair, including the locality and condition of Judge Parks and his party of miners. He made his report with a fullness and keenness of observation that stirred up the old chief's family pride amazingly.

"Young chief," he remarked. "Do something more every time."

It looked very much like it, and his return as an intelligent and successful scout added largely to all his other claims to distinction. Not another boy in the band had ever announced anything so very bad and so important.

That was no time for anybody to spend a thought upon the fame of Two Arrows, however. All the old men said, one after another, that they wished they knew just how many Apaches there were in that war party. Had they known how very strong it was, they might have been even worse puzzled, but Long Bear was really a clear-headed leader, and

he decided the whole matter promptly and finally. He told his gathering braves that the place where there was a bad one to fight in, while their pale-face friends had selected a peculiarly good one. They themselves had but twenty-three warriors armed with rifles, and nearly as many more young men and well-grown boys armed with bows and arrows. That was no force with which to meet Apaches, nobody knew how many, and all sure to be riflemen. To go back through the pass was to die of starvation, even if they were not followed and slaughtered among the rocks. The Apaches were plainly making for that very pass, he said; and he was only a keen-eyed chief, and not at all a prophet, when he read the matter correctly and said:

"Pache run away from blue-coats. All in a hurry. Not stop. Nez Percé hide and let them go by. Not fight. Keep pony. Keep hair. Good. Ugh!"

The party which had been sent back after the lodges and things was a serious anxiety, and a light-footed youngster was started off at once to warn them. He would be sure to meet them on their way returning, and could tell them to be on their guard, and very little more could be done for them.

Long Bear finished his speech of explanation, and then, without a moment's pause, he gave the order to break up camp and prepare to march, carrying with them every pound of provisions. Not one moment was to be lost in gaining such protection as might be had from the good position of the miners, and from the fact that they were pale-faces of some importance, and from the other great fact that they were all good riflemen. There was hardly anybody in the band, old enough to understand what an Apache was, who did not fully appreciate the force of the chief's argument, and every squaw did her best to hasten the departure. Lodges came down, ponies were packed, children were gathered, warriors and braves and boys completed their preparations for fighting; the Big Tongue declared his readiness to kill a large number of Apaches, and One-eye was compelled to abandon forever all the bones he had buried since the people he barked for had settled upon the bank of that river.

There was a good deal of quiet and sober efficiency in spite of the excitement. Two Arrows had further questions to answer from quite a number of his elders. He was furnished with one of the best ponies in the drove in acknowledgment of his services. He was now, also, to figure as a kind of guide, and he did not once think of mentioning the fatigue of his long, hard ride. He very willingly ate, however, the whole of a buffalo steak, broiled for him by one of the squaws, and felt a good deal better afterward. He almost felt that he had earned a rifle, or at least a pistol, but well knew that it was all in vain to ask for one when the supply was insufficient to arm all the braves who were a full head taller than himself.

Still, it was a magnificent thing, at last, to ride out at the head of the cavalcade, by the side of a tall warrior, as the one boy of all that band who was on first-rate terms with the pale-faces and knew perfectly the trail leading to them. As for that, any red man of them all could have followed the tracks of the wagon wheels, even at night, but Two Arrows had no idea of surrendering that part of his growing importance. It would have done Natchez's proud heart good to have seen him, and it must have been well worth the while of almost any Apache to have had a good look at the whole affair, as the moonlight array poured out into the moonlight from under the heavy cover of the primeval forest.

There were no sleepy ones except the papposes, who they could sleep under the tightly drawn blankets on the backs of their mothers as well as anywhere else. The rest were more or less hardened to the quick movements and migrations of the kind of life into which they had been born. They were not likely to be injured by being



kept up pretty late for one night, and there was no need that anybody should walk, now that their four-footed wealth had returned.

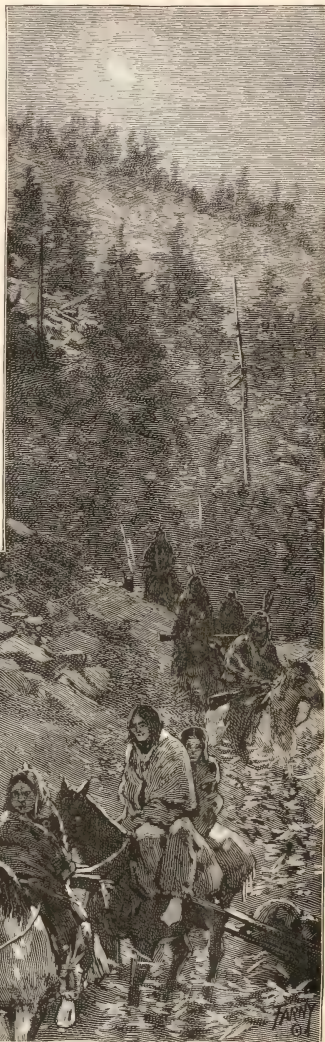
Two Arrows thought of that, and he could hardly help reminding some of his friends of his share in so good a thing. He received a reply from one gray-headed warrior which sounded very much like a snub:

"Ugh! Two Arrows. Red-head. Boys find pony first. Pony there. Brave find next day. Boy talk too much. Kill Pache like warrior. Then talk a heap. Show scalp. Whoop. Ugh!"

As for war and that sort of thing, there was no need for anybody to stir the ambition of Two Arrows up to a greater heat. He was ready enough now to do the wildest and rashest things he could think of. He felt as if he were out upon his first war-path, and that there must be somewhere a great heap of glory preparing for him.

The Nez Percé camp had been broken up with great celerity, and no time had been lost, but, after all, the summons to move had come upon them most unexpectedly. There had been a great deal to do, and but a dim light to do it by, and so it was pretty late before the picturesque caravan was in motion. It took a line of march toward the mountains until its head struck the well-marked tracks of the loaded wagons, and from that point forward its course required little guiding. By a stern command from Long Bear, the utmost silence was maintained, and, after the moon went down, the movement might fairly be said to have been performed in secret. There was no danger that any small squad of Apache scouts would assail so strong a party. Even the squaws and children felt pretty safe, but it was very hard upon the Big Tongue, for that great brave soon found himself in an advanced party, commanded by Long Bear himself, and after that he was under an absolute necessity of not saying anything during the whole march.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE MOONLIGHT MARCH OF THE NEZ PERCÉS





"THE CHILDREN, GAY WITH HOLIDAY, SAT ROUND THE BLAZING FIRE."—DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.—SEE PAGE 110.

## THE HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

**I**T WAS Christmas-tide. With tales and talk  
That never seemed to tire.  
The children, gay with holiday,  
Sat round the blazing fire.

They told of many a prank and game,  
And many a Christmas past.  
And questioned me if this would be  
As merry as the last.

"Of all your Christmas-times," I said,  
"So rich in mirth and fun,  
I beg that you each tell me true  
Which was the happiest one."

Sweet, Bessie turned her radiant face  
With wondering gaze on me:  
"My Christmas days have been always  
As glad as glad could be."

Then merry Mabel shook her curls  
Loose from the prisoning comb:  
"Oh, mine was when papa and Ben  
And you and Bess came home."

Ben chuckled, "'Twas the time I had  
With crackers such a lark;  
I popped and popped, and never stopped  
From daylight until dark."

"That was the best," laughed Willoughby,  
"Of any that I know,  
When Roan and Bay upset the sleigh,  
And drowned us in the snow."

"Such fun it was to see the girls,  
And hear them shriek and shout,  
To search and sift the ten-foot drift  
Until we fished them out!"

"And I," lisped little Dimple-cheek,  
A-tiptoe in her glee,  
"Was happiest when I counted ten  
Dolls on my Christmas tree."

The soft-eyed Sophie silent sat,  
Nor yet had said a word,  
Though I could see some memory  
Her tender bosom stirred.

"What is it, darling?" and I kissed  
The lids that veiled the blue;  
"Tell me, I pray, what Christmas Day  
Brought greatest joy to you."

The eyes she raised to mine were filmed  
With something like a tear,  
And sweet and low she answered, so  
That I could scarcely hear:

"Last Christmas Day, with all my gifts  
Upon the window-seat,  
I watched right long the merry throng  
Of people in the street."

"And as I watched there stood a group  
Of ragged girls and boys  
Before the pane, their eyes astrain  
With wonder at my toys."

"Poor little foreign wanderers!  
My eyes began to fill;  
I could not bear to see them there,  
So sad and wan and chill."

"I swept my toys into my lap,  
And, with a tap and call,  
Opened the door, and bade the four  
Come to me in the hall."

"They held their aprons, stretched their hands,  
And, oh, it was a sight,  
As out I poured my Christmas hoard,  
To see their wild delight!"

"Each Christmas as it passed has seemed  
More happy than the rest,  
But of them all I think I'd call  
That one the very best."

## THE "LONELY LADY'S" CHRISTMAS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

PART II.

**I**T was Christmas-time again; Mrs. Vandyke was wondering if the season would ever cease to be so painful to her. She dreaded it, and yet she believed she faced it well; she imagined, like many other people, that the highest form of heroism was to endure and be silent. There was a light flurry of snow outside, and Mrs. Vandyke, who liked to see her servants enjoy themselves at such seasons, wondered if there would be much of a storm or a drift on the day itself. She moved over to the western window, while old Jonas Potter, her faithful servant, came in to light the lamps, and at this moment she caught sight of the long shed, with its flicker of candle-light briefly showing her the children's heads—the little group who were trying so hard to make things "feel like Christmas" for their poorer companions.

"What is it, Jonas?" Mrs. Vandyke asked, listlessly. The children had disappeared from view now; the shed looked dark again.

"It's those children, ma'am, if you please," said the old servant. "It's the queerest thing. I do believe they're getting up a Christmas tree for themselves in there."

And Jonas, quite respectfully, laughed.

Mrs. Vandyke turned around in surprise.

"Why, *who* are they?" she asked; and at that instant the front-door bell sounded; Jonas disappeared. Mrs. Vandyke waited, a little impatiently, for his return and the answer to her question, but it was fully five minutes before he re-appeared, and then his face betrayed a mixture of perplexity and amusement hard to conceal.

"Well, Jonas?" said Mrs. Vandyke.

The man had in his hand a damp-looking piece of paper, and he held it out with a funny twinkle in his eyes.

"If you please, ma'am," he explained, trying to look serious, "it was one of them very young ones; and it is a tree they're fixing up, and—"

But Mrs. Vandyke waited to hear no more; she let Jonas go away and relieve his feelings by a laugh in the kitchen with Joanna, the cook, and then she read the queer little letter the factory children had written her, over and over again, with a feeling of bewilderment, in the midst of which something new to her heart restrained the "lonely lady" from laughing outright, for it must be admitted that it was a very unusual and funny proceeding.

"We're a-goin' to have a Christmas-tree party in your shed, Missis," said the note, "and will you come to it, please?—seven o'clock on Thursday."

Always, I believe, there is a voice waiting in the unseen—in the outer light—to answer those questions of ours which come from the heart and belong to its better part. Mrs. Vandyke stood still a moment, no longer only surprised and amused. There was something in the poor little word of invitation that knocked gently on the very door of her heart—nay, woke into life the feeling which for weeks had been stirring within her mind that she perhaps had a part to fill toward others in this Christmas season; that it was not doing all her duty just to bow her head in submission or inactive endurance.

The quietest people are often those who act most rapidly on sudden impulses. Mrs. Vandyke rang the bell, and sent for Jonas's wife, her old housekeeper.

"Matilda," she said, decidedly, "bring my fur boots and my fur cloak and silk hood. I am going out."

Matilda gazed and wondered while she helped her mistress on with her warm wraps. Still greater was her surprise when the lady said: "Ask Jonas to get the lantern and come with me. I am going over to that shed. Do you know anything about those children, Matilda?"

"Why, m," said the housekeeper, smiling broadly, "it seems they're giving a Christmas party to some other poor

children. We didn't drive the poor little things away, because they seemed so happy and innocent in it. I told Jonas I was afraid it would get to your ears, ma'am; but indeed I don't think the poor little things meant any harm, ma'am."

But Matilda heard her breath suddenly, for into Mrs. Vandyke's face had come the strangest, whitest look.

"Matilda!" she exclaimed, "why—am I so— Yes, I suppose I am just so hard and cold—I don't wonder—" Mrs. Vandyke's words came fast and in low tones. The words of her housekeeper had betrayed her to herself.

I have told you that for weeks some new tender feelings had been stirring in her mind, and they had needed just this one touch from some unexpected quarter to reveal to the poor "lonely lady" what a treasury lay unheeded in her daily life. It seemed to her as though Jonas and his lantern never would appear; but they came at last, and in a few moments the old shed was faintly illuminated, while Mrs. Vandyke inspected the children's work with strange and remorseful sensations.

"That will do, Jonas," she said at length, in so quiet a tone that the old servant declared afterward he could not tell what she meant to do or what she was thinking; but as they retraced their steps, and Jonas's lantern swung ahead of her, lighting up large cold patches of lawn and gardens, Mrs. Vandyke's mind was very busy. To begin with, she was delighted to think she had yielded to her impulse to send for the Williams children and Adelaide, the older cousin. What was it that had prompted this? Mrs. Vandyke believed it was something she had heard a child singing the last day she went down to the factory—a bit of an old hymn about Christmas Day and "giving comfort." Mrs. Vandyke remembered the tune and the singer—a little girl with a thin bright face and dark eyes, and an honest, brave sort of way with her work—and as that happened to be Val herself, singing as she planned her "party," the credit of giving the "lonely lady" a merry Christmas belonged to her from the first.

The young Williamses had been delighted at their invitation, and yet felt a trifle afraid of spending two whole days with Aunt Irene, who was so cold, although always kind in her manner; but there was a certain sense of exhilaration about arriving on a clear, cold night at the fine house, after a ten-mile sleigh ride, with the prospect of a good hot supper before them, and a cozy chat with old Matilda, anyway, who was their stanch friend. So while Mrs. Vandyke was looking at Val's Christmas tree, and then laying off her wraps in the library, to which she brought back a much more alert manner and a happier expression, the big sleigh full of Christmas guests was turning the corner at the end of the main street, showing happy young faces to Val and Dolly, who with their mother were out again doing a little—a very little—Christmas shopping. The luxury of fresh meat and an apple-dumpling had been decided upon, to Dolly's infinite delight, although in Mr. Juddkin's shop she saw jars of preserved fruit, at which she gazed longingly, while Val was wishing that they could have dinner enough for the twenty little guests she counted on at her party, for whom her mother had made twenty cakes, and Johnny Baker procured twenty sticks of candy.

"There's the 'lonely lady's' sleigh," called out Dolly, as the sleigh whirled by, and for an instant the four pairs of young eyes exchanged bright glances.

"Oh, perhaps *she's* going to have a party herself!" cried Dolly, in a tone of despair.

Val was a little worried lest *her* scheme should be interfered with. Still, true to herself, she said, bravely, "What if she is? we won't hurt anything or anybody with *ours*."

"But we'll be so cold!" said poor Dolly, upon whom the vision of the merry young people speeding toward Mrs. Vandyke's lovely house had a depressing effect. If Val thought this, more than likely she did not say so, but

trudged home, keeping Dolly's spirits up by thoughts of how pleased the lame children in the alley would be, and how nice to have a real tree all for themselves. Still, even when the bedclothes were over them, Val had to admit to herself it was turning terribly cold, and a tear or two which she could not very well choke back forced their way from under her eyelids as she thought of the possibility that no fun at all could be expected from a Christmas-tree party given *in a perfect alley*.

"I never was more surprised, or amused, I hardly know which," Mrs. Vandyke was saying, after her young friends had enjoyed a delicious supper, and were sitting around the library fire. "And now, girls, I don't suppose you'll mind entering into a plan I have for returning my invitation in the most appropriate manner. I am not certain whether you all know that upstairs—my children's nursery—has been closed for years. Jessie's toys and Phil's are there, Suppose, in the character of an unexpected Santa Claus, we take them over and leave the children to discover them?"

Dorothea's eyes fairly snapped with delight; and indeed I think no proposition could have suited all the children better. Long had they known that the nursery wing of the house was closed, and in their rare visits to the house in Dyketown the children had often passed by the closed door leading thereto, wondering what the three rooms above contained; for it was just before a Christmas festivity that Jessie and little Phil had been called away.

Mrs. Vandyke summoned old Jonas, and told her nephew where the keys were, but she herself remained seated before the fire when they went to open the long silent nurseries.

Old Jonas, perhaps, understood better than the rest just all that it meant. For years he had longed to see his mistress give some just such sign as this, knowing how much braver and better and happier her life would be when once the seal was broken, the "founts run free."

"Miss Adelaide," he said, solemnly turning back as he opened the door leading up the "children's staircase," as it was called, "do you remember what I said to Mrs. Williams the last day she was here? I told her, miss, that opening this door would be opening your aunt's heart."

Long ago, in a fit of strange and almost rebellious sadness, Mrs. Vandyke had declared Christmas never again should be "kept" in her house. Locking away the treasures, the toys of all sorts which had come for her children, whose little eyes and hands were stilled in death before they saw or touched them, she had declared she locked away all the Christmas out of her life. So you see what it was had made her a "lonely lady," and why her proud, sad heart, being softened and understanding better its work in life, now longed to open the door behind which she had shut out from her lonely life the peace which belongs to all cheerful workers in the Lord's vineyard.

"We're going down early, mother," Val was explaining, about six o'clock on the morning of Christmas Eve, "to see how the tree looks. The Vincents are going to have twenty-five cents to spend, and I thought we could put a few more candles on. What time can you get home?"

"It's a busy day up at the hotel," said little Mrs. Morison. "But I can get away by half past six—even if I have to go back again."

"Oh, do, mother!" cried Val. "It will make you think of home when you see the little tree. And just think how pleased all the children are going to be! Why, I don't believe Billy James slept last night for thinking of it."

Mrs. Morison smiled her assent to Val's scheme. She was willing enough, poor woman, that the children should extract whatever amusement Val could contrive for them out of the holiday season, yet as she hurried away from the old tenement in the cold gray of the December morning, very little promise was ahead for herself or them, and it was hard work for the poor widow to keep back





"I TOLD HER THAT OPENING THIS DOOR WOULD BE OPENING YOUR AUNT'S HEART!"

the tears that sprang to her eyes at mention of "home" or "old times."

"Come, now, Dolly," Val said to that young person, as they, too, emerged into the wintry street, "we'll have a good look at the tree on our way down, and then won't it be fun to tell all the children—and if only Josie Vincent has that twenty-five cents!"

Nothing outside the shed looked different to the children as they approached; but the very moment they opened the door, Val thought she must have lost her senses. *What*—just please tell her *what* had happened.

The tree was there: not a fibre of its branches changed, but even in the gray morning light it fairly twinkled with little shining ornaments, silver and gilt, candles and ribbons, and stars and crescents. And more than that, in what seemed a royal profusion toys of all kinds were scattered about, from a French doll with real hair to a big hobby-horse, a sled, skates, and a big doll's house.

Now Dolly simply began to cry. Val said afterward she was glad of it. It roused her.

"Dolly!" she shrieked, wild with delight, "don't be a goose. Somebody's done it. But, oh! *who*, and *can* it be for us?"

A few minutes later there was no reason to doubt this, for Dorothea and Irene Williams had been up almost at daylight, and old Jonas was on the watch too; so by the time the first excitement had subsided, the children beheld the old man coming from the back kitchen of the "lonely lady's" house with a big stove in his arms, followed by two girls about their own ages, who introduced themselves to Val and Dolly as Mrs. Vandyke's nieces.

We all know that young people very soon make acquaintance with one another, and so in ten minutes the four girls were chatting together—Val had told the story of her tree, Irene Williams had explained Mrs. Vandyke's approval of the invitation, and by the time that Joanna

sent out word that breakfast was waiting hot in the kitchen for the little Morisons, Irene had betrayed further and more bewilderingly delightful plans for Val's Christmas-tree party.

Val may live to give those who are about her many a happy Christmas Day, Dolly's blue eyes may dim with age, and gray hairs make their way into the little dancing golden locks, but never can either of the sisters forget the joys of that morning. First of all there was the request to the factory that the Morisons be excused from work; then a message was sent to Mrs. Morison, asking her to dinner at the "lonely lady's"; and then, when Val was just beginning to fear her little comrades would think themselves forgotten, the big sleigh came to the door, and she and Dolly were carried off with Adelaide, Irene, and Dorothea tucked in somehow to make certain more substantial purchases for Val's little friends, and her mother, sister, and herself, and to give Johnny Baker news of what was going to happen, and let him mount the seat by old Jonas, and enjoy this part of the day with them.

As for the Williams children, they declared *they* asked no better Christmas fun than all of this; and to have seen Val's expression when a new cloak and a muff and boa were purchased for her mother, and dresses and new hats for Dolly and herself—to say nothing of the rosy-cheeked doll that the little sister had so long watched with dreamy delight in a store window—was worth any or all the trouble involved.

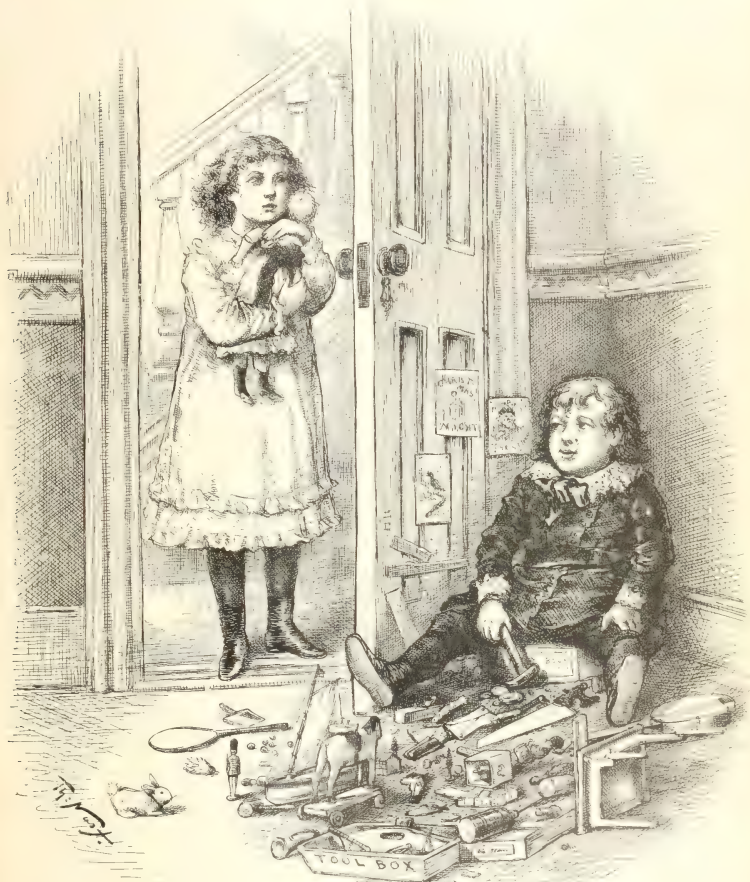
And what had it cost—all this pure honest joy in so many hearts, old and young, all this bath of sunlight in dark lives? Only that the real meaning of the day should have been apparent to Val, who did not sit down in idleness because nothing came to her hand, but did her best with whatever she could find to use for the happiness of those around her, and that one lonely and dissatisfied heart should have opened its door on Christmas Eve to let



in all the flood of peace and joy which comes of well-doing.

"Well, there are all sorts of Christmas charities," Irene remarked on that eventful occasion; "but, do you know, this is the first time I ever heard of things being reversed, and the poor children doing the good and teaching the rich ones their duty."

But none ever had to tell Val of this until that night. Before the next year the little sister would be a good friend. Mrs. Morrison had earlier won, and a more complete one, in the old home very soon. And Val's last meeting with Johnny Baker, were never forgotten. In season meet after her own niece and nephew, by one whom none again did it occur to Val or Dolly to call the "lonely lady."



SANTA CLAUS'S TOOL BOX.

YOUNG INVESTIGATOR "Oh, sister, I'm having such a jolly Christmas! I've been finding out how all the toys are made and how to put them together again."

favorite cat liked to sit on one of the doors and watch the little swallows. The old swallows did not like that, so several times they flew around and pecked at the cat as they went by, but that did not seem to discourage it. One day, when the cat was sitting on the fence near by watching the little swallows, they began to fly around and peck at her again, but could not make her get down; so they went away, but returned presently with a whole flock of swallows. They flew around the house, and began to peck at the cat as they went by. After they had done this several times, the cat was alarmed, jumped down from the fence, and ran into the cellar as fast as she could; and my aunt said she never saw the cat watching the little ones again.

ROBERT GRISBORN, B. aged 11.

ESSEXBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl four years old. I can not write yet myself, so I had to get my mamma to write this letter for me. I wish I could enough to go to school. I think it would be such good fun to go to school and get whipped. I have six dollies. Their names are Mary, Woolie, Old Newtie and Rag dollie. I got a new doll on my birthday, call her Blanche, after myself. She is a French doll. Woolie has no head, but I love her anyway. My papa works in the bank. I have no sisters or brothers. I wish I had, for I get so tired playing by myself. I got your paper for a birthday present. I like it very much. I can not read it myself, but my mamma has to read it to me. I like to hear the letters read so much! I have two grandmas and two grandpas. One of my grandmas and grandpas do not live here, but they write me very often, but I see the others nearly every day. I like to go to my grandma's, she always has such good things to eat. It will be winter soon, so we are going to have a turkey for dinner. I wish I could live in the country; I think it would be such good fun to climb the trees and fences, and like cold weather. I wish it was always warm, so I could run out and play. I hope you will not think this letter too long to print, as I am very anxious to have it read to me.

Your little friend, A. BLANCHE B.

A very sweet little letter, for which Blanche should have a kiss if I were near enough to give her one.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR POST-MISTRESS, WE HAVE TAKEN HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE four years, and like it very much. I think "Two Arrows" has a splendid story. I am ten years old, and Nellie, my sister, is nearly thirteen. Thanksgiving Day we have a church service and harvest festival. The Sunday school does not take dolls and vegetables to the church; then they are nicely arranged; after the service they are distributed to poor families. I have a great deal of fun with my typewriter, to show you how I can use it. With much love,

CHARLIE B. R.

ASPEN, COLORADO.

I have read a great many of your letters, but have never tried to write one myself. I am now eight years old. I have a kitten; her name is Kitty Clover. I am going to school, and am in the Second Reader. I have a very nice teacher. I live where there are silver mines all around us. I have been down in the mines twice, where the men dig out ore, and I think it very nice. I should like you would like to see them. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I could read. I like it very much, and like to read the letters from other little girls and boys, and I will try to write to you again when I have something to write about.

JEAN A.

P.S.—For fear you could not read my writing, I asked my papa to copy it for me.

Papas are generally very glad to oblige good little youngsters in this way, and your letter is a very welcome one, my dear.

LEICESTER, ILLINOIS, YORKSHIRE.

The last time I wrote to you I was at Clamart, a small country place near Paris. Now I am at Ilkley, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. Ilkley is a very pretty inland watering place. The river Wharfe flows through it. There is a fine view of the town on the hill, called "The Cow and Calf." On one side of the Cow there is a face resembling that of a sphinx, and on the top of the rock there is the head of a giant's foot. People think it is because everybody steps on the same place that it has become so large. There are a lot of very large rocks in Ilkley called queer names on them, called "BUTTERFLY ROCKS."

I am living with my grandparents at present; my father and mother are in Paris. We have several pets, and all of them are cats. We had a Newfoundland puppy a short time since, but alas! it died. I was so sorry! He was named King Cole; we called him King Cole because of the song, "King Cole, King Cole, when we came to Ilkley from Paris we brought them with us. They are Angora kittens. The eldest is now about five

months old; he is yellow and white, and his tail measures about five inches in width; he is called Milord. The other two are four months old; they are brother and sister, and are like each other, having white chests and backs and black and brown backs; the brother is called Bell and the sister Mimi. Then there is also the cat grandma had before I came, and she is quite a beauty like the others, and though I do not think she can speak French, they all seem to understand each other very well. They are all very intelligent, but Mimi is the sweetest of the three. I am sure she will ask me to sit down, so that she can sit on my knee, and if I won't, she jumps on my shoulder. Whenever she comes to me, she always has a paper she comes at once, because she thinks it is a paper ball for her to play with. I do make her one very often, and she will continue bringing it to me until I come home. I come home late. There are paper balls all about the house and garden. Once, when Mimi had been in the garden, she came trotting upstairs, and she had a lead down before me. At the kit cats (as my aunt calls them) follow me about the house and garden, and whenever I call they are sure to come. When they are left by themselves they begin to cry. Sometimes Mimi will take her paper ball and bring it near her pot of milk, and when she is ready she takes it up again, and goes away and plays with it.

We have got a tricycle, a sociable, but it is out of order, so we think of having another. Auntie got a box-hive with twelve bees, and she has put them in it. There is a lot of honey in it. A few days ago we took out three frames and all the sections. The weather has been rather cold and rainy this summer, so the bees have not made as much honey as they would have done if the weather had been favorable. It is very interesting to watch them struggle with the bees, and when I want to go into the hive, turn the bees out, and take possession of the honey. Sometimes I pick up a dead bee or a bit of leaf and put it on the front of the hive where the bees are, and then a lot of bees come round it, push it off the ledge, and one will fly with it and drop it at a distance.

I have one brother; he is called Clarence, and he is sixteen years old; I am fifteen. I do not go to school at present, because I have been ill. With much love, VIRGINIA LUCY B.

STATEBURGH, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I am a boy eleven years old, and I go to school, and study definitions, geography, reading, grammar, philosophy, and history. One day one of the scholars brought a horse, and we had a fine time riding it. I had a pretty little horse, and was just beginning to get tame, when the cat caught it. In the Post-office box lately I saw a letter from a boy in California, and the initials were the same as my great-grandfather's, whose name was Augustus Lawrence Converse, so I am writing to ask him if his name is Converse; if he is, he must be a cousin of mine, and we can not meet we will have to write to each other. My grandfather has given me this paper ever since it was first published, and I think it more interesting every week. J. N. H.

MILWAUKEE, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POST-MISTRESS, I live in Milwaukee, with my grandma and mamma. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, and writing. I have a kitty for my pet; she is very playful. I am seven years old. MARY L. N.

LYONS, NEW YORK.

I am eleven years old, and go to school, and read. I am in the highest class in our room. I am taking music lessons. I have four sisters and one brother. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a present from my mother. I like it very much. My favorite stories are "Rolf House" and "Two Arrows." My brother and I have a pair of rabbits (mine is pure white), but we do not know what to name them.

LAURA G. B.

Why not name them Lily and Blanche?

CAMP MEADOWS, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

I am a little boy ten years old. I have three pets—a pair of ducks, a cat, and a horse. We live at Fort Barrancas, but we are at the camp now. I like to read your paper very much. Please print my little letter for me.

THEODORE A.

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

I have been wishing to send you a letter for some time, but have not known what to say. I have seven rabbits; their colors are black, gray, white, and blue. I have a cat, and a dog named Mary. I sell them at twenty cents apiece, and I have sold four dollars' worth. I had a little dog that came to us, and we kept it. We had a Mamma was sewing one day, and she thought she heard a knock, and she went to the door, and there stood a little Skye terrier, and she let him in; and he came to her, and he sat on her lap, and she said, "Oh, what a nice dog!" and she gave him a piece of cake, and he would do it every time you held your finger up. But at last we had to give him away, because he got so naughty. He was every-



Oh, what shall my blue eyes go see?  
Shall it be pretty Quack-Quack-to-day?  
Or the Peacock upon the yew-tree?  
Or the dainty white lambs at play?

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am one of the older ones, but I enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and want to tell you for me. Our fourteen-year-old Sarah has taken it for the first number, and now has six volumes. Four-year-old Willie used to sit in my lap by the hour not writing, looking at the pictures and listening to the stories, of which he had his favorites.

As we have lived five years in Burnham, we were much interested in David Ker's account of the two missionaries who came so near losing their lives in the first Burnese war. One of them was the Rev. Jonathan Wade, D.D., who reduced the Karen language to writing. One evening in March, 1870, while sitting on the veranda after dinner, I asked whether he had received any mail-treatment at the hands of the Burnians during the war. "Well," said he, in his slow, deliberate way, "that all depends on what you call mail-treatment." Then he proceeded to relate the story substantially as you have told it, with some additional particulars which he remembered.

The other missionary was Mr. Hough, who became a government teacher, and was pensioned after five years of service. He died at his residence in Maulmain in 1870. At the present time two of his grandsons are civil officers in Burnham. Dr. Wade died in 1872, at the house of Mrs. Dr. Binney, in Rangoon, where I heard him tell the story of his narrow escape from death. The good missionaries lived to do much work in Burnham and in other lands.

I am a cripple, and my children wheel me along the sidewalk in a wheel-chair. One day I espied a swallow that had impaled itself upon the sharp point of a lightning-rod while trying to descend too rapidly to its nest in the chimney. A school-mate of my daughter told me that she saw the poor thing when it was first caught, and as the other swallows came around with much ado and great twittering, and tried to help their unfortunate comrade. They seem to have become discouraged for the chimney was deserted when I first saw the dead swallow. It remained there several weeks, until it was removed by some painters.

Thank you very much for this letter, and for the kind words of commendation which do not print, because they are interwoven with personal details not intended for publication. But we must be permitted to thank parents when they tell us that they consider HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE "bright, healthy, and instructive," and that they long for its success.

Another story which the swallows should follow:

ESSEXBURGH, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POST-MISTRESS, I have no pets to write of, so I would like to tell you a curious and true story about some swallows. When my aunt Anne died at her home near Reading, Pennsylvania, she left a pair of swallows built their nest under the eaves of the house, facing the yard. After a while little ones were hatched, and used to come up and sit on the top of the nest. An old-fashioned cellar door opened into the yard, and one of the doors stood open almost all the time. A







### AN ERRAND TO SANTA CLAUS.

**M**R. POLICEMAN, please tell me the way;  
You're the right one to ask, all the folks say.  
Must I cross over, or go straight ahead?  
I'm going to see Santa Claus— What's that you said?  
He came to see me once; he's coming again—  
Pretty soon too, I guess—don't know just when.  
I want to tell him, whenever he comes,  
To bring me a dolly, not trumpets or drums:

That is what Jack wants—Jack is my brother.  
Santa Claus might take one for the other.  
I don't know his house, but it must be quite near;  
The windows are all full of playthings right here.  
I hope there's a door, and I won't have to go  
Down the chimney to get in, as he does, you know.  
Well, if I don't start I shan't reach there to-day,  
So, Mr. Policeman, please show me the way.

### HOW THE PELICAN TOOK A BATH.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

**T**HE pelican is a funny-looking bird. His wings are very strong, and under his lower bill he carries a queer kind of a pouch, which he finds very useful when he goes on a fishing excursion. His upper bill is provided with a strong hook, and this is all the fishing-tackle he requires, and there is no necessity of his carrying any bait. He generally catches enough fish at one haul to last him for some time, and the supply is as handy as if he had a market in the house.

It would have made a whole school of fishes laugh uproariously to have seen the pelican take a bath in the pool provided for him and some feathered companions at the Central Park, New York. Such a dirty bird as he was! You wouldn't imagine he had taken a bath for a month at least.

One bright October day the pelican made up his mind that what he needed most was a good washing, so he waddled along to the bath-tub provided for him, and paddled and spashed until he was thoroughly wet, and there was almost as much water outside the tank as there was inside.

When you come out of the bath, you generally fly for a towel. So did the pelican. The air was his towel, and he flew around at such a rate, with his wings extended, that all the other birds got out of his way as soon as possible.

Then you would have laughed to have seen him dress himself, all the while keeping his wings stretched, so that every tiny feather might dry, as our clothes dry on a clothes-line. Then with his funny bill he went to work as a laundress does with her iron, and smoothed every feather, one at a time, down his breast.

O what a brilliant success he was making out of the Pelican Laundry! Why, you wouldn't have known the bird. Instead of a great, dirty, dingy-looking biped, here was a web-footed water-fowl in magnificent white plumage, worthy to associate with swans, and casting into the shade all his dull-colored companions.



### AN EARLY INVESTIGATION.

"Cwagee, jump up quick an' strike a match! I feels one ob our stockin's on de foot ob de bed yer, an' it's jes jammed full ob sumpfin already, an' I know it's lubly, by de way it feels."

"Lan' ob goodness! If 'tain't my foot, an' I done forgot ter pull my stockin' off las' night when I went ter bed. Santa Claus has done gone left me dis time, sluah."



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A CHRISTMAS TURKEY, AND HOW IT CAME.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"I KNOW we couldn't do it."

"I say we could, if we all helped."

"How can we?"

"I've planned lots of ways, only you mustn't laugh at them, and you mustn't say a word to mother. I want it to be all a surprise."

"She'll find us out."

"No, she won't, if we tell her we won't get into mischief."

"Fire away, then, and let's hear your fine plans."

"We must talk softly, or we shall wake father. He's got a headache."

A curious change came over the faces of the two boys as their sister lowered her voice, with a nod toward a half-opened door. They looked sad and ashamed, and Kitty sighed as she spoke, for all knew that father's headaches always began by his coming home stupid or cross, with only a part of his wages, and mother always cried when she thought they did not see her, and after the long sleep father looked as if he didn't like to meet their eyes, but went off early.

They knew what it meant, but never spoke of it—only pondered over it, and mourned with mother at the change which was slowly altering their kind, industrious father into a moody man, and mother into an anxious, over-worked woman.

Kitty was thirteen, and a very capable girl, who helped with the housekeeping, took care of the two little ones, and went to school. Tommy and Sammy looked up to her and thought her a remarkably good sister. Now, as they sat round the stove having "a go-to-bed warm," the three heads were close together, and the boys listened eagerly to Kitty's plans, while the rattle of the sewing-machine in another room went on as tirelessly as it had done all day; for mother's work was more and more needed every month.

"Well," began Kitty, in an impressive tone, "we all know that there won't be a bit of Christmas in this family if we don't make it. Mother's too busy, and father don't care, so we must see what *we* can do; for I should be mortified to death to go to school and say I hadn't had any turkey or plum-pudding. Don't expect presents, but we must have some kind of a decent dinner."

"So I say: I'm tired of fish and potatoes," said Sammy, the younger.

"But where's the dinner coming from?" asked Tommy, who had already taken some of the cares of life on his young shoulders, and knew that Christmas dinners did not walk into people's houses without money.

"We'll earn it," and Kitty looked like a small Napoleon planning the passage of the Alps. "You, Tom, must go early to-morrow to Mr. Brisket and offer to carry baskets. He will be dreadfully busy, and want you, I know, and you are so strong you can lug as much as some of the big fellows. He pays well, and if he won't give much money, you can take your wages in things to eat. We want everything."

"What shall I do?" cried Sammy, while Tom sat turning this plan over in his mind.

"Take the old shovel and clear sidewalks. The snow came on purpose to help you."

"It's awful hard work, and the shovel's half gone," began Sammy, who preferred to spend his holiday coasting on an old tea-tray.

"Don't growl, or you won't get any dinner," said Tom, making up his mind to lug baskets for the good of the family, like a manly lad as he was.

"I," continued Kitty, "have taken the hardest part of all; for after my work is done, and the babies safely settled, I'm going to beg for the leavings of the holly and pine swept out of the church down below, and make some wreaths and sell them."

"If you can," put in Tommy, who had tried pencils, and failed to make a fortune.

"Not in the street?" cried Sam, looking alarmed.

"Yes, at the corner of the Park. I'm bound to make some money, and don't see any other way. I shall put on an old hood and shawl, and no one will know me. Don't care if they do." And Kitty tried to mean what

she said, but in her heart she felt that it would be a trial to her pride if any of her school-mates should happen to recognize her.

"Don't believe you'll do it."

"See if I don't; for I *will* have a good dinner one day in the year."

"Well, it doesn't seem right for us to do it. Father ought to take care of us, and we only buy some presents with the little bit we earn. He never gives us anything now." And Tommy scowled at the bedroom door, with a strong sense of injury struggling with affection in his boyish heart.

"Hush!" cried Kitty. "Don't blame him. Mother says we never must forget he's our father. I try not to; but when she cries, it's hard to feel as I ought." And a sob made the little girl stop short as she poked the fire to hide the trouble in the face that should have been all smiles.

For a moment the room was very still, as the snow beat on the window, and the fire-light flickered over the six shabby little boots put up on the stove hearth to dry.

Tommy's cheerful voice broke the silence, saying, stoutly: "Well, if I've got to work all day, I guess I'll go to bed early. Don't fret, Kit; we'll help all we can, and have a good time—see if we don't."

"I'll go out real early, and shovel like fury. Maybe I'll get a dollar. Would that buy a turkey?" asked Sammy, with the air of a millionaire.

"No, dear; one big enough for us would cost two, I'm afraid. Perhaps we'll have one sent us. We belong to the church, though folks don't know how poor we are now, and we can't beg." And Kitty bustled about, clearing up, rather exercised in her mind about going and asking for the much-desired fowl.

Soon all three were fast asleep, and nothing but the whir of the machine broke the quiet that fell upon the house. Then from the inner room a man came and sat over the fire with his head in his hands and his eyes fixed on the ragged little boots left to dry. He had heard the children's talk, and his heart was very heavy as he looked about the shabby room that used to be so neat and pleasant. What he thought no one knows, what he did we shall see by-and-by; but the sorrow and shame and tender silence of his children worked a miracle that night more lasting and lovely than the white beauty which the snow wrought upon the sleeping city.

Bright and early the boys were away to their work, while Kitty sang as she dressed the little sisters, put the house in order, and made her mother smile at the mysterious hints she gave of something splendid which was going to happen. Father was gone, and though all rather dreaded evening, nothing was said; but each worked with a will, feeling that Christmas should be merry in spite of poverty and care.

All day, Tommy lugged fat turkeys, roasts of beef, and every sort of vegetable for other people's good dinners on the morrow, wondering meanwhile where his own was coming from. Mr. Brisket had an army of boys trudging here and there, and was too busy to notice any particular lad till the hurry was over, and only a few belated buyers remained to be served. It was late; but the stores kept open, and though so tired he could hardly stand, brave Tommy held on when the other boys left, hoping to earn a trifle more by extra work. He sat down on a barrel to rest during a leisure moment, and presently his weary head nodded sideways into a basket of cranberries, where he slept quietly till the sound of gruff voices roused him.

It was Mr. Brisket scolding because one dinner had been forgotten.

"I told that rascal Beals to be sure and carry it, for the old gentleman will be in a rage if it doesn't come, and take away his custom. Every boy gone, and I can't leave the store, nor you either, Pat, with all the clearing up to do."

"Here's a by, sir, slavin' illigant forinist the crupper-ries, bad luck to him!" answered Pat, with a shake that set poor Tom on his legs, wide awake at once.

"Good luck to him, you mean. Here, What's your name, you take this basket to that number, and I'll make it worth your while," said Mr. Brisket, much relieved by this unexpected help.

"All right, sir," and Tommy trudged off as briskly as his tired legs would let him, cheering the long, cold walk with visions of the turkey with which his employer might reward him, for there were piles of them, and Pat was to have one for his family.

His brilliant dreams were disappointed, however, for Mr. Brisket naturally supposed Tom's father would attend to that part of the dinner, and generously heaped a basket with vegetables, rosy apples, and a quart of cranberries.

"There, if you ain't too tired, you can take one more load to that number, and a merry Christmas to you!" said the stout man, handing over his gift with the promised dollar.

"Thank you, sir; good-night," answered Tom, shouldering his last load with a grateful smile, and trying not to look longingly at the poultry; for he had set his heart on at least a skinny bird as a surprise to Kit.

Sammy's adventures that day had been more varied and his efforts more successful, as we shall see, in the end, for Sammy was a most engaging little fellow, and no one could look into his blue eyes without wanting to pat his curly yellow head with one hand while the other gave him something. The cares of life had not lessened his confidence in people, and only the most abandoned ruffians had the heart to deceive or disappoint him. His very tribulations usually led to something pleasant, and whatever happened, sunshiny Sam came right side up, lucky and laughing.

Undaunted by the drifts or the cold wind, he marched off with the remains of the old shovel to seek his fortune, and found it at the third house where he called. The first two sidewalk jobs were easy jobs, and he pocketed his ninepences with a growing conviction that this was his chosen work. The third sidewalk was a fine long one, for the house stood on the corner, and two pavements must be cleared.

"It ought to be fifty cents; but perhaps they won't give me so much, I'm such a young one. I'll show 'em I can work, though, like a man;" and Sammy rang the bell with the energy of a telegraph boy.

Before the bell could be answered, a big boy rushed up, exclaiming, roughly: "Get out of this! I'm going to have the job. You can't do it. Start, now, or I'll chuck you into a snow-bank."

"I won't!" answered Sammy, indignant at the brutal tone and unjust claim. "I got here first, and it's my job. You let me alone. I ain't afraid of you or your snow-banks either."

The big boy wasted no time in words, for steps were heard inside, but, after a brief scuffle, hauled Sammy, fighting bravely all the way, down the steps, and tumbled him into a deep drift. Then he ran up the steps, and respectfully asked for the job when a neat maid opened the door. He would have got it if Sam had not roared out, as he floundered in the drift: "I came first. He knocked me down 'cause I'm the smallest. Please let me do it—please!"

Before another word could be said, a little old lady appeared in the hall, trying to look stern, and failing entirely, because she was the picture of a dear, fat, cozy grandma.

"Send that *bad* big boy away, Maria, and call in the poor little fellow. I saw the whole thing, and *he* shall have the job if he can do it."

The bully slunk away, and Sammy came panting up the steps, white with snow, a great bruise on his forehead,

and a beaming smile on his face, looking like a little Santa Claus who had just come down the sleigh that the maid laughed, and the old lady exclaimed: "Bless the boy! he's dreadfully hurt, and *he* shall have it. Come in and be brushed and get your coat mended, and tell me how that scamp came to treat you so."

Nothing loath to be comforted, Sammy told his little tale while Maria dusted him off on the mat, and the old lady hovered in the doorway of the dining-room, where a nice breakfast smoked and smelled so deliciously, that the boy sniffed the odor of coffee and buckwheats like a hungry hound.

"He'll get his death if he goes to work till he's dried a bit. Put him over the register, Maria, and I'll give him a hot drink, for it's bitter cold, poor dear!"

Away trotted the kind old lady, and in a minute came back with coffee and cakes, on which Sammy feasted as he warmed his toes and told Kitty's plans for Christmas, led on by the old lady's questions, and quite unconscious that he was letting all sorts of cats out of the bag.

Mrs. Bryant understood the little story, and made her plans also, for the rosy-faced boy was very like a little grandson who died last year, and her sad old heart was very tender to all other small boys. So she found out where Sammy lived, and nodded and smiled at him most cheerily as he trudged stoutly away at the snow on the long pavements till all was done, and the little workman came for his wages.

A bright silver dollar and a pocketful of gingerbread sent him off a rich and happy boy to shovel and sweep till noon, when he proudly showed his earnings at home, and feasted the babies on the carefully hoarded cake, for Dilly and Dot were the idols of the household.

"Now, Sammy dear, I want you to take my place here this afternoon, for mother will have to take her work home by-and-by, and I must sell my wreaths. I only got enough green for six and two bunches of holly, but if I can sell them for ten or twelve cents apiece, I shall be glad. Girls never can earn as much money as boys somehow," sighed Kitty, surveying the thin wreaths tied up with carpet ravellings, and vainly puzzling her young wits over a sad problem.

"I'll give you some of my money if you don't get a dollar; then we'll be even. Men always take care of women, you know, and ought to," cried Sammy, setting a fine example to his father, if he had only been there to profit by it.

With thanks Kitty left him to rest on the old sofa, while the happy babies swarmed over him; and putting on the shabby hood and shawl, she slipped away to stand at the Park gate, modestly offering her little wares to the passers-by. A nice old gentleman bought two, and his wife scolded him for getting such bad ones; but the money gave more happiness than any other he spent that day. A child took a ten-cent bunch of holly with its red berries, and there Kitty's market ended. It was very cold, people were in a hurry, bolder hucksters pressed before the timid little girl, and the balloon man told her to "clear out."

Hoping for better luck, she tried several other places, but the short afternoon was soon over, the streets began to thin, the keen wind chilled her to the bone, and her heart was very heavy to think that in all the rich, merry city, where Christmas gifts passed her in every hand, there were none for the dear babies and boys at home. Christmas dinner was a failure.

"I must go and get supper anyway, and I'll be up in our own rooms, as I can't sell my wreaths, and I'll wipe a very big tear from my eye."

A smaller, shabbier girl than herself came along at the bunch of holly with wistful eyes, and she wished some one would give it to her. She offered the only thing she had to give, saying, kindly,





FIVE HAPPY LITTLE SOULS SKIPPED GAYLY ROUND THE TABLE."

"You may have it—merry Christmas!" and ran away before the delighted child could thank her.

I am very sure that one of the spirits who fly about at this season of the year saw the little act, made a note of it, and in about fifteen minutes rewarded Kitty for her sweet remembrance of the golden rule.

As she went sadly homeward she looked up at some of the big houses where every window shone with the festivities of Christmas Eve, and more than one tear fell, for the little girl found life pretty hard just then.

"There don't seem to be any wreaths at these windows; perhaps they'd buy mine. I can't bear to go home with so little for my share," she said, stopping before one of the biggest and brightest of these fairy palaces, where the sound of music was heard, and many little heads peeped from behind the curtains as if watching for some one.

Kitty was just going up the steps to make another trial, when two small boys came racing round the corner, slipped on the icy pavement, and both went down with a crash that would have broken older bones. One was up in a minute, laughing; the other lay squirming and howling, "Oh, my knee! my knee!" till Kitty ran and picked him up with the motherly consolations she had learned to give.

"It's broken; I know it is," wailed the small sufferer as Kitty carried him up the steps, while his friend wildly rang the door-bell.

It was like going into fairy-land, for the house was all astir with a children's Christmas party. Servants flew about with smiling faces, open doors gave ravishing glimpses of a feast in one room and a splendid tree in another, while a crowd of little faces peered over the balusters in the hall above, eager to come down and enjoy the glories prepared for them.

A pretty young girl came to meet Kitty, and listened to her story of the accident, which proved to be less severe than it at first appeared; for Bertie, the injured party, forgot his anguish at sight of the tree, and hopped upstairs so nimbly that every one laughed.

"He said his leg was broken, but I guess he's all right," said Kitty, reluctantly turning from this happy scene to go out into the night again.

"Would you like to see our tree before the children come down?" asked the pretty girl, seeing the wistful look in the child's eyes, and the shine of half-dried tears on her cheek.

"Oh yes; I never saw anything so lovely. I'd like to tell the babies all about it," and Kitty's face beamed at the prospect, as if the kind words had melted all the frost away.

"How many babies are there?" asked the pretty girl, as she led the way into the brilliant room. Kitty told her, adding several other facts, for the friendly atmosphere seemed to make them friends at once.

"I will buy the wreaths, for we haven't any," said the girl in silk, as Kitty told how she was just coming to offer them when the boys fell.

It was pretty to see how carefully the little hostess laid away the shabby garlands and slipped a half-dollar into Kitty's hand; prettier, still, to watch the sly way in which she tucked some bonbons, a red ball, a blue whip, two china dolls, two pairs of little mittens, and some gilded nuts into an empty box for "the babies"; and prettiest of all, to see the smiles and tears make April in Kitty's face as she tried to tell her thanks for this beautiful surprise.

The world was all right when she got into the street again and ran home with the precious box hugged close, feeling that at last she had something to make a merry Christmas of.

Shrieks of joy greeted her, for Sammy's nice old lady had sent a basket full of pies, nuts and raisins, oranges and cake, and—oh, happy Sammy! a sled, all for love of the blue eyes that twinkled so merrily when he told her about the tea-tray. Piled upon this red car of triumph, Dilly and Dot were being dragged about, while the other treasures were set forth on the table.

"I must show mine," cried Kitty; "we'll look at them



to-night, and have them to-morrow;" and amid more cries of rapture *her* box was unpacked, *her* money added to the pile in the middle of the table, where Sammy had laid his handsome contribution toward the turkey.

Before the story of the splendid tree was over, in came Tommy with his substantial offering and his hard-earned dollar.

"I'm afraid I ought to keep my money for shoes. I've walked the soles off these to-day, and can't go to school barefooted," he said, bravely trying to put the temptation of skates behind him.

"We've got a good dinner without a turkey, and perhaps we'd better not get it," added Kitty, with a sigh, as she surveyed the table, and remembered the blue knit hood marked seventy-five cents that she saw in a shop window.

"Oh, we *must* have a turkey! we worked so hard for it, and it's so Christmasy," cried Sam, who always felt that pleasant things ought to happen.

"Must have turty," echoed the babies, as they eyed the dolls tenderly.

"You *shall* have a turkey, and there he is," said an unexpected voice, as a noble bird fell upon the table, and lay there kicking up his legs as if enjoying the surprise immensely.

It was father's voice, and there stood father, neither cross nor stupid, but looking as he used to look, kind and happy, and beside him was mother, smiling as they had not seen her smile for months. It was not because the work was well paid for, and more promised, but because she had received a gift that made the world bright, a home happy again—father's promise to drink no more.

"I've been working to-day as well as you, and you may keep your money for yourself. There are shoes for all; and never again, please God, shall my children be ashamed of me, or want a dinner Christmas Day."

As father said this with a choke in his voice, and mother's head went down on his shoulder to hide the happy tears that wet her cheeks, the children didn't know whether to laugh or cry, till Kitty, with the instinct of a loving heart, settled the question by saying, as she held out her hands, "We haven't any tree, so let's dance around our goodies and be merry."

Then the tired feet in the old shoes forgot their weariness, and five happy little souls skipped gayly round the table, where, in the midst of all the treasures earned and given, father's Christmas turkey proudly lay in state.

## WHICH DO YOU LIKE BEST?

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

**T**HERE'S a little frolicsome maid I know

Who has a question she puts to me  
Whenever close to my side she comes.

Or into my lap, where she loves to be.

"Which do you like best?" says the little maid,

Her face with comical furrows lined,

"Summer or winter?" and then she waits

To give me a chance to make up my mind.

If "Summer" I answer, she pinches me well—

You wouldn't believe that she had such might—

And says, at each nip with her finger and thumb,

"Skeeters! skeeters! Oh, how they bite!"

If "Winter" I say, she will double her fists

And pommel me well; and at every blow,

"Snow-balls! snow-balls!" she cries aloud,

And laughs to find that she hurts me so.

'Tis a pretty play, and I do not care

How thick the snow-balls or "skeeters" fall;

For I love both summer and winter time,

But I love my darling the best of all.



FINISHING THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

## CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC

BY LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA

**A**FTER the Thanksgiving dinner to our Eskimo friends in the village around us (of which I told you in No. 317 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE), you may be sure that they heard of Christmas coming with unfeigned delight, especially when it was known to be another day rounded off with a feast.

Of course there was one essential element wanting to the perfection of Christmas, and that was a Christmas tree. Around the edge of some of the low marshy fields not far from our village we had noticed, before the snow fell in September and October and covered the ground, a few stunted arctic willows. The thickest limb was not larger than one's little finger, while the trunk itself—if it could properly be called such—was not larger around than a thumb, and not over a foot high, sprawling over the ground, in fact, like some stunted trailing plant at home. I could not help thinking these willows looked very much like the smaller clumps of sage-brush I had seen on the Western plains when out hunting. They might have served as Christmas trees for the Lilliputs of whom we read in *Gulliver's Travels*, but for the present race of human beings to use them as such was out of the question. And Christmas presented tied to a little limb would be all right.

So, at least, we all thought until a member of my party suggested that about a half-dozen of these stunted willows be pulled up by the roots—which could be done as readily as if they were so many cabbages. The roots were then put into the soft snow of the top of the snow-house done as far as they could be stuck in with the fingers, and then a little water dashed or sprinkled over the roof to form a sort of cement of ice to hold the little willows in their

places, upside down of course, so that the Christmas trees would dangle downward from the roof, or stand on their heads, so to speak. On the hanging branches could be tied the few simple but useful presents we should give away to our native friends, and when the ceremony was all over, the Christmas trees could be torn out by the roots once more and thrown away.

We accordingly asked two small Eskimo boys to make a visit the first fine day to the willow patch, about a mile away, and bring us a few of the largest, a service which we intended to repay by presents, as well as a good dinner, should they be successful. Away they went, no doubt wondering what in the world a lot of willow brush could have to do with a proposed feast, for no other way of celebrating a day could enter their minds than that something good must enter their stomachs, and when that was over, all was over. Possibly they thought that we wanted to use the willows to cook some of the Christmas victuals, for in the summer-time, if they be near a patch of these willows, the Eskimos often wander among them to pick out the dead ones to build a fire to cook their food with. There is no use for them whatever in the winter, as the natives then have plenty of seal and walrus oil with which they can do their cooking, and so I suppose our two little fellows busied their little brains with what we could want with the willows, until they had thrown them down at our feet.

The presents were simple but useful—a can of powder, a box of musket caps, or a bag of balls here and there to the best hunters; a jackknife or rubber match-box to the boys; a pair of scissors or a few three-cornered needles (for all the sewing is done on reindeer-skins, requiring gloves' or three-cornered needles) to the women, and some beads and cheap jewelry to the little girls.

And better, far better than all other things to these simple-minded natives, who think only of the present, we had a tremendous dinner, which looked very much smaller after they had gotten through with it. They are enormous eaters. Captain Parry, of the British navy, writes that an Eskimo boy he fed, while wintering among that people not very far from my own winter-quarters in the northern part of Hudson Bay, managed to devour in one day over ten pounds of solid food, which he washed down his throat with a gallon and a half of tea, coffee, and water. A man of the same tribe also ate ten pounds of solid material, which included a couple of tallow candles, and drank of various liquids with which he was furnished a gallon and a half, and yet these people, devouring all this food, are only from four to four and a half feet high when full grown.

Captain Parry does not say so in his book, but probably he was giving them a Christmas dinner at the time; at least I thought so when I looked at the place where my huge dinner had been, and I considered it fortunate that Christmas only came once a year, although our friends were no doubt willing to have it come three hundred and sixty-five times in that period. These Eskimo of the northern part of Hudson Bay are not altogether unfamiliar with Thanksgiving and Christmas, for quite often the American whalers who come to these waters to catch whales winter their ships among them, and the natives gather around like flies about a sugar barrel to get a little bread and molasses, or weak coffee sweetened with cheap sugar, for, like all savages, they have a very sweet tooth in their heads. So we spent our first Christmas in this lone northland.

The second was even more lonesome and less cheerful than the first. We were sledging along Back's Great Fish River, going from the Arctic Ocean to Hudson Bay. The days were only a couple of hours long, and even that was all twilight coming from the south, where the sun ought to be, and we were making but five or six miles a day from one snow house to the other. Right glad were

we, in fact, if the snow house we had left in the morning was out of sight behind some friendly bend in the river when we commenced building our new one as darkness came on, for nothing could be more discouraging than to see it staring us in the face.

This slow travelling was not altogether due to the short days, but also to the intense cold and the bad sledging on the river ice. The day before Christmas we made but five miles, and built our *igloo*—as the natives call the snow house—with a keen wind blowing from the northwest, although the high bluffs of the river protected us considerably. That morning the thermometer had been sixty-eight degrees below zero, or just one hundred degrees below the freezing-point, and you can see that we were cold enough to wish we were home for our Christmas. As a wind would spring up, the thermometer would always show that it was getting warmer, as it did this Christmas Eve, but if a person got caught in such a wind he would be inclined to think it was ten times colder.

We knew by the way the black storm came up that it was going to last a day or two, and that we should spend our Christmas in-doors—if we can speak of being in-doors in a snow house where there are no doors. Toolooah, an Eskimo, threw three or four feet of extra snow on top of the *igloo*, knowing that it would be a bitter cold night and that we would need this additional covering, but despite this we could feel the strong gale penetrating the walls of our house, and a candle held to the windward side had its flame blown inward very perceptibly.

We did not have much reindeer meat, and the fish we had gotten at the mouth of the river were rapidly diminishing, so that our dogs were being fed only every third or fourth day. We had intended to feed them next day, or Christmas, but that very night, shortly after midnight, they broke into the little snow house built alongside to store the food, dog harness, and other things, and stole the food we had intended for ourselves. Toolooah, half-dressed, got out of the snow hut as soon as he heard them scrambling around and fighting over the spoils, and secured the greater part of it again in a cold so intense that almost any white man would have frozen to death. And this is the way the dogs got their Christmas dinner.

We had started April 1, 1879, on our sledge journey, with only a month's civilized provisions, although we knew we should be gone almost a year, expecting to live on the game of the country. We stretched our supply out, however, with the assistance of the reindeer we killed, until the 24th of June, when we ate the last of our civilized provisions, and from that time on until we got back to Hudson Bay—a year, lacking only ten days—we lived almost altogether on reindeer meat, with a few seals for a change.

Christmas morning, Henry, our cook, slyly informed us that he had saved enough coffee for a mess, also a little sugar and condensed milk for it, and some cornstarch with which to thicken our reindeer soup, and make a sauce for the big salmon we had caught—civilized food which had not passed our lips before for exactly six months to a day, and which it was three months, lacking only four days, before we should taste again. We had very little seal or walrus oil with which to cook our delicacies, so long had we been away from the sea; but stormy as it was, some of the Eskimo boys went out on the hills and gathered some black moss, beat the snow off it against the rocks, and with a very little oil sprinkled over it, we cooked our salmon to serve for a turkey, and called the cornstarch cranberry sauce.

I think we all believed it was the best Christmas dinner we had ever had. We all felt so good over it, simple as it was, that we voted, without a dissenting voice, to pound up some of the frozen white-fish we had in the store *igloo*, and give them to the forty-five half-starved dogs, though they did not deserve it, after the way they had acted in the terrible storm during the night.

## A SLEIGH FOR THE BABY.

WE talked it over. What shall be done to give Baby his daily rides in winter? Why not buy a little sleigh? was suggested; but my fourteen-year-old brother said, "I'll make one for you." And he succeeded so well that I must tell how he did it, that other families may be at little or no expense in having a sleigh for the little one to go out in when the ground is covered with snow.

In order to have it light and durable, strong bass-wood three-eighths of an inch thick was selected for the top, and maple used for the runners. The side pieces were marked out on boards two feet long and one foot wide, as in Fig. 1. The measurements were: from *a* to *b* three inches, from *a* to *c* seven inches, and from *d* to *e* three inches. The curve from *f* to *c* was then carefully drawn. The ends were cut off on the marks with a fine saw, and the board, after being secured in a bench vise, was curved with a drawshave roughly, and finished with a spokeshave. With one completed, the other was easily marked out by this pattern and worked into shape as before.

The backboard (Fig. 2) was made from a piece of board fifteen inches square. If a board of sufficient width can

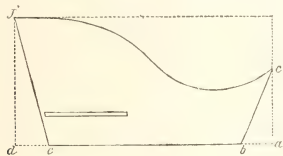


FIG. 1.

not be found, glue two pieces together; in order to do this the edges must be carefully planed square, and put together with hot glue, leaving them to stand twelve hours or so. Fig. 2 shows how it was marked out. From *a* to *b* and from *d* to *c* is one and a half inches respectively; *e* and *g* are each three inches from the upper edge. The lines *b e* and *c g* were marked out with a pencil. Taking the point at *f* as a centre, a part of a circle was drawn from *e* to *g*.

The dash-board was seven inches wide, and was marked out by using the backboard as a pattern, using only the part as high up as the line *h i* in Fig. 2.

The board for the bottom was slightly more than twelve inches wide, so that when the edges and ends were bevelled it fitted exactly. Soft steel wire nails were used in nailing together the parts, which was done in the following manner: The backboard was firmly held in a vise while one side piece was being nailed to it. To prevent splitting, a brad-awl was used for each nail. Four nails two inches long were enough to firmly secure it. The other side piece was nailed on in the same manner, and then the dash-board was put in place, and finally the bottom.

Two three-eighth-inch strips an inch wide and eight inches long were screwed to the sides three inches from the bottom to support the seat, which was ten inches wide, with bevelled edges to fit the sides, and nailed in place with inch brads. The completed top was smoothed and sandpapered, and was ready for painting.

Now for the sled. If you happen to have a frame sled of the right di-

mensions, use it, for it will be better than any you can make, because of its lightness.

Place the top in position on it, and bore two quarter-inch holes in the middle of the bottom, one in front and the other under the seat near the backboard. Let these holes pierce the board of the sled; then secure both together by two two-inch bolts, with nuts.

For those who have not a proper sled of the right dimensions I will write a description of the one we had. The runners were made from two boards seven inches wide, three feet long, and three-quarters of an inch thick.

Mark out the shape (Fig. 3) on one board, commencing with the curve at the bows. Begin the under curve eight inches from the end, *a*, and have the point come at the corner of the upper edge; eight inches from which point make a line two inches from the edge, running to the opposite end. From the bows draw a curve to meet this line, and at the other end, at *b*, three inches from the extrem-



FIG. 3.

ity, on the upper edge, draw a straight line to the lower corner. With saw and drawshave work down to the lines, and finish with a spokeshave.

One being completed, use it for a pattern. Mark out the other, and when both are finished, make two cross-bars of hard wood an inch and a half wide, one inch thick, and twelve inches long. Make a tenon at each end, as shown in Fig. 4, three-quarters of an inch deep. The mortise for the forward one will come fifteen inches from the forward end, while the other will be fifteen inches nearer the stern. Carefully mark the places with square and pencil half an inch from the edge on both sides of the runner. With mallet and chisel cut half-way through; then turn the runner over, and finish from the other side.

Having finished, place the bars in position, secure with screws, and get a board ten inches wide by half an inch thick, and two feet long, screwed to the bars. Take the frame to a blacksmith, and he will put on the irons and braces and rings for the rope. Secure the top to the sled in the manner before described. Paint the sleigh some suitable color, mixing with the paint a quantity of Japan varnish, which will give the surface a hard, glossy appearance when dry. With a dainty cushion on the back and sides, stuffed with some soft material, you will have a pretty sleigh for the baby, and, withal, the satisfaction of having made it yourself.



THE SLEIGH.







THE CHRISTMAS STATION.

### "A SHORTER WAY."

BY MARY E. VANDYNE

"BRING up your men," the order reads.  
 Forth from the camp the Captain leads,  
 And on, with steady step and slow,  
 In serried ranks, the veterans go  
 To where, beyond yon forest glade,  
 Two great hosts stand in arms arrayed.

But stop! A childish voice is heard,  
 With accent wild in every word:  
 "Halt! Sir Captain. Halt! I say.  
 Mother says there's a shorter way."

Slowly the leader turns his head.  
 "What do I hear the boy hath said?"

A small hand clasps his bridle rein;  
 Clearly the words ring out again:  
 "Mother has sent me here to say  
 You best would go by the shorter way."

The Captain smiled. "Lead on!" he cried.  
 "Behind this lad, my men, we'll ride.  
 Go forward, boy, to the battle fray,  
 And lead us there by the shorter way."

It is eventide. A blood-stained band,  
 The veterans near their General stand.

"Where is the leader who led to-day  
 Your gallant band in Victory's way?  
 By you indeed was the battle won,  
 Ere the clash of arms had well begun."

A veteran holding a childish hand  
 Stands forth before the admiring band.  
 "Our Captain's form in the dust lies low.  
 Here stands the leader to whom we owe  
 A field well won, and a battle plain  
 Where waves our glorious flag again.  
 Too late had we reached the scene to-day  
 Had a lad not shown us a shorter way.  
 Through rain of bullets, 'mid cannon's roar,  
 We marched where his slight form went before.  
 Though one by one brave men fell dead,  
 We could not halt while a lad still led.  
 To God and a child our thanks be given;  
 The foe is fled, from a lost field driven.  
 No victory had we won to-day  
 Had a lad not shown us a shorter way."

### THE MYSTERY OF THE FIVE UMBRELLAS.

BY ARTHUR PENN.

IT was not at all a large family, for there were only five of them. But it was an eminently respectable family, for they all owned umbrellas.

There was Mr. Brown, there was Mrs. Brown, there was Uncle Bob, there was Jimmy, and there was Lunny.

Mr. James Brown was a very good man. He was quiet and dignified, and president of a bank; and as he left his house (a high-stoop, brown-stone dwelling, with a two-story extension, hard-wood trimmings, and all the modern improvements) every morning at half past nine, so as to arrive at the bank just five minutes before ten, he generally carried in his right hand an umbrella which reflected and suggested the solid position and trustworthy character of its owner. Mr. Brown's umbrella was a huge, robust, wide-spreading cotton tent.

Mrs. Brown was a very pretty little woman, who went out shopping every morning after breakfast, and her umbrella was as indicative of her gentle character as her husband's more massive combination of whalebone and cotton. Mrs. Brown's umbrella was a firm but delicate little article of silk and steel.

Uncle Bob was Mrs. Brown's brother, and he was a bachelor and a newspaper man; that is to say, he worked on the *Gotham Gazette*. Lunny generally called him

"Unks," but his name was Robert White, and his umbrella was a sturdy specimen of bamboo architecture.

Jimmy liked to be called Mr. James Brown, Jun. He had just been graduated from Columbia College, where he had kicked in the foot-ball eleven and taken the Greek prize. He was now at the law school, and he was supposed to give his days and nights to the solution of difficult legal questions, such as, "Was the case of the six carpenters a packing case or not?" Jimmy was very neat and natty, and he was as dainty in his dress as possible. Jimmy's umbrella was one of those wonderfully made imported English umbrellas that roll up so tight they look like a walking-stick with the mumps.

Last of all, but not least in her own estimation, there was Lunny herself. On her tiny little visiting cards you might read,

*Miss J. Louise Brown.*

The S. stood for Sarah, to Lunny's great disgust, because Unks sometimes called her Sally, which is a country girl's name, and not good style for city wear; and one of those Hitchcock girls once overheard him, and Lunny is teased by being called Sal every time that odious Molly Hitchcock loses her temper, which is very often, because Miss Hitchcock is freckled, and has no talent for French verbs. Lunny is thirteen years old, and goes every morning to Parlier's French Institute for Young Ladies. Lunny's umbrella is a well-worn silk one that has seen better days, so she is not afraid of losing it.

On the morning of Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of February, the family were all seated at breakfast, except Uncle Bob. Jimmy finished his last buckwheat cake, and went over to the fire-place to warm his toes and to glance at the *Gotham Gazette*.

"More sneak thieves!" he said, as his eye ran down the column of the robberies and jobberies of the preceding twenty-four hours. "I should like to be District Attorney for a few weeks."

"Or even longer?" suggested Mrs. Brown, smiling at her son's vehemence.

"Something really ought to be done about it!" said he, energetically. "This thing ought to be stopped at once, or we shall have these fellows coming in our front door soon, and carrying off our overcoats and our umbrellas."

"Lunny, that reminds me, my dear," said Mrs. Brown. "The probabilities indicate local rains in the Middle Atlantic regions. Be sure and take your umbrella."

Lunny began quickly, "I'm very sorry, mamma, but—"

But just then Mr. Brown, who had arisen from the table and taken his comfortable chair near the fire, interrupted her, saying, in a grave and judicial tone, "It looks like rain, and I feel my rheumatism returning."

Before Lunny was able to explain why she was sorry, Mrs. Brown had left the room. And just then the clock struck half past eight, and Lunny knew she had only just time to get to school.

Twenty-four hours passed and thirty-six hours passed, and it was the evening of Wednesday, and the family was gathered about the lamp in the library—all except Lunny, who had gone to bed.

"I've been writing a short and sharp article against these sneak thieves," said Uncle Bob. "They are stealing coats and umbrellas all the time."

"There's a question whether or not you can steal an umbrella," said Jimmy, the law student. "I found a case in the New York Reports where it was held that the taking of an umbrella during a shower was not theft."

"But there has not been any shower to-day, or yesterday either, although Old Probs predicted it; and yet my umbrella has most mysteriously disappeared," declared Uncle Bob.

"So has mine," said Jimmy, in surprise; "and when I went to borrow Lunny's this afternoon, that was gone too."

"I am sure Lunny has not lost it," said Mrs. Brown; "she is generally careful."

"Lunny couldn't lose *three* umbrellas; the idea is absurd," remarked Mr. Brown. "It's the fault of the police. To allow three umbrellas to be stolen from one house is simply disgraceful—that's what it is! Fortunately they have not yet attempted to take mine. Just let me catch them at it!"

The next morning it was snowing hard, and although the change in the weather was talked about, there was no further allusion to the missing umbrellas. One after another the family made ready to go out. Lunny skipped off to school first. Then Jimmy started early to read over his notes before lecture. Shortly afterward Mr. Brown put on his overcoat and his muffler and his ear-tips and his overshoes and his fur gloves and his warm cap, and then he reached his hand out for his umbrella. But the umbrella was not there. The place that had known it now knew it no more. He had left it reposing in the stand, and suddenly it had vanished. Mr. Brown was wroth, but his dignity was as great as his indignation. He walked to the bank in the snow without an umbrella.

The morning after, the family sat at breakfast again, and Lunny was talking to Jimmy, who was enjoying her fondness for long words, and now and then a six-syllabled epithet retired much the worse for her misusage.

"Do you know, Jimmy," she began, "I'm going to save up and investigate my money in an umb—"

"Investigate your money?" asked Jimmy.

"Jimmy," said Lunny, seriously, "it's real mean of you to laugh at me. Don't! Stop!"

"Don't stop?" retorted Jimmy. "Well, I won't," and he laughed again.

"Jimmy," said his sister, gravely, "do you know what you are? You are an idiotsincrazy. There!"

"A what?" he queried.

"An idiotsincrazy. You know what I mean," she answered, angrily; and as he only laughed the more, she ran out of the room, and hurried off to school.

Perhaps she left the door ajar, and perhaps a sneak thief slipped in, and of a certainty when Mrs. Brown went to go out, her umbrella was gone. It was the fifth umbrella which had strangely disappeared from that one house in one week, and no one had any clew whatever toward the clearing up of the mystery.

That afternoon as Mrs. Brown was standing by the window, talking to Jimmy, who had just come in, and to Uncle Bob, who was just going out, suddenly she said, "Dear me!"

Now when Mrs. Brown said "Dear me!" suddenly, her brother and her son knew there was something the matter. "What is it?" they asked, both together.

"It's Lunny! She's crossing the street. And just look at the child!" answered Mrs. Brown.

Uncle Bob went to the window. "How daintily she walks along!" said he.

"But what has she got under her arm?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"That's what puzzles me," added Jimmy; and it was very rarely that anything puzzled Jimmy, for he had not yet discovered that even the youngest of us does not know everything.

As they stood gazing at Lunny, and wondering what it might be that she had under her arm, suddenly Uncle Bob began to laugh. Now Uncle Bob was a gifted laughier, and his merriment was loud and long.

"What is there to laugh at?" asked Jimmy.

Uncle Bob shook with amusement until he resembled a jelly-fish with chills and fever, and he said, "It's Lunny."

"I see it is Lunny," said Mrs. Brown, solemnly, "but I do not see what there is to laugh at."

"I see it all now," said Uncle Bob, testily, "and I—"  
"She has all our umbrellas under her arm."

"What?" shouted Jimmy, while Mrs. Brown said "Dear me!"

"Gradually, one by one, that child has taken her umbrella and all our umbrellas, and forgotten them at school, and to-day she has remembered, and she is bringing them all back, all five of them, under her arm."

And so it was. In five minutes more the five umbrellas were in their five places in the stand, and Uncle Bob went down to the *Gotham Gazette* and wrote an editorial on "Murder Will Out."

## TWO ARROWS:\*

A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

PREPARING FOR AN ATTACK.

A GOOD while before Two Arrows reached the camp of his people, Judge Parks and Yellow Pine discovered that they had done about as much as they could at the mouth of what was yet to be the mine until they should have men to help them. The Judge handed to Na-tee-kah another book of pictures to wonder over, and then he and Pine went upon a tour of inspection. They found the choppers busy with beetles and wedges upon the lengths of easily cloven pine, and the heap of long, wide slabs or shingles for the roof was growing rapidly.

"We can make it weather-tight with moss packing," said Pine, "and if we can't have sash and glass, we can make good solid doors and shutters."

"There will be storms," said the Judge.

"Yes, but the winters are never hard down here. Even if we got snowed in, it wouldn't stay long, and the supply train'll get here before the end of next month. Can't lose its way."

"I should say not. But now just look at that wall."

It was worth looking at, if only for the way in which it was rising. The mud and stones went into place with a perfect rush. At that rate there would quickly be a finished house there, such as it was to be. All was well and solidly laid too, and the inner face was smooth enough. That was more than could be said for the outside, and Pine remarked, "Reckon nobody'll care to rub himself very hard against the side of that shelter when it's done."

From the house they both strolled away for a look at the animals, and then on down to the mouth of the notch. They were noting with care the several peculiarities of the rocky elevations to the right and left, when the Judge felt his arm gripped very hard, and Yellow Pine exclaimed: "Look there, Judge! Something's happened to the young red-skin."

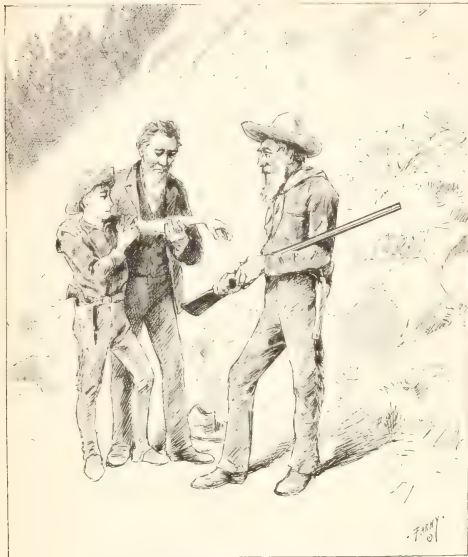
Judge Parks carried a spy-glass as good as Sile's, and it was up instantly. "That's Sile, but the horse he's leading isn't a pony. Look, Pine."

"I'd call it— How close this thing does bring me! I could count his buttons. He's carrying two rifles and a lance. Something mighty queer has turned up, Judge, but you can see that Sile's all right. What can have become of Two Arrows? I hope he hasn't been wiped out. He was the likeliest kind of a young chap."

"We'll know when he gets here." Waiting was about all they could do, but they grew more and more impatient until Sile came within hail. After that the questions and answers chased each other

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"WE WON'T SEND YE TO THE HOSPITAL FOR THAT."

back and forth until the entire account of Sile's hunt and its ending was perfectly understood.

Sile saw his father shudder and turn pale, and then flush fiery red, while he described his encounter with the Apache. He had dismounted before he got to that, and the next thing he felt was a pair of arms around him, and he heard Yellow Pine exclaim: "I could a'most hug the young rooster myself. It was jest the gamest kind of thing to do. I say, Sile, he barked ye on yer left arm. I'd call it, now, if that there wasn't close work. Take yer jacket off."

Sile had hardly paid any attention to that matter, although his arm had felt a little stiff, and there was really not much of a hurt. In another instant his father was saying so, but he said it with a peculiar look upon his face. The Indian's bullet had been a "Minie-ball," of course, and, as it grazed his arm, one of its ragged edges had torn through the cloth and touched the flesh only just enough to break the skin and draw a little blood. Sile could fairly say he was "wounded," and no more, and Yellow Pine remarked: "Reckon we won't send ye to the hospital for that; but I'm mighty glad it didn't go any nigher. It's jest on a line to where it would ha' knocked yer arm off, if it had struck onto the bone. It's the narrest kind of an escape."

Judge Parks had nothing more to say, for some reason, and seemed willing that Sile should go right on with further particulars of the day.

"Two Arrows is right," said Pine. "He'd know a war party, sure. It's war with us, anyhow, and there isn't but one thing to be done. The men must knock off from the house, and come right down and block this 'ere opening with logs and rocks. We can make the best kind of

a rifle-pit. Only leave room for one man or for one hoss at a time to get in or out."

"That's it," said the Judge. "Now, Sile, come along. You must let the men see what you've been up to. They'll know exactly what it means."

Sile had a curious sense of bashfulness about it, but he followed his father, and in a few minutes more the rough, bearded, red-shirted fellows were giving him three of the most ringing cheers he had ever heard. Ha-ha-pah-no and Na-tee-kah looked at him with something that was half wonder. They could not have believed it but for the horse and the lance, and the rifle and the belt. Here was the Red-head, a mere pale-face boy, bringing in trophies of which a great warrior might have been proud. Na-tee-kah had a sort of notion that Two Arrows must have done it somehow, until well assured that her brother had not been present, and that the Red-head had not taken the scalp of the slain Apache. She had heard that the pale-face warriors sometimes neglected that duty, but could not well understand why, even when Ha-ha-pah-no explained to her that it was "bad medicine" for a white man to scalp anybody.

The situation called for something more than cheers, however, and the miners hurried to the mouth of the notch. To pack it breast-high with fragments of wood and stone was no great matter, and the breast-work was finished in time for a late supper.

"Tell ye what, Jedge," remarked one of the men, "if I was a red-skin I wouldn't be in a hurry to ride up to that there bar, with half a dozen rifles peepin' over it.

Reckon it'd take the cleanest kind of grit. A feller could stand behind it and pepper away, and be a'most safe agin anything short of cannon."

The wagons and other things were left as they were, and the entire notch was a perfectly safe corral for the animals. All the human beings moved their bivouac down toward the barrier they had made, leaving the fires behind them.

"They're all right there," said Pine, "and we needn't kindle any down hereaway to tell jest where we are."

There was sense in that, and one sentry was as good as a dozen to keep watch at the narrow entrance left, for even that was securely closed until there should be a good reason for opening it.

Sile found himself the hero of the camp, and the scratch upon his arm excused him from guard duty. At first he was well pleased to lie down and go to sleep after the severe fatigue and excitement of his great ride. Never before had he raced after such a fashion, and every bone and muscle felt the effects of the long strain. He saw, too, that everybody else was taking the matter with perfect coolness. All those miners had been in tight places more than once, and they had great faith in the prudence of red-skins about charging upon white riflemen hidden behind rocks. Sile ate a hearty supper. In fact, he was compelled at last to be very positive with Ha-ha-pah-no. She would have gone right on cooking for him until morning if he had let her, and so would Na-tee-kah. They were positively proud of the privilege of bringing him his coffee. He was assured that the horse and weapons of the Apache warrior were his own personal property, and he examined them again and again with a sense of ownership that he had never felt for anything else. He could not tell why, until Jonas remarked to him:



"If you hadn't pulled straight, your plunder'd be in the 'Pache camp 'bout now, scalp and all. It was jest a question of grit and shootin'. I'm powerful glad you made out to throw yer lead to the right spot."

So was Sile, but it was not easy, somehow, for him to make up his mind that he had really killed anybody. He found a queer idea in his mind several times that before long that Apache warrior would wake up and wonder what had become of his horse and his weapons. Not long after supper he curled up in his blanket at the foot of a tree, and in a few minutes he was soundly asleep. He did not hear his father say to Yellow Pine, as the two bent over him,

"My brave boy!"

Nor did he hear Pine grumble:

"If he hasn't earned a good snooze, then nobody has. Tell ye what, Jedge, that feller 'll be gunner of a State one of these days. I'd vote for him. I'd like to have seen him changing shots with that there red-skin."

They moved away, and the Judge remarked,

"We are safe enough for to-night, but they'll find us to-morrow."

"Maybe; maybe not. I can't quite make it out as to what could bring 'em away up here. Two Arrers told Sile they was a war party, and if that's so, they must have been licked somewhere. They'd never have cut it for these ranges without somebody was after 'em."

"Perhaps so. We'll see. Anyhow, we can keep a sharp lookout."

There was no danger that any sentry would sleep on his post that night, but all the first part and the middle of it went by as peacefully as if the valley were uninhabited.

Sile slept and slept, and when at last he opened his eyes, he could not have told why he did so. The stars were shining. The night air was crisp and chill. He was warm under his blanket. It took him a minute to gather his thoughts and understand where he was. That was partly because he had been sleeping heavily, and partly because, at the very last, he had dreamed of being at home, and of leading a remarkable lance into the sitting-room to show to his mother.

It was a strange place to wake up in, and he could dimly see the forms of other men, rolled in blankets, lying near, each with a rifle by his side ready for prompt use.

"They won't be taken by surprise," said Sile to himself. "I'm going down for a look at the barrier. I've lain still long enough."

He felt a little stiff when he first rose to his feet, but it passed away when he stretched himself and began to walk. His left arm pained him more than he had expected, and he found it slightly swollen. It was not precisely like the same-sized scratch made in any other way, and he was glad that there was no more of it. Still, he hardly knew what he had that he valued more highly than that light hurt upon his arm. It had made a sort of soldier of him. It was a promotion, and he vaguely hoped that it would leave a scar. Then he half wished that the scar might come out upon his face, where it would not be forever covered up by his coat sleeve.

"My new horse is in the corral, and I couldn't pick him out now. My lance and things are in the wagon. I'll go and have a look at the barrier. I'm feeling tip-top."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



it for the glimpse it gives us of Windsor Castle, which we could see from some of the windows of our house. My favorite landscape is the castle seen from Windsor Park, lighted up by the glorious evening sun, and every window of the tower reflecting upon the sparkling water of the Thames, with the beautiful foliage of magnificent trees all around. I think there can be nothing like it to be seen, though perhaps for us to say so is rather an exaggeration, as I have seen so few places. I am not going to say any more about my old home, or else I shall go on forever, till I get quite weary of it. I will say something about where I live now and my favorite occupations. Ours is a very pretty house, and we have rather a large garden with a big lawn, on which we have plenty of tennis in the summer evenings, and which I am very fond of. My favorite animals are horses, and we children have them to ride and drive. I will tell you the names of some of them. First there is Naomi, and then come the ponies Beauty, Meteor, Coquette, Jack Russell, and Gomara. We once had a pony; he was such a dear little thing, and was so fond of us. I forgot to tell you we have an old pony, which all the little ones ride, and we always take her when we go blackberrying. I should like to write another letter, if this one is accepted, about my first riding tour, as some of HARPER'S young readers may be as fond of horses as I am.

HILDA V.

Write again, dear. There are so many of you in the Rectory that you remind me of Miss Yonge's novels. Isn't that a compliment?

SCHROBBER, IRELAND

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have an aunt living in New York, who has sent us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since January, 1885. I am now eleven years of age, and I am thought to be very tall. I like reading the letters in the Post-office Box, and I like looking at the funny pictures too. I should like to write a little letter if I should ever spare a corner for it. I live in Skibbereen, a town in County Cork, in the south of Ireland. I have three older sisters, and two brothers, and two little brothers (two years), David (four), Alice (six), and Robert (nine). I will now tell you something about my pets. I have two very nice rabbits, one black and white and the other black; they are very tame; and we have chickens and a tortoise-shell cat with three nice little kittens. We have no vineyards or orange groves, as your little American friends have, but we have a nice garden and other kinds of fruits, such as cherries, plums, peaches, pears, apples, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and blackberries, which we grow wild.

MINNIE V.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

I have never seen a letter from Virginia City, and I thought one might be interesting to you. I do not know—nothing but sage brush—and so we can not enjoy picnics as other children do. We have lovely times in the summer on our visits to Colorado, riding in donkey-carts and playing with the pony. There are a great many mines here, but I have never been in any of them. My favorite stories are "Into Unknown Seas" and "Two Arrows."

WILLIE B. (eight years of age).

MONTAGUE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little boy eleven years old. I have two little sisters; one is ten and the other is eight. My sister Alice likes to be writing letters, and I have taken this paper for four or five years, and like it very, very much. I think "Two Arrows" is splendid, and can hardly wait from week to week for the paper. I have a very nice little squirrel. We let him out in the dining-room every evening, and he has a fine time flying and running around the room, and Monsey will follow him. He is very tame, and will run to us and hide in our pockets. I have a cat, and her name is Clover, and every morning she comes upstairs to kiss me on my head. She will sit on my legs and beg for her food. Papa thinks she is very cunning. We have about one hundred and twenty hens. We have two hens that are five years old, and we think a great deal of them.

WILLIE C. D. T.

ARCADIA VALLEY, MISSOURI.

Permit a twelve-year-old boy, a resident of this pretty valley in the Ozark Mountains, to tell you of a funny discovery on the map of the United States. It is that of a human figure, extending from the lakes of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Gulf of Mexico, Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana. It is formed in profile by the Mississippi River. Iowa forms the face in profile—forehead, nose, mouth, and chin; Nebraska, the hair; Kansas, the neck and body; Arkansas, the lower body and hips; Louisiana the legs and feet, even to the moccasins. The thinking of the human figure seems to have been suggested by the fact that the Mississippi is Father of Waters. He says it presents a better effigy than any other fancied likeness of objects on the globe. He says it is a good model for a painter, and he teaches my sister Flora Bella and myself drawing, French, astronomy, history,

short-hand, and other things, but we take our music lessons from Miss B., who lives a mile from here, in the village of Arcadia, and she attends the Beethoven Conservatory in St. Louis. We saw her in the village of Arcadia, and she has, but it has disappeared again. With love and respect, I am your little friend, AUGUSTUS S. H.

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.

We want to tell you of our school life in Columbia. In this school HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is used as a text-book, and we think that a more agreeable and improving one could not be found anywhere. We have a very kind teacher, Mr. People, we have Latin, composition, and arithmetic, and we see we are kept quite busy. Your little friends, SAM AND WILLIE.

ISLE OF HOPE, GEORGIA.

We live about eight miles from Savannah, at a place on the "sails," called Isle of Hope, where people from Savannah come and spend the summer. One of my uncles belongs to a yacht club, and we have lovely times in the summer at the regattas. I wonder if HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE visits another house like ours, where there are four grandmothers, and I have only two great-grandmothers and two grandmothers. I have also nine aunts, so I think that I am well off for relations. I am very fond of reading, and have read all the books Miss Alice has sent me. Mrs. Whitney's books were very much also.

MATTIE G. B.

GLAUCONVILLE VILLAGE, IRELAND.

I have two sisters, Daisy and Lily; Daisy is the eldest. I hope you like this paper. I received it for my birthday present. My favorite authors are Jimmy Brown, Allan Forman, Kirk Munroe, and Charles Kesteven, and David Ker. Jimmy Brown is very amusing.

LANGHOLM, DUFFRIES-SHIRE, N. B.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have often thought I would write and tell you how very much my brother and myself enjoy reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My sisters are too young to read, but we are delighted with the pictures. My papa took HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for four years; both he and mamma think it the best magazine they have ever read. The illustrations are splendid. I must now tell you a little about the town we live in. It is situated in the valley of the Esk, which beautiful river flows through it, and is surrounded by lovely hills, the highest of which is Whita, being 1256 feet above the level of the sea. On the top of this hill is erected a monument to the memory of Sir John Malcolm, who rendered valuable service to his country. In the summertime, when the trees are covered with beautiful green leaves, and the hills are so healthy, the scene which presents itself is really a beautiful one. We boys delight in wandering in the woods in search of wild flowers, raspberries, and nuts, but even this does not equal the sight of a good apple-burn. Unlike many of your correspondents, I have no pets, but have two brothers and three sisters younger than myself. Here are their names:—Arthur Percy, Alfred, and John. I have also a little sister, Kate Ethel, and Emily Constance. How do you like them? With best love to you, dear Postmistress, whom I need not know, and to our little friends across the ocean, I must now close.

CHARLES GILBERT M. (nine years of age).

This is a very good letter, and I thank my little correspondent and send him my love. What pretty names you all have!

LAKEVIEW, NEW YORK.

I live in Luzerne, twenty miles from Saratoga. I am eleven years old. I go to school, and take music lessons. There is a lake here, and we have a great deal of fun rowing in summer and skating in winter, and we have nice ice skating. I have several cats, and I have a dog, and I play very nicely together. I am very busy making Christmas presents just now. I am president of a club, and we have just finished piecing a quilt to send to the soldiers in the army. There were four hundred and thirty-seven blocks in it.

BESSIE R. II.

KENNESAW, IOWA.

I have three kittens and a dog. To-day my two kittens had been with me, and I guess their mother had been looking for them, in Nelson she found them she boxed their ears. My dog will play "I spy," and when you tell him to smile he wrinkles his nose all up. He had his picture taken last summer, and I will send you the first letter I have ever written to you, though I have been a good many. I thought you might like to hear about a trip I took this summer up to Mackinac Island. Mackinac Island. It is a lovely island, but it is not very large; it is about nine miles around. There is a large fort on it, and nearly all of it belongs to the government. There are lovely woods on it to walk or ride through. The woods are all of evergreen trees.

## UNDER THE MISTLETOE

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have just returned from a delightful trip to California, and so have a great deal to write about. I left here on the 29th of June, accompanied by my grandpapa, and reached San Antonio the next day. We stopped there a day, visiting friends, and on the evening of the 1st of July started in a beautiful palace-car for San Francisco. When I woke up on the next morning we were in the beautiful scenery of southwestern Texas. The cars were running along a high cliff, with the Rio Grande for a boundary on the left and a perpendicular wall of rock, from 20 to 30 feet high, on the right. It was impossible to see, and a scene for an artist's pencil. For about two hours we were running along this cliff, now going through dark tunnels and then over massive bridges built of solid rock; but at length we left the river, and took a northwesterly course across the plains of western Texas. Here there was nothing to see except tall grass, a few prairie-dogs, and some low mountains in the distance. A repetition of this occurred through New Mexico, and in Arizona we saw little besides sage-brush and cactus, so I will skip over these few days, and tell you about California, in which we arrived on the Fourth of July. In the southern part of California we passed many wheat and barley fields, orchards and vineyards, and beautiful little villages with neat little houses painted white. We took dinner on the Fourth in Los Angeles, where there is a splendid eating-house. Los Angeles is about the prettiest city I ever saw. It has twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is like a large orchard from end to end to the other, with houses scattered about from Los Angeles to San Francisco; there is some very pretty scenery, and the Valley of the San Joaquin is beautiful, but for fear of making my letter too long, I can not describe it. If this is published, I will write you another letter about San Francisco. JOSEPH II. (twelve years old).

NEEDHAM, ENGLAND.

I have never before written a letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I was fourteen last July. There are nine of us—five brothers and four sisters. Gwynedd is the eldest of us all, and our baby Gladys is the youngest. We have four brothers between her and the next girl, so she is named a great pet of us all. Before her comes Norman, then Alan, Donald, and Hilda, and then my sister Violet and myself; my brother Owen, and Maude and Gwynedd, are all older than myself. Gladys is a year and a half old. We live quite in the country. A mile and a half from us is our station, a very small country town, but our shopping town is Ipswich, which is ten miles from us. We drive in every week, with our pair of ponies, for drawing lessons. We have only lived here four years. The country about here is very nice, and as I suppose every one who loves the place where he or she was born, but I love Eton for everything and everybody in it, for its dear old chapel, the playing fields, where the town boys and school boys play cricket, where, on the 14th of June, you see them in the prettiest of all colors, "Eton blue," and lastly and most, I love







#### A VERY SERIOUS QUESTION.

"Papa said that when people were freezing to death they felt awfully pleasant. Wonder if I'm freezing, I feel so good playing out here in the cold!"

#### PRESIDENT BRAND'S CUNNING.

**A** LONG the Orange River and in its neighborhood, in South Africa, live a farming and cattle-raising people of Dutch descent, called Boers. They are simple-minded folk, used to an out-of-door life, hardy, good marksmen, independent, industrious, and greatly given to attending to their own affairs. Far removed from the most stirring part of the world, scattered over a thinly settled region, with no large towns, they are not educated and progressive, as are the people crowded in the densely

populated regions of Europe and the eastern part of the United States, but keep many good old customs and ideas, honest and kindly, which have been sent to the garret in livelier parts of the civilized world.

Among other features distinguishing these quiet farmers in South Africa is their belief in a great many superstitions which elsewhere are not paid attention to any longer, and their general reverence for all religious ideas and observances. How a sharp man among them can sometimes turn this simple-minded faith into profit is shown by an incident that occurred in their history several years ago.

The Boers were at war with a tribe of savage negroes called Basutos, who were raiding their northern frontier settlements, and had massacred several communities, besides burning houses and stealing cattle. The Boers had driven this enemy into the mountains, but had by no means conquered them. A large party in the undisciplined army, however, were satisfied with this much, and clamored to turn back to their homes, where, it was true, the fields and the cattle were suffering because of their absence.

John Brand, the President of the Republic, who was in command of the army, felt that this would not do. He saw that to make the victory complete the Basutos must be kept shut up in the hills, and not allowed to go back to their villages and cultivate their own rude crops, upon which their life chiefly depended. He called a meeting, and explained to the influential men in his little army how important this was, but he saw that their anxiety to be disbanded and go home was too great to be overcome by argument. He stopped talking, therefore, and said: "Very well. We will submit this question to the decision of Heaven by the drawing of lots, according to the ancient practice. Let that method decide whether we shall go home now, and then gain this victory all over again next year, or stay now, with self-sacrifice, and complete our work so well begun."

Then, after writing upon them, he threw two rolled-up pellets of paper on the floor of the council tent, saying: "There are the lots. By them let us be guided. Let the oldest man here pick one up and read it. I, for one, will be guided by the decision."

An aged man went forward, picked up one of the papers, and read, "Remain and finish the war."

The Boers now gave in, and with the utmost cheerfulness accepted the decision that they believed was direct from God. They did not know that on the other lot, which the President himself picked up and secreted in the tumult, were exactly the same words, so that whichever lot was drawn the result was fore-ordained, not by Heaven's hand, but by John Brand's cunning.



A CHRISTMAS DINNER AT PELTYVILLE.



# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

## AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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"EACH WORD WAS LISTENED TO AS IF IT WERE THAT OF AN ORACLE."

### THE MINISTER'S BARREL

A Christmas Story.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

"JANE, what *are* you doing?" cried out an uneasy little girl who was playing with a pug-dog that seemed as tired of the amusement as she was, and that turned an

equal look of curiosity upon the elderly woman who was bringing in an armful of cloaks and dresses.

The room was large and luxurious, with heavy, elegant draperies at doors and windows, and a bright fire dancing on the tiled hearth, for the day was a keenly cold one. But flowers filled the air with fragrance, and the beautiful books and pictures and velvety rugs and delightful

warmth made one forget that outside winter's surly blasts were blowing, and the season of wretchedness for the many had begun.

"What am I doing?" repeated Jane. "I'm looking over all these things to see if they can be used."

"Why, Jane?" said Emily, rising from her corner in the sofa, and letting her dog run off to his cushion by the fire, "you don't mean to make any of those things over for aunt, when she's just bought such beautiful new ones?"

"No," said the seamstress; "these would do nicely, though, for what I want."

"Well, what is it you do want?"

"I want to help fill a barrel for a minister's family out West."

"Are they beggars?" asked the child.

"Oh no!" said the horrified Jane; "but they are very poorly paid, and so are glad to get ready-made garments. See, here is the list;" and she handed Emily a paper on which were written the age, size, and sex of various members of a clergyman's family in need of help.

"Jane," said the child, reading it, "there's a little girl just my age; and, I declare! her name is Emily. Isn't that funny? If I went to your church I'd like to do something for her."

"I don't think it makes any difference whether you go to my church or not," answered Jane, rather surprised at the unwonted interest Emily showed. "It would be very nice if you *would* do something. The barrel is to go next week, so you have plenty of time."

"But I don't know how to do anything. I hate to sew. I tell you what—I'll write her a letter, and ask her to tell me what she looks like, and where they live and what they all do. Aunt doesn't care, so long as I am quiet and don't bother her, and I am so tired of everything, though I did think measles would be fun; but they ain't when you're getting well and not allowed to go out; besides, aunt is going to have a dinner party, and I'm only to look over the balusters at the people in all their grand satins and laces. I'll tell Emily that, and I'll tell her about my dog Jip, and what I want for Christmas."

"All right," said Jane, very glad that her little charge had found something to occupy her. "Here is paper and pen. Now don't spill the ink, and do try to spell properly."

Nothing was heard for many minutes but the scratching of the pen as Emily, leaned over the table, her long hair tumbling on both sides of her expressive face, which was twisted into all sorts of grimaces as she diligently plied her pen handle. She was an ardent little scribe when she chose to be, though her spelling was very queer and her punctuation queerer; but at last she gave a long sigh, and looking up at Jane, who had made a neat bundle of several costly garments, and was ripping up another which she intended to make over, said,

"Jane, when do you think this will reach the little girl?"

"When the barrel goes, dear."

"But that is so long, Jane!"

"Only next week."

"Oh, I can't wait that long! I want to know that other Emily right straight off."

"I can tell you a little about her now."

"Can you? Well, what is it?"

"She is one of several children, and her mother is dead, but the oldest daughter takes care of the little ones. The father is a poor man; he has to work on his farm as well as preach. These clothes will be a great help to them."

Emily listened eagerly, but seemed dissatisfied. "But I want to know what Emily looks like. Has she hair like mine, and brown eyes? and how tall is she?"

"Ah! that I don't know."

"Jane," after a long pause—"won't you send my letter now?"

Jane looked at the list again, and found the address.

"It seems kind of queer, but I suppose there's no harm

in sending it before the barrel goes. Yes, I will, if you want it very much."

"Oh, thank you, Jane! Now you may read what I've said. See; I've asked her to tell me everything, just as I have told her all about myself and Jip, and you and aunt. Do you think she'll answer me? Do you s'pose she'll care as much as I do? If she does, I will put one of my dolls in the barrel, and send her my photograph."

The letter sped on its way, and reached the lonely little snowed-up village of Greenfield on a Saturday, just in time to be put with the small package of groceries which was going to Mr. Dunbar's house.

Very small, indeed, was the provision for the many who lived in that parsonage, and Rex Dunbar had been hopping eagerly from foot to foot at the gate for the sleigh when its welcome bell was heard. Seizing the package, he rushed into the house, where the hungry children were waiting for supper, and gave it to his sister Mary, saying, "Jim asked me how Em was, but I was so cold I couldn't stop to talk, and father can't come home to-night 'cause Mrs. Packer's dying; but do get supper quick."

"I will in a minute. So poor Mrs. Packer's dying," she murmured. "You can cut the bread, Polly. Rex, we want more wood. Why, children, isn't this strange? Here's a letter for our Em."

"Let's see," cried one and all, from little Tom up to big Rex, and they crowded around Mary as if a letter were the most extraordinary thing imaginable.

"I'd better not give it to her till she's tried to eat something," said the thoughtful Mary. "Don't make such a noise, children." But here a feeble little voice from the next room was heard to say:

"Oh, please tell me what it is!" and forgetful even of supper, the hungry little crowd pushed into the presence of a feeble little form perched among pillows as a bird might have been, so slight, so small, so bright-eyed was it. "A letter for you, Em," cried out Rex.

"A letter for you," echoed the others, in chorus.

While Mary said: "Hush! you will make her poor head ache. Here, dearie; it is a letter all for your very own;" and she put the envelope in the thin trembling hands, while she tenderly dropped a kiss upon the white brow.

"A letter for me!" repeated the sick girl, as she turned it over and over, her eyes growing bigger and bigger. "Who can it be from? Do I know anybody, Mary, who could write to me? I think it must be from—an angel."

"Oh," gasped Mary, "not yet, dear. Shall I open it?"

"Please do."

"Will you try and eat a morsel first, Emmie?"

"Really, I couldn't, Mary; but I will afterward."

And then the wondering little crowd watched Mary as she deftly parted the envelope and took out the soft satiny sheet, with its pretty blue and silver G in the corner, while Emily's big brown eyes absorbed every detail. Each word was listened to as if it were that of an oracle, and all had something to say about it, but so soon as their curiosity was satisfied, hunger again asserted itself, and Emily was left alone with her letter.

The invalid girl read and re-read the letter, folded it, kissed it, and again spread it out before her.

"Oh, if she only knew how glad it has made me!" she whispered to herself. "But she is a strong, well Emily, and can't know how tired I am. How I would like to see her, and Jip, and Jane! I would kiss her and love her, I know. But that aunt I should be afraid of, I'm sure. And to think her name is Emily—Emily Grafton—while mine's Emily Dunbar. Mary must let me try to answer this. Oh, how I wish I was strong! I wonder if I can't just scratch a word or two? Here's my pencil and my old copy-book."

With trembling eagerness she wrote, "Dear Emily," but she could not do any more, and when Mary came to give her some milk, she found her hot with fever.

"It was too much excitement for my little lamb," the sister said, as the long weary hours of the night went past. But it was only a little temporary increase of trouble. By Monday Emily was better again, and nothing would satisfy her but that Mary should answer the letter for her.

"Tell her everything, Mary—just how big Rex is, and what blue eyes Polly's got, and what a queer name, Polyanthus, and how Tom chops the wood, and that we have three kittens, and tell her" (with a sigh) "when spring comes I'll send her some wild flowers—if I'm here." But seeing Mary's eyes fill, she added, "You needn't put that in if you don't want to, and I'm so tired I can't think of another word."

The minister had heard nothing of these letters; he had been so much taken up with his pastoral duties that he had not been home long enough to know what was going on. His mind was overburdened with care, not the least of which was the condition of his child, who needed medical advice such as was not procurable in his remote parish.

But one thing cheered him: he knew that busy hands and hearts were preparing clothing for his young family. The long-promised gift was on its way from the helping city church that did so much to sustain Western pioneers, and when one bleak day word came from a distant town which boasted an express office that a barrel shipped to him had arrived, he went from the desolate churchyard, where he had at last laid poor Mrs. Packer, to procure a neighbor's help in securing the timely gift.

"Where's that barrel I've come for?" called out Mr. Dunbar, as the store-keeper was shutting up for the night.

"Ain't you got it yet?" was the reply.

"No. I've only just heard it was here."

"A man come over this mornin', and said you'd sent him fur it. I give it to him as a matter of course."

"Without the receipt?"

"Oh, he said he'd forgot that; left it to him."

"Then I am afraid it has been stolen," was Mr. Dunbar's quiet but despairing reply.

"Not so bad as that, I hope," responded the store-keeper. "I never seed the man afore, but it must be somebody that knowed you."

"No, it wasn't. No one in my congregation would do such a thing, and no one out of it, so far as I know, know what I was expecting."

"Well! well! well! it does look bad; but we'll hev to hunt it up somewhar," said the man, in a vague, sorrowful sort of way, and Mr. Dunbar had to return home cold, heart-sick, and weary.

The children were dancing with eagerness and expectation. Emily lay on the lounge, wrapped in a shawl, and all were awaiting the coming of the long-looked-for barrel in the family sitting-room. But Mary saw at once that her father had no good news for them, and when he told his story in a few words, sudden darkness seemed to drop down upon the merry group.

No barrel! no Christmas things! no money nor warm new clothes! no kind remembrance!—it was too hard! But these children had learned from their father to bear adversity with fortitude. Only Rex's eyes flashed fiercely as he whispered to Polly: "I'll find that man, and have him punished. See if I don't!"

And a little while went up from Emily: "My picture of my Emily is gone! Oh dear! dear!"

"Hush, darling; don't cry," said Mary. "I'll write to her, and ask her for another."

It was just one week before Christmas, and Miss Grafton had been buying presents for her friends—beautiful things of gold, silver, and ivory—which Emily was looking at with a child's curiosity, when Jane came in from her weekly work at her church sewing-room in unusual agitation, saying: "Isn't it too bad, Miss Grafton? The barrel we all took so much time and pleasure in fill-

ing for the minister's family out West has been either lost or stolen. I could cry about it when I think of all those disappointed children, and one of them sick, too! and we working so hard to get the things off before any heavy storms should come, so they could all have a happy Christmas!" and here Jane had to stop for tears.

Miss Grafton looked languidly up from her book, saying, gently but indifferently, "It is, indeed, a pity."

But Emily pushed away the pretty inkstand and jewel case and dainty statuette, crying out, passionately, "Then Emily Dunbar won't get my picture, nor the lovely doll I dressed all by myself! Oh, Jane! it's worse than too bad; it's *horrid* than anything, that poor, dear, sick little Emily Dunbar should be treated so!"

"Whom did you say?" said Miss Grafton. "What do you mean, Emily? I do not understand."

Then Jane, in a few words, explained what Miss Grafton had not heard before—how the two children had corresponded, and how interested they had become in each other. She smiled at the idea of her little fly-away niece writing letters, but the name Dunbar seemed to call to mind long-forgotten memories, and she began to question Jane more closely. Jane told her all she knew of the family, but it was not satisfactory, and she was about taking up her book again, when Emily said,

"Oh, there's a lot of children, auntie, and one has such a funny name: it's Polyanthus."

"Polyanthus Dunbar!" exclaimed Miss Grafton, excitedly. "Why, I went to school with her."

"Oh no, auntie; you must be mistaken," said Emily; "for Polly is younger than I am."

"I tell you I *did* go to school with Polyanthus Dunbar—not a hundred years ago either—and I loved her dearly. Why, Jane, who can this be? Polly had a brother Rex."

"Yes, yes, yes," cried Emily; "our Polly has a brother Rex too."

"Mr. Dunbar must be Polly's brother."

"No, he's her father," said Emily, jumping into her aunt's lap and kissing her. "Oh, auntie, let's go see them. You know the aunt Polly, and I know poor Emily, and I want to see them. I'll go without Christmas and *everything* if you'll do it. Please give it to me for a present—I mean the visit. Will you, won't you, auntie? ah! do, please; there's a good girl."

"A good fifty-year-old girl," answered Miss Grafton, laughing, but wiping her eyes. "Yes, Emily, we'll go, and if they are *my* Dunbars, their Christmas shall be the best I can make it."

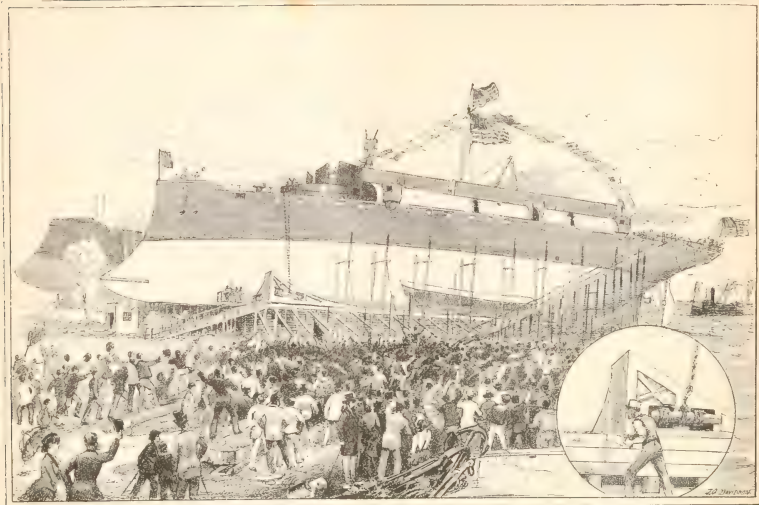
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE LAUNCHING OF A SHIP.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

THE launch of a great ship is, to most boys and girls, an event so novel, so thrilling, and so intensely interesting that, having once seen it, they will never forget it.

To begin with, a ship is, of course, built on land, and generally close to some river or arm of the sea, into which it can be launched when finished. Not always, though. When Noah built the ark, he did not care whether it was near the water or not, but waited for the water to come to it; and you all know what a time poor Robinson Crusoe had with the great boat that he built, so far from the water that, after all his pains and with all his efforts, he failed to get it afloat, and had to give it up as a bad job. I once knew a man down in Maine who spent all his leisure time for years in building a schooner just back of his house, on the top of a hill, half a mile from the water. He had a curious theory as to how he was going to launch it, but, when the schooner was completed, the theory failed to work, and he finally roofed his vessel over, cut a big hole, for a doorway, in its bottom, and turned it into a barn.



SCENE AT THE LAUNCHING OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

Generally, however, ships are built close to the water, and are supported by a frame-work of heavy timbers that raises them above the ground sufficiently to allow the workmen to walk beneath them, and thus get at every part of their keels. This timber frame-work is built on an angle; that is, the part of it farthest from the water is much higher than that close to the water's edge, so the ship, while resting on it, looks ready to coast backward down-hill. And that is just what she does. When ready for launching, and before her masts or machinery have been put in, she rests in a huge timber cradle, which, in turn, is supported on two solid timber railway tracks that extend from the ship-yard, along the bottom of the river, far out into the water. These are called "ways," and it is on these that ship, cradle, and all will slide down with a mighty plunge into the water.

While the ship is building it is surrounded by tier after tier of scaffolding, from which the carpenters work; but finally this is all taken away, the great bare hull is gayly decked with flags, and just before high tide on the day set for the launch a select party of invited guests clamber up the high sides, and station themselves about the decks, prepared to be launched with the ship. In the mean time the ways have been coated thickly with grease, the hundreds of "shores," or timbers that have held the ship in place and kept it from sliding into the water before it was ready for swimming, have been knocked away, and only a single stick of timber holds the gigantic cradle in place. At last all is ready; a man with a saw begins to cut through this timber, and everybody awaits the great event in breathless silence.

Suddenly a cracking of wood is heard, and the great ship trembles as though it had just become conscious of existence. Then, still resting in its cradle, it begins to move slowly toward the water, sliding easily along the greased ways. Faster and faster it goes; the grease melts

and hisses with the heat of the friction, until at length, amid the wild cheering of perhaps thousands of spectators, and the shrill whistles with which waiting tugs and steamers greet the birth of their new sister, the stately craft plunges into the water, and glides majestically far out on the bosom of the river.

The moment she begins to move on the ways a young lady, or sometimes a little girl, breaks a bottle of wine over the ship's bows, and says, "I hereby christen thee"—mentioning the name that the new ship is to bear.

The most important launching that has taken place in this country for many years was that of the new United States cruiser *Chicago*, recently launched into the Delaware River from a ship-yard at Chester, Pennsylvania. As the *Chicago* is already a very famous ship, and is the largest, strongest, swiftest, and most powerful man-of-war owned by this nation, many thousands of spectators were gathered to witness her launching; and when she finally floated gracefully and beautifully on the bosom of the river, her builders were very proud and happy men.

At the moment this mighty craft began to move toward the water, a young lady, named Miss Edith Cleburne, who had in her hand a bottle of wine covered with braided red, white, and blue ribbons, broke it over the ship's bows, and said, "In the name of the United States I baptize thee *Chicago*. May victory and success attend thee!" When the ship was fully launched and floated on the river, Miss Edith opened the door of a bird-cage that she had brought with her and liberated a canary, an oriole, and a linnet, which, by their flight, were significant of the liberty and happiness that it was hoped would attend the ship.

This is a custom that we have just learned from the Japanese, who, when they launch a government ship, give liberty to hundreds of caged birds, and to all the prisoners who may at the time be confined in the government dock-yards and arsenals.



## TWO ARROWS:

## A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

FROM BOW TO RIFLE.

LEANING over the upper log of the barrier, rifle in hand, and peering out upon the star-lit slope beyond him, stood the form of Jonas, the miner. Not a sound came to him from the mists and shadows of the valley, and he was just remarking, aloud, "It's as quiet as a corn field," when a voice at his elbow exclaimed:

"Hist! Ha-ha-pah-no sh-sh!" and Na tee kah dropped upon the ground, and pressed her little round ear against it. So, almost instantly, did Ha-ha-pah-no, and Jonas heard Sile saying,

"Their ears are better than yours or mine."

"Didn't know there was one of ye nigh me," said Jonas. "That's the way for a feller to lose his hair—looking too hard in one direction while somebody comes up behind him. No, I haven't heard a thing."

Na-tee-kah sprang to her feet. "Horse come. Ugh!" and she held up her hand for silence, while Ha-ha-pah-no also arose, listening intently.

"Indian ears for it," said Jonas. "'Pears to me I can hear something now myself."

"I can't," said another voice. It was that of a sleepy miner, who had waked up to follow Sile, just as he had been awakened by even the noiseless movements of the squaws.

"Hark!" exclaimed Jonas.

It was the sound of galloping, and then a shrill whoop.

"Two Arrows!" screamed Na-tee-kah. "'Pache got him!"

Jonas had already thrown down the logs of wood in the opening, and now he shouted, "Rifle, boys! ready!"

There was a great shout from the bivouac behind them, but it seemed almost no time before a pony and his rider dashed into dim view before them, followed by a larger shadow, from which came whoop after whoop.

"Take the hind one; give it to him," shouted Jonas, as a streak of fire sprang from his own rifle muzzle. Two other shots followed, as if there were any chance of hitting a galloping horseman in such a half darkness as that. Hit or no hit, one Apache warrior was so utterly astounded that he drew rein, all but throwing his horse upon his haunches, and the pony-rider he was pursuing wheeled sharply to the right. Half a minute later, and all would have been over with Two Arrows, in all probability, but, as matters had now turned, it was his enemy who had made a blunder. He sat for several precious seconds almost motionless, although not a shot had touched him, and by so doing he put himself up for a target at very short arrow range. The next instant he was dashing wildly away into the darkness, for the horse had an arrow in his flank to spur him, and the brave himself had a similar token of the skill of Two Arrows projecting from his right thigh.

"Sile," said Jonas, "he got it. You can tell that by the yell he gave."

"Come on in," shouted Sile. "There may be more of 'em. We're all up and ready for 'em."

It looked like it, as man after man came hurrying forward, but Two Arrows quieted them on that head. He had been sent

forward by Long Bear to announce the coming of the Nez Percés, and he had encountered the Apache less than half a mile from the notch. It had been a close race, although he had a fresh pony and a good start. Any hurt to his pride on account of arriving in that precise manner—followed instead of following—was more than cured by the undoubted fact that he had sent an arrow into his pursuer.

"There wasn't reelly any show for bullet-work," said Jonas; "but lead 'll hurt jest as bad in the dark, in case it gits there."

"All come," said Na-tee-kah. "Good. Two Arrows great brave now. Strike warrior. Fight a heap."

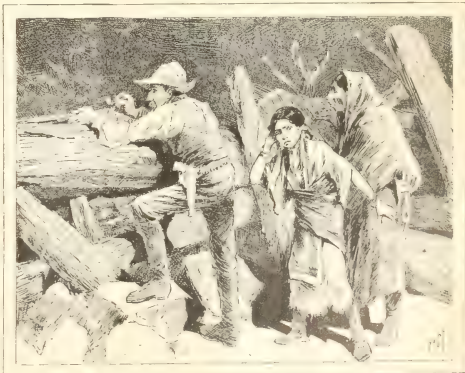
Judge Parks was not sorry to hear of such an addition to his little garrison, as the Nez Percé warriors could be fully depended upon to fight well for their ponies and lives. It was not a great while before the head of their cavalcade came out of the shadows, and deeper and louder whoops answered that of Two Arrows.

In a few minutes more the Nez Percé ponies were squeezing their packs through the narrow entrance of the notch, and a succession of approving grunts from Long Bear testified the satisfaction he felt at getting into so secure a fort. He perfectly understood the value and use of that barrier. When daylight came he again said "Ugh!" several times while he was examining the evidences of the skill and zeal of his pale-face friends.

There was no more sleeping done in the notch, but there was an immense amount of very early cooking and eating, not to speak of the smoking and consultation, and the very general expression of a bad opinion of the entire Apache nation. They and their works, past, present, and to come, were condemned unsparingly. At the same time their fighting qualities were freely admitted, and with them the certainty that no Apache war party would turn away from a bit of war so well begun as this.

"Them 'Paches 'll come and go," said Jonas, "but we've got to have this 'ere wall finished." And at it they went, well assured that the barrier and all the land near it would be well watched, and that it was an easy thing to do to pick up a rifle if an alarm should come.

Sile felt less interest in the mine somehow. The story of his exploit had been told, of course, to his Indian friends, and he could but see that it had made him an object of respectful admiration. There was not a warrior



"LEANING OVER THE BARRIER, RIFLE IN HAND."

among them who would not have been proud of such a feather as that victory, but the effect upon Two Arrows was peculiar. He had regarded himself as Sile's superior in all things which did not belong especially to a young pale face. It had not occurred to him that Sile was or ever could become a "great brave." Some of the "blue coats" were, he knew, but Sile was not a blue-coat. He had heard stories of the prowess of other pale-faces, but Sile was a mere boy, and dreadfully green to the ways of the plains and mountains. He could not think of one boy of his band who really knew less of the things most important to be known, except rifle shooting.

Na-tee-kah was enormously proud of that arrow, and Ha-ha-pah-no was compelled to remind her that her brother had brought in neither scalp nor horse, and had saved his own by the timely rifle practice of Sile and the men at the gap. For all that, Na-tee-kah had a vivid persuasion that if the pale-faces had not interfered and driven away the Apache, there would have been more glory earned by the young chief of the Nez Percés.

After a brief consultation with his father, the Red-head went to the wagon and brought out the rifle he had won, and with it a box of cartridges. It was a capital weapon, in good condition, and Sile showed it to Two Arrows with a great glow on his face, and with a sense of standing up uncommonly straight.

Two Arrows held it for a moment, with a look which did not need any interpreter. It was intensely wistful, and had a quick flash of keen jealousy in it. What was there that he could not do with such a splendid tool of destruction as that, instead of his lance and bow? He was nothing but a poor red youngster, after all, compelled to wait, he could not guess how long, before he could hope to be armed as a complete brave. He held out the rifle to Sile dejectedly; but then something like a shiver went all over him, for Sile only pushed it back, saying:

"No; Two Arrows keep it. Take present. Good friend." And then he held out the little water-proof box of copper cartridges of the size called for by that rifle.

Two Arrows required a breath or so before he could believe that the thing was a reality, and then he broke out into a yell of delight.

Every Nez Percé brave present deemed it his duty to shake hands with Sile, and Long Bear was summoned at once to do the same. Two Arrows found himself terribly short of words to tell how he felt about it, but he flatly refused to make a trial of that gun then and there. He did not know how steadily Sile had insisted on trying several shots every day since the mining expedition started. At all events he had mounted one round more in the ladder of his ambition, and had a better prospect for the next.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "NUMBER 101."

### A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

"NEWFOUNDLAND" detached at QUARANTINE over-night. WILL leave passengers about ten to-morrow morning.

"SHEM, SHERESBY, & Co."

When Fred Meredith had read the above telegram, he crumpled it up into a ball, flung it to a far corner of the room, and turned to flatten his face against the window-pane, with the muttered exclamation: "Well, isn't this provoking!" If the dispatch had only come a little sooner, Cousin Bab wouldn't have—well, I suppose she wouldn't have gone home for Christmas."

"Cousin Bab" was Miss Barbara Emerson from Troy, who, while Mr. and Mrs. Meredith were away on an autumn trip to Europe, had come to New York to keep house for Fred. They had expected to be home again two or three days before Christmas, but the steamer was not

sighted until noon of the 24th, and according to the first telegram received from the agents there would be time enough for Fred to take his cousin to her train before going down to the pier. But on his way back from the depot he had stopped at the house for an umbrella, and found the second message waiting for him.

"To think they're so near home and yet can't get here!" he went on muttering to himself. "I feel like doing something desperate. If it was only summer, and I had a boat, I believe I'd row down to Quarantine."

Then, as Fred recollected that if it was summer it wouldn't be Christmas Eve, he turned away from the window with his act of desperation decided on.

"I'll go over to the Forty-eighth Street bridge for it," he exclaimed, as he hurried off down-stairs. "I must have some fun a night like this, and I'll have time for half a dozen good coats before dinner."

Just above the Grand Central Depot there are at every cross street bridges built over the numerous tracks forming the railroad yard, and the inclines leading up to these bridges are among the few hills city boys can avail themselves of when snow comes. But on this particular occasion, when Fred reached the foot of the ascent, there was not another boy or sled to be seen.

"Of course all the other fellows are at home getting ready for Christmas," he told himself, dolefully.

However, the coast was such a splendid one that the boy began to grow more cheerful in spite of himself. He was trudging up the incline for his fourth skim, when he became aware that two boys had stopped on their way over the bridge to watch him.

"I say, Pedie, wouldn't yer like ter be him!" he heard one of them say to the other a minute afterward, as he flew by them on the Dasher.

"If they're there when I go back I'll let them have the sled for a coast apiece," Fred suddenly resolved.

The two boys were there when he arrived at the starting point again, and by the light from the street lamp over their heads Fred saw that they were both thin and pale, and that neither of them wore an overcoat.

"Would you like to try it?" he said at once, offering the rope to the smaller one.

"Bet I would!" was the quick reply.

The rope was fairly snatched from his hands, and the next instant the young stranger was at the foot of the hill.

"You can go next time," continued Fred, turning to the other lad, who had meanwhile been staring steadily at the Dasher's owner, up from his rubber boots to his seal-skin cap, and down again.

"Oh, can I? Bully for—" Here the boy stopped short, as if suddenly remembering that this way of saying "Much obliged" might not be understood by everybody.

But Fred laughed, and submitted meekly to a second close inspection of himself, this time from Pedie, which was presently abruptly terminated by the flight of the latter down the hill in response to a call from his friend.

"Good-by to my sled," thought Fred, instantly trying to decide whether or not he should give chase. "But I'll never use it again, so they may as well have the good of it," he reflected. "Still, it was mean in them to steal it from me after I'd let them have the coats."

But now he perceived, it must be confessed somewhat to his surprise, that the two boys were not making off at double quick with their booty at all. On the contrary, they were standing still at the corner, evidently having quite a discussion between themselves.

"I declare if I don't believe they're squabbling over which one of them is to have the Dasher right under my very eyes. But, hello! here they both come, with the sled, too. Wonder what they're up to, anyway?"

It was strange, but for the past five minutes or so Fred had quite forgotten about his lone and lorn condition on this Christmas Eve; and now, when the two street boys ar-

rived in front of him, one urging the other with, "You ask him; I don't like ter," he actually found that he was enjoying himself over the mystery.

But the two lads kept disputing so long between themselves as to which of them should do the explaining that finally Fred broke in with, "You can each have another coast if you'd like to ask—"

"No; that wasn't what we wanted ter ask yer," answered the bigger boy. "Yer see, you was awful good ter let us have yer sled, so me and Pedie wants ter give yer suttin back, if ye'll take what we wants—"

"Oh, he can't take it, Sim," here interrupted Pedie, in a loud whisper. "Yer know we *gives* it, an' he—"

"Yes, we gives it," went on Sim, thus corrected; "but you can—can— What is it, Pedie?"

"Except," prompted Pedie.

"Yes; yer can except the invite," continued Sim. "We'd be awful glad ter have yer. It's Christmas Eve, yer know, and 'tain't often we can have sich a bully place ter spree it in as ter-night. Pedie he found it, an' it's ter be there all night. 'Tain't very far from here, neither."

"Where you live, you mean?" put in Fred. "I know mother wouldn't like to have me go there," he was reflecting, inwardly. At the same time, in his present desperate mood, he felt ready for anything that promised novelty and entertainment for this lonely Christmas Eve.

"No; 'tain't our house," returned Sim, with a laugh, as he added: "Me an' Pedie 'ain't got no house. We sleeps where we can, an' eats 'most anywhere; but this Christmas Eve we're goin' ter have a reg'lar spread. Yer see, me an' Pedie's sold more matches nor common—'bout this time o' year folks are feelin' good-natured—so we're rich ter-night, an' we was a wonderin' whether we'd buy plum-cake or snaps when we seed yer a-coastin', an' stopped ter watch yer."

"An' then we thought 'twould be more like a reg'lar Christmas party," put in Pedie, "if we was ter invite you ter ours this evenin'. You'll come, won't yer? We'll stop for you if you tell us where you lives."

"Well, if I ever heard or read of anything to beat this!" Fred was meanwhile saying to himself. "Yes, I'll accept, with pleasure," he added, aloud, as Pedie paused.

"Good for you!" cried both boys at once, and Sim made a motion as if to slap Fred on the back, but let his arm fall midway, as if the Melton overcoat had warned it off.

Fred saw the motion, guessed what the trouble was, and at once gave a hand to each of the boys, saying, as he shook theirs: "Good-by now; I must get back to dinner. I live in the corner house over yonder; you can see it from here. I'll expect you to stop for me at seven."

The two urchins grinned their delight at this display of good-fellowship, and the last thing Fred heard, as he shot down the hill, was, "My, Pedie, ain't he a daisy."

The big dining-room at the Merediths' had never seemed so big and chill in its grandeur as when Fred sat there that Christmas Eve, eating dinner all by himself. Even the butler appeared to be more solemn than usual.

"Why didn't I ask those two chaps to dinner?" was the sudden thought that now struck Fred. "To be sure, they wouldn't be as well dressed as Gus Burns or Harry Gainway, but I've no doubt they'd have a good deal better appetites. Pshaw, what a stupid fellow I was! I say, William," he said, aloud, to the butler, "what have you for dessert?"

"Mince-pie, ice-cream, and fruit, sir," was the answer.

"Well, then," went on Fred, "don't have the cream taken out of the can, but pack it and the pie in a good-sized basket. And along with them you can put in some apples, oranges, bananas, and a lot of fancy cakes. And I want you, please, to tie the basket on to my sled, and have it ready for me at the basement door by seven o'clock. That's all;" and Fred got up and walked out of the room.

But "What would mother say if she knew?" was the question that troubled Fred on his way upstairs.

This was indeed a perplexing problem, for sometimes he felt as if his having promised to go off with these two strange boys of the street was about the most imprudent thing he had ever done; then, again, he would argue to himself that he was keeping to the spirit of the Christmas season in a way that would delight his mother's heart.

Just as the clock on his mantel chimed seven, he heard the front-door bell ring, and hurried down for fear William might not think that the two callers were really friends of his. He reached the lower hall in time to overhear a timid voice inform the butler that "we're here; please tell the young feller, an' we'll wait outside fer him."

"Oh no, you won't," exclaimed Fred. "Come in and get warm while I am putting on my coat."

The two snow-covered figures slid in with an expression of pleased surprise on their little pale faces, and as Fred shut out the storm and pointed them to seats on the carved bench under the hat rack, Sim gave utterance to an involuntary "My jimminy creek!"

As for Pedie, he kept his eyes fixed on Fred, who soon announced himself as ready to start for the surprise party.

"And at that sort of party," he added, as they went down the steps, "you know the guests always take some of the refreshments along with them. Mine's on my sled in the basement. Wait a minute till I get it."

William had it ready for him, and there was room beside the basket for the smallest boy to sit, and that boy was Pedie. So Fred told him to get on, and then he and Sim took hold of the rope and trotted off, as well-matched a team as anybody could wish for, although one wore an overcoat with a velvet collar, and the other's only extra wrap was a long red comforter wound about his neck.

"Um! oh! I smell oranges," proclaimed Pedie, presently, hugging the big basket affectionately.

"Good nuff!" cried Sim, excitedly.

"Whereabouts are we going?" he inquired when they were under way again.

"Up by the Park," answered Sim. "We don't want ter tell you enny more till we shows it ter you."

The night wasn't a very dark one, nor was it cold either, and as he ran along through the softly falling snow, Fred could feel his heart growing lighter and lighter.

"Here we are!" called out Pedie, suddenly.

Fred looked about him in considerable astonishment, for they had reached an up-town portion of the avenue where there was only the Park on one side and vacant lots on the other, and not a house to be seen.

"But where's here?" he inquired.

Then Sim struck an attitude and pointed to a street-car that had been lifted from the track and temporarily abandoned near the curb-stone.

"Yer see, she run off inter the snow this afternoon an' busted one of her wheels," Pedie went on to explain, when the three boys and the Dasher were once inside and the door closed. "Leastways, I s'pose 'twas somethin' or other like that, for I heerd the men sayin' as how they'd better leave her here till to-morrow, when they could send a wagon up ter take her down ter the shop. An' don't it just make a daisy parlor for us fellers?"

"But what if some of the conductors on the other cars should see us in here as they're a-goin' by?" suggested, a little anxiously, as he proceeded to unload his various pockets of broken bits of a mixture of plum-cake and ginger-snaps.

"We'll duck whenever we hears a car comin'," returned Pedie. "Whew, Jiminy."

This latter exclamation was caused by the discovery of what was in the basket.

"An' is all this truly for our party?" cried Sim, joyfully, a minute or so afterward, hugging the cold ice-cream can to his heart as if it had been a warming brick.



"THEY HAD REACHED AN UP-TOWN PORTION OF THE AVENUE"

"Of course it is," answered Fred, who, ever since he had been invited into the car, had seemed ready to explode into a hearty laugh for some reason or other; "but I don't see how it's going to do any of us much good without spoons to eat it with. If I'd known—"

"Drop! drop!" cautioned Pedie, himself setting the example, as a jingling of bells was heard.

"We're nabbed this time," whispered Sim, hoarsely, the next instant, as the bell-jingling suddenly ceased, and the car jarred beneath a heavy tread on the platform.

"Hush! keep still!" continued Sim, after an instant's suspense. "Perhaps he won't come inside."

Fred could not have spoken if he had wanted to. He was actually writhing in merriment as he lay there on the seat listening to the whispers of the boys.

Then, "Tain't broke at all," he heard one of the men say outside. "We can easily tow it down to the depot behind the plough. All put your shoulders under now."

The next minute the car was lifted with a suddenness that sent Sim and Pedie rolling down the floor to the other end, with the sled, the basket, and the ice-cream can on top of them. But to lads accustomed to such hard knocks

in life as were the young match-sellers this little incident was a mere nothing, and their principal concern was as to whether the refreshments had suffered any harm.

Luckily, however, the basket's cover fitted snug, and the lid had not yet been taken off the ice-cream, and the three boys were trying to laugh over the mishap without making a noise, when all at once the car was tipped up at the other end, and the tumbling act repeated.

There was no keeping in the laugh after this, and if the railroad men had not made so much noise among themselves, the presence of passengers in Number 101 must surely have been discovered.

"We'll have ter git out of this," Sim found voice enough to say at last. "They'll be mad when they finds out we was in here ter make it heavier when they lifted it."

"We're a-movin'!" cried Pedie, jumping to his feet.

It was true. The men had succeeded in placing the car back on the track, and attaching it to the rear of the big snow-plough, and the boys were now being whirled off down-town by eight-horse power, and with the two huge revolving sweepers to clear the way.

"How's this for a free ride?" exclaimed Sim, bobbing about from one window to another in great glee. "But I





THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.—FROM THE PAINTING BY TIEPOLO.—SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 142.

say," he added, more soberly, the next minute, "we'd better jump off 'fore we gets ter depot quarters."

"An' lose our Christmas party we was a-goin' ter give?" put in Pedie, merrily.

"Isn't this gay spot, boys?" cried Fred at last. "Why, I don't believe even the President ever rides behind eight horses like this, and I'm sure he never has a special path ~~made~~ for him. Just listen now till I add another sound of this merry Christmas jingle;" and Fred gave three or four sharp rings to the conductor's bell.

"Greave! look out!" warned Sim. "They'll catch us sure. Pedie an' me wouldn't care so much, but I reckon you ain't used ter bein' took up by the police."

"Oh my! this beats me," murmured Fred, displaying symptoms of another laughing fit. "The idea of *my* bein' arrested for being *here*!"

"Hello! here we are at the depot," exclaimed Pedie, catching up the can of ice-cream. "Quick! jump off 'fore they catches yer."

"No; stay right where you are, boys," commanded Fred, in voice of authority. Then throwing open the door, he stepped out on the front platform, and beckoned to a gentleman who had just come out of the office.

"Oh, Mr. Dillon, I want to speak to you a minute."

At this Sim and Pedie looked at each other with such mingled expressions of amazement and terror on their faces that Fred thought he had better explain.

"You needn't be afraid of being 'nabbed,'" he said, quietly. "My father is President of the road."

Up over the car-house, in the Superintendent's private office, the belated Christmas Eve party of Pedie and Sim finally came off. A table and complete outfit, including napkins and a waiter, were hired from the restaurant over the way (to be paid for out of Fred's own pocket), and the ice-cream, pie, fruit, plum-cake, and "snaps" disappeared amid much smacking of lips, cracking of jokes, and a toast from Fred "To Number 101, the triumphal car that brought us down to spoons and saucers."

"Which way do you go now?" he inquired of his young hosts, when the three were out in the street again, with the Dasher in tow. "And—oh yes—I want to know where I'm to make my party call."

"We're goin' ter try an' stick to the Newsboys' fer a week anyway," answered Sim. "I reckon we can make enough these holiday times ter pull us through."

Then having ascertained their last name—which revealed the fact that the boys were brothers—Fred left them at the corner of Sixth Avenue, and sped off toward home, with Pedie's last words ringing in his ears: "Good-night. You've just been bully to Sim an' me."

Fred went down to the lodging-house to make his "party call" within the week, and his father went with him, and Pedie and Sim never had cause to regret having invited a guest to share their Christmas feast in Number 101.

## THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**I**F there is a little babe in your home, a wee helpless darling with a hand like a crumpled rose leaf, innocent, wide-open eyes looking in great wonder out on this strange world, and soft round cheeks that feel like the very smoothest satin, you do not need me to tell you that the baby in his weakness is the very strongest person in all the house. Although he can neither walk nor talk, can do nothing for himself or for any one else, although he would die if mamma did not care for him night and day, still he rules everybody. Just because he is so fragile and so little and so precious, everybody loves and tries to protect him. The greatest men and women, kings and queens and presidents, statesmen and poets, unite in showing kindness to the little baby, who is dependent upon

care and kindness for his continued existence in the world.

Now the central thought of the Christmas joy which is flooding every heart, the meaning of the Christmas trees and the Christmas gifts and carols, and the shining wreaths of green all starred with holly and mistletoe, is found in this, that the Babe was born in Bethlehem, God's gift to the whole human race. As often as Christmas comes, with its ringing bells and pealing anthems, its cheer and blessedness, which are alike for old and young, for rich and poor, for high and low, we remember again the song of the angels who came flying from heaven in the night, the flaming of the star in the East, the simple worship of the shepherds, and the adoration of the Magi.

I like to think about the group who in the early dawn took their way up the steep hill path to Bethlehem, and knelt together before the Child in His mother's arms. Judea in those days was a province of Rome, and Rome was the mistress of the whole known world. You could go nowhere that you did not see the Roman eagles, meet the Roman soldiers, and find the Roman tax-gatherers.

Alfred Domett, in his beautiful Christmas hymn, brings out vividly the contrast between the scene in Rome and the scene in Judea on the night when our Lord was born.

"Twas in the calm and silent night,  
The Senator of haughty Rome,  
Instantly urged his chariot-light,  
From loudly-revel rolling home,  
Triumphal arches gleaming swell  
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway,  
What recked the Roman what befell  
A patry province far away,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago!

"Within that province far away  
Went plodding home a weary boor;  
A streak of light before him lay,  
Fallen through a half-shut stable door,  
Across his path. He paused, for naught  
Told what was going on within,  
How keen the stars! his only thought;  
The air how calm, and cold, and thin!  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago."

We have read in our New Testaments the story of the three Wise Men from the East, who observing a very remarkable star, followed it till it came and "stood over the place where the young Child lay." The astrologers of Media and Persia were accustomed to study the heavens, and they thought that the movements of the planets had a great deal to do with what was going on in the earth, foretelling political changes, wars, and conquests. To them the sky was a great open book, and the stars were the letters on its pages.

Tradition tells us that the Wise Men were three great kings, their names Melchior, Caspar, and Balthasar. The first was a grand old man, with flowing hair white as snow, and a long, sweeping, snowy beard; the second was a beautiful boy, with bright eyes and rosy cheeks; and the third was dark and swarthy, a man in the prime of life; they thus symbolizing the three periods, age, middle life, and early youth, and these periods in their persons bowed at the cradle in the manger.

Following tradition again, we find in the three Wise Men three nations represented, the Hindoo, the Greek, and the Egyptian. They had not lived together, nor together studied the sky and watched the wonderful star, but, each in his own land, walking out by night under the silent heavens, had been attracted by something far brighter and more beautiful than he had ever seen before, and setting out, provided for a long journey, the three had traversed the leagues hopefully, until they were satisfied when the star brought them to their journey's end.

Fancy, dear children, the slow progress made by these travellers, as, mounted on their dromedaries, they passed

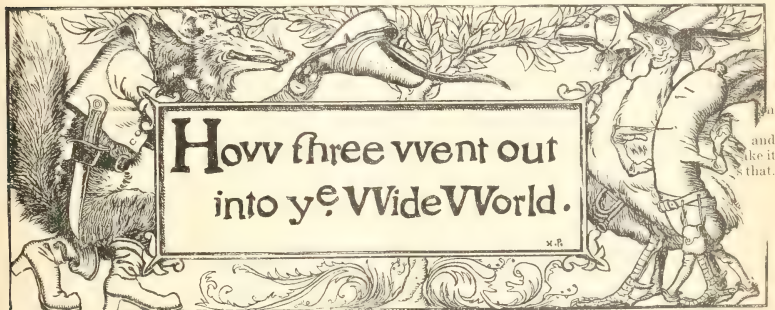
over wide spaces of desert, the shifting sands blowing about, the fierce sun beating down, with here and there a welcome oasis where green-fringed palms and fruit-bearing dates showed the presence of water. Perhaps at some point on the way, in the shadow of a bare white mountain of Arabia, the three travellers met.

You must not think that they were solitary pilgrims. It was not safe then, as it is not safe now, to cross the desert without a number of retainers, armed to the teeth and prepared to fight, to take either the offensive or the defensive as may be necessary. At night when the Prince halted, that man and beast might rest, there was always a strong guard as a protection against robbers and surprises, and fires were kindled to keep wild beasts away. Surrounded by a circle of flame and a circle of watchful sentinels, the caravan arrested its movements when it reached a place where the bit of green herbage or the silver gleam of a fountain invited the weary to repose. The hours for slumber would speed on swiftly, and very early in the morning there would be a stir and an air of haste and confusion, for the call would be, "Up and onward!" before the sun should pour down his tropical heat. And ever in the eastern sky, large and golden, would be the beautiful and glorious star.

Melchior and Caspar and Balthasar, meeting on their

way to Palestine and joining their forces, the Orient Kings would ride leisurely in the van, the thoughtful eyes of the Hindoo glowing with ardor, the fair face of the Greek lighted with enthusiasm, the dark brow of the Egyptian weighted with a solemn purpose. It must have been only a glimmer of the truth which shone upon their minds. They did not know, as we do, that the star had risen to announce the advent of One who should be Prince of Peace, and reign over the kings of the earth.

But they went with tender reverence where the star led them. When they found that it was not to a palace, but to a stable, not to a throne-room, but a manger, that their steps were guided, they showed no disappointment, but with lowly prostrations and deep obeisances, they worshipped the new-born Babe, when they found Him with Mary His mother. And opening their treasures, they presented him with gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh, the precious myrrh a type of healing, the sweet perfume a symbol of prayer, the enduring gold a sign of wealth consecrated. Or, if you prefer it, the myrrh to indicate praise for the human nature of the Lord, gold to adore the King of the earth, and incense to arise to the divinity. This is too mystical for young readers to understand, so I will make it plainer by saying that the Magi gave of their *very best* to Jesus. Shall we do less?



BY HOWARD PYLE.

THERE was a woman who owned a fine gray goose. "To-morrow," said she, "I will pluck the goose for live fethers, so that I may take them to market and sell them for good hard money."

This the goose heard, and liked it not. "Why should I grow live fethers for other folks to pluck?" said she to herself. So off she went into the wide world with nothing upon her back but what belonged to her.

By-and-by she came up with a sausage.

"Whither away, friend?" said the gray goose.

"Ont into the wide world," said the sausage.

"Why do you travel that road?" said the gray goose.

"Why should I stay at home?" said the sausage. "See, now, they stuff me with good meat and barley meal over yonder; but they only do it for other folk's feasting. That is the way with the world."

"Yes, that is true," said the gray goose; "and I too am going out into the world; for why should I grow live fethers for other folk's picking? So let us travel together, as we are both of a mind."

Well, that suited the sausage well enough; so off they went, arm in arm.

By-and-by they came up with a cock.

"Whither away, friend?" said the gray goose and the sausage.

"Ont into the wide world," said the cock.

"Why do you travel that road?" said they.

"Why should I stay at home?" said the cock. "Every day they feed me with barleycorn, but it is only that I may split my throat in the mornings calling the lads to the fields and the maids to the milking."

"Yes, that is true," said the gray goose. "Why should I grow live fethers for other folk's picking?"

"And, 'Yes, that is true,' said the sausage. 'Why should I be stuffed with meat and barley-meal for other folk's feasting?'"

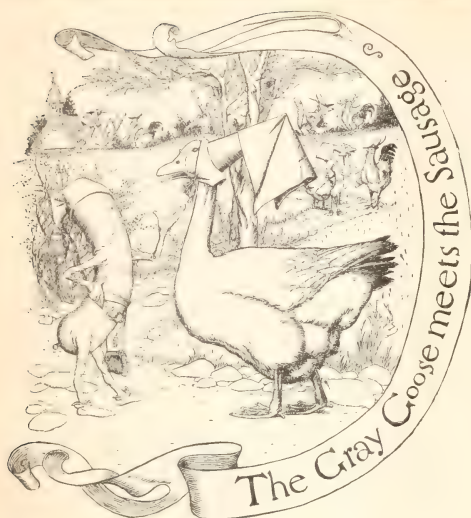
So the three being all of a mind, they settled to travel the same road together.

Well, they went on, and on, and on, until at last they came to a deep forest, and by-and-by whom should they meet but a great red fox.

"Whither away, friends?" said he.

"Oh, we are going out into the wide world," said the gray goose, the sausage, and the cock.





for she always sang the same tune as the great red fox, as a good wife should.

"Then," said the great red fox, "I will go over and have a talk with him."

So off he packed, and by-and-by he came to Neighbor Cock's house. Rap, tap, tap, he knocked at the door.

"See, Neighbor Cock," said the great red fox, "you make a mighty hubbub with that crowing of yours."

"That may be so, and that may not be so," said the cock. "All the same, the hubbub is in my own house."

"That is good," said the great red fox; "but one should not trouble one's neighbors, even in one's own house, so, if it suits you, we will have no more crowing."

"I was made for crowing, and crow I must," said the cock.

"You must crow no more," said the great red fox.

"I must crow," said the cock.

"You must not crow," said the great red fox.

"I must crow," said the cock. And that was the last of it, for, snip! off went its head, and it crowed no more. Nevertheless, it had the last word, and that was some comfort. After that the great red fox ate up the cock, body and bones, and then he went home again.

"Will Neighbor Cock crow again?" said the gray goose.

"No; he will crow no more," said the fox.

By-and-by came hungry times, with little or nothing in the house to eat. "Look," said the great red fox, "yonder is Neighbor Sausage, and he has plenty."

"Yes, that is true," said the gray goose.

"And one's friend should help one when one is in need," said the great red fox.

"And why do you travel that road?" said the fox. "There was nothing but tangled yarn at home—the goose grew live feathers for other folk's picking, the yonder was stuffed for other folk's feasting, and the cock wined in the morn for other folk's waking. That was the way of the world over yonder, and so I had left it.

"Yes," said the fox, "that is true; so come with me into the deep forest, where every one can live for himself alone."

So they all went into the forest together, for the fox's words pleased them very much.

"And now," said the fox to the gray goose, "you shall be my wife;" for he had never had a sweetheart before, and even a gray goose is better than none.

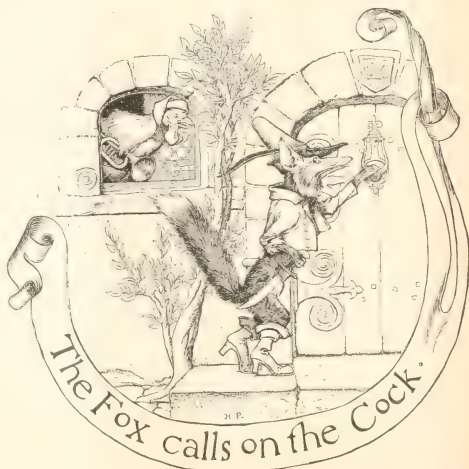
"And what is to become of us?" said the sausage and the cock.

"You and I shall be dear friends," said the great red fox. Thereat the cock and the sausage were content; for it took but little to satisfy them.

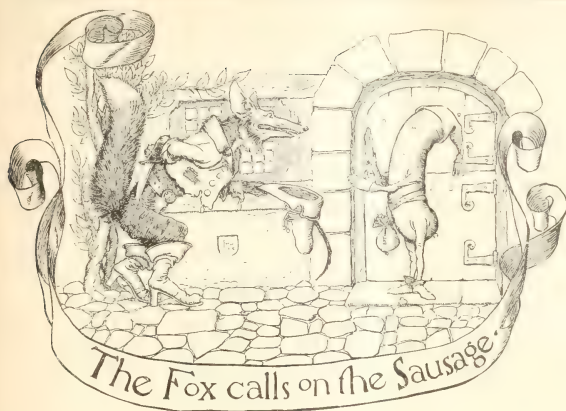
Well, everything was just as the great red fox had said it should be: the goose kept her own feathers, the sausage was stuffed for its own good, the cock crowed for its own ears, and everything was as smooth as rich cream. Moreover, the great red fox and the gray goose were husband and wife, and the great red fox and the sausage and the cock were dear friends.

One morning says the great red fox to the gray goose, "Neighbor Cock makes a mighty hubbub with his crowing."

"Yes, that is so," said the gray goose,







"Yes, that is true," said the gray goose again.

So off went the great red fox to Neighbor Sausage's house. Rap, tap, tap, he knocked at the door, and it was the sausage himself who came.

"See," said the fox, "there are hungry times over at our house."

"I am sorry for that," said the sausage; "but hungry times will come to the best of us."

"That is so," said the great red fox, "but, all the same, you must help me through this crack. One would be in a bad pass without a friend to turn to."

"But see," said the sausage, "all that I have is mine, and it is inside of me at that."

"Nevertheless I must have some of it."

"But you can't have it," said the sausage.

"But I must have it," said the great red fox.

"But you can't have it," said the sausage.

And they talked, and talked, and talked, but the end came at last, for one can not talk forever on an empty stomach. Snip! snap! and the sausage was down the great red fox's throat, and there was an end of it. And then the fox went back home again.

"Did Neighbor Sausage give you anything?" said the gray goose.

"Oh yes; he gave me all that he had with him," said the great red fox, and that also was very true.

After that the world went around for a while as easily as a greased wheel. But one day the great red fox

said to the gray goose, "See, now, my bones grow sore by lying on the hard stones."

"That is a great pity," said the gray goose, "and if the hard stones were only soft, I for one would be glad."

"Yes," said the great red fox, "that is good; but soft talking makes them none the easier to lie upon. Could you not spare me a few feathers?"

"A few feathers indeed," said the gray goose. "It was not for this that I left the ways of the world over yonder. If you must have feathers, you must pluck them from your own back."

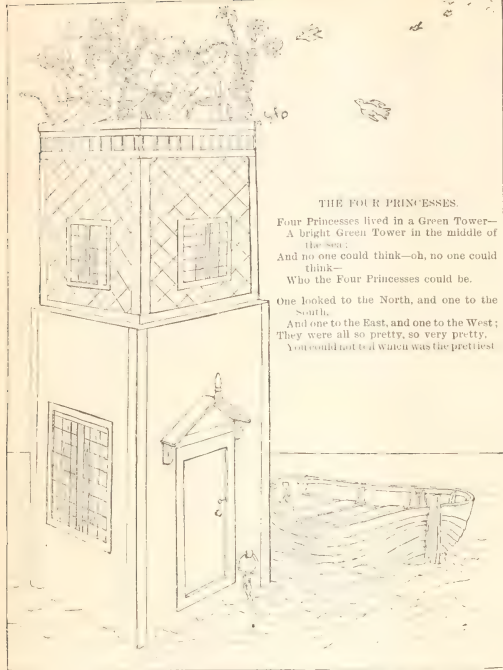
"Prut!" said the great red fox, "how you speak! Should a wife not do all that she can to make the world soft for her husband?"

Then you should have heard the gray goose talk and talk. But it was no use: when times are hard with one, one's wife should help to feather the nest; that was what the great red fox said.

Snip! snap! crunch! crunch! and off went the gray goose's head. After that the fox ate her up, body and bones, and there was an end of her. Then he lay upon soft feathers and slept easily.

Now this is true that I tell you: when a great red fox and a gray goose marry, and hard times come, one must make it soft for the other; mostly it is the gray goose who does that.





## THE FOUR PRINCESSES.

Four Princesses lived in a Green Tower—  
A bright Green Tower in the middle of  
the sea;  
And no one could think—oh, no one could  
think—  
Who the Four Princesses could be.

One looked to the North, and one to the  
South,  
And one to the East, and one to the West;  
They were all so pretty, so very pretty,  
You could not tell which was the prettiest.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THE POST-OFFICE BOX.

Not long ago I saw a request from two girls for an idea about birthday celebration. I will suggest two:

First, A Pink Tissue. I will tell you more about about a week before hand, so as to give the guests time to prepare. They are to be sent in pink envelopes, and should run as follows:

*The Mamma*—express the presents of your own pen on Thursday evening, the 31st.

*Friendship*—the presents of your own pen on Thursday evening, the 31st.

Every girl must come in pink and the boys must have pink envelopes. Every guest must have a card on the left arm, a long narrow pink ribbon, and a small pink T attached to its end. On the "eventful" evening everything must be pink. The lights may be made so by pink tissue-paper shades over the chandeliers. The evening may be passed away pleasantly by games, music, dancing, etc., until supper is announced. Each boy takes in a girl, and at the dining-room door each couple is presented with two little pink pots, with the names of the hostesses and the date written over them; these are wrapped in pink tissue-paper, and are intended to be mementoes of the occasion. The table is in the shape of a T, and covered with a pink cloth. After supper all retire to the parlors, where some nice games, music, or songs, conclude a very pleasant evening. This entertainment is much finer if the girls live in a city, and are in their "teens."

For children, especially those living in the country, as "house picnic" is the nicest of all. Let the house be opened from garret to cellar from 7 to 11 p.m.; supper at 9:30; games, music, etc., pass away the evening, and the pleasure of the young folks is added to by a "candy pull."

Imagining these things put into use, will succeed, and then there is nothing.

Thank you on behalf of the little people.

Thank you, little Alice, for the kind invitation at the close of your bright little letter, which all will agree with me is *very* bright for a nine-year-old girl.

TEGONNY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am living in a little town called Economy. It is a very nice place, and I wish to tell you all about it. The town is owned by the Harmony Society. There are not more than fifty members in the Society now, and Mr. H. and Mr. L. are the trustees. There is only one store in this town; the post-office is in it too. They used to make silks, satins, velvets, and plushes, but they do not make any more, for they have enough now to live on. The steeple of the church is about one hundred feet high. If you go up the four flights of stairs in the church tower you may step out on a little platform with a railing around it, and see many miles down the Ohio River. From here you could see nearly all the Economy Farm, if it were not for the high hills on the east side. They are covered with beautiful trees, and our whole school sometimes goes out to the woods and gathers autumn leaves. A choir of boys and girls and a few men sing in church every afternoon; I am one of them. There is a large garden here, and on some Sunday evenings the silver cornet band plays there, and the people come and walk around to see the flowers and hear the music. At home we have a little orchestra of our own. Many people say these large orchards are the finest they ever saw. There is a laundry

here, where all the people in the town have their clothing washed. There is an old canon in the river-bank, near our house; we use it to play on. One of our friends here has a very pleasant house. In the parlor they have two planes, with covers, which, as well as the window curtains, are made of Economy silk. They also have a music-box and a gold clock that plays tunes. They have two lovely oil-paintings of the Saviour; one is a picture of the Bible in the stable, with the shepherds kneeling around, and the other is a very large picture of "Christ Healing the Sick," which our teacher says was painted by West, a famous artist. Miss H. made some way fruit about fifty years ago, and it stands on the mantel on each side of the gold clock. Before church in the afternoon some of the men that belong to the Society have a council, and the meet in this parlor. They have a few orphans here, but most of us have parents, who are hired to do the work. The funerals here are like those at sunrise and sunset, and the grave-yard is in the most beautiful of the orchards.

If you come this way some time, I wish you would stop at Economy, and go to the store; my grandmother would tell you where I live, and I would take you to these places that I am speaking of. Mr. H. said last year that I was speaking of him was because I was eight years old and my name is Ott, and said 9 are 80. ALICE C. O.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have begun to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is very interesting. I think it must be very pleasant to write to the Post-office Box. I see that some of the children write stories. May I send "An Autobiography of a Gold Dollar," which I wrote myself? I like to be an author when I grow up. I have many aunts and uncles living in New York, and when I go to see them I shall take great pleasure in visiting you. I have read nearly all the *Post-office Box* series, and I think them the loveliest stories ever published. I also love Martha Finley's "Elsie Bunker," and *The Yellow Wallpaper*, and other stories. I am twelve and a half years of age. My papa is a professor of music. I could say more, but I am afraid that my letter will tire you. With love, REGINA H.

I can not promise to publish in the Post-office Box a story or composition which I have just seen, but if you will send the "Autobiography of a Gold Dollar," I will read it with pleasure, and if it is very good, and there is room—an important consideration—it will one of these days appear. It is an honor to have a story in the Post-office Box. The first steps toward becoming authors are being taken by some of our little contributors in just this way.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I like Howard Pyle's story very much. I am a boy twelve years old. I was born in Chicago, and went to live in Maryland before I was three months old, and I am now living in Brooklyn. I attend Public School No. 32, and study geography, grammar, composition, reading, drawing, etc. I see that your correspondents nearly all tell about their pets, so I will do the same. We have a cat-fish and a water lizard, and feed them on Shepard's food. The cat-fish likes this, but the lizard does not seem to eat it; he is fond of flies. He is about two inches long, including his tail, and he comes out and travels all over the table, and our books too when we are studying, all the time carefully holding up his long tail and looking very funny indeed. WALTER E. M.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, NEW SOUTH WALES.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I am ten years old, and like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, so I thought I would write a letter to you about our pets. There are seven of us—five at home and two at school. Four of us are taught by a governess, and when we come out of school I like to look after my pets. I have two big hamsters, some pretty white rats and pet lambs, and I have a Shetland pony named Roger, which I like best of all. Mamma will not let us have birds, so I have to do with the other pets. Sometimes ride, and often have a drive in the buggy with papa and mamma. I like living in the country, and I like to go to school, and to ride and lots of pets. I hope you will print this letter, as it is the first I have written you.

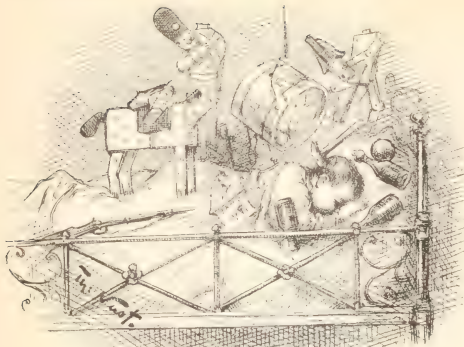
MAY MCN

This dear little letter was penned by the patient little fingers on the fifth day of last August. Think of it! A letter from a child so young, who wish that our little friend had told us more about them and their ways? I do, for one.

CHESAUTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I live in Chester Valley, near Valley Forge, sixteen miles from Philadelphia. Mamma reads me the stories in my paper. I enjoy them—especially the fairy tales, they are so funny. I have two





TWAS THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

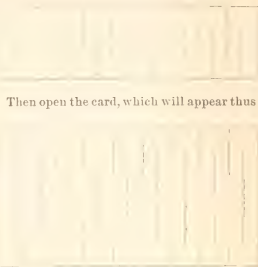
#### A CLEVER PUZZLE.

ONE would hardly believe, on looking at a lady's visiting card of ordinary size, that a hole might be cut in it large enough to receive a full-grown human head. Yet such is the case.



Take a card, or a piece of paper the size of a card, and with a sharp knife cut in it three lines as shown in the first diagram, taking care not to cut too close to the edges of the card.

Then fold the card lengthways, and with strong sharp scissors cut it thus:



Then open the card, which will appear thus:

Now carefully stretch apart the slender circlet thus prepared, and if the incisions have been made sufficiently close together, the head may easily be passed through the hole in the card.

#### WISHING.

ONE day a lonesome hickory-nut,  
At the top of a waving tree,  
Remarked, "I'd like to live in a shell,  
Like a clam, beneath the sea."

And just at that time a clam observed,  
"Way down in the tossing sea,  
"I'd love to dwell in a hickory-nut  
At the top of a lofty tree."

Thus both of them wished, and wished, and wished,  
Till they turned green, yellow, and blue;  
And that, in truth, is just about what  
Mere wishing is likely to do.



7 A.M.

11 A.M.

11.15 A.M.

12 M.

THE CANDY RABBIT—A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS.



HARPER'S  
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THE QUEEN OF THE REVELS.—DRAWN BY JESSIE SUMMERS.—SEE PAGE 17.

## A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

('OMING, coming, coming!

Listen! perhaps you'll hear  
Over the snow the bugles blow

To welcome the glad new year.

In the steeple tongues are swinging.

There are merry sleigh-bells ringing.

And the people for joy are singing.

It's coming, coming near.

Flying, sighing, dying.

Going away to-night,

Weary and old, its story told.

The year that was full and bright.

Oh, half we are sorry it's leaving;

Good-by has a sound of grieving.

But its work is done and its weaving;

God speed its parting flight!

Tripping, slipping, skipping.

Like a child in its wooing grace,

With never a tear and never a fear,

And a light in its laughing face;

With hands held out to greet us,

With gay little steps to meet us,

With sweet eyes that entreat us,

The new year comes to its place.

Coming, coming, coming!

Promising lovely things.

The gold and gray of the summer day.

The winter with fleecy wings;

Promising swift birds glancing.

And the patter of rain-drops dancing.

And the sunbeams' arrowy lancing.

Dear gifts the new year brings.

Coming, coming, coming!

The world is a vision white;

From the powdered eaves to the scree-brown leaves,

That are hidden out of sight.

In the steeple tongues are swinging.

The bells are merrily ringing.

And "Happy New Year" we're singing.

For the old year goes to-night.

TWELFTH-NIGHT  
REVELS.

BY AGNES C. SAGE.

A day of feast and frolic, Twelfth-Night, or Little Christmas, as the 6th of January is sometimes called, was formerly considered second only to Christmas Day itself. It brought the merry season to a close in fine and fitting style with a grand display of shining lights, frosted cakes, and gay revels. Young folks looked forward to Epiphany—which is its churchly name—with glad anticipation.

Then it was indeed a jolly, merry time, particularly to children and pastry-cooks, and the confectioners' windows were brilliant with manifold wax lights, and displayed such wonderful cakes, ornamented with the most delightful sugar devices, known as

or painted with variegated colors, all found a place upon these Twelfth-night cakes, and attracted an admiring crowd around the shops, in and out of which the little street urchins delighted to dodge, and nail the coat tails of the spectators to the bottom of the window-frames, or else pin them together. Sometimes eight or ten persons would find themselves thus connected, causing uproarious merriment and laughter from those fortunate enough to have escaped, for this was a well-known Twelfth-day trick.

But the evening was the gayest time, when in many hospitable houses parties of friends met together to choose a holiday king and queen, and beneath their gentle sway, with game and dance and merry song, help speed the happy hours along. It was a pretty custom, and perhaps in this peep into the past my young readers may find some suggestions that could be happily introduced at their own parties.

At Twelfth-night gatherings the mammoth plum-cake and sweet wine are brought in soon after the arrival of the guests; and oh! what a fluttering there is among the girls, and what a giggling among the boys, as the frosted slices are passed around!—for hidden snugly away in two of them are the bean and pea that shall determine the chosen sovereigns of the feast. Black-eyed Rosie eagerly hopes that she will be the fortunate one, and shy Harry is afraid it may fall to his share; but both hopes and fears are quickly shattered as Gladys holds up the round dry pea, while at the same moment a shout from Rollin declares that what he thought but a shrivelled raisin is really the royal bean.

For as quaint old Herrick, the poet of the festivals, writes:

"Now, now the mirth comes,  
With the cake full of plums.

Where beane's the king of the sport here,

Beside we must know

The pea also

Must revel as queene in the court here."

With mock pomp and ceremony, then, the little King of the Bean and Queen of the Pea are led out and crowned, and they reign supreme, directing all the amusements, until twelve o'clock proclaims the holidays at an end. The remainder of the company draw their "characters," which are written beforehand on cards and placed in a hat or bag. Some are maids of honor, some ministers of state; one may be Mirth, another Grief, and another Folly. Perhaps a tall Sophomore will discover that he has drawn the illustrious character of Sir Gregory Goose; and a little roly-poly girl almost falls off her chair at finding that she is Lady Longneck Beanpole. This makes a great deal of sport, and according to Twelfth-night law each must try and keep up his or her part until midnight.

In the illustration the artist has shown us Gladys, or some other winsome little maid who has been so lucky as to find the pea in her portion of cake, and now, crowned Queen of the Revels, comes gayly forth to lead her frolicsome train of followers; and

"They come! they come! and bid us sport."

The Twelfth-night Queen and all her court.

'Tis Mirth, fresh crowned with mistletoe,

Music with her merry fiddles,

Joy 'on light, fantastic toe.

Wit with all his jests and riddles.

Singing and dancing as they go."

You may imagine what an enchanting time this maddest, merriest night of all the year was to the little folks of long ago, and how heartily they enjoyed their games of blindman's-buff, hunt-the-slipper, hot-cockles, and snapdragon.

In France the Twelfth-night Cake is plain, containing only a bean, the receiver of it being king or queen, as the case may be. In Normandy the good people consider the



Stars, castles, kings and queens, cottages, dragons, trees, fish, flowers, cats, dogs, churches, lions, milkmaids, fairy princes, knights, and pages, in snow-white confectionery;

first slice of the loaf sacred. A child is placed under a table, covered with a cloth, so he can not see, and when the cake is cut, some one takes up the first piece, crying, "*Faba Domini, pour qui!*"

The child answers, "*Pour le bon Dieu*," and that slice is bestowed upon some one too poor to buy a cake. In the same manner the remainder is allotted to the company. Should the bean be found in the portion "for the good God," the king is chosen by drawing straws.

Royalty itself did not disdain Twelfth-night sports, and on this festival, in 1610, Prince Henry, son of James I., then but a lad of fifteen, assisted by only six others, performed a feat of arms, in the palace of Whitehall, against fifty-six earls, barons, knights, and esquires, whom he had challenged to a trial at *Barriers*, fighting, it is said, "with wondrous skill and courage," from ten at night until three in the morning, to the great joy and pride of his father and all the court.

Young Henry, too, probably often assisted with boyish zeal at some of the curious feasts given about that time on Twelfth-night in the houses of the nobility. One that we find described in an old *Cook and Confectioner's Dictionary* must have been a perfect masterpiece of some artist in pastry.

On one end of the table was set a castle formed of cardboard and covered with paste, and having gates, drawbridges, and portcullises all complete, while the battlements were adorned with tiny paste cannons covered with gold-leaf, and actually charged with powder.

In the centre of the table stood a stag with an arrow in his side, as though he had just been shot. This was hollow, and filled with claret wine; and at the other end of the board appeared a gallant ship with masts, sails, flags, and streamers, and also manned with loaded guns. All three—castle, stag, and ship—being of pasteboard covered with pastry, while each was surrounded with salt, in which were stuck egg-shells filled with perfumed waters, the meat having been extracted with a large pin.

Two large pies also graced the feast, in one of which was concealed a flock of live birds, and in the other a number of frogs.

When the noble company was seated at table, one of the ladies was induced to draw the arrow from the body of the stag, which being done, the claret wine issued forth, like blood from a wound, to the great surprise of all. Next all the guns on one side of the castle were by a train discharged against the ship, which returned it by firing at the castle, and a miniature battle ensued, causing a great odor of gunpowder, to cover which the ladies and gentlemen threw the egg-shells of sweet waters at one another. All this made a pleasant frolic and much laughter, but suddenly a Jack-Horner-like individual was moved to put his finger in the pie, and slyly lifted the crust of one of the pasties. Immediately out jumped the frogs, glad to be free, but making the ladies scream and run, while, when the other pie was opened, instead of the birds beginning to sing, up they flew right at the candles, and put out all the lights, and then what with the leaping of the frogs, the fluttering of the frightened birds, and the general laughing and scampering in the dark, a very diverting hurly-burly is said to have taken place.

We of the nineteenth century do not think so much of odd pastimes, and would hardly attempt anything so elaborate as this Epiphany feast of more than two hundred years ago, but the Twelfth-night parties with their rich plum-cakes, funny characters, King and Queen of Bean and Pea, and all their innocent enjoyment, might well be revived.

Some of our little English cousins may know something of these frolics now, and I hope Little Christmas may yet be kept on our side of the water, and each American girl have the opportunity of reigning a few hours at least as a Twelfth-night Queen of the Revels.

## TWO ARROWS:

A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE APACHES HAVE COME.

JUST as the sun was rising that morning, an altogether used-up horse came staggering into the awaking camp of the Apache war party. On the horse was a warrior who had been sent out with others on scouting duty the previous day, and he now seemed nearly as fatigued as did the animal he rode. He had strength for a whoop whose meaning startled all who heard it, and in a minute more it was understood by most of them that the horse had been so badly tired out by arrow, and the brave by another; but they did not know of whom they were speaking when they gruffly remarked,

"Two arrows. Ugh! *Nez Percé!*"

The baffled scout was unable to testify to the presence of white men, although he could aver that he had retreated from several busy rifles. He had deemed it his duty to ride back with his news and for another horse. It would be a good while before he could do much walking, and the horse which had carried him in must be abandoned, whether it should live or die.

There was nothing to dispirit such a company in the prospect of more plunder, many ponies and scalps, and an easy victory over a hunting party trespassing upon their acknowledged range. They did but eat breakfast more rapidly and push forward at once. The idea was yet strong upon them that they were pursued, but not one of their rearward scouts had come in, and a sense of false security had begun to creep over all but the very grayer heads among them. Even of these not one dreamed how dangerously near was the steady advance of Captain Grover and his blue-coats.

It is an old proverb of sea-fighting that "a stern chase is a long chase," and it is nearly as true on land; but the cavalry had pushed along with steady persistency in a thoroughly business-like and scientific economy of time and horses. They were therefore in pretty good condition, men and animals. As Captain Grover remarked:

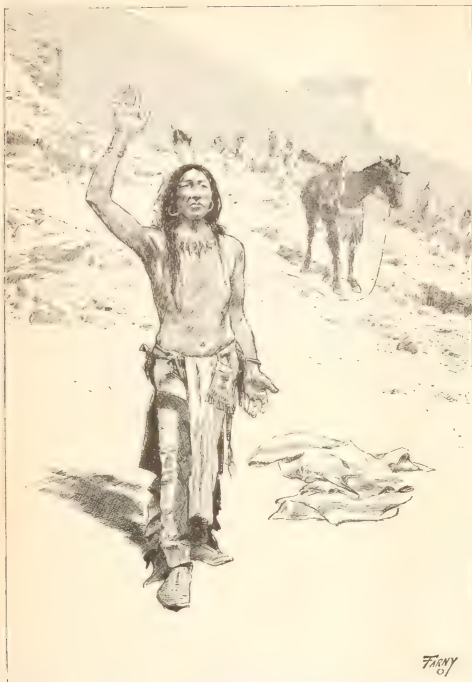
"I know how fast the red-skins can travel. They stole a whole grist of slow stock, and that measures their gait."

However swift might be their best, the Apaches had gone no farther any day than the slowest half-dozen of their plunder. Captain Grover was therefore almost justified in a firm conviction he expressed that morning:

"Now for it, boys. We'll be among 'em before sunset."

On pushed the cavalry with enthusiasm, but at the same hour the Apaches were also pressing forward with increasing eagerness. They were no longer in one body. All their drove of stolen quadrupeds and their own superfluous ponies made up a sort of rear-guard, driven and cared for by about a dozen of the less-distinguished braves, with orders to make as good speed as possible. The remainder of the force, full of whooping and yelling and a great hunger for glory and ponies, rode forward to find the *Nez Percé*.

They had hardly ridden an hour when the foremost warriors made the air ring with whoops of wrath, and in a moment more the word "pale-face" was passing from rider to rider. They had found the victim of *Sile's* marksmanship, and the fact that he had not been scalped put away the idea that he had fallen before a *Nez Percé*. The trail of the two horses leading away to the left was plainly marked and could be followed, and there was no reason for special caution in so open a country. The trail before them led in the precise direction indicated by the



"HIS RIGHT HAND WITH THE PALM UP TO SHOW THAT HE WAS PEACEFUL."

brave shot by Sile, and the presence of both Nez Percés and pale-faces in that valley was of itself a sort of enigma. Word was left for the rear-guard to halt at the spot where the body lay until rejoined by the main force.

The garrison at the notch was ignorant of all this, but while the house-builders toiled at their wall with undiminished energy, Long Bear sent out several of his best braves to scout around as far as might seem safe, and there was no danger of any surprise. There was one effect of all this even now to be seen in the sides of that stone wall. Windows had formed a part of the original plan, of course, but not nearly so many shot-holes.

"You see," said Jonas to Yellow Pine, "if any hostiles should ever make out to git inside the notch, this 'ere 'd be the best kind of fort. Them holes are all big enough to poke a muzzle through."

"We'll have a stockade some day," said Pine. "And we'll put another down at the gap, reg'lar fort fashion, with a gate and loop-holes."

Just then a whoop rang out from the braves at the gap, and was followed by a chorus of them.

"I'd call it!" said Pine. "Knock off work, boys. Time's come."

Not quite; but a brave had ridden swiftly in with notice of the approach of the Apaches, and all the other scouts

were fast following his good example. The first whoop had been given by the Big Tongue from behind the largest rocks of the barrier, but he was soon calmly walking up and down outside, as if waiting for the whole Apache nation, and also ready to be admired by somebody. One-eye was also beyond the barrier for some reason, but he came in at the call of Two Arrows. There was no danger but what the Big Tongue would come in without any calling.

Na-tee-kah and Ha-ha-pah-no had done very little that morning but recite to their Nez Percé friends and relatives the wonders of their visit in the pale-face camp, and exhibit their rich store of ornaments and other presents. They had also combed and brushed each other's hair in a way that excited no little envy. They were yet busy at it when the voice of the Big Tongue was first heard at the barrier, and every squaw knew what it signified.

"Two Arrows," exclaimed Na-tee-kah, "has rifle now; kill heap."

"Big Tongue great brave," said Ha-ha-pah-no. "Shoot mouth; 'Pachie heap die."

The horses, mules, and ponies of both Nez Percés and miners were all driven by the squaws away up the notch under some trees, to be as secure as might be from stray bullets, if any should be fired. The squaws themselves were generally very willing to be as safe as were the animals; but Na-tee-kah's dusky cheeks were almost red with excitement. In spite of all prohibition, she broke away from under the trees, and darted off toward the rocks on the side of the notch opposite the mine. It was only a minute before Ha-ha-pah-no followed her, with no idea of bringing her back, whatever she said to the rest on starting.

"See fight. Squaw shoot too some time. Na-tee-kah heap brave."

Na-tee-kah did not utter a sound until she had gained a spot behind a huge boulder, from which she could peer out and down, and see what was going on at the barrier and beyond it. She felt well paid for her trouble. The braves of the Nez Percés were all there or behind the rocky fragments on either side, and mingled with them here and there were the red shirts and slouched hats of the miners. The Big Tongue was no longer parading over the slope in front of the gap. He had even cut short an uncommonly fine whoop in his retreat to a place as safe as that occupied by Na-tee-kah or Ha-ha-pah-no.

There were excellent reasons for such a retreat, for several scores of Apaches were now riding back and forth, just out of good rifle range, as if they were a little in doubt as to what they had better do next. Not an Apache among them had an idea how many might be the rifles among those rocks, but all were sure that they were there. It was just as Jonas had said, and Yellow Pine. It required an immense amount of courage to ride up to hidden sharp-shooters, and the Apaches were disposed to whoop a good deal before they tried the experiment. Their head chief had commanded that there should be no random firing, and now he was disposed to try what could be done with a "talk." One solitary brave rode forward a distance in advance of his comrades, dismounted, laid down his rifle and lance, took off his pistol-belt ostenta-



tiously, held up his hands wide open to declare himself unarmed, reached out his right hand with the palm up to show that he was peaceful, and then walked slowly forward.

"Wants to get near enough to see what he can see," said Yellow Pine. "Snake trick. I'll go out and meet him, Jedge."

"No, Pine; I don't want you to run any risk."

"Risk? Not a bit of it. I say, Jonas, I'll let him come into good fair range. Keep him covered. If he tries any bad game, I'll just drop flat."

"That's what he'll do next thing," said Jonas, as he rested his rifle over the log in front of him, and it seemed as if every other miner at once followed his example.

"Go ahead then, Pine," said the Judge; "see what he wants."

"For that matter, Jedge," said Pine, "I'd as lief as not try a hand-to-hand fight with any red-skin in that lot."

He left his weapons behind him as ostentatiously as the Apache had done, handing them back over the barrier after stepping out, and walked forward rapidly, so that he did not let his conference turn into too close an "examination."

The keen eyes of the warrior were searching every cranny of the rocks as well as they could, when Yellow Pine drew near and held out his hand.

"How?" said Pine.

"How? Where Nez Percé?"

Pine answered by a sweep of his hand toward the notch, and added, "'Pache chief want pony? want scalp? Go other place. Too much heap shoot; kill 'em all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SEÑOR GIACOMELLI'S PERFORMING BIRDS.

BY HENRY HATTON, MAGICIAN.

I.

THE first performing birds that I remember to have seen were exhibited about thirty years ago by Signor Blitz, an old-time magician, at the Stuyvesant Institute, a small hall in Broadway nearly opposite Bond Street, best remembered, perhaps, as the birth-place of the Young Men's Christian Association. If money-making be an evidence of success, Signor Blitz was eminently successful, for at his death he left no little property; but as a performer, whether magician, ventriloquist, or bird-trainer, he scarcely deserves mention.

Since those days I have seen many "troupes" of trained birds, but the best, by all odds, was the property of Señor Giacomelli, who, despite his Spanish-Italian name, and the fact that he affected a most marvellous dialect, was a full-blooded Irishman, whose name was John (Jack) O'Malley. I first met him on the stage of a "museum," and was much impressed by the surprising cleverness of his birds, but it was not until "our acquaintance had ripened into friendship," as the novelists say, that I induced him to teach me the secrets of his business.

And how he did try to humbug me! I had great curiosity to know the methods practiced, and as no amount of coaxing seemed to have any effect, I finally offered to pay liberally for instruction. But O'Malley was a long-headed fellow, and believing that the less known about his business the better it was for him, he tried by every means in his power to put me off. With the most innocent expression on his face he would look me straight in



THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

the eyes and assure me. "It's nuthin but patience and purseyvance, me dear boy, that does it."

But I was not to be put off so easily, and I kept begging and coaxing and trying to bribe him, until finally he said, "Come to me rooms next Sundeh, an' I'll tache ye the whole secret an' mysthry."

In accordance with this invitation I made my way to O'Malley's rooms on the appointed day. The fellow lived in a decent neighborhood, and his tidy and well-furnished room was in direct contrast with the unkempt, slovenly look so often to be seen in the habitations of "show folk." In a large cage were his nine birds, not by any means enjoying a Sunday rest, for as I entered the room their owner, as he informed me, was "just puttin' 'em through their paces."

As I wanted to be sure that he did not impose on me, I had invested fifty cents in a female bird, which I took with me. I was all eagerness, but my Irish friend talked of everything but birds, until at last, unable to restrain myself further, I blurted out that I wanted to begin with the business that brought me there.

"Well, all right, me boy," said O'Malley; "begin we shall."

Taking up a light stick about twenty inches long, he put it through the open door of the cage directly in front of one bird. The little creature at once stepped on it, and remained perfectly quiet while its owner brought it out. The first thing he did was to give it a seed which he took from his waistcoat pocket.

"Now - ah, Bijou," he said, unconsciously assuming his professional dialect, "show-ah ze geentelmen how nice-ah you can-ah walk up-ah my 'an'."

He held the little finger of his left hand toward the bird, which immediately stepped on it, and then passed from one finger to another until it reached the forefinger, thus, as it were, going up a flight of stairs.

The effect was very pretty, and I was delighted.

"Now, then, back to your cage," he cried, making a slight movement of his hand, and the bird at once flew where it was directed.

"That," continued O'Malley, "is about the fust thing I tache a burrd to do, an' it's a little thrick that allus plazes the public. Simple as it seems, *you* might howld Bijou on one finger for a whole day, an' sorra a step she'd take. It's all in knowin' how."

"And what is the secret of it?" I asked.

"Aisy, me boy, aisy!" exclaimed Señor Giacomelli in his richest brogue, which, however, I will henceforth leave to the reader's imagination. "You'll know it all in good time. But as I see you have brought a bird with you, I'll just show you how I can handle a creature that I've never seen before to-day."

Going to the little wicker cage in which I had my bird, he removed some of the bars and put his hand inside. The little prisoner flew wildly about, very much frightened, but he caught it in a second and brought it out. He put it to his mouth as if to kiss it, but suddenly exclaimed, "Ah! that's too bad; I've murdered it entirely." And holding out his hand, I saw the bird lying there motionless, and to all appearance dead.

I naturally supposed that either the rough handling or the shock had been too much for the captive; but a comical expression on O'Malley's face showed me that he was poking fun at me. "I must see what can be done," he said. "Come, young lady," he continued, "get up and have some seed." Then a momentary pause. "No? Well, I must see what fright will do. Here comes the cat!" he cried. All to no purpose. "Here's a cop!" he shouted, and the words were no sooner out of his mouth than the bird, which till then had remained motionless, gave a little jump and flew off about the room.

"Aha!" laughed O'Malley; "that's a country bird: a city one would not be so afraid of the police."

I was fairly astonished. I had seen him exhibit his birds on the stage, and knew that they did many pretty things, but here was something I could not account for. I always had a faint suspicion that drugs of some kind were used, but now I was convinced that I was entirely wrong, for I watched him narrowly from the moment he approached my bird, and I was satisfied he used nothing of the sort.

"How's that for *animal magnetism*?" triumphantly asked O'Malley, and I confess that for a moment I did believe that it was the result of hypnotism or some other *ism*. "Well, I'll not keep you in suspense any longer," he said, to my great satisfaction. "As for my first lesson, I'll begin with your bird, and teach you how you or any one else can do just what I did with this or any other bird, no matter how tame or how wild it may be. It's all in the way you handle it. You must know, then—and mind every word I say—that if a bird is laid on its back, it is perfectly helpless, and will remain in that position for almost any length of time. If, in addition, its head be brought down lower than its body, or, better yet, its head and tail be both pulled down, so that its entire length forms a sort of an arc, so—"describing this figure on paper with a pencil—"the bird seems to lose all consciousness. Whether or not the rush of blood to its head causes this I don't know, but it's so, all the same. Now when I took hold of your bird I grasped it with my fingers crossing its back, so that by simply turning my hand the creature would be thrown on the palm of my hand, and be on its back. As a bird will sometimes struggle, I rendered its wings comparatively useless by wetting them well with my tongue when I pretended to kiss it. As to jumping up when I told it the cop was coming, why, I gave it a gentle lift to help it to recover itself and bring it to. And that's the whole secret of dealing with a strange bird. But it's only a trick that's useful to impose on inquisitive persons, and is as far different from real bird-taming as is A from Izzard."

As I was naturally incredulous, I tried the experiment myself, and though somewhat awkward, succeeded the first time, as any of my young readers will if they follow literally what I have described. What he told me further I shall reserve for my next paper.

## THE MAELSTROM.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

WHEN I was a boy, twenty-five or thirty years ago, I used to read in my geography, with a kind of shudder, of an awful whirlpool, called the Maelstrom, off the coast of Norway, which sucked in vessels that came anywhere in its neighborhood, and out of whose mysterious centre nothing could escape alive. What is the reality on which this story was founded? Dr. C. C. Tiffany takes pains to tell us in a recent account of a trip to Tromsø. This: "It is the one humbug of Norway. It is simply a dangerous current at the south end of the Loffoden Islands, between the islets of Moskenaes and Væroe. When the wind blows from certain quarters, particularly from northwest, and meets the returning tide in the strait, the whole sea between Moskenaes and Væroe is thrown into such agitation that no ship could live in it. In calm weather, however, it is crossed in safety three-quarters of an hour before flood-tide. What gives it the name and appearance of a whirlpool is that the set of the tide is changed at its different stages by the narrow limits within which it acts. Its movement is at first toward south-east; then, after flood-tide, it turns from south toward the southwest, and finally toward the northwest; so that it takes twelve hours to complete the circle of its movement. Rather slow motion for such a fast character as a whirlpool."

## THE CHORISTER OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY D. T. S.

IT was upon one of the dreariest days of an unusually cold winter in London that the lovely Lady Grace Derrington wrapped herself in costly furs, and leaving the warm fire burning brightly in her cozy sitting-room, went out into the chill November fog.

Walking at a quick pace along Piccadilly to Regent Street, she turned toward the Duke of York's Column, and descending the long flight of steps beyond, skirted St. James's Park, and soon came in sight of one of the most beautiful and impressive groups of buildings in the world, the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey—that venerable old stone pile where kings and queens have been crowned in all the pomp and majesty of power, where monarchs have been brought to trial and condemned to an ignominious death, and where crowned heads once all-powerful now lie crumbling into dust, even as the lowliest of their subjects.

Passing under a stone arch, the lady crossed Dean's Yard, and continuing through a narrow gateway, found herself in one of the poorest and most miserable of the London districts—Tufton and Rumney streets. Here, within a stone's-throw of the lordly cathedral she had just left, were wretched wooden hovels not worthy the name of houses, where human beings, more wretched still, were crowded together in the most abject poverty. Ragged and unwholesome-looking children played in the dirty streets, or fought each other with sturdy fists, and language shocking to the Lady Grace's ears. The fog had thickened, and it was almost dark when she pushed aside a half-open door of a high, rickety, tenement building.

"Well, Mrs. Ray, you see I did not forget you," was her cheery greeting, as a faded, weary woman came toward her, hushing a crying child who clung to her skirt.

"No, my lady, I felt sure you would come, although the fog and the cold is so bad. I'm sure it's very good of your ladyship to take so much trouble for the likes of me."

"Can you let us have a little light, Mrs. Ray. The days are so short now and the fog so thick we shall never be able to see what we are about. Tell me how you have been, and how the baby is."

"Dying, I think, my lady; he is that bad I feel sure he will never last the night. Hark ye! there is Willie singing to him; it's all that keeps him quiet, poor lamb."

The lady listened, as from the next cramped partition, called by courtesy a room, came the sweet clear tones of a boy's voice, singing with strange pathos the words of a popular street song, to which his music brought tenderness and beauty. It was a curious scene. The fast-closing darkness was dimly lighted by a tallow dip held by the faded woman, meantly and poorly dressed, whose careworn countenance was in strong contrast to the bright, listening expression of the beautiful Lady Grace, clad in her warm, rich furs; a few coals gave out a faint light which played upon the face of the most unchildlike child, who was quiet now, gazing with wide-open eyes at the visitor; everything was poor and miserable save the bright presence of the lady, and that pure young voice as it sang to the dying babe.

"Who is Willie? You never told me you had another boy."

"No, my lady, and he is not my boy; he only lives at the top of the house. His father was a bricklayer, who was killed falling from a scaffolding, and his mother died, just worn out, so he's alone."

The sweet voice sang on, as in droning tones the woman told the boy's pitiful story, and a tear dimmed the lady's eye as she listened.

"I will go and see the baby; perhaps we can do something for him yet." Saying which, Lady Grace went into the inner room. The singing ceased, and the sick child

gave a feeble wail of pain. Then the boy Willie was sent for milk and bread and sundry other things, whilst the lady herself took the poor little wasted form, and hushed the baby tenderly, as though it had been her own rosy, laughing boy at home. For nearly an hour she remained in this comfortless abode of poverty, cheering the weary mother, and giving food to the little ones; then, with a promise to come again, she took the boy Willie with her through the chill, cold streets, where the lamp-light blinked through the yellow fog, and before reaching Dean's Yard she knew all his simple history—how, alone in the world, he toiled and worked that he might live honestly, and how he sang to the children "to keep the cold out, and make them forget how hungry they were." Again in the darkness tears glistened in Lady Grace's eyes, and bidding the boy follow her, she led the way to the low door at the entrance of the cloisters, and knocking, asked if the Dean was at home.

Lady Grace Derrington was a great favorite with the dear old man who at the time I write of was the honored Dean of Westminster, but who now lies in the still sleep of death beneath the stones of Henry VII.'s chapel in the grand old Abbey he loved so dearly and served so well, leaving to those who mourn his loss that rarest of gifts, the record of a good and noble life.

Whilst the boy Willie forgot the cold of his cheerless home in the reviving warmth of the Dean's kitchen, where he revelled in a supper such as in the course of his short life of grinding poverty he had never dreamed of, the helpful woman whose own lines in life had been cast in only pleasant places was admitted to the Dean's study, where in a few rapid sentences she told him of the little waif she had found singing in the tenement-house, and in shorter time than it takes to write it, the choir-master of the cathedral was sent for, who consented to try the boy's voice the following morning. If he found it to be as good as Lady Grace thought it, the child would be housed, clothed, and cared for, and taught to sing in the Abbey choir.

Mr. Barton, the choir-master, was not very enthusiastic over the boy when he heard that he had been picked up in Tufton Street, that most unsavory locality not being a favorite part with him. His practical experience of choir-boys, moreover, had not taught him to look upon them as little angels in disguise, however lovely their voices might prove to be, and he was still in a state of irritation and annoyance caused by the fact that his most promising singer, the one with whom he had spared no pains, and for whom he had formed the very highest hopes, had coolly run away upon the very morning of the day when a special service was to be held, in which he was to take the principal solo parts. The printed programmes had to be hastily altered, and ordinary chants and anthems sung instead of the selected arrangement so carefully chosen, and every part of the musical service had been disarranged and spoiled by the ungrateful conduct of a boy possessing an innocent baby face and a perfectly angelic voice.

But Lady Grace had her way. The little waif from Tufton Street was comfortably clothed and cared for as a choir-boy of the Abbey, and his lovely voice and quiet, steady conduct won even Mr. Barton to an interest in his future.

And now life began anew for Willie, who in his little surplice walked daily in procession with the white-robed choristers of the grand cathedral; sometimes in the morning, when the sunshine threw long shafts of light along the marbled pavements, and touched with its radiant beams the heads of the marble poets and heroes already crowned with earthly glory; and again when the fading western sun came in mellowed tints through the stained-glass windows, and the solemn tones of the organ peeled through the dim and shadowy aisles, as the pure, sweet notes of the boy's voice floated up through the fretted archways, until it died softly away in the distance beyond.

The child loved his work, and did it well; whilst his was a busy little life, with not much time to call his own,



"THE SINGING CEASED, AND THE CHILD GAVE A FEEBLE WAIL OF PAIN."

yet he never forgot the little ones in the rickety tenement-houses, and more than once, when Lady Grace was on her missions of love to the poor, she found her young protégé singing to some fretful babe, or hushing the moaning of a sick and hungry child with the sweet music he had learned at the Abbey. Many people heard of the boy chorister, and strangers came to listen to the marvellous voice which seemed to grow more beautiful every day.

Mr. Barton was proud of the rapid progress made by his pupil, whilst Lady Grace was very pleased to think that she it was who had discovered this wonderful singing-bird, whose fame was spreading through the great London town. The boy's devotion to the lovely lady who had brought him all this new and beautiful life was very deep and sincere. He longed with all his grateful little heart to do something for her; and when he heard at Christmas-time that her own young son had been taken ill, Willie wrapped himself carefully in the warm comforter which had been given him to protect that valuable singing throat of his, and walked through the cold snowy streets to the handsome house in Belgrave Square where Lady Grace lived; and when the powdered footman answered his timid knock, the child shyly asked him to tell her ladyship that "the chorister at Westminster Abbey—she would know which one—had come to see if he might sing to the baby." And he did sing to the little rich child lying in its white cot in the warm, cheerful

nursery, just as he had sung to the dying babe upon a heap of rags in the dreary tenement building, whilst the little one smiled and cooed at him before it fell into a refreshing sleep.

The new year was almost come, and the choir-master made the boys work hard in practicing the hymns and chants and anthems for the New-Year service. Willie was chosen to sing all the solos, for none of the other boys had such a lovely voice as his; and day after day the little fellow would stand in the glorious Abbey, whilst his voice floated pure and true adown the pillared aisles and beneath the Gothic arches, the only sound in all that vast edifice, save the softened organ accompaniment. The child's heart swelled as the music rose higher and higher, seeming to pierce the arched roof and reach up to the God in heaven whose praises he sang.

New-Year's Eve now, and Willie came again to the house in Belgrave Square, this time to leave for Lady Grace a song he himself had made, and which Mr. Barton had written out for him. A roll of carpet was stretched down the steps to the carriage which waited before the door, and Willie knew that his "beautiful lady," as he called her, was going out.

Lady Grace was wrapped in a long white cloak quite covering her rich evening dress, and the boy thought nothing on earth could be so beautiful as she was, the lovely woman who had changed all his life, making it comfortable and happy. What could a little chorister do to prove that he thanked and blessed her for her goodness to him?

The thought had hardly passed through his mind when a horse and carriage dashed into the square from a side street. Lady Grace's brougham was just in front; in a moment the runaway might strike her carriage or frighten her horse, and then—

The boy did not hesitate an instant, but catching the loose, hanging rein, he pulled with all his childish strength. It was a slight check to the frightened animal, stopping it just long enough to allow a passing policeman to come to the boy's assistance, and seize the horse's head; but in the confusion the child himself fell, and was trampled upon by the kicking, struggling brute.

Lady Grace was safe, but the boy was dead. Inside his cap was written, "Willie Stone, chorister of Westminster Abbey"; and so to the choir-master's house in the Abbey Yard they bore the little mangled form. No solos were sung at the New-Year's service: only a chorus of sound arose where one pure young voice should have filled the old cathedral from marble floor to vaulted roof; but who can say that the little chorister did not chant his New-Year anthem with a purer, holier choir—in heaven?





"SHE IS COME TO SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH US—AND I'VE GOT THE BARREL!"

## THE MINISTER'S BARREL

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

II.

THE night that Mr. Dunbar came home bearing with him so much disappointment was an important event in Rex's life. Never had he known so keenly his own helplessness as a boy of thirteen, nor so ardent a desire to be a man. To be a man, and punish evil-doers; to be a

man, and make the world go right; to be a man, and espouse the cause of all suffering humanity—burned like a fire in his young breast as he lay and looked at the stars out of his garret window, where, "lovely as a Lapland night," they twinkled serenely upon his sleepless eyes. How his heart ached as he pictured again to himself his father's weariness and disappointment, his little sister's grief, and Mary's look of woe! and how well he knew what it all meant!—discomfort, hardship, suffering.

Who could have been so mean and cruel as to cheat them out of their long-looked-for supplies? He thought and thought until the stars waxed dim, and uneasy dreams tormented him, and then he awoke, with a start, to find Polly sitting on the bed beside him, saying,

"It's drefful late, Rex, and papa's got a chill, and Mary wants you to come to breakfast."

"And then go for the doctor, I s'pose."

"Yes, I s'pose so," said Polly, whimpering dismally.

That was the work before him, and he must do it; but he wondered if, after he had been for the doctor, he could not make some effort to discover who had stolen their goods. He would try, anyway. And he did try, though his father was ill for a week, and could give him no help. He went from house to house, far and near, making inquiries, trudging most of the time on foot, and coming home with a heavy sense of failure. But the day before Christmas his face looked brighter, and he said to Mary:

"Can you spare me till real late, Moll? I've got a clew, and I'm going to borrow Mr. Packer's horse."

Mary looked anxiously up from her sewing, saying, doubtfully: "I wouldn't go far if I were you, Rex; it's snowing already, and I don't believe there's any use. Father thinks that by this time everything has been sold, and the barrel burned up."

"Father's tired out with all his trouble and sickness," answered Rex. "I sha'n't give it up yet. But if Em's worse—"

"No, Emily's no worse," said Mary, hurriedly. "That's not why I don't want you to go. But I depend so much on you, Rex, and I'm afraid the storm will increase."

"Oh, it's just a flurry; I don't mind that. Good-by. Tell Polly to have the lantern lighted at the gate, and who knows what I may bring home?"

Poor Mary sighed hopelessly; but just then the feeble little voice to which she always paid so much heed called out: "Come here, Mary, and talk about Emily Grafton. I want to send her a Christmas present."

"What shall it be?" said Mary, smiling as cheerfully as if the wealth of the world were theirs to choose, and kissing the snow-drop face.

"Oh, something wonderful—a poem, I think. Listen; I've been trying to make some rhymes." And then she recited in a chanting, queer little way some words about a friend who a letter did send, and her eyes were like stars through prison bars, and she wished her love could be a dove, and whisper in her ear, "Merry Christmas, my dear."

It was pitiful to see the child's weakness, but Mary forgot all lesser things as she cheered and soothed and whiled away the time which would, despite all they could do, frequently drag heavily.

Meanwhile something was occurring which would have made even the tired sister's eyes unclosed could a vision of it have come to her in her dreams.

In the course of his many inquiries and persistent search Rex had heard of some one who had seen a barrel with his father's name on it, and this person had directed him to a little cluster of frame houses in the same town which boasted of an express office and a railway station. These houses were on the outskirts of the town, near the railway, and were not of an inviting aspect. Indeed, the reputation of those who lived there was far from good; but Rex's impulse was too strong for caution, and his courage was greater than his wisdom. It seemed to him, also, quite impossible for any one to refuse to give up peaceably a thing which did not belong to him, when once this fact was proved. So, riding up in the dim twilight of the short and wintry afternoon on the back of Jack, Mr. Packer's horse, to which was harnessed an old drag wood sled, he dismounted at the gate of one of these tumble-down houses and boldly made his way to the door.

"Arrah, an' what do ye want?" asked the slatternly

woman who answered his knock, peering at him in a pig-gish, indifferent way.

"I want to see Pat Rafferty, if you please," answered Rex, politely.

"Misther Rafferty's not to be sane for the plazin of the loikes of ye, I can tell ye," said the woman, slamming the door in his face, and grumbling loudly at the cold air which had come into the house. Judging from the waft of rum and onions which had saluted Rex, the cold air ought to have been welcomed, but as it was not, and as he could hardly venture to re-open the door, he turned to a big lounging boy of his own age, and asked where Pat Rafferty was to be found.

"Mostly over yonder," was the reply, as the boy pointed to a low drinking saloon.

"But are you sure he is not at home now?" said Rex, somewhat baffled by these disagreeable replies.

"I ain't sure of nothin'. What do you want, anyhow?"

"I want to see Rafferty on business."

"Oh," said the boy, waking up and looking quite interested, "I'll do as well; I'm his son."

"And I'm Mr. Dunbar's son. Do you know Mr. Dunbar?"

"No; never heerd on him."

"Not the minister over at Greenfield?"

"No."

"Well, I've come to see if your father can give me some information about a barrel which has gone astray."

"Indade," said the boy, contemptuously.

"Yes," said Rex, suddenly warming up and stalking over to a shed which had once been a barn, but which now could hardly be called by so respectable a name, "and if you've no objection I'll just go in here for a moment and see what I can find."

"You won't do nothin' of the sort," said the boy, coming after him; but Rex was too quick, and had flung the door open.

"Objections or no objections, I'm going in," he said, and made his action suit his words.

"Come out of that, you —," howled the big boy; but Rex was in, and pulling down a pile of straw which hid a lot of lumber in a far corner of the old shed. A quick gleam of satisfaction danced across his features as he saw a barrel top with *Rev. R. Dunbar* in black paint on its surface; but his satisfaction was but momentary, for in another instant the big boy was pounding him and belaboring him with his big fists. "Take that for bein' a mane, snakín vagabond!" he cried; "and that! and that! and that!" and all that Rex could do was to dodge the blows. Fortunately for him, he was quick and lithe, and his antagonist was heavy and slow. But there was now nothing before him but to get away as speedily as possible. Literally fighting his way out to Jack, he would have been unable to mount him had not his antagonist stumbled and fallen as they reached the gate.

The cries had now brought to every door and window a crowd of dirty faces, more or less angry. Quickly and dexterously unharnessing Jack, Rex left the old wood sled to its fate, and got on his horse—not a moment too soon, for from the adjacent saloon came a big brawny man, who shook his fist at him and showered abuse upon him. In his excitement Rex turned the wrong way, and in a short time, blinded by snow, he was completely bewildered. Night dropped down suddenly, and here was our young friend, in all the cold and stormy darkness, miles away from home, and in danger of being overtaken by the desperate and wicked people he had so willfully enraged.

Rex's thoughts were not pleasant. He regretted having been so fool-hardy; he knew Mary would be anxious and his father displeased, and he was getting very hungry; but, on the other hand, there was the barrel, and who could tell but that its contents might not yet have been

disturbed? And then with a pang he thought that now the thieves would have warning and time to dispose of it. He could have cried with vexation as this thought came uppermost, but just at this moment Jack's hoof struck something. Yes, it was the railway track, and by following it he could soon come to some landmark.

But the snow was getting deeper and deeper, and he had much difficulty in making his way. Presently to his quick ear came the jingle of bells; then he saw a twinkling light drawing nearer and nearer. He must be cautious now; so, dismounting, he drew Jack aside, and stood with shivering eagerness to see who might be approaching. A sound of soft voices, a merry childish laugh, the bark of a little dog—surely these could not be his pursuers!—and he ventured nearer. He could now see a large sleigh with four horses, and a man beside the driver holding a lantern.

"Sleigh ahoy!" shouted Rex, as if it had been a ship.

"Hello there! Who are you?" was the answer.

"A boy in distress," answered Rex, as well as his chattering teeth would allow.

"Stop!" cried a voice muffled in furs, and the sleigh drew up.

Rex went to its side, and told his story in as few words as he could put it.

"What is your name?" asked the same soft, muffled voice.

"Rex Dunbar."

"You don't say so! Reverend Mr. Dunbar's son?"

"Yes," said Rex; "and if you can put me in the way of getting home, my father—"

"Don't say another word. Get right in here; there's plenty of room. Why, child, you're half frozen! Jane, Emily, this is Rex Dunbar. He's been looking for that lost barrel, and found us." And then Miss Grafton told Rex that his father was her youngest brother's chum at college, and that Emily and she were going on a Christmas visit to Mr. Dunbar's house; that the train had broken down on account of the snow, and she had hired a sleigh, and absolutely needed Rex to show them the way.

But Rex had to explain more leisurely, and Jack had to be tied to the sleigh, and the boy was so utterly spent that, had it not been for the anxiety they all knew would possess the family at Greenfield, Miss Grafton would have asked lodgings at the nearest farm-house. As it was, her indignation was so great that she drove into the town, got a search-warrant from the justice of the peace, and after Rex had been given some supper, went at once to the Rafterys'.

Great was the consternation when the constable marched in upon the squalid huts and demanded the minister's barrel, and great was Rex's joy to find that the precious barrel had not been opened.

Miss Grafton, with her active city ways, would have had Pat Rafferty and his son arrested, but Rex begged that his father might decide that matter, and in view of its being Christmas Eve, Miss Grafton waived her wish to punish the evil-doers, and contented herself with having the minister's barrel fastened on the wood sled, and a man hired to drive Jack.

It was nearly midnight when Mary was aroused from a deep sleep by Emily's calling her.

"What is it, dearie?" asked the elder sister, remembering with a pang that Rex had not come home.

"Hark! I hear Christmas bells," said Emily, sitting up among her pillows; "and look, Mary, the stars are all shining."

"You are dreaming, my love," said Mary, pushing aside the curtain to see Polly's lantern giving but a feeble glimmer at the gate.

"But it has stopped snowing, and I do hear bells," persisted Emily. "Yes, they come nearer and nearer."

"Oh, is it a warning?" cried Mary, to herself; "are the Christmas angels coming for my sister Emily?" And then she strove to hush the excited girl.

"Go to sleep, my darling," she whispered, clasping her in her arms.

"But I do hear the bells, Mary; they are coming—oh, so near! Is it not sweet music?"

"It is indeed," said Mary, now hearing for the first what the child's keener ear had detected so much sooner, and on the still cold air the sleigh-bells rang out merrily. With a relieved heart, Mary took Emily to the sitting-room, and stirred up the dying embers on the hearth. She had no sooner done so than a loud cheery call of "Merry Christmas!" from Rex, and a curious mingling of strange voices, with the stopping of the sleigh and the barking of a dog, saluted her. Mr. Dunbar came hurrying from his room in his dressing-gown, and Polly and Tom in their night-gowns stood like little spectres in the doorway, as Rex came in, followed by Miss Grafton and Emily and Jane and Jip.

"Here we all are, father and Mary—here is Miss Grafton, who says we are all friends of hers, because she loved Aunt Polly, and she is come to spend Christmas with us—and I've got the barrel!"

It was all somewhat bewildering, and there was need of rather more explanation, but Rex seemed to think he had said all that was necessary, and Emily Grafton had at once discovered Emily Dunbar in the big arm-chair, and had knelt beside her and kissed her, and put Jip in her lap, before the elders had found words to express themselves; but Miss Grafton was not long in making herself known, and had Polly in her embrace, telling her she looked like her aunt, and asking Mr. Dunbar if he would ever have given his child such a queer name had not his sister Polyanthus been the sweetest girl that ever lived.

It was a merry party indeed when the tall clock struck one, and they all shook hands, crying, "A happy Christmas!" And it was hard to get them all to go to bed, and much ingenuity did Mary show in stowing them all away for what remained of the night.

In the morning the barrel was opened amid much rejoicing, and to its contents Miss Grafton added substantial gifts, and before the day was over she had induced Mr. Dunbar to consent to her placing Rex in a good school, and to letting Emily visit her in the city long enough to receive the best of medical treatment.

"A happy Christmas we have had, indeed!" was Mary's comment, as they all gathered about the glowing fire in the twilight, and she looked with loving admiration upon the glad little faces about her. The two Emilys were in one big chair, telling stories to each other; Polly was putting three or four small dolls to sleep; Tom, in his father's arms, was already dreaming of the wax cherub which floated over the beautiful tree in the corner; and Rex was holding worsted which Miss Grafton was winding.

"Yes," said Mr. Dunbar, in response; "we were like tempest-tossed mariners on a troubled sea when Miss Grafton came to our rescue with her Christmas deeds of loving-kindness."

"Thank you," said Miss Grafton, simply and sincerely; "but you must not forget our little letter-writers, nor Rex's bravery, nor Jane's warm sympathy."

"No, indeed," said Mary. "Nothing of this Christmas shall ever be forgotten."

When the holidays were over, Rex went to school, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that the Rafterys, bad as they were, had said "he was no coward, if he was a minister's son." Their wretched hovel had burned down a few days after his encounter with them, and Mr. Dunbar thought them sufficiently punished. As for the two Emilys, they became inseparable friends, and the last combination letter they wrote reported Emily Dunbar to be as well and strong as Emily Grafton.



## A BABY QUEEN.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

ON the 25th of November, 1885, the great royal palace of the Prado, in Madrid, the capital of Spain, was a scene of mourning. Early in the morning of that day Alfonso the Twelfth, King of Spain, died.

Although ten years have passed since the Spaniards acknowledged Alfonso as their ruler, he was still a very young man, being only twenty-eight years old when he died, leaving his throne and crown to his oldest daughter, a sweet child of five years, who frolics in her nursery and plays with dolls, like all other little girls, but who,



QUEEN MERCEDES OF SPAIN.

for all that, is Maria de las Mercedes Isabella Theresa Christina Alphonsina Hyacintha, Princess of Asturias and Queen of Spain.

The baby Queen Mercedes, the name by which she is known, was born on the 12th of September, 1880. Her child life has been very happy. She has a baby sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa, born in 1882, and the Queen-mother, Christina, is the most loving and devoted of parents, caring nothing for the regal pomp and display by which she is surrounded, and never so happy as when fondling and caressing her children.

Alfonso, the kindest and wisest King that Spain has possessed, was also an affectionate parent. The people of the great city of Madrid saw no prettier sight than when, on sunny afternoons, the royal family took a drive along the avenues of the Prado, the youthful King bowing and smiling in answer to the greetings of his people, the Queen, with her sweet, placid face, and the two baby Princesses laughing at the sunshine, too young to feel any cloud which might be gathering in the treacherous atmosphere of Spain, and which did gather at times, throwing a shadow of anxiety over the faces of the young King and Queen.

Spain is not an easy country to govern. The people are restless and hot-tempered; many of them desire a republic. In 1868 they drove Queen Isabella the Second, the grandmother of Queen Mercedes, from her throne, and forced her to fly from the country. Then the people tried to form a republic, but there were too many ambitious men

among them. There were insurrections and revolutions, and poor Spain was torn in pieces. Her people are not as intelligent as the people of the United States. They do not understand that liberty must be sustained by wise and just law. So, after more than six years of confusion, the nation called Alfonso, the son of Queen Isabella, to sit upon the throne of Spain and become their King.

Surrounded by rivals and a restless, fickle people, the lot of the baby Queen of Spain is not one to be envied. Far better to be any one of the bright-eyed readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, with a kingdom of loving hearts, than to stand in the place of this tiny Queen. But little Mercedes knows nothing, as yet, of the trouble and sorrow which the future may hold for her. Until her education is completed, and she is old enough to understand her position, her mother, as Queen-Regent, will assume all her daughter's royal responsibilities and duties. The Queen Christina was, before her marriage with Alfonso, an Austrian Princess, living in studious retirement in the ancient city of Prague. She is said to be a woman of firmness and wisdom, one who will keep the hearts of the Spanish people faithful to her young daughter, if such a thing is possible.

And while the young Castilian maiden dances through the sunny days of her unconscious childhood, the world looks at her and remembers all the strange events connected with the great throne of Spain, which has now fallen into her baby hands. From this throne, upon which at that time sat Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus went forth in 1492 to discover an unknown country beyond the western sea; and to the same throne he returned, a year later, with golden trophies, dark-skinned natives clad in fantastic costume, and wonderful tales of the strange land across the ocean, as a reward for which Isabella, stretching out her royal hand to the bold adventurer, bestowed upon him the title of Admiral and Viceroy of the New World.

After Ferdinand and Isabella, by whose marriage the four separate kingdoms of Spain had been united, came their grandson, Charles the Fifth, King of Spain and Emperor of Germany and Austria. He reigned for forty stormy years, and at last, worn out with many wars, he retired to a monastery, resigning his Spanish crown to his son, Philip the Second, the most cruel and merciless of all the Kings of Spain.

The great palace of the Prado, where Alfonso died, was built by Philip the Fifth. It is one of the most magnificent palaces in the world. It contains the elegant private apartments of the royal family, a gorgeous throne-room, and a museum where may be seen the armor worn by Charles the Fifth, his son Philip the Second, and other Spanish monarchs, besides many other treasures of a royal past.

The little Queen is the mistress of other magnificent palaces. The most celebrated among them all is the Escorial, which has been called the eighth wonder of the world. This great palace, which stands upon a hill twenty miles from Madrid, was built by Philip the Second, and in a small chamber of the vast building this wretched King died.

Under the high altar of the chapel of the Escorial is the great royal vault where the dead Kings and Queens of Spain lie buried. Charles the Fifth, Philip the Second, and other royal dead are here. And here, too, only a few weeks ago, was carried the body of Alfonso. It was laid to rest by the side of his first Queen, Mercedes, a fair Spanish maid, who died after a short married life of six months, and in whose memory the baby Queen received her name.

Maria de las Mercedes is a beautiful name for a Queen. Its true significance is Our Lady of Mercies. Let us hope that God will spare both life and crown to the young Queen, and that she will prove a true Lady of Mercy to long suffering Spain!



# What's to be Born:

From an  
old  
Rhyme.



Fair of face.



Merry and glad.

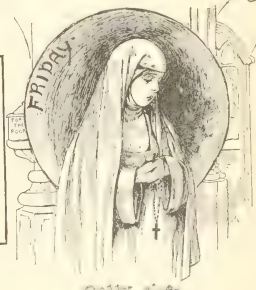


Full of grace.



Sour and sad.

BORN-OF-A-MONDAY FAIR-OF-FACE.  
BORN-OF-A-TUESDAY FULL-OF-GRACE.  
BORN-OF-A-WEDNESDAY MERRY-AND-GLAD.  
BORN-OF-A-THURSDAY SOUR-AND-SAD.  
BORN-OF-A-FRIDAY GODLY-GIVEN.  
BORN-OF-A-SATURDAY WORK-FOR-A-LIVING.  
BORN-OF-A-SUNDAY NEVER-SHALL-WANT.  
SO-THERE'S-THE-WEEK AND-THE-END-ON'T.



Godly given.



Work for a living.



Never shall want.







## LAUGHING-GAS FANCIES.

BY R. K. MCKITTRICK.

WITH this tooth I am about  
Crazy all the day;  
I must go and have it out,  
Or I can not play.

I am not afraid a bit;  
All will pleasant pass.  
Soon in that red chair I'll sit  
Taking laughing-gas.  
Through a garden bright and fair  
I shall gayly walk,  
And among the flowers there  
To the birdies talk;  
See the pie-plant full of pies;  
In them stick my thumbs;  
Hear the drooping branch that sighs,  
Full of sugar-plums.  
I shall down this gardenway  
Happy footsteps wend;  
And when through the gate I stray,  
At the other end,  
I shall, in a dreamy way,  
Learn the pleasant truth  
When I hear the dentist say,  
"Johnny, where's your tooth?"

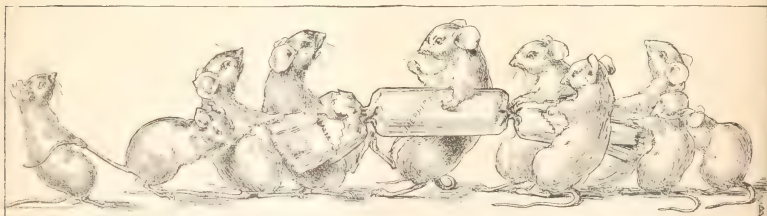
## CHARADE.

WHAT is my *first*?—It is your constant friend,  
And many a message back and forth doth send.  
Sometimes it swims; sometimes it seeks the ground;  
Anon it takes a *hook* whereon no bait is found.  
In daily service it is bright and skilled,  
And none is at the needle better drilled.

Of suffering my *second* ever hints,  
Whether 'tis found with peasant or with prince.  
Woe to the wretch o'er whom it waves in air!  
It symbolizes anguish and despair;  
Each creature who its touching tale must learn  
Will ever after shrink from its return.

My *whole* stands guard beside a temple door,  
And sweeps and garnishes a crystal floor;  
If e'er the temple is attacked by foes,  
In great excitement up and down it goes;  
To darkness it can add a deeper tinge,  
And Beauty's garment decorate with fringe.

ANNA M. PRATT.





# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

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"JO DESCENDED FROM HER PERCH AND FOLLOWED MISS EMERSON."—See "Jo's Opportunity," Page 166.

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROSE HOUSE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

"I REALLY don't think you ought to do it, Faith."

Miss Justina Grace spoke from the parlor door. Faith was on the porch, and Jo, barefooted, ragged, sullen, and defiant, was swinging on the garden gate.

Now when Faith thought of Jo later she seemed to see her at different points of her career like so many pictures. This was really the first one, for while Miss Emerson had, as a matter of course, seen the girl's figure in the village, it was only when she was flying down some lane or roadway in pursuit of or from boys who had been tormenting her, or running to be first in the boat which the children of the place sometimes got possession of for an hour or two. Once when Faith was sailing and a fog lifted for a moment, she had seen Jo in the boat vigorously rowing to shore, but her chief impression then was of a pair of strong young arms, brown and firm, a rough curly head, and bare feet pressed against the board in front of her as the oars struck and rose from the water with masterly regularity.

But this impertinent little figure, coolly swinging on the gate, presented to Miss Faith Emerson her first definite picture of Jo Markham—a girl of perhaps fourteen, though not tall for her age (ragged and barefooted, as I have said), lifting from under an old straw hat a pair of gray eyes whose sullen stare made the saucy curve of her mouth seem a positively amusing contradiction. Wind and weather and all the suns of all the summers of her life had tanned Jo's skin to a healthy brown; and her rough locks seemed to have been tanned also, for here and there brown streaks showed in the darker masses. There was nothing pretty, nothing attractive, nothing even picturesque, about Jo, and yet Faith could not agree with her aunt's opinion.

"You can't make anything of her," Aunt Justina went on, in her placid tones. "It was foolish to have sent for the child. That was just like Kitty Barker." For it was Faith's friend, Kitty Barker, who had brought about this difficulty. At the tea table the evening before she had remarked:

"Faith, I do *wish* you'd look up that unfortunate little Markham girl. Bertie says he knows something might be done with her or for her. Do try it. She has resisted all the regular sort of Sunday-school people and things, you know, but it really would be worth while." And so, suddenly this morning, it had occurred to Miss Emerson to send for her.

"Just like Kitty Barker," proceeded Miss Justina Grace; "always discovering objects of charity for other people to attend to; but this child! oh, Faith, look at her now!"

For Jo, having taken off her tattered hat, was twirling and tossing it in the air, catching it with the greatest dexterity.

"Oh, Aunt Justina," said Faith, softly, and trying not to laugh, "I think I must try it."

And accordingly she went down the garden walk and deliberately drew the gate toward her, with Jo still on it.

"I'm glad you have come, Jo," she said, as quietly as though she had made her arrival known in the most dignified manner. "Will you come in?"

Jo stopped tossing her hat, but the only answer the young lady received was a defiant stare.

"Get down, my dear, and come with me," she continued, pleasantly.

Jo waited a moment, and then slowly descended from her perch and followed Miss Emerson at a slight distance, and with something still sullen in her manner, to the side

entrance of the house. The store closets led off a narrow and pleasant corridor near by. Some wicker chairs were against each side of the wall, and as Jo hung back in the doorway Faith turned and asked her to sit down; but, although eying the chairs with evident admiration, she would not do it. The young lady disappeared into the cupboard, and returned with a plate of apples, a good-sized napkin, and two knives, and putting on her most hospitable manner, went up to the little ragged figure, saying:

"Suppose now, Jo, that you and I come out under that big tree there and eat our apples."

For an instant the expression of Jo's face changed to one of complete bewilderment. I have no doubt that sentence "eat our apples" was the cause. I believe Jo had never begged, but occasionally some charitable person had given her something, offering it as though they did it because she looked in such deplorable want, but certainly nothing like this had ever occurred before.

Miss Faith preceded her to that part of the old garden where the trees were leafiest, and the grass, if well shaded, is warm. There were always some old rugs lying about. One of these the young lady spread out, comfortably sitting down, and inviting Jo to do the same.

"Take a knife if you like," said Jo's new friend, in an ordinary sort of way, "or else eat your apple just as you like." She handed Jo a nice one. "I like mine peeled," she continued, beginning the operation, while Jo's teeth slowly fastened over a large bite, her eyes still fixed on Miss Faith. "It's easier to eat them that way." Jo's teeth closed; the apple was *very* good, but it was clearly evident that the puzzling position she found herself in was what occupied her attention most.

"So you live with your grandfather, don't you?" said Miss Faith, not looking up. "Don't you, Jo?" for Jo had only nodded in silence.

"Yes'm," the girl said.

"I wish I had known you before," continued Miss Faith. "What do you do all day?"

"Oh, nothin'."

Miss Faith did look up now, and laughed cheerfully.

"Why, you run about the beach, I suppose," she said, "and you go out in a boat sometimes; and don't you cook your grandfather's meals, and take care of his house?"

Jo nodded.

"Well, I think that is a good deal to do. I wish, though, you wouldn't run about quite so much, Jo, because I'd like you to come to a little school I have."

The defiance came back, hardening Jo's face again.

"Don't want ter," she said, shortly; "ain't goin' to do it. I know that school, I guess. Ain't you the one that has that little brown house upon the hill?"

"Yes," said Miss Faith, still cheerful. "Here, Jo, do you like a red apple best?" and the young lady held out a new temptation.

"No," was Jo's curt answer. "I ain't agoin' to no school." She made a quick movement to rise, and then added, "What did yer want ter see me for, anyhow?"

Miss Faith put the apples down and stood up, Jo following her example sulkily.

"Why, Jo," answered the young lady, "I thought I'd like to have a talk with you, and perhaps there was something you'd like me to do for you. Don't leave your apples. How many can you carry? I'll put them in a little basket for you. Let us go into the house."

As Faith accepted everything so completely as a matter of course, she carried Jo along with her against the girl's will, and a moment later, entering by the side door, the two were crossing a wide, dim, coolly matted hall, with pictures hanging on the walls, and a beautiful oaken staircase winding away to the right.

Up this Faith Emerson in her white gown went easily, Jo's bare feet following with a degree of slowness they

had never known before. When, indeed, before had Jo Markham been known to show submission or fear or hesitation?

## CHAPTER II.

"THIS is my room, Jo," said Miss Emerson, leading the way into her own beautiful room. Jane, Faith's maid, sewing in the window, started up in surprise; but then she well knew her "young lady's" ways with the poor. She knew enough to go quietly into the dressing-room, where in a moment Miss Emerson joined her, and a low-toned talk ensued. Jane went away, and presently returned with some garments, a trifle large, perhaps, for Jo's lithe though not tall figure, but far more suitable than the rags the child was standing in.

Jo hardly knew how the process of re-dressing her was carried on, but it was when she beheld herself in the long pier-glass so entirely transformed that her expression for the first time showed absolute satisfaction. The latent instinct of the woman's love of "brave attire" was roused.

Miss Faith rocked back and forth slowly in one of her pretty chairs while Jo's survey of herself lasted.

"Now, Jo," she said, "mind, I don't give you those clothes just to make you feel you must come to my little school, but so that you may have nice enough things to wear, and if you come up here to-morrow I'll help you make some other things."

Miss Faith paused a moment, struck by a sudden embarrassment in the girl's face.

"Perhaps," she said, "you would rather wear the old things home, and take those with you?"

"Yes'm," answered the little vagabond, promptly. She hesitated, and then added, "They'd be after me down there, and we'd have a row about it."

"Who?"

"Those yer boys, and that yer Sandy Martin." Jo paused. "He's the *worst*," she added, vindictively. "He gimme a black eye the other day, and I mean to pay him off; I do."

Jo pronounced Sandy's impending doom with a flash of her eyes and a tone that revealed much to Miss Faith.

Miss Faith apparently took no notice of Jo's rough speech. Her aim was to make the girl at home and free with her, reading in the keen young face before her a power of sullen reserve, a dogged self-will, that, once roused, would be hard to combat. So she only said:

"Well, then, Jo, you can go into that other room there and put your own things on, and this afternoon I'll bring down these to you."

A little later, from the dining-room window Miss Emerson watched the little figure flying down North Street, in the direction of the lower end of the town, and related some of her experience with Jo to her aunt.

Miss Grace was accustomed to her niece's independence of action and peculiar way of treating her pensioners, but Jo Markham was almost beyond her power of endurance.

"Never mind, auntie," the girl said, laughing; "we'll see what a little humanizing can do."

Faith's carriage and ponies were well known all over the lower end of Ashfield, where she was acknowledged as a leader in many ways; for was she not young, independent of fortune, and blessed with as lovely a disposition as ever girl possessed? She and her aunt lived by themselves in the large old-fashioned family house on North Street, but there were constant invasions of young cousins or friends of all ages, one of the late Mr. Emerson's golden rules being that of generous hospitality.

No one wondered when Faith stopped at one of the meanest houses in Sailors' Row and knocked at the door. The young lady's figure was too well known in such places to occasion comment. A gruff voice said, "Come in!" and Jo's grandfather, a disreputable-looking old man,

met her with what he intended to be a great deal of civility.

Jo hung back in a shamefaced way, while her grandfather thanked the "dear good young lady" over and over again, and blessed her in a fulsome manner for having taken notice of his granddaughter.

"She shall go to your little school, ma'am," he said; "I'll see to it she does."

Faith crossed the room to Jo, and in a low voice asked her to be at North Street early the next morning.

As she was driving down the wide village street rather slowly, a tall, bright-faced lad of about seventeen stopped her with, "Good-afternoon, Faith."

It was young Farnham, the "Bertie" referred to by Miss Barker.

"So you've done it," the boy said, with a pleased look—"actually taken hold of poor Jo Markham! Well, I felt pretty sure you'd do something."

Faith's eager assent was very pleasant to the lad. He thought her altogether the most wonderful person on earth, and was glad to be her right hand in any charitable project, however venturesome or hopeless.

He took the place she offered him beside her, while Faith related her experiences of the day.

"I've thought often and often I'd mention the girl to you," Bertie answered; "but I don't know how it slipped my mind. She is with such a rough set; but she is sure to be on the right side in any of the quarrels down in Sailors' Row. The other day she rushed into the middle of a fight, rescued a boy and a dog, and I wish you had seen the way she swept things to right and left of her. But there's a good sort of grit in her," the boy continued, "and you'll find it out."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TOMMY THE COW-BOY.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

"WHAT would you like to be, Tommy, when you grow up?" asked Mr. Miggs, turning to his son.

Tommy opened one eye, looked smilingly up into his father's face, and replied, "A cow-boy."

"You shall be a cow-boy," said Mr. Miggs, rubbing his hands; "but you are not large enough and old enough to be one yet. It would be too sudden a change to lift you out of the nurse's lap on to the back of a mustang. I am going to send you out to Benlow's dairy-farm, where we spent a month last summer."

"When can I go?" asked Tommy, eagerly.

"Just as soon as we can get you ready."

"I haven't a bowie-knife," pleaded Tommy.

"Never mind that," replied Mr. Miggs; "wait until you have reached that stage of your education that justifies the carrying of a knife. Besides, there are no dangerous characters about Benlow's dairy-farm; but if you want a knife just for the sake of appearances, Mr. Benlow will be happy to lend you his sickle to carry around, as he has no use for it when the ground is covered with snow."

That night Tommy Miggs dreamed himself a cattle king, walking haughtily around in a red shirt, top boots, sombrero, long hair, and a portable nickel-plated armory madly shining under his coat tail. He dreamed of flying across the prairie like the wind on a mad, impassioned steed, and being looked upon as dangerous, and avoided by the stranger.

On the following day he was proud-spirited, and would have little or nothing to say to his companions, and it is only fair to say that they envied him, and regarded him as one born under a lucky star. A day or so later he started for the dairy-farm with a light heart. It was not a great distance from the city, and Mr. Benlow was on the lookout for him, as he had received a letter from Mr. Miggs,



instructing him to create in Tommy's breast such a hatred of cows that he would never after care for roast beef.

So when Tommy Miggs arrived, Mr. Benlow was at the station with a sleigh to meet him and drive him out to the farm, which was several miles distant. After they had gone a little way Tommy said, "I've come out here to learn to be a cow-boy."

"We'll make a cow-boy of you before long," replied Mr. Benlow. "Do you know anything about cows?"

"Nothing," responded Tommy, humbly.

"Well, we'll open your eyes on cows," said Mr. Benlow.

In a short time the sleigh drew up before the Benlow mansion, an old-fashioned farm-house, and Tommy was ushered into the parlor, dining-room, and kitchen at once, for these three rooms were in one at Mr. Benlow's.

That night Tommy Miggs's supper consisted of salt pork, a glass of milk, some potatoes, and a piece of pie. Although he was not exactly satisfied with it, he had the good sense to appreciate the fact that it would harden him for the rigors of cow-boy life if he could only outlive it.

At eight o'clock he went to bed in a large unplastered

"Just give each of the cows some hay," said Mr. Benlow.

Tommy did as he was told, being under the impression that he would next be asked to go out and lasso a bull. But he was made sick at heart when he learned that lassoes were not used, for the simple reason that every animal on the place would come when called, like a dog.

As soon as the milk was canned and sent to the train, the Benlows sat down to breakfast, which consisted of buckwheat cakes and coffee that seemed no stronger than ordinary hot water. The Graham rolls and the mutton chops of his breakfast at home would have been much more palatable, but he didn't grumble. While he was eating on in silence, Mr. Benlow said, "How is Carlo to-day?"

"Very sick," replied Mrs. Benlow; "and I don't see how we are going to work the tread-mill for the churning."

"Why," said Mr. Benlow, "we'll let Tommy run eight or ten miles on it. It will do him good and improve his wind."

So after breakfast Tommy walked on the tread-mill until he thought he would drop.

"We'll make a cow-boy

of you before long," said Mr. Benlow, as he entered with a smile to see how the butter was progressing; "so cheer up, and don't feel homesick, for I have something for you to do that you may enjoy."

"What is it?" asked Tommy.

"It is to break a pair of yearlings to the yoke. We will yoke them and hitch them to a sled, and you can drive as fast as you like."

"That will be fine," said Tommy.

So after dinner the steers were brought forth, and yoked and hitched to the sled, upon which Tommy stood as a circus-rider stands on a horse, and started them.

"We'll make a cow-boy of you yet," rang out on his ears as the yearlings started off at full speed. First they darted in one direction, then in another. First Tommy was in the snow, and then back on the sled, for the year-

lings jerked it in every direction, and pranced on their hind-legs, and whisked his hat off with their tails, and tried to jump fences and drag the sled after them. Tommy thought there was more snow inside of his clothing than there was on the ground, and when he was completely upset—in more ways than one—by the yearlings, he sat down in the snow and cried, while the yearlings seemed to melt out of sight over the rim of the horizon.

The Benlow boys, who followed, caught the runaways, and drove them home.

At four the next morning Tommy Miggs was altogether too sore to arise at milking-time. He was also too sore to go down to his breakfast. That night, to make a long story short, he was back home, and has not been away since. It makes him very angry when called Texas Bill, because he has given up his dreams of cow-boy life. Tommy is now studying book-keeping, with a view to entering his father's store. He wouldn't be a cow-boy if he could; and now the wax doll goes unscalped, the toy babies un-murdered, and the cats and dogs in his vicinity unlassoed



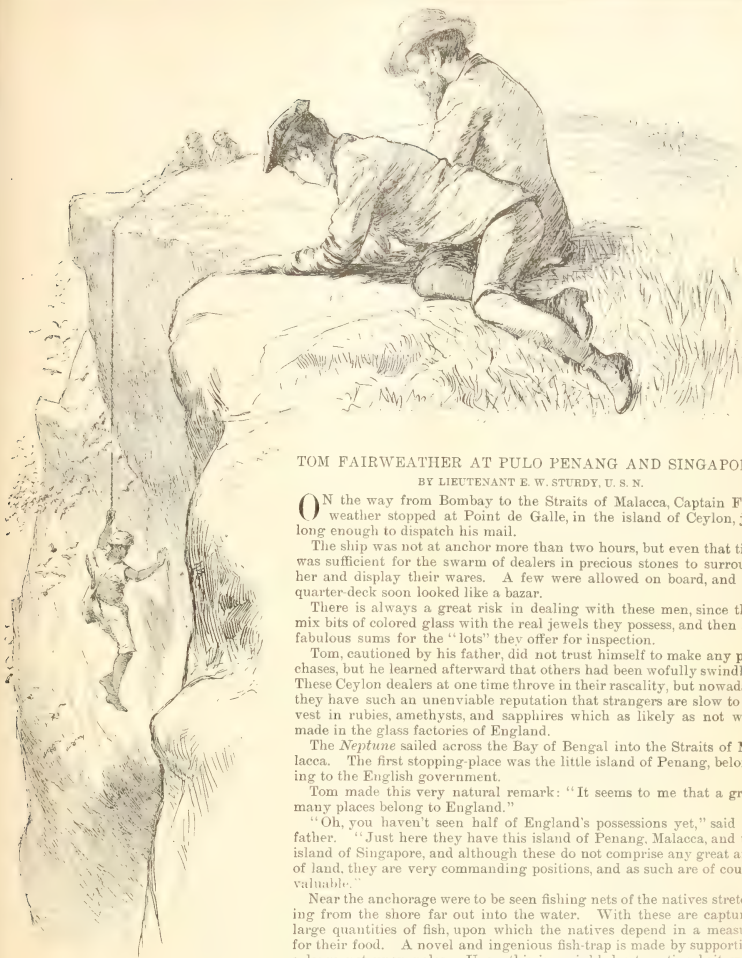
TOMMY TRIES TO "BREAK IN" A PAIR OF YEARLINGS.

attic room, with no carpet on the floor, and lumps like cobble-stones in the mattress, and the windows rattling a perfect tattoo in the fierce winter wind that shrieked without. For a moment he thought of his little sister at home, asleep under a handsome crazy quilt and a roof that didn't leak, with her doll on the pillow beside her, and the nice nursery fire; but he banished this thought instantly, and fell asleep with a thought of gratitude for his rare good fortune.

He was awakened at four in the morning by Mr. Benlow's big boots, as that gentleman came in with a candle, and told him it was time to get up to do the milking and get the cans ready for the train. "We'll make a cow-boy of you soon," remarked the farmer, cheerfully, as Tommy rubbed his eyes.

Tommy arose rather reluctantly, for the bed was as warm as the room was cold, dressed for the day, and used the paper curtain for a towel. He had to blow on his fingers to keep them warm, and when he got out to the barn he was shivering.





## TOM FAIRWEATHER AT PULO PENANG AND SINGAPORE.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U. S. N.

ON the way from Bombay to the Straits of Malacca, Captain Fairweather stopped at Point de Galle, in the island of Ceylon, just long enough to dispatch his mail.

The ship was not at anchor more than two hours, but even that time was sufficient for the swarm of dealers in precious stones to surround her and display their wares. A few were allowed on board, and the quarter-deck soon looked like a bazar.

There is always a great risk in dealing with these men, since they mix bits of colored glass with the real jewels they possess, and then ask fabulous sums for the "lots" they offer for inspection.

Tom, cautioned by his father, did not trust himself to make any purchases, but he learned afterward that others had been woefully swindled. These Ceylon dealers at one time thrived in their rascality, but nowadays they have such an unenviable reputation that strangers are slow to invest in rubies, amethysts, and sapphires which as likely as not were made in the glass factories of England.

The *Neptune* sailed across the Bay of Bengal into the Straits of Malacca. The first stopping-place was the little island of Penang, belonging to the English government.

Tom made this very natural remark: "It seems to me that a great many places belong to England."

"Oh, you haven't seen half of England's possessions yet," said his father. "Just here they have this island of Penang, Malacca, and the island of Singapore, and although these do not comprise any great area of land, they are very commanding positions, and as such are of course valuable."

Near the anchorage were to be seen fishing nets of the natives stretching from the shore far out into the water. With these are captured large quantities of fish, upon which the natives depend in a measure for their food. A novel and ingenious fish-trap is made by supporting a large net upon poles. Upon this is sprinkled a tempting bait, with the result that the fish fairly swarm there to feed. The net is at first under water, being placed in position when the tide is high. As the tide falls, the busily feeding fish are left on top, unable to escape. In this way famous catches are made.

Penang and Singapore are both curious places. It would seem that every nation on earth was represented there. This is especially noticeable at Singapore, which is a stopping-place for vessels from all lands.

The places resemble each other in so far as manners and customs are concerned. Besides the Malays and Christian foreigners, there are a great many Chinese engaged in thriving business. There are Christian churches, Chinese Joss-houses, Mohammedan mosques, and Hindoo temples; and in Singapore there are many fine public buildings.

In Penang, Tom Fairweather made his usual trips of exploration. He visited a wonderful mountain water-fall.

one of the sights of the place, was entertained in bungalows, and was fortunate enough to see a very pretty procession on the occasion of a Chinese fête. Borne on litters, profusely decorated with figures and flowers, were gayly dressed little Chinese, some of the smaller ones being perched high on fanciful chairs of state. There were so many Chinamen that it was hard to believe you were not in their own country.

But there occurred something one day which proved to Master Tom that he was indeed in the land of Malays. He was sitting in a room overlooking the street. Quite a party were assembled, and the conversation had been of the time when the rivers and jungles of the Peninsula were infested with pirates to a very alarming extent. Then the treacherous nature of the Malay was discussed. Tom was looking from the window, when suddenly he saw a rush in the street; the people were flying to the right and left, and there was a wild cry of "Amok! amok!" The people shrieked and trampled over each other in their efforts to escape. The Malays grasped their weapon, called "kris," and made ready to defend themselves.

Tom was all excitement, even in his safe position above the ground. The party all crowded about the windows. Tearing along in a mad frenzy came a Malay who was the cause of this terror and flight. Striking about him with his "kris," he laid low every unfortunate man, woman, and child that he could reach. He seemed blind to everything but the insane desire to kill as many as he could before he himself should be brought down by his pursuers. After him the Malay men flew in an almost equal excitement. The runner as he passed was bleeding from the many cuts he had already received, but he still struck madly about him, and rushed on through the street. Pistol-shots were heard, and although the man was evidently struck, his madman's strength supported him. As the noise grew faint and the crowd disappeared, a gentleman quietly said, "They will kill him soon."

Captain Fairweather asked if that was the Malay "amok" of which he had read.

"Yes, that is a genuine case. It is a strange thing in every way. When these Malays are calm they are remarkably gentle, but under excitement they are reckless and blood-thirsty. This custom of 'amok' has grown to be a national one. The Malays are of a very nervous temperament, which sometimes ends in an insanity the nature of which you have just seen illustrated. There are occasions, however, when a Malay will 'run amok' to gratify revenge. He knows he will be killed himself, but he is bent upon bringing about as much destruction as possible before he is shot or stricken down. That 'kris' is a very formidable weapon, with its wavy, flame-shaped blade and its double edge. But you should go into the interior to see the natives. There they live on the river-banks, and dispute the jungles with the wild beasts. They build their houses, you know, on posts, to prevent tigers and other wild animals from attacking them at night; and it would be an interesting sight for you to observe how skillful they are in using bam-boo and rattan. Captain, you had better stay here a month, and we will promise on our part to entertain you well."

Tom, quietly listening, devoutly wished that an acceptance would be forth-coming, for he found this part of the world very much in accord with his boyish love of adventure.

A few evenings after this he approached his father in a laughing mood, and said, "Captain, are you aware that over on the cliffs the natives gather those peculiar bird's-nests which the Chinese like so much for soup?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "I am aware that such is the case. I suppose you would like to go and get some."

"That is just what I do wish, sir. The doctor says that he is going over with some natives to-morrow morning, and that he will take me if I can get your permission."

"Well now, Tom, that is a dangerous business. I would like to carry you home alive, but if you go climbing down those cliffs you will surely break your neck. Does the doctor intend to do anything more than look on?"

"Why, no, sir; I think not. At any rate, I'll promise you I will not."

"In that case you may go; but, remember, you are not to be too venturesome."

So the next morning Tom was off on a bird's-nest hunt.

Every one knows of bird's-nest soup; and here in Malay-land is where many are gathered for the Chinese market. The nests are made by swallows in the dark and shady crevices of cliffs. The birds gather from the coral rocks in the sea a glutinous weed, which they swallow and afterward disgorge for their building purposes. The nests have the appearance of long strings of fine vermicelli, coiled one part over the other, without much regularity, and glued together with the same material. In shape they resemble the bowl of a large gravy-spoon split in half.

When they arrived at the edge of the cliffs, which were hundreds of feet above the sea, the Malays drove iron spikes very carefully into the ground, and secured to them some very roughly made ropes. Then they slung a bag and torch across their backs, and were ready for work. First they repeated a Mohammedan prayer; which finished, they lowered themselves down the cliff by means of the rope, and began searching the caves and crannies.

Tom and Dr. Goodfellow contented themselves in looking over the cliff to see the mode of operating. In some places the men had to vibrate in the air like a pendulum to gather sufficient momentum to swing in under some overhanging portion of the cliff. The wretched ropes by which they were suspended cut against the sharp edge of the cliff, and their breaking seemed but a question of time.

They gathered a few nests, and at last swung into a little cave that had evidently been unexplored before, as the swallows and bats flew out by thousands, and the noise they made was almost deafening. The Malays secured all the nests they could find, and climbed back, aided by those tending the ropes on the cliff.

A great many lives are lost in this hazardous work. It is said that one out of every five men employed in it eventually meets with a violent death. For this reason the nests command a high price. The best ones are those which have not yet been used by the birds. Such nests are nothing but pure gelatine, and are of course more especially prized.

Walking back, Tom observed that the Malays kept a sharp eye about them in the hollows, or where the vegetation was very rank, and occasionally muttered the ominous word "Oular!" (snake) as a warning. The grass was as high as Tom's waist, however, and he decided, as he could see nothing, to trust to luck, which befriended him here, for he encountered no snakes. He saw on this trip that curious growth called the sensitive plant, the leaves of which wither the instant they are touched.

He was very much infatuated with Malay-land, a feeling that was only heightened by going to Singapore. Here, however, he came to grief. In the gardens there was a cage of monkeys, and one huge fellow was noted for his propensity to grab at anything that came within reach of his arm. Tom had been cautioned not to go too near the cage; and he really thought that he was at a safe dis-

tance. The old monkey walked slowly up, with a sleepy look, and in a flash he had Tom's watch and chain. A little of the chain remained where it had broken, it is true, but it was a very little.

Then Master Tom saw his watch opened and the works fly in all directions, the case bitten and twisted, and the links of the chain snapped and scattered. It was all done so quickly that at first he felt only surprise; but when a man standing near used the Singapore slang for travellers, and remarked, "I've seen lots of 'globe-trotters' fooled by that monkey," our young friend was a mortified boy indeed.

## SEÑOR GIACOMELLI'S PERFORMING BIRDS.

BY HENRY HATTON, MAGICIAN.

### II.

"AND now for the real article," continued O'Malley. "If the first lesson was easy, this is much easier, and I might tell you the whole thing in half a dozen words, for it's the old story of Columbus and the egg over again—nothing when you know it. But as you want details, I'll begin at the beginning.

"First, let me tell you that all that nonsense about oil of bergamot or drugs of any kind that you read about in books is gammon; there's nothing in it. Another thing I'll tell you now, for fear I should forget it, and that is that there are some birds that the best man in the world could never tame; and if you come across one of that kind—frightened at its own shadow—lose no time in getting rid of it, for you'll have your pains for your trouble.

"And now really to begin. The first thing to do with a bird that you want to tame and train is to clip its wings so that you'll have little trouble in catching it should it attempt to fly. To do this so as not to disfigure the appearance of the bird, proceed as follows: Take hold of the bird, and spreading out one wing, cut off about half an inch of the first feather; leave the next two uncut; then clip two, and so continue, leaving one uncut between each two that you trim. The other wing must be treated in the same way. Next put your bird in a room by itself, even hanging a green curtain on one side of the cage, so as to shut out the sight of the room.

"Remove all seed and everything to eat from the cage, and keep food of every kind from it for twenty-four hours, but see that it is *well supplied with water*. At the end of this time approach the cage, remove the curtain, and call the bird pleasantly by name. Pour some seed into your hand, so that the hungry creature can see it, and then open the cage door, and place your hand there. If you are careful at first to make no sudden or abrupt movement, the little thing will perch on your finger and begin to eat from your hand. Don't disturb it, but let it feed for some minutes. Then put it back in its cage, and talk to it, so that it will get accustomed to your voice. After a while give it more seed from your hand, this time adding a little crushed hemp seed, or, better still, some hemp seed that you've cracked in your mouth. Now don't ask me why this is better, for I can't tell you, but it's true.

"By this time your bird is tame; but continue this treatment for two or three days, taking care that as much as possible it sees no one but you, but, above all, that it gets its food from you only. It will soon know you, and look on you as its best friend, and the moment you open the door of its cage it will fly to your hand, expecting something to eat. Don't disappoint it, but give it a single hemp seed cracked as before. As it has no fear of you now, you can begin to teach it some tricks, and you'll be surprised to find how quick the lit-

tle things are to learn. It's wonderful how much they know.

"To give you an instance: A friend of mine, a magician, does the trick known as the 'flying cage,' in which a bird-cage containing a live bird suddenly vanishes from before the eyes of the audience. The cage is made of wires hinged on thread, and one corner of it is fastened to a cord which passes up the performer's sleeve, across his back, and down the other sleeve, where it is fastened at the wrist. The cord is short, and when the 'magish' appears his elbows are close to his ribs, and his hands against his chest, where he holds the cage. By suddenly extending his arms and letting go the cage it folds up and flies up his sleeve. When folded there is still space enough for the bird, and though it is claimed the creature's never hurt, I have seen more than one killed.

"Well, this friend of mine was lucky, for he had the one bird all the time, and it grew so cunning that when it heard the 'magish' give the signal, 'One, two, three—go!' it would pop its little head under its wing, and squeeze itself into as small compass as possible. And what's the most curious thing of all, no one had ever told it to. But I'm digressing, as the lecturers say.

"The best trick to begin with, because the easiest, is to make a bird perch on the stick which you thrust into its cage. To do this you merely have to press the stick gently against its breast, when it *will step on it to get out of its way*. In the same way, when you want it to walk up your fingers you press against its breast with the finger next to that on which it is perched, continuing to do this until it has walked up all. After a while it will go up without the pressing, of its own accord.

"A pretty effect is to hold a bouquet in your left hand while the bird sits perched on the forefinger of your right. Then, as you order it, it will fly to the bouquet. This is done by giving it a little flip under the tail with your left thumb. At first the bouquet must be held quite close, only a few inches off, but as you continue to practice the distance is increased. From time to time the bird must be rewarded with a cracked hemp seed, and this must be observed in teaching any and every trick.

"A favorite trick with bird exhibitors is to harness one bird to a tiny wagon, while another is seated in it. This is of the class of tricks that old Blitz did, and requires neither skill nor patience, for the creatures are fastened in with elastic, and couldn't get out if they tried. In rehearsing, the one that 'plays horse' is beaten with a little twig as soon as it is fastened in, and as a result it begins to run when placed in harness before an audience.

"Again, a bird is placed in a little swing, where it stays contentedly, for the reason that it too is fastened in by an elastic band.

"One of the prettiest bits of bird work is that in which two toy ladders are placed end to end, the reverse ends resting on the ground, so that they form an inverted V. Three or four birds are introduced, and told to go up one ladder and down another, the one that first reaches the other side being promised a nice supper. All obey orders with one exception, and that runs under the ladders, and of course wins the race.

"The training is very simple, and a few hours are all that's needed. Of course one bird is trained at a time. It is first placed at a little distance from the foot of the ladder, and then urged along by gentle touches, the performer's hands guiding it on either side, so that it can't go to the right or the left. Should it fly away, it is caught and brought back to its first position, and when this is repeated two or three times it will understand the way in which it is to go. Its passage up and down the ladder is taught in the same way, that is, by guiding it in the direction



THE PROMOTION.—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

you want it to go, and bringing it back every time it flies away. As its wings are trimmed, it can't fly far, and is easily caught.

"One word about catching a bird. In picking up a bird, always place your hand *in front* of it, for if you reach *after* it, it will give a little hop, and then, like Paddy's flea, 'when you put your hand on him, he isn't there.'"

I have now told my readers all that O'Malley told me about bird-taming, and as I have had no little experience in it myself, I can indorse every word he said. The whole business may be briefly summed up as follows: 1. A bird is *tamed* by starving it; 2. It is taught *any trick* by constant rehearsal and invariable patience; and any one who will follow out these simple directions will in a short time be rewarded by seeing their little pets do the apparently most difficult tricks.

#### A MODEL GYMNASIUM, AND WHAT CAN BE DONE WITHOUT IT.

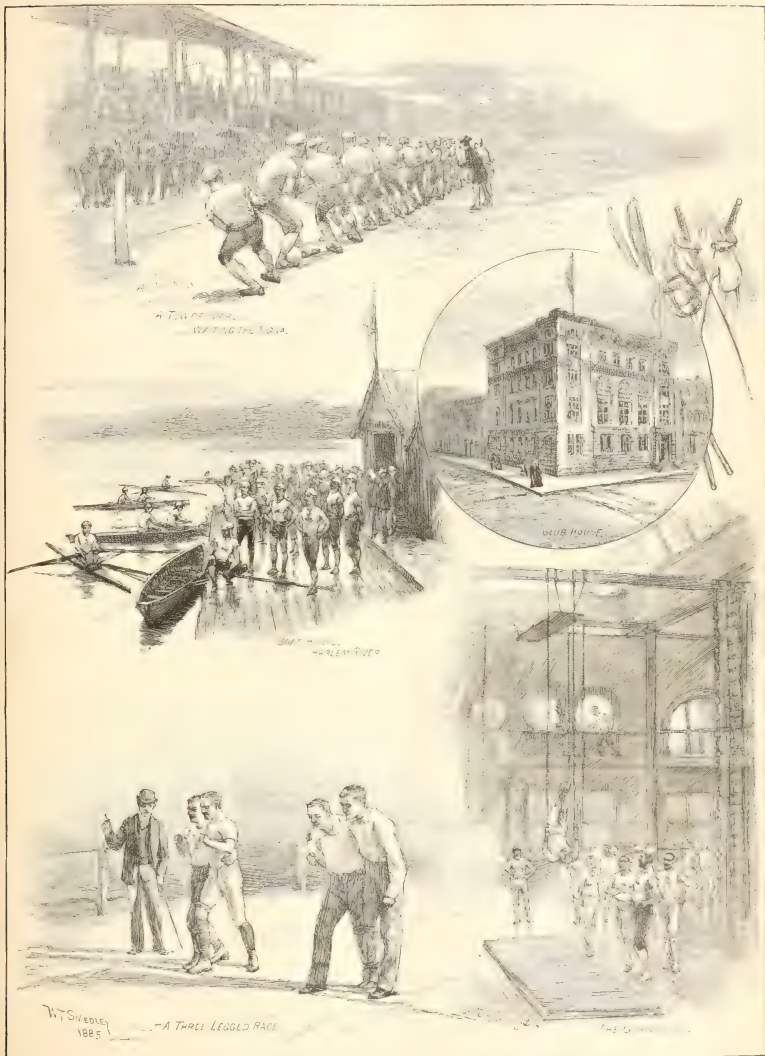
BY ROBERT BRIDGES.

**N**OT long ago a sturdy Scotchman, with clear blue eyes, bushy blonde whiskers, and splendid complexion, said to me, "I have never had a headache in my life."

He looks to be about thirty-five years of age, but is really nearly fifty. I thought that a remarkable statement for any full-grown man to make, and so I asked him to tell me how the boys who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE might live such comfortable lives as that.

The man is Professor George Goldie, Physical Director of the New York Athletic Club Gymnasium, and he was sitting in his snug office in that magnificent building, which cost \$250,000. He laughed good-humoredly, and kindly volunteered to answer all my questions.





THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

"I suppose," said Professor Goldie, "that plenty of Scotch oatmeal and few sweetmeats fed to me when a child helped to make me so healthy. Then, too, we don't drink ice-water one minute and hot tea the next in the old country. But more than that, I have taken plenty of exercise. Before I tell you how any boy can follow my example at his home, let me show you the most complete gymnasium in this country."

We stepped out into a very large room with a very high ceiling, finished throughout in hard wood. Near and around the centre were rings, trapezes, horizontal bars, and ladders, such as you see in the illustration, and which every good gymnasium has. There were eight rowing machines arranged in order for training a crew, parallel bars for short men and tall, a stationary bicycle, and long and thick mattresses for tumblers.

Around three sides of this large hall were arranged scores of pulley-weights, which, as some of you know, are simply pulleys attached to a bracket about five feet from the floor, over which slide ropes fastened to weights which move up and down freely between two parallel steel rods. It is a very simple machine, and yet it may be adapted to training every muscle in the body. I found out from Mr. Goldie as we walked from one to another of these weights, which seemed almost alike, that a very little change in the arrangement of the rope or handle altered the whole purpose of the apparatus.

On the end of one rope was a peculiar woven skull-cap. Mr. Goldie put it on, and standing with his face toward the centre of the room, nodded his head regularly; then facing around at right angles to that position, he swung his head from side to side.

"There you see," he said, "how every muscle of the neck is brought into play."

A little further along was a slipper attached to a similar rope by its toe, and next to it one attached by the heel. By placing your foot in either of these and swinging the leg back and forward, pendulum fashion, the muscles of the thigh are developed. It would require many pages and diagrams for me to fully explain all these ingenious arrangements. There is even one specially adapted for strengthening the fingers and giving the user a "good grip."

As we had about finished the circuit of the room a young man stepped up and said: "You have machines here, Mr. Goldie, for every muscle; I wonder if there is one by which a man could develop a single toe?"

He seemed to think that at last he had "stumped" the professor. But the latter twinkled his blue eyes, and said, "Come up in the gallery, and I'll show you a machine for that also."

The young man took the professor's word for it; but we went upstairs, and saw how a weight balanced on a pivot could be attached to the foot by a strap passed over the big toe, and could be worked like the treadle of a sewing-machine.

This narrow gallery, which you see in our illustration, extends all around the building, and contains a splendid track for running, which has all the springy qualities of turf. It is made of thick felt covered with rubber cloth, and cost \$800. Twenty-one times around this noiseless circle make one mile.

I would like to tell you of the many other wonders of this elegant club-house, for the gymnasium is only a small part of it. There is a great swimming bath, where the water is always kept at 70°; Turkish and Russian baths, with the temperature up to 180°; marble benches, where the bathers rest and roast while the attendants knead their flesh; a needle bath, where hundreds of little jets of water touch every part of your body; a boxing-room, in which all projecting corners of wood are carefully padded; a beautiful billiard hall and bowling-alleys; a reading-room and luxurious reception-room; and a din-

ing-hall for the convenience of members and their invited friends.

Besides all this, as you will see by the illustration, the club, which numbers more than 1000 members, owns fine athletic grounds for out-door sports, and a boat-house on the Harlem River.

We have kept Mr. Goldie waiting all this time to tell you what you may do at home without the expensive apparatus of a fine gymnasium. He has a boy of his own of whom he is very proud, and you can be sure that he would not willingly give any boy hurtful advice.

"The best exercise," he said, "for a boy under twelve years of age is plenty of play out-of-doors. I would not give him any gymnastic training until he has passed that age, unless I noticed some slight physical defect which might be corrected by regular work. But after he is twelve he should begin light gymnastics."

And here are some of the things which Mr. Goldie says you should do:

Stand perfectly straight, with your head erect and heels together; bend your body forward until your trunk and legs make a right angle at the hips; then bend backward as far as you can go; swing your body similarly from side to side, approaching as near as you can to a right angle. This is splendid exercise for all the muscles of your waist.

Put two chairs facing each other, about eighteen inches apart; place the palms of your hands near the edge of the seat on each, and keeping your arms straight, extend your feet as far as possible, toes down; then raise and lower your body by bending your elbows.

There is nothing better to develop the calf of the leg than raising yourself on your toes as the point of support.

Another good leg exercise is to sit on your heels (if you can) with your knees spread as far apart as possible, your hands resting on your hips; then suddenly rise to an erect position, and just as quickly sit down again. Repeat this about twenty times rapidly.

Learn to walk on your hands. It is not easy, but a bright boy can soon acquire the trick. Get down on your palms, with your fingers about ten inches or more from the wall; swing your legs up, bending them at the knees, so that the soles of your feet touch the wall. Thus you can balance yourself on your hands, and it will not be long before you can take a step or two away from the wall.

I am afraid that most boys will think these simple things stupid, and I believe they are right, unless three or four of them can practice together. After all, the best thing about exercise is the opportunity which it gives for companionship, friendly rivalry, and fun.

Very well, then, let us have a gymnasium in our barn, attic, or play-room. You will have to call on your father or big brother for a little money and active help in putting up the apparatus. But it is very simple and inexpensive. You will need some good Manila rope, half an inch in diameter, several rake or pitchfork handles, and stout screw hooks and rings. (I believe they are called ring-bolts.)

You can have a trapeze, horizontal bar, climbing rope, striking bar, and rings without a great outlay of money or trouble.

For the trapeze, two ring-bolts, costing about fifteen cents each, must be firmly screwed in a girder of the ceiling, about four feet apart. One of the fork handles must be cut the same length. Two pieces of rope are securely fastened to the rings above, either by an "eye-splice" or by wrapping the looped rope tightly with twine. The fork handle, now the trapeze bar, is similarly fastened to the other ends of the ropes, and is secured in its place by staples or loops of wire placed over the rope and through

the bar, being clinched around the rope on the opposite side. The bar should hang within easy reach of the boy performers.

Another fork handle is used for the horizontal bar. The sides of a door-frame will furnish the posts for its support. Two hard-wood brackets or cleats should be slotted to fit the squared ends to the fork handle, and screwed on opposite jambs of the door. The bar can be lifted out of these at pleasure, and will not be in the way when not in use.

A good striking bag can be made of heavy Canton flannel, with the rough side out. It should be ten or twelve inches in diameter and fifteen in length. Fill it with bran, saw-dust, or chaff. You can suspend it by a rope, hook, and ring to the top of the same door in which you have your horizontal bar.

A climbing rope is simply a piece of stout rope, an inch and a half in diameter, suspended from a strong hook in the ceiling. Every boy should learn how to ascend and descend such a rope hand over hand. It is an accomplishment that might enable him to escape safely from a burning building or a sinking ship.

With such simple devices as these all the muscles of the body can be trained. You can circle the horizontal bar in many different ways—grasping it with both hands, and holding the arms rigid; hooking it with one knee, then with both knees; making two "pitcher-handles" of your arms, and inclosing the bar within them. You may also "skin the cat" and hang by your toes, if the bar is high enough.

On the trapeze you can do many similar things, which are made more difficult by the swinging motion.

You can swing on the rings, holding by your hands, your knees, or your feet. You can turn a somersault while you are flying through the air, grasping them tightly. You may try to make a perfect cross of your arms and body, your only support being the rings which you hold in your hands. You may *try* this, I say; I will not promise that you can accomplish it.

For splendid, exhilarating sport, to make the blood jump through your arteries and bring color to your cheeks and sparkle to your eyes, try five minutes' fighting with the saw-dust bag, striking it with the right and left hands alternately. It never loses its temper, as one party or the other generally does in a boxing match, and I am sure that it will tire you out every time.

I do not doubt that any boy who has such a home gymnasium as I have described will invent more tricks and exercises in twenty-four hours than I could describe in twenty-four pages. If he does not, his chum will.

## TWO ARROWS:

### A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### STIRRING TIMES.

THE idea of a great fight about to come off had quite turned the heads of Sile and Two Arrows, and the latter was aching all over with anxiety to try his new rifle. They had found good places to shoot from. Even the Judge did not hesitate a moment about bidding Sile to do his duty, although he had a pretty strong conviction that there would not be much to do right away. Na-tee-kah had singled out that pair as the particular braves in whose conduct she was interested, but had no doubt that her brother would win more glory than the Red-head, now that he had so good a rifle.

The circumstances had even more completely turned the hot heads of the young Apache braves left in charge of their too numerous drove of horses. Every soul of them was crazy to be at the front and take part in whatever might turn up. They all seemed to drift naturally a little in that direction, and kept no kind of lookout, leaving their precious charge to take care of itself. The horses, therefore, at once began to take advantage of the grass.

This state of things continued, and grew worse and worse every minute, until a good long hour after the main body had moved away along Sile's trail toward the notch. Then, altogether unexpectedly, but as by one impulse, all the Apache horse-guard gave a sudden start and turned their heads in one direction.

Over the crest of the nearest knoll, stirring and clear and sweet, came the sound of a cavalry bugle. It was the signal to "charge," and was followed by the swift rush of Captain Grover and his men. In an instant they were between the feeding quadrupeds and their astonished keepers, and it was all in vain for the young hot-heads in their amazement to attempt to rally. One only wheeled his pony at once and rode away at the top of his speed. The nine or ten who dashed in the other direction suddenly all drew rein as they discovered the odds against them. A line of iron veterans, thirty strong, was thundering forward, and not an Apache was fool enough to fire a shot and be cut down for it.

There was just enough of bewildered, leaderless indecision to settle the matter. The sabres swept flashingly around the squad of red-skins, and all they had to do was to surrender. It is a mere novelist's blunder to suppose and to write that red men have not sense enough to give it up when there is no use in fighting any more. They can do it as readily as any white man in the world, and the reason why they do not do it more frequently is because they generally keep a good chance to run away, and make a treaty afterward as to what presents they are to have for making peace. There was no time given the young braves to strike a bargain. They were all disarmed, and then, dreadfully to their disgust, they were all dismounted and tied up.

"The plunder 'll do well enough where it is," said Captain Grover, as he detailed Garry and a guard of four men to watch the prisoners. "If any of those chaps gets loose you'll have to shoot him. Men, by fours, left! Forward!"

The pony rider who escaped was sure to carry the news of the disaster and of the arrival of the blue-coats, but several things could happen before the Apache chief received it. He had no spy-glass, and he was eagerly waiting such information as might be obtained by the brave standing face to face with Yellow Pine.

That very cunning Apache found himself talking under difficulties. He could see distinctly that there were more than a few rifles at the barrier, but he could get no farther. The tall pale-face in front of him kept back any other information than that all the Apaches in this world or any other would be killed in case of an attack then and there. He even referred to Sile's exploit as an example, and to the lesson given by Two Arrows to the scout, and all the wild blood in the Apache brave was set boiling by that somewhat imprudent reference.

He was a large, powerfully built warrior, and he had been as truthful as could be expected when he signified that he was unarmed. He kept up the idea of a "flag of truce" talk until sure he could gain no more by it, and then he uttered a shrill whoop, and stooped quick as a flash for a long knife hidden in his leggings. He meant to carry back the scalp of Yellow Pine as a trophy of that conversation, but had not asked anybody how well Pine could box. The latter had no time to draw any weapon



"EACH HAND HELD A 'DERRINGER' PISTOL, READY COCKED."

except his fist, but that was a hard one, and it struck the Apache on the side of his head as he was rising, knife in hand. Over and over he rolled, while Pine threw himself flat upon the earth, at the same moment digging both hands into the pockets of his pantaloons. His enemy recovered himself instantly, and sprang to his feet with another whoop, lifting his long, glittering knife for a rush upon the prostrate pale-face.

It might have been a perilous rush, for Pine's hands came right out of his pockets, and each held a short-barrelled "Derringer" pistol, ready cocked. They are terrible weapons, but the miner had no occasion to use either of them. The line of the barrier and of the adjacent rocks seemed to dance with blue flashes and with puffs of white smoke. Within three seconds not less than a score of rattling reports awoke the echoes of the notch, and every blue tube they came from had been aimed by a good marksman. After all was over, the prevalent opinion was that not one of them had missed. At all events, Yellow Pine was safe to jump up and run for the barrier, followed by hasty shots from startled and galloping horsemen, all as useless as so many pebbles. His arrival was greeted by all the shouting and whooping which could possibly be performed by the red and white garrison of the notch, aided by One-eye with a vigor that shook him all over. Even then, however, the voice of the Big Tongue could be distinguished from the rest.

If the volume of sound did nothing else, it deeply impressed the mind of the Apache chief with an idea of the strength of the force opposed to him. So had the promptness and number and accuracy of the rifle-shots which had prevented him from getting any report from his too treacherous "flag of truce" brave. As for him, Na-tee-kah had been watching Two Arrows, and had seen the Apache fall just as his rifle went off. That was enough, and she was again proud of her brother. It was in vain for Ha-ha-pah-no to say,

"Ugh! Heap shoot. All kill him. Go dead a heap."

She as well as Na-tee-kah was taking every opportunity for practicing all the small English words she could pick up, and some of her great successes would have puzzled a dictionary.

The Apaches were all but silent, and drew back a little at the end of their burst of angry whooping and useless shooting. They drew back still further because of a steady whizzing of bullets from the barrier. It was too far for good marksmanship, but the rifles made nowadays will send a piece of lead a mile and hurt something with it.

Suddenly a second burst of angry yells arose among the baffled marauders as a pony rider in a great hurry dashed in among them, shouting forth the news of the arrival of the blue-coats and the loss of the drove and its protectors. Here was a blow indeed, and the escaped brave's estimate of the number of the cavalry he had run away from was very liberal.

The Apache chief was necessarily a good captain, fully able to understand how bad it would be for him to be placed between two fires. The ground in front of the notch was therefore no place for him to fight in, and he did not know what precious minutes he had already been wasting. He threw away ten more in a sort of consultation with his wisest warriors, and at the same time his whole force rode up the valley a short distance. That move gave them the cover of some trees and took them out of range of bullets from the barrier, and at that very moment Judge Parks was startled by a yell from Sile.

"What are you doing up there?" he shouted, for Sile had clambered away up among the rocks of the ledge and stood upon a sort of pinnacle, spy-glass in hand.

"Cavalry, father! They are coming. Cavalry—"

"Come down!"

"Right in this direction. Riding hard. Hurrah!"

The new rifle of Two Arrows could not have won him the glory of that discovery and announcement. Once more the peculiar advantages of pale-faces over red men were forced upon him, but somehow it did but stir up his ambition, and with it a quick, daring impulse. He sprang away up the valley for a horse. He rushed in among the gathered animals of the corral, and boldly picked out his father's best and swiftest mustang, a beast that could run like the wind. He asked for no saddle, and the bridle went on as if by magic.

Sile came down from his perch at a rate that risked his neck, and made a report which drew from Yellow Pine,

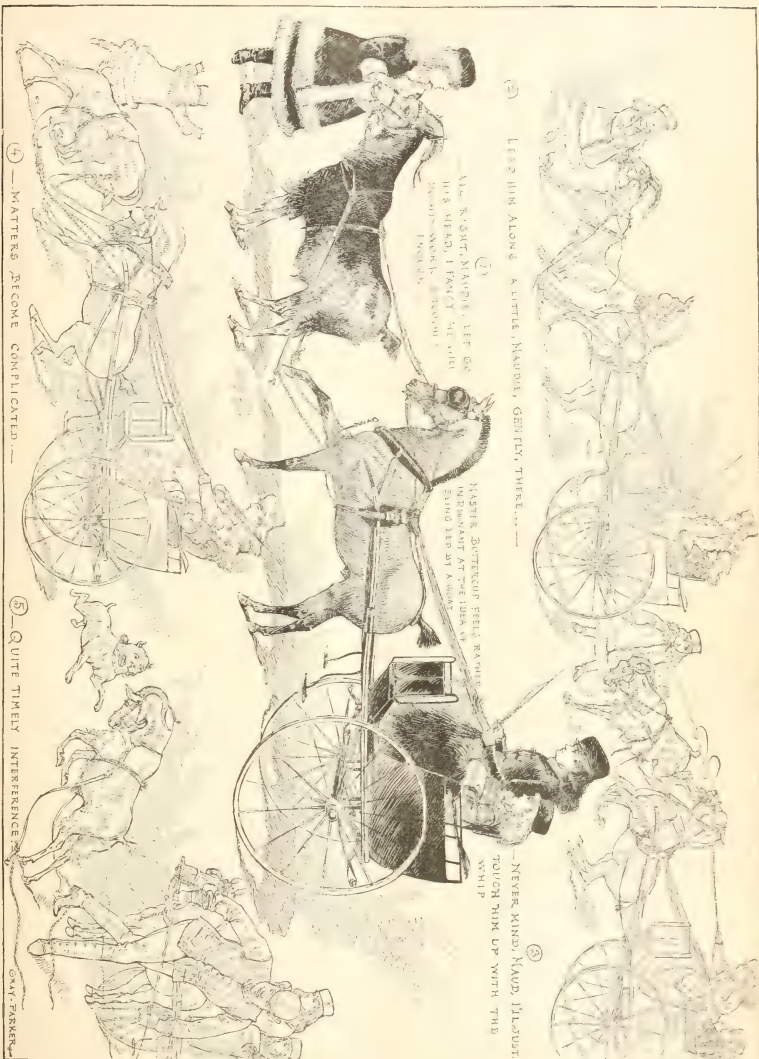
"I'd call it—Jedge, if we could only let them fellers know we're here, it would be wuth a heap."

Before all who echoed that wish had finished speaking, Two Arrows came dashing toward the barrier, all ready for the errand.

"Give the youngest three cheers!" shouted Yellow Pine. "Hurrah for him!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





A "SCRATCH" TANDEM TEAM, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.—DRAWN BY GAY FANNER.





## THE GAME OF ADJECTIVES.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

ONE person is sent out of the room, while the remainder of the players select some adjective. Upon his return he asks in turn of each player some question, in reply to which the person addressed must designate the adjective chosen, without mentioning it. This reply must answer the question definitely, and at the same time fully express the nature of the adjective. The adjective chosen must, of course, be of a strongly descriptive character, and the game gives an opportunity for much ingenuity and skill in the answers, which are very amusing, especially when the question happens to be in direct opposition to the usual tone of the adjective. The person who gives the answer by which this adjective is detected is obliged to go out of the room in his turn, while the other players select another for him to guess. When ready, they call him in, and he begins by asking first the player who sat next the last guesser, and thus each one replies in turn, and all have an equal chance.

## A GEOGRAPHICAL GUESS-WHAT.

BY MARGARET EMMA DITTO.

(Fill the blanks in these lines with the names of towns or rivers in France.)

A GIRL in France by the name of —  
 Had a gown of stiff —,  
 Cloth upon cloth without avails;  
 Cloth enough for a schooner's sails  
 Went into this gown that was made of —.  
 'Twas immensely wrong, no possible use;  
 Clearly this gown was — and —.

She took it in and she unravelled it out,  
 And bunched up the drapery round about;  
 She snipped off the bottom flounce in a trice,  
 Then, Presto, change! the gown was —.  
 Then hope beat high 'neath her 'broided vest;  
 A definite purpose entered her —.  
 She mounted a steed of red, red —,  
 A steed so swift it had almost flown,  
 And away she sped to — — —,  
 Whence she could see —, not in a den,  
 And she climbed the mountains of bright — — —  
 Just to hear from afar those — — — roar.

'Twas evident now, 'twas perfectly plain,  
 Our heroine was not entirely —,  
 So they whirled her off without a trial  
 Short-cut through the town of —,  
 For reasons we can not chronicle,  
 Though probably philological,  
 She went to —, Alaska so fast!  
 A sacrifice to rhyme at last.



"WON'T SOMEBODY PLEASE BUTTON MY DRESS?"



BUMPS OF EXPERIENCE—A LESSON IN VELOCITY.



HARPER'S

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ICE-YACHTING ON THE SHREWSBURY—THE "SCUD"—See Page 152

## ICE-YACHTS ON THE SHREWSBURY.

BY CHARLES LEEYARD NORTON.

ALL the way across the Central and Eastern States Laurie had wondered whether he should find the Shrewsbury River frozen over or clear of ice, and he hardly knew which to hope for. He was a Western ranchman's boy, but the blood of four or five generations of salt-water sailors was in his veins, and had not been changed by a ten years' sojourn on the prairies; and here he was at last on his way to visit Cousin Dick, who lived within sound of the Atlantic breakers.

Until the train thundered over the long bridge just above the busy town of Red Bank he did not know whether he should see the land-locked Shrewsbury with its wavelets dancing under the wintry sun or hardened into a sheet of ice. There it was at last, whity-gray under the blue sky, and there, scudding before the steady northwest wind, were a dozen ice-boats. Laurie's blood tingled, and he looked with all his eyes while the vision lasted; but it was quickly shut off by unlovely sand dunes, and the train began to slow for Red Bank.

At the station the two sixteen-year-old boys shook hands rather stiffly, looking one another over from head to foot with a queer sort of half-hostile feeling which neither quite understood. In early childhood the two had been capital friends, but they had not met in ten years, and of course had to begin all over again.

As soon as they were fairly started on the subject of ice-yachting, the boys had enough to talk about, for Laurie was very eager to learn. At length they reached a point where the road ran close to the edge of the bluff, and Dick let the horses walk slowly while he discoursed of the glories of the *Scud*, the new lateen-rigged yacht which was shortly to go to Poughkeepsie and race for the challenge pennant.

Fortune favored them. Just as they were opposite a gap in the belt of trees that fringed the bluff, Dick pulled up his horses with "There she is now!" and for a thrilling moment the eyes of the Western "cow-boy" and the Jersey "beach-comber" drank in the picture, one with the delight of full appreciation, and the other with the wonder of a new experience.

Here she was, in very truth, coming down toward the beach, with her big triangle of white canvas flat as a board, and glowing in the level afternoon sun. She came on at a terrific rate, and just as she neared the beach a puff of wind fiercer than usual laid her over to leeward, with her windward runner high in air. This "spilled" the wind from her sail, and in some slight degree checked her speed, as the helmsman with the slightest possible movement of the tiller threw her up into the wind. The runner came down gently upon the ice, and the canvas shivered for an instant as the wind caught the sail edgewise.

Then the superb creature, instinct with life and motion, presented the broadside of her sail to the eager boys, swept round in a magnificent curve until the wind caught her sail on the other tack, and then away she flew right into the wind's eye, and was gone in a twinkling.

"Dick," said the "cow-boy," in tones which fairly quivered with excitement, "do you mean to tell me that you've got one like that, and that I can sail in her?"

"Yes, certainly. She isn't anywhere near as big as the *Scud*, of course, but"—with a skipper's faith in his own craft—"I'm not sure but she's pretty near as fast."

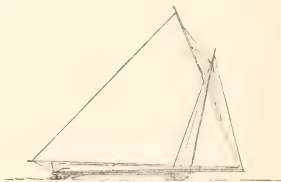
Fortunately there was no snow to speak of for a fortnight, and the weather remained for the most part steadily cold. The boys had better opportunities for sailing than usually falls to the lot of ice-yachtsmen.

Red Bank, New Jersey, and Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson River, are the world's headquarters for ice-boats. The Shrewsbury, on which Red Bank stands, is a land-

locked harbor, where the tide makes in from the Atlantic, and over whose surface the ocean winds blow freely. Poughkeepsie is on the Hudson River, and thus far her clubs have retained the challenge pennant. Last winter the Shrewsbury men sent the *Scud*, whose spirited portrait is shown on page 181, to bring home the coveted emblem; but although she failed to do it, she made such a favorable impression that the lateen rig is being adopted by many of the best sailers in all the clubs.

This sail is really the newest "wrinkle" of any importance that has been devised of late, and, with its double or "shear" mast, presents a very rakish and saucy appearance. The picturesque view given by the artist does not explain certain details of construction, which must needs be understood by one who proposes to rig a boat on this plan.

As shown in the two illustrations, the lateen-sail is triangular. In the drawing of the *Scud* the shear poles between which the sail is suspended are plainly shown. In the sail plan of the *Whiffle*\* only one of them appears, the other being hidden by the sail. In this case, too, the poles



PLAN OF THE "WHIFFLE."

rest upon a cross-beam of their own, while in the *Scud* they rest directly upon the runner plank. In both cases strong stays of steel wire rope run from mast-head to the bowsprit, and aft to runner plank or braces.

The object of the double mast is to make the sail sit better, and to prevent it from making a bag of itself by pressing against the mast, as would necessarily be the case with a single spar. A far more effective hoisting gear can be used with shear poles, since the point of suspension is immediately over the spars, and by this means the canvas can be strained flat as a drum-head. The boom is shackled to the bowsprit a few feet from its fore end, so that the whole spar swings easily at this point between the "shear poles." Now it is clear, since the shear poles are only six feet apart at the foot, the boom can not swing far out to either side, but this is one of the peculiarities of ice-yacht sailing—the sails are always "trimmed flat."

This greatly surprised Laurie, who had learned all he could from the books about sailing, and knew that when a boat was running before the wind her boom ought to be away out over her side. Dick soon showed him, however, that sailing an ice-boat was very different from sailing anything else. And fine times the boys had darting about the Shrewsbury, audaciously challenging larger craft and getting ignominiously beaten, but always finding some excuse which led them to try it again. Dick's *Whiffle*, indeed, was as "smart" as any craft of her size need be, and though she spread only about 200 square feet of canvas to the *Scud*'s 600 and more, she could easily get away from the larger boat in light winds.

The shear poles are given a sharp rake forward, because carrying them up perpendicularly would necessitate spars of far greater length and weight. It will be seen that

\* Adopted from plans of Mr. Archibald Rogers's *Blizzard*, Hudson River Ice Yacht Club.

the new pattern carries what is termed the "centre of effort" of the sail well forward and at the same time well aloft. The mast stays are all provided with "buckles," as they are called; that is, an arrangement of screws which permits the stays to be tightened or slackened as may seem necessary. The queer little fin-like projection just in front of the rudder (shown more clearly in the plan of the *Whiffle*) is a "jumper," that may serve to set the boat on her feet again if she breaks through the ice or fails to clear a crack.

The sport is exciting, and while not wholly free from danger, has been the source of very few, if any, serious accidents. The tremendous speed—often as high as a mile in a minute—is a sufficient guarantee that the skipper had best take care how he steers, as a very slight mistake will spoil his fun by wrecking his dainty craft and laying her up indefinitely—perhaps till the short "season" is over—for repairs.

## TWO ARROWS:\*

### A STORY OF RED AND WHITE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE TALKING LEAVES," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

#### A DARING RIDE.

FOR the moment there was not one Apache horseman lingering within reach of the sharp-shooters at the gap, and it was possible to get away from it unseen. All peril would come afterward, but there was a vast amount of it, and the proposed errand of Two Arrows called for unlimited courage. His light weight upon a fresh racer gave him some advantage over heavy warriors upon horses already hard ridden, but this fact did not cover the whole question by any means, for a bullet will travel faster than the swiftest mustang. Sile did his best to communicate every fact that his spy-glass had given him; Long Bear said "Ugh!" with a deep and expressive intonation; the logs were removed from the entrance; and then Na-tee-kah's heart beat terribly, for she saw her hero brother dash forth all alone, she could not guess why nor whither. Then there was another sudden commotion, for Yellow Pine shouted, and Long Bear echoed it in his own tongue: "Mount, men! Mount and be ready, every mother's son of ye! I'm jest going to back that there young catamount if it costs me my hair!"

There was the swiftest kind of saddling and mounting, and not a Nez Percé boy old enough to draw a bow was willing to be left behind. When, therefore, the whole force rode out upon the slope in front of the notch, it looked a good deal stronger than it really was. All that work required many minutes, and during all of these the daring young messenger had been doing capitally.

Leaving the gap, he wheeled his fleet mustang to the right and dashed away until he deemed himself within reach of a small grove of trees, around which he could sweep back into the right course to reach the cavalry. It was an acute enough calculation, but out of that very bit of bushy timber came first a brace of rifle-bullets and then a pair of mounted Apaches, as soon as these believed that they had let him go far enough; that is, they rode out to cut off his return, and they both failed to do him or his horse any harm. It was a race now, with the chances against the pursuers, and Two Arrows sent back a derisive whoop as he struck out straight for what he believed to be his mark. He understood in an instant that he had escaped the main body of his enemies, but there was no telling when he might meet one of their smaller squads.

He felt in every fibre of his body that he was now armed as a warrior, and was doing the work of a warrior and of an uncommonly daring brave. His heart beat with fierce delight and hope, and his very mustang seemed to feel the excitement, and went forward with long, eager bounds. The wind was in his face, and now it brought him something. It was a faint sound, and far away, but it was the bugle-note which bade Captain Grover's men to change their trot to a gallop.

The little force of cavalry had taken upon them no small risk in dashing forward, now that they had a better knowledge of the strength of their opponents. It was almost rashness, but it was such a facing of odds as our gallant soldiers are always daring. There was nothing exceptional about it, terrible as have been the disasters now and then resulting from such rashness. Captain Grover determined to gain whatever might be gained by promptly following up his first success, and so he had well used all the minutes the Apache chief was wasting. At about the time when the latter had decided that there must be an effort made to recover the lost plunder, unless the cavalry should prove too numerous, Captain Grover had ridden far enough to make good the military plan of a young Nez Percé chief. His own spy-glass was at work from every rising ground he came to, and now it brought an exclamation from him:

"What's up now? One chased by two? Forward! Gallop!"

Two Apache braves, already very sure they could not catch the rider they were chasing, wheeled quickly and rode in the opposite direction, and in a few moments more Two Arrows was rapidly explaining the situation to Captain Grover. It was a very plain one, and not a second was wasted in considering it. Again the word was "Forward," and the remaining distance to be travelled was not great. The decision of the Apaches to advance was likely to make it shorter, but that was an unpleasant time for the chief in command of those unlucky red men. Just as two of his braves came in to inform him that a messenger from the men among the rocks had reached the cavalry, another announced that all the pale-faces and Nez Percés had come out from the rocks to fight, and were "heap strong." Nor was that the whole of it, for one of his scouts from the rear dashed up with the news that yet another party of Nez Percés was coming, he did not know how many. These were the fellows sent through the pass for the "cached" property; but what Apache could say how many more might follow, or how many more blue-coated veterans might be at hand?

It looked for all the world as if that enterprising band of Apache "business" men were surrounded and trapped. They had already lost all the proceeds of their season's hard work, and the rest of their stock in trade of all sorts was pretty sure to follow. More consultation was absolutely necessary, and before it was over Sile could announce from his perch upon the rock: "Coming! I can see Two Arrows."

Then there was a cheering, and Na-tee-kah felt all but proud of the noise made by the Big Tongue—there was so very much of it.

"Forward, men!" shouted Judge Parks. "We must be on hand. Come down, Sile. Keep near me."

Sile was down and mounted in a moment, but there was to be no great battle that day. The Apache "council of war" lasted until it could hear the cavalry bugle and the distant whoop of the Big Tongue. It could not hear the howl of One-eye, for that brave animal was sitting in the very entrance of the barrier guarding the notch, all alone except for the squaws. It was better to go upon any reservation, and to promise any amount and degree of good behavior, than to spend the remainder of that fine day in being shot and sabred. So the council decided, and so, in due and dignified form, they announced

\* Begun in No. 303, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"'WHERE'S THAT MESSENGER?' SUDDENLY EXCLAIMED CAPTAIN GROVER."

to Captain Grover, before he had an opportunity to bid his veterans charge.

The official duty of the Captain after that was to disarm his captives, the weapons to be all returned upon reaching the reservation, and to order them at once into a camp by themselves, under a guard. Word was sent to Garry and his men to move the quadrupeds down the river as fast as possible, the prisoners there being untied and sent to their main body. Rapid orders were given, and were mingled with as rapid conversations with Judge Parks, Yellow Pine, and Long Bear.

"Where's that messenger?" suddenly exclaimed Captain Grover, after he had listened to the facts as to the sending of Two Arrows. There was a glow upon the brave soldier's face, and he was unbuckling the flap of one of his holsters, for he was yet in the saddle.

Two Arrows was summoned, and came forward, and a great many eyes were upon him.

"Young brave!" said Captain Grover, emphatically, "I never heard of a pluckier volunteer in all my life. Take that; keep your head level; that's all. You've more courage than you've any real need of."

"That" was a handsome silver-mounted army revolver. Given in that way, it was a mark of distinction for a great chief to be proud of, and Long Bear, indeed, was nearly as proud as Two Arrows.

"There, Sile," said his father; "see that you do as well with your advantages as that Nez Percé boy has done with his."

"I will, father; but why could he not have some more? What is to hinder him from going to school? There's all my gold, now, in the wagon; I'd spend a good deal of it."

"Sile, my boy, I've been thinking of it. We will do it. It's a good thing. The girl too."

It was time now for Captain Grover to ride in and see the notch and the mine, and to get the best dinner the miners and Ha-ha-pah-no could cook for him and his men. Then it was time for Na-tee-kah to go nearly wild with pride over her brother and his revolver. After that there was a long consultation between Long Bear and his children and Judge Parks and Sile. Two Arrows seemed to be inclined to say very little at first. He sat with his new rifle across his lap, and his priceless revolver resting upon that, and One-eye came and sat down beside him. Long Bear himself seemed to be in doubt as his pale-face friends urged upon him the advantages of their offer. He was hardly able to see what good there could be in the learning of the white men for a red horseman of the plains; but at last Two Arrows motioned to Sile for his spy-glass, hanging at his side. He took it, and looked through it at the distant mountains, and then turned to Long Bear, and pointed at them, saying: "Look! See!"

"Ugh!" said the old chief: "see heap."

"Now look. See," said Two Arrows—"see big heap."

"Ugh! Big medicine," said Long Bear, handing the glass to Sile; but Two Arrows arose, and stood proudly erect, rifle in hand.

"Will you go?" asked Sile.

"Go," said Two Arrows. "Good friend. Go. Got Nez Percé eye now; want pale-face eye."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Long Bear; "what Na-tee-kah say?"

The question was put to her, but it was hardly needful, after she found that Two Arrows was to go. She was willing to learn anything he did, and she was not even daunted by a quick mental vision of a white lady with her



bonnet on. She would even wear the dress of a pale-face squaw if Two Arrows would put on such things as were worn by the Red-head. So it was settled, although it would be a number of weeks before the Judge and Sile could set out for their Eastern home.

At several points in the East there are schools designed and maintained for the special education of Indian girls and boys, only needing greater help from men and women who have money intrusted to them by the Giver.

Among all the tribes of the West, and in every band, Na-tee-kah and Two Arrows wait to be found and enticed into a training that is for their everlasting good and for that of their race.

THE END

## MR. THOMPSON AND THE HORNETS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON lay in the shade of the hedge, half leaning against the stump of a tree, and gazing up through the branches in a listless way.

"I wonder," he was thinking—"I wonder if those insects humming around are bees, or hornets, or just plain bugs. I wonder—won—ner—won—n—n—" and his murmurs became more and more indistinct, until they ran into a regular hum, as he breathed almost like the hum of the "bugs" he was wondering about. Suddenly he roused himself, and exclaimed, "Shoo!" making a vigorous dash at a hornet which was buzzing close to his head. "Go 'way!" he exclaimed, waving his hat, to the imminent peril of the numerous specimens which he had stuck on it—"go 'way! I don't want you."

"I thought you wondered what we are, so I came to tell you. That's no way to receive company, anyhow," buzzed the hornet, angrily, flying nearer and nearer to Mr. Thompson's head.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Thompson, hastily, for he had no desire to offend the warm-tempered little insect. "But I did not know you were calling on me. I thought you were just buzzing around, as it were, and that you might bump against me."

"And hurt yourself," said the hornet, sarcastically.

"Hem—hem—a-a-h! that is—is—is-s-s-s," said Mr. Thompson, stammering in his efforts to invent a reasonable excuse—"that is—is-s-s-s—" he kept on murmuring, until the hornet suddenly interrupted him with,

"There, now, I'm sure you look ever so much better than you did, and as for your voice, there can be no comparison."

Mr. Thompson was a little puzzled, and put up his hand to scratch his head. Something seemed to be wrong; he could not make out exactly what until he happened to glance at himself in the polished tin specimen box at his side. Sure enough, he was a full-grown hornet—rather a large hornet, but not noticeably so.

"Now, how much better you look!" said the hornet, complacently looking at poor Mr. Thompson; "how much more graceful! Why, you should really be

proud of yourself. I can't see how you men can be contented with your great clumsy bodies, which it is impossible to fly with."

"What were you doing before you came here?" inquired Mr. Thompson, who had no idea of getting into any discussion of the relative advantages of being a man or an insect with so quick-tempered an adversary as his new friend.

"I was gathering building material," replied the hornet. "Now there is another place where we get ahead of you stupid men. You people— Well, if you didn't, some other men did. You people made a great fuss about having invented paper houses and water-proof paper. We have lived in paper houses made of water-proof paper which is made from genuine wood pulp. So you see the idea of wood pulp for paper is an old one with us."

"Is it so?" said Mr. Thompson, becoming interested. "How do you manage it?"

"Come along and I will show you," said the hornet, good-naturedly, leading the way toward a neighboring fence. The hornet perched on the top rail for a moment, just long enough to tear off a minute sliver with his strong mandibles, and flew off, chewing it to a pulp. Mr. Thompson followed to where, not far away, a large nest hung suspended from the lower branch of a tree. It was shaped just like a big pear, with the small end down. At the very point of the lower end was the entrance to the nest, a round hole about an inch in diameter. The hornet flew directly in here, and Mr. Thompson followed. The walls of the nest, which were made of successive layers of wood-pulp paper,



"MR. THOMPSON BEAT A HASTY RETREAT."

were about an inch and a half in thickness. In the interior hung three layers of comb shaped just like a honey-bee's comb, but made of paper instead of wax. One remarkable thing which Mr. Thompson noticed was that these combs were not attached to the sides anywhere, but hung suspended from the middle of the roof. Hurrying all round were a number of hornets, which seemed to be engaged in putting the finishing touches upon the lowest comb.

"How many members are there in your family?" asked Mr. Thompson of his guide.

"About three hundred," was the reply. "We rarely have more than that, nor less than two hundred, in a nest."

"I disturbed a nest once with more than a million in it," said Mr. Thompson, with much feeling.

"Oh no; you only thought so," responded the hornet, good-naturedly. "We are pretty lively when we mean business."

"What do you live on?" inquired Mr. Thompson, after looking around for some moments. "I don't see any honey."

"Oh, we don't eat honey; we live on spiders and flies and fruit; principally fruit—sweet pears and berries," answered the hornet.

"Well, what do you put in those comb-cells?" inquired Mr. Thompson.

"Our children," responded the hornet, with an air of pride.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson. "Are those ugly white worms your children?"

"Ugly white worms!—ugly white worms!" shouted the hornet, pale with anger. "I'll teach you—"

Mr. Thompson waited to hear no more, but beat a hasty retreat, diving headlong out of the nest. He suddenly found himself lying on the ground under the tree, and the hornets coming out of the neighboring nest as fast as they could follow one another. "Just like a stream of molasses out of a jug," as Mr. Thompson said, when telling me about it afterward. The poor man sprang to his feet and ran as fast as his long legs could carry him, with the hornets after him in a solid stream. Fortunately only one or two caught him, but they left their marks on his face and neck, which were to him sufficient proof that he had not dreamed his adventure.

"For," as he very justly remarked, "a dream don't swell a man's head like this," and he pointed dolefully to a number of painful-looking swellings which had been caused by the stings of the indignant hornets.

## THE LAKELAND SKATING RACE.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

I.

"I SAY, Joe, what d'ye think? Dan Hartley's going to try for the skates."

"What at?"

"That's what he says, anyhow, and from the way he said it he expects to win."

"He win?" Joe Brown, the school bully, looked around at his companions with a sneer on his face. "I can beat him backward."

"Of course you can," agreed Ben Peters, admiringly. "Now, if it was washing dishes or scouring knives, he could beat you every time."

There was a general laugh at this, for Ben was famous for sarcastic speeches; quite as famous for that as for his fawning on the bully.

"What d'ye mean by that?" demanded Joe, with a grin of expectation.

"Oh! nothing; only as I came by old Sally Hunt's this morning, there was my lord, the Duke of Patches, wash-

ing dishes for dear life. Maybe he didn't look silly when he saw me!"

"Duke of Patches!" shouted Joe, with a loud guffaw. "That fits him, Ben; heh, fellows?"

When the general laugh which followed this sally had subsided, one of the smaller boys said, half apologetically, as if afraid of offending Joe Brown, "Bill Willis says he's the best skater in Lakeland."

"You shut up!" growled Joe, scowling at the speaker.

"What does Bill Willis know about it?"

"He says he's seen Dan Hartley practicing on the lake every morning at daylight."

"Look at that!" exclaimed the bully, in a tone of intense disgust. "Isn't that just like his sneaking ways? He can't come out fair and square like the rest of us, but must go crawling out before daylight. I hate a sneak."

"So do I," assented Tom Grover. "He might have let me see the answer to that sum yesterday, but he wouldn't do it; he said it wasn't fair. And I had to stay in an hour for it after school."

"Well," exclaimed Joe Brown, "I don't have anything more to do with him. He's so mighty good; always perfect in his lessons, and all that. Just like a girl."

"He's too good for you, Joe," said Ben, in his most sarcastic tone; "and for me too. What d'ye say?" turning to the boys—"let's all cut him."

Some of the boys agreed willingly, but others of them seemed to feel the meanness of the proposal, and would have held back if they had had the courage to stand against the muscles of Joe and the tongue of Ben.

"Here he comes now," whispered Ben, suddenly—"the Duke of Patches."

The reason why Ben had dubbed the approaching boy Duke of Patches was evident at a glance. Patches were plentifully scattered over the clean but threadbare garments of the lad, telling a plain story of a hard struggle with poverty.

He was a slender, active boy, and there was a glow of cheerfulness and good temper on his bright face as he briskly approached the boys, most of whom suddenly busied themselves making snow-balls.

"Has the first bell rung yet?" he asked.

"Look here, my Duke of Patches!" Dan started, flushed, and looked uneasily, first at Joe and then at the other boys, as he caught the meaning of the brutal words. Some of the boys slowly moved away, ashamed to hear Dan hurt, but lacking the spirit to say so. Joe went on, "We've been talking about you, and we've made up our minds we don't like your sort. We don't like sneaks. You can just mind your own business after this."

"Washing dishes is his business, Joe," said Ben.

"So I've heard," said Joe, with a boisterous laugh.

The red and white chased each other out of Dan's cheek as he listened, and for a moment his gray eyes flashed and his hands closed convulsively; but the next moment, with quivering lips and moist eyes he looked beseechingly at his companions. The faces that might have been kind were turned away in shame, and the poor lad, feeling as if all the light had gone out of the world, walked with a swelling heart into the school-house.

The scene was not over with his departure, however, for a pretty girl of about fourteen years of age, who had been an amazed and indignant witness of the meeting, spoke up in a voice full of wrathful scorn as the door closed behind the heart-broken boy:

"That was brave. You ought to feel proud. I'll just give you *my* opinion, Joe Brown. Dan Hartley isn't a sneak any more than he's a bully. There isn't any shame in wearing patches, but there is in twitting him with it; and if he helps a poor old woman by washing dishes and chopping wood for her, so much the more credit to him." And Bess Morton walked past the crest-fallen group with head erect and brown eyes flashing.

## II.

There was not a boy in the Lakeland school who did not covet the beautiful pair of nickel-plated club skates which Judge Morton had offered to the best skater. The general expectation was, however, that Joe Brown would win them, for he was a remarkably good skater, and Joe was not a bit too modest to firmly believe the same thing. Nevertheless, there were nineteen other boys who had collected courage enough to compete; for the race had been so arranged as to give everybody the best possible chance.

The contest was to take place on the last Saturday before school closed for the Christmas holidays; and when that Saturday came, as it did a few days after the scene between the boys, all Lakeland crowded down to Lake Minnetuxet to see the sport.

For convenience the twenty contestants were divided into two parties of ten each. The winner out of the first ten and the winner out of the second were to decide who should have the skates by winning two out of three races against each other.

The course was two miles long. It so happened that Joe Brown was in one party and Dan Hartley in the other. The ten of which Joe was one were to start first, and a very eager, excited lot of boys they were as they stood in line waiting for the signal to start.

"Are you ready?" cried Mr. Steele, the principal of the school.

"Yes."

"Bang!" The sharp report of the pistol rang out into the crisp air, and the ten boys glided swiftly off on the smooth ice. For a few rods they kept well together, and then Joe Brown's jaunty red skating cap could be seen shooting to the front. He was the first to round the flag, and first to cross the line at the finish. It was a comparatively easy victory, and Joe was full of boast and swagger when his admirers crowded about to congratulate him.

The other ten now took their places, and the few who knew that Dan had been secretly practicing watched him curiously, but for the multitude there he had no interest.

Off they went. There was evidently no Joe Brown in that race, for the leadership changed half a dozen times before the flag was reached, and after it was rounded there were still four of the skaters who kept well together. On they came, almost in a line, and the spectators began to urge them by name—all but Dan Hartley, who, if not unknown, at least seemed to be friendless. Not one voice shouted his name.

Within a hundred yards of the finish the line broke, and two of the skaters took the lead. They kept breast to breast almost to the end, when the slim boy in the faded cap made an extra exertion, and shot across the home mark two yards in front of his competitor. Then people asked who he was, and Joe Brown discovered that he would have to struggle against the "sneak" for the coveted skates.

The races between the winners were to be of one mile only, and time was allowed Dan to recover from his exertion before he was called to take his place by the side of Joe. The excitement was very great, and not a few who disliked the bully would have been glad to see the shabbily dressed boy win; but his lighter build and his close struggle to win contrasted unfavorably with the stalwart limbs and easy victory of Joe.

At the signal they darted off swiftly, and everybody was astonished to see how the easy, graceful strokes of Dan kept him side by side with Joe, whose more powerful strokes made him seem to go faster than his antagonist. Almost in a line they swept around the flag. The real race had already commenced, for Joe made the most desperate exertions.

Dan fell behind about a yard, but there he staid, in spite of all Joe could do to get away from him. Joe afterward declared it was just Dan's sneaking way. As they ap-

proached the goal, Dan began to creep up, and Joe put forth every effort of skill and muscle to keep the lead. Nobody could guess which would win. It was a hotly contested race to the very last, when Joe, by a violent effort, threw himself forward, and carried away the outstretched line a foot in advance of Dan.

A tremendous cheer went up from the excited crowd, and Joe was hurried off by his jubilant friends to the little house which had been erected, and was heated by a stove for the benefit of the colder ones. An occasional word of encouragement greeted Dan as he skated quietly to the house, but nobody went with him to cheer him up for the next trial.

While the boys were resting a contest between the older girls of the school for some trifling prize was going on. By the time that was over, the two boys had their skates on again, and were eager to start.

Off they flew, and each was so anxious not to give the other any advantage that they skated together almost like one person. In this way they swung around the flag, and with heads up and bodies bent forward, swept swiftly homeward.

On, on they glided, with a quick shirr-shirr as the bright steel cut the smooth ice, and the nearly exhausted lads strained every nerve and muscle to gain but an inch on each other. Nobody could guess which would win, and the rope was almost within reach before Dan, seeming to call his whole body to his aid, fairly hurled himself forward and carried away the line, winning almost by a hair's breadth.

Naturally the intensity and closeness of the struggle between the two boys made the spectators only the more interested in the final race which was to decide the contest, and as a consequence very little attention was paid to the match between the smaller boys with which the time of resting was filled up.

"Who's going to beat this time, Joe?" asked one of the boys, as the contestants were taking their places at the starting-line.

"I am," answered Joe, with an ugly scowl on his face. "I'll beat that sneak or burst a blood-vessel."

And it really did look as if he would keep his word, as far as regarded the blood-vessel anyhow, for he started off with a violent energy that for a few moments gave him the lead. But the effort was an unwise one, as it put him out of breath too early in the race, and enabled Dan not only to overtake him, but to pass him soon after rounding the flag.

He did not get far ahead, hardly enough for those in front to notice it, but quite enough to make Joe furious, and to cause him to exert himself to the utmost. Down they rushed toward the rope, and the crowd, thoroughly excited, broke into loud cheers and yells of encouragement. All at once, not thirty yards from the finish, Joe was seen to throw up his hands, waver, and almost fall. It was but a moment lost, but it gave an easy victory to Dan, and he was declared the winner, notwithstanding it was shown that Joe had broken the heel-strap of his skate.

## III.

On the Monday following the skating match the Lakeland school-house was packed with scholars and visitors, the latter having come to witness the closing ceremonies and the giving out of the prizes.

Anybody who had looked would have been certain to notice that Dan Hartley was exceedingly nervous and fidgety during the giving out of the prizes, and when his name was called as winner of the skates, everybody *did* notice that he changed very rapidly from red to white, and walked hesitatingly up to the platform. He looked very uncomfortable as he stood on the platform while Mr. Steele, holding up the glistening skates, began: "It gives me great pleasure, Daniel—

"Stop, if you please, Mr. Steele."



"NOT THIRTY YARDS FROM THE FINISH, JOE WAS SEEN TO WAVER AND ALMOST FALL."

It was Judge Morton, the giver of the skates, who spoke. "I am sorry to interrupt you, but my duty compels me to do so. Did you?"—he turned to Dan—"win these skates fairly?"

"Ye-ye-yes, sir," stammered Dan.

"Are these your skates?" The Judge spoke sternly, and held up an old pair of skates.

Dan nodded, for he could not seem to find his voice, while his face was fairly pallid.

"I did not need to ask," Judge Morton said, turning to the astonished audience, "for the skates had already been sufficiently identified. This boy"—pointing to Dan, who was looking around as if for some avenue of escape—"has been guilty of the most contemptible trickery. The proof is plain. I think he will not deny it. In one of his skates is a strap marked J. B. On the ice, after the race, was found a strap—a strap which had been cut, and which is the mate to the strap in this other skate. The cut strap had been in the skate of Joseph Brown, and was the cause of his nearly falling. The strap marked J. B.—Joseph Brown—does not belong to Daniel Hartley's skate. Is there any doubt as to who put Daniel Hartley's cut strap in Joseph Brown's skate?"

The stern Judge paused and looked at Dan, who stood trembling like a leaf on the platform, casting the most piteous looks at his accuser. For a moment there was a hushed silence, and then there broke out a loud murmur of contempt for the boy who could be guilty of such baseness. Suddenly a low sobbing wail was heard from the back part of the room—"Oh, my Daniel!"

Everybody heard it and hushed. Dan heard it. For a moment he seemed about to faint; the next instant he straightened up, and with flushed face cried out, "Mother, don't believe it; it isn't true."

And before anybody could recover from the surprise of this scene, another voice—a ringing, girlish voice—was heard from among the spectators: "Indeed it isn't true. Please let us pass."

Everybody's neck was craned in the effort to see the speaker, and from his elevated position Judge Morton could see no less a person than his daughter Bess excitedly urging a shamefaced boy in front of her through the crowd.

"It isn't true!" she cried again. "Where is Joe Brown?"

"Here! here!" shouted several voices.

"Bring him up," said Bess, gasping for breath as she mounted the steps of the platform with her companion, who was now seen to be Ben Peters.

"Well, Bess, what does this mean?" asked her father, in a low tone, and looking disturbed at his daughter's boldness.

"Why, papa," she said, in a tone which could be heard over the still room, though she did not speak loud, "you have got it all wrong. It was Joe Brown himself did it. Or, at any rate, he got Ben Peters here to do it, and Dan is all right. Tell papa, Ben."

Judge Morton, in bewilderment, looked at Ben questioningly, and the wretched boy, with downcast eyes, told how Joe had induced him to cut Dan's skate strap.

"But the strap was in Joseph's skate," said the Judge.

"I did that, papa," said Bess. "I didn't mean to; but I saw Ben doing something to Dan's skates, and when he was gone, I examined them. I saw the cut strap, and as there wasn't time to do anything else, I took a strap out of a pair lying near and put the cut strap in its place. I didn't know it was Joe's skate. I intended to speak of it afterward, but forgot it until you spoke just now."

Nobody doubted Bess, so Dan not only got the skates, but what he valued more—the good-will and fellowship of his class-mates.

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOCUS," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

IT would be hard to say just what Jo Markham's feelings were the next morning, when, dressed in her new attire, she hurried along Sailors' Row, eager to gain the better part of the town before her rude assailants waylaid her. In her neighborhood a new bit of ribbon, some fragment of finery, a feather, a bit of lace, or a pair of new boots might be made objects of envy and admiration; but by instinct Jo knew that a whole "new rig" would be hailed by her companions with shouts of derision, if not actually laid violent hands upon; and Jo, usually fearless and bold as any of the rough crowd, felt for the first time in her life a dread of encountering ridicule. In her rags, with bare feet, with her old hat on her head, or the head bared to the sun or the wind or rain, she felt equal to any emergency which her friends might produce.



"THE CHILDREN THOUGHT NOTHING SO DELIGHTFUL AS HER PICTURE STORY-TELLING." DRAWN BY W. T. SPOFFORD



She saw Faith's white dress under the trees as soon as she turned into North Street, and so approached with a little of yesterday's defiance.

"Come in," called out Faith, cheerily—"in by that lower gate, Jo."

And Jo did as she was bid.

She found out that she did so all that morning. Miss Emerson took her down to the gray school-house, where there chanced to be no session that morning, and showed her where she could sit if she would come. It was a pleasant place near a window, and the chair was cozy and inviting. One of Faith's ideas was to have no benches.

"I want to make them feel themselves individuals," she had said to Mr. Benedict, the minister, when he objected to some of her notions. So every child had his or her own chair; sometimes they moved them about, sometimes they sat in little groups, or drew near to Faith's own easy-chair and pretty desk. In winter-time there was an open fire, and the children took turns in caring for it.

Pictures hung about the walls—pretty colored prints, about which the children liked to hear stories. Faith let the "good" ones take turns in choosing a picture, and then she invented the story, pointing out the various points of illustration as she went along. One picture the children never tired of, and this represented a farm scene: some figures were coming down a long wintry road; lights burned in the house windows; some dogs were leaping joyfully about. How many stories Faith had told her children about that picture! Sometimes the figures were supposed to be weary travellers seeking shelter; sometimes they were the "family" returning home. Then the various rooms had to be pointed out, and a description of what was going on inside the house given. Altogether, the children at Miss Emerson's school thought nothing so delightful as her picture story-telling.

Mr. Benedict one day found Faith and her cousin Bertie engaged in this occupation, the children grouped eagerly about, animation and pleasure on even the plainest countenance. He listened with grave interest, and after that never objected to any of Faith's "peculiarities."

"I see what she is doing," he said to his wife that evening; "she is working those children up to all sorts of appreciations without their knowing it. Her kind of object-teaching is certainly a success."

Jo stood still, looking about the room with a sullen expression of astonishment.

"This ain't a *school*," she announced, suddenly, and flashed a defiant glance at Miss Emerson.

"Jo," said Faith, quietly, "this is *my* school. If you come to-morrow you will see the scholars and just how I teach them."

Jo made no answer, but moved about the room, looking at one thing and another.

"Sit down in your chair," said Faith, cheerily.

Jo obeyed. For an instant she remained motionless; then she lifted her eyes to her new friend and smiled.

"Guess I'll come," she said, in a timid voice.

And quite early the next day Jo appeared.

Among the scholars were half a dozen girls and boys whom Jo knew, and at sight of them the girl from Sailors' Row shrank back, and but for Faith's uplifted finger and warning look she would have fled.

"Come in, Jo," said Miss Emerson, rising and taking the girl's reluctant hand. "Children," she continued, "this is my friend Jo Markham. Jo," she persisted, quietly, "perhaps you would rather sit by me just now" and before a word could be said, Miss Emerson had drawn a low stool into the shelter of her desk. Faith pulled open one of the drawers of her desk and took out a bag of various colored scraps.

"Jo," she said, loud enough for every eager little ear to hear, "will you help me for a while with these? Will you pin together all the different colors?"

Jo raised her eyes. Now it had never occurred to her that fun, or "having a good time," could be had in anything but her wild romping and playing, or fighting with the children of Sailors' Row. No sort of actual amusement had she ever known. Long ago she remembered the joy of an old doll found in an ash barrel, and she still treasured a box covered with shells which her grandmother had given her. But to find pleasure or amusement in anything so peaceful and simple was a wholly new and confusing idea.

Faith knew just how it was. Although she understood that Jo was different from any other child she had encountered, yet her varied experiences taught her that "beginnings were not to be made with books and lessons and much talking." Jo's first lesson was learned as she, with trembling brown fingers, sorted out the heap of pretty colored scraps.

The other children were having a little "talk" about geography. A map hanging on the wall was presided over by a tall boy, who pointed out the different countries as Faith's "story" went on. Then some questions followed.

"Jessie Duncan," said Faith, "suppose you wanted to go from England to France, how would you go?"

Jessie, a prominent pupil, answered, loudly, "Across the Channel, ma'am."

"And if you went to France, what people would you find?"

"French people."

"And in England?"

"English."

"Well, then, tell me, how did those French people first come to settle in that country?"

And so on and on, the very simplest questions impressing the most important facts.

Sometimes Faith let her hand drop and touch Jo's curly head with a gentle stroke. It was her only acknowledgment of the girl's presence until the class was over. Then she said to the new-comer, "How are you getting on, Jo?"

And Jo pointed in silence to her work. The little heaps were sorted, so far as color went, but in a very disorderly condition.

"Now, Mary Brown," said Miss Emerson, "I want to see if you know how to arrange these and pin them together."

It was her way of showing Jo how to do it, and Miss Emerson was rewarded for her care by seeing that Jo's eyes were keenly observant of Mary's work, and she even volunteered some assistance. Whatever the girl had dreamed from the first morning's experience, certainly the reality was pleasant to her. Sitting on the little bench with the pretty calicoes and bits of gingham, she liked to hear the cool sweet tones of Miss Emerson's voice even though all the words were like Greek to her untutored ears and mind.

"Well," said Miss Emerson, "you did very nicely, Jo; now let us have a little lunch;" and forthwith Miss Emerson produced a tempting-looking basket, out of which she took sandwiches and cakes and apples, and sat down in one of the leafiest windows, and ate her luncheon with Jo—Jo, the roughest, rudest girl in Sailors' Row.

But even Jo felt that there could be no approach to that familiarity which breeds contempt in this action. Gradually she found herself looking more and more at her new teacher; it seemed easy now to meet the glance of those sweet dark eyes, and Jo, in a rough, blunt way began to talk. Before they parted, Faith had begun to see a little into the girl's nature. Mind, heart, and soul were all unawakened, but Faith knew she would slowly find her way to those buried depths which God, putting into every human being, must have breathed into even this poor little wanderer.

## CHAPTER IV.

FAITH met Bertie on her way home, or I had better say *he met her*, for Faith was walking with downcast eyes and a little happy smile touching her lips gently. Bertie, striding along North Street, saw her far in the distance, and read the meaning of her expression. He had seen Jo on her way to the school, and to tell the whole truth, had walked around the school-house unseen, and had taken a quiet glance at the teacher and her new pupil. He had seen Jo's eager though frowning study of the scraps, and he had seen Faith's slim white hand with the little hoop of pearls on it stroking the rough brown head just below her.

As they drew nearer to each other, Faith's smile deepened into a look of pleased recognition.

"All right, is it, Faith?" said the boy.

"Oh, Bertie!" was Faith's exclamation, with a long-drawn sigh. "Yes, I hope so. Here, come in to dinner with us. I have been making believe eat my lunch with Jo Markham. There is Kitty Barker in the window."

When the cousins entered the house, Kitty darted forward to meet them.

"Oh, Faith, you dear thing!" she exclaimed, rapidly. "Miss Grace has been telling me all you have been doing. Why, I really believe you will reform that girl."

Faith felt somewhat annoyed to hear Jo spoken of in that way.

"I don't know that she is so *very* hopeless, Kitty," she said at last, trying to smile. "It seems to me that, so far, the only hopeless part has been the way we all neglected her. Now come in to dinner," she continued, smiling upon the young people, and leading the way into the luxurious dining-room, where already Miss Grace was waiting with just that touch of impatience in her manner with which she always greeted Faith's return from any charitable undertaking. Miss Grace could not have said just what it was that annoyed her, for certainly no one could have been more entirely free from ostentation or foolish zeal in what she did than Faith Emerson; yet in the aunt's heart was always a desire to see her darling more luxurious in her tastes, more inclined to be a sort of princess than a little philanthropist in Ashfield.

Faith did not discuss either Jo or the school at the luncheon, and Kitty Barker readily launched off upon other topics—Ashfield festivities, tennis, lawn parties, all manner of amusements, in which she was just beginning to take a decided part. Half a dozen girls in Ashfield, of about sixteen years of age, like herself, were known as the "Buds." Faith was not very much older, but somehow no one would have dared to give her the title. Slight and girlish and fair as she was, there was something that defied anything unworthy a "little lady"; yet there was fun enough, and gayety, and that truest sort of joyousness—that which comes from a "soul at peace, a heart at rest."

Kitty delighted in being talked about by the boys in Ashfield as one of the "Buds."

"Fred Larcom is going to have a yachting party next week for us," she said, gayly. "I just heard of it at Mattie Root's. Won't we have a splendid time! You will be there, Faith, of course?" and Kitty's little dainty eyebrows were lifted as she glanced at her young hostess.

"Oh yes," responded Faith. She was by no means above the ordinary enjoyments of youth, and all the little summer *fêtes* gathered their charm from her presence.

Bertie began chaffing Kitty on her newly acquired rights as a "Bud," and declared that, on her account, he intended that all the boys at the academy should adopt a pink rose-bud for their parade *boutonnaire*.

Between this and the day for the excursion Faith had her hands full of many home employments. Some cousins from New York arrived—school-girls, who looked

forward to the home in Ashfield as a paradise. With them Faith entered heartily into all sorts of summer fun and frolic, and toward the end of the week a large and gorgeous circus came to the town.

I have never known definitely whether Miss Grace knew how to account for the presence of some thirty young people, chiefly of the Sailors' Row district, who assembled in the circus grounds early, and entering, took prominent and certainly well-paid-for places. Bertie distributed the tickets. Of course he had not pocket-money for such an enterprise; but Faith's eyes, meeting his, twinkled suspiciously during the performance, especially when Jo Markham's enthusiasm over the trained dogs knew no bounds, and Sandy Martin forgot to make himself disagreeable to his neighbors in gazing upon the feats performed by the gentleman with the balls and rings.

To see that company from Sailors' Row dash out upon the green where the tent had been pitched, dazzled, delighted, for once in their lives thoroughly happy, Faith declared at tea-time did her heart good; and when Miss Grace said it was simply shocking to see such a set of children attending the performance, Bertie said:

"But, Aunt Justina, we need a wholesome amusement once in a while for ourselves; why shouldn't it be the same for them? Just because they are poor and can't buy the tickets for themselves, is that any reason some one else should not give them the treat? When I have a whole Sunday-school under my control, I mean to have regular old-fashioned fun all around once in a while."

The circus had come and gone from Ashfield, however, and Bertie Farnham was going home, about nine o'clock, from his cousin's house, when he passed two or three of the men whom he had seen lounging about the tent doors. One of them was Sandy Martin's father.

The men were grouped against a railing on the cliff, and talking together in low tones. As Bertie passed them by he caught part of a sentence which rather surprised him.

"He says the girl knows all about it," one of the men was saying. "The young lady has her up at the house all the time, and if she can not help the job along—"

Then the words died away on the summer air. Perhaps they would have remained longer and with more purpose on Bertie's mind had not he and his comrades at the academy been so occupied at the time over the famous Barnabas "six-and-six" match, which always wound up the summer holiday. At all events, when they did recur to him, he wondered at his own stupidity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE OCTOPUS, OR DEVIL-FISH.

BY SARAH COOPER.

THE only group of mollusks remaining for our study is that of the Cephalopods—a group which contains the most highly organized animals among the mollusks. The name cephalopod is derived from two Greek words which mean feet on the head. To this class belong the octopus, or octopod, cuttle-fish, squid, etc.

With one exception cephalopods have no shell. The body is covered with a thick bag or mantle, which is beautifully spotted, and which possesses the power of changing its color. The color is generally a mottled brown, but when irritated it changes to a reddish or purple hue, passing rapidly from one tint to another.

The head is distinct from the rest of the body, and contains nervous ganglia protected by a covering of cartilage, which is the nearest approach we have seen to the brain of vertebrates. The large staring eyes are likewise more nearly perfect than any we have yet found.

The eight arms, or feet, whichever we choose to call them, surrounding the mouth are the most striking feature of the octopus (Fig. 1). They sometimes grow to a



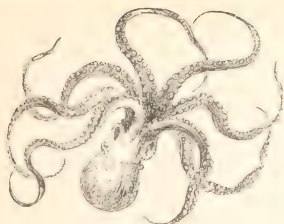


Fig. 1—OCTOPUS.

great length, and they have two rows of suckers on the under side (Fig. 2) which adhere so firmly to surfaces that these animals are dangerous foes. Fastening the suckers to their prey, they draw it down to their mouths, and hold it firmly until it is torn in pieces.

The mouth opens into a throat which is well supplied with implements for crushing food. In addition to a lingual ribbon, there are two large horny teeth, which from their shape are known as the "parrot's beak" (Fig. 3).

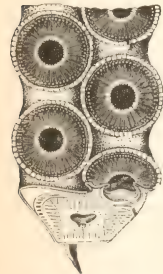


Fig. 2. SUCKERS ON THE ARM OF A CUTTLE-FISH.

The mantle is open at the neck, and expands to admit water to a chamber lying within, which contains the gills. The rim of the mantle then closes by powerful muscles, and the body contracts, and forces the water out in a jet through the "funnel." This funnel is a tube provided with a valve which closes after the water has escaped, and allows no water to enter through it from the outside.

Within the body is a sac containing an ink-like fluid which these animals throw out also from the funnel when they are alarmed. The surrounding water is thus discolored with a dense black cloud,

and the octopods are enabled to escape from their enemies. This ink is sometimes used in water-color painting under the name of sepia. In fossil octopods the contents of the ink-bag have sometimes been dissolved, and still yield sepia of a good quality.

Octopods are found in most seas, those living in mid-ocean sometimes being very large. Within the last few years some large specimens have been taken on the Newfoundland coast. They are active creatures, often jumping out of the water, and they have a strange fashion of swimming backward. Their only means of propelling themselves is by forcing water out of the funnel. The jets drive them backward, and the arms trail uselessly after them.

Fig. 3. THE "PARROT'S BEAK."

They also walk head downward, with the rounded body above. They prefer, however, to lie partly concealed by the rocks, with their arms floating round in search of something to kill, for they are extremely greedy, and they destroy large numbers of fish, crabs, and mollusks. Like the tiger, they seem to find pleasure in killing more than they need to eat. Their hiding-places are sometimes discovered by the number of dead shells scattered about. Octopods, in turn, are destroyed in large numbers by porpoises and whales.

The cuttle-fish (Fig. 4) is much like the octopus, but it has two tentacles longer than the arms, with club-shaped ends. There are also narrow fins at the side of the body, and the mantle is supported on the inside by a thin plate which is known as the cuttle-fish bone.

Many of you no doubt keep cuttle-fish bones in your bird-cages. Look at one, and you will find it has no resemblance to true bone, being formed of layers, as shells are, with a hard covering. As the captive bird pecks at this it obtains small particles of lime, which substance is needed for forming its bones. Birds living in their native freedom select for themselves such articles of food as they require, but when deprived of their liberty, their little masters and mistresses become responsible for all their wants being attended to.

Cuttle-fishes do not lie concealed in caves waiting for their prey, but they come out boldly, and give their victims a fair chance.

The octopus and cuttle-fish both attach their eggs by a cement secreted within them to branches of sea-weed, where they hang like bunches of grapes (Fig. 5). The mother sometimes selects a snug retreat in the rocks for raising her young family, and barricading the entrance with pieces of rock or heaps of shell, she allows no one to enter.

She is said to examine her eggs and rub them, sometimes syringing them with her funnel as if to keep off parasites. In about five weeks the eggs are hatched. The little creatures are about the size of a grain of rice, with eight points where the arms will grow, and they already have the power of changing their color.

In many countries these evil-looking creatures are used for food. They are highly esteemed on the shores of the Black Sea. Being neither meat nor fish, they can be eaten during the long fasts of the Greek Church.

In Southern Italy the octopus is taken alive to market, and displayed in large tubs filled with seawater. Here the animals writhe and twist their arms, and display their

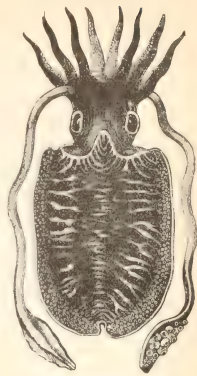


Fig. 4.—CUTTLE-FISH, ONE-FIFTH NATURAL SIZE.



Fig. 5. EGGS OF CUTTLE-FISH.



dread suckers. All look straight in front of them with their great eyes, and at frequent intervals discharge water violently from their funnels in short, quick jerks. When a purchaser has selected one, the salesman seizes the octopus by the neck, and kills it by a skillful twist.

In these papers you will, of course, expect to find only that which is strictly true, and as it is difficult to know how much of fable may be woven into the wonderful stories that are told of devil-fishes, I will omit all anecdotes concerning them.



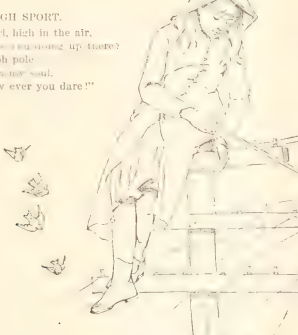
Little Boy Blue:  
Eddie Mills.

*Allegro.* S. B. MILLS.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn, The sheep's in the meadow, the cows in the corn; Where's the boy that minds the sheep? He's under the hay-cock, fast asleep.

## HIGH SPORT.

"Oh, little girl, high in the air,  
Pressing your forehead on the ceiling up there?  
You're on the graph pole  
You're up! You're up soon!  
I wonder how ever you dare!"



"And did you chance never to spy  
A little girl sitting so high?  
With bread-crumbs I fish,  
To make up a dish  
Of cock-sparrows, baked in a pie."

"Kind sir, since you see I'm so busy,  
Pray don't talk, or you might make  
me dizzy." H. MAO D.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THE Postmistress thanks all the little friends who have sent her pretty Christmas cards, holiday messages, and pressed flowers in recent letters. She wishes she could take every little hand in hers, and tell the dear boys and girls how much she enjoys that the Post-office Box could be the brightest, sweetest little corner of coziness and comfort in the world for every reader. Try to feel to the Postmistress as you do to a dear auntie who has time to listen to your little troubles, to advise you when you are perplexed, and to help you keep your pretty little innocent secrets. Remember that she is delighted to receive your letters, and that she considers her boys a perfect guard of honor, and her girls are as lovely as a garland of flowers in her partial eyes.

Now, Little Housekeepers, where are the white aprons and the caps? Are the bowls and spoons, the sieves and the egg whisks, the cups and saucers, and muffin rings and all in good order? For we must have a cooking lesson soon, you know.

Two Little Housekeepers have lost their receipt for chocolate caramels, and want another. Who will first send a very good one? Another wants to have a candy pull, and must know how to make the best molasses candy. I could tell her myself, but I prefer to let you do so.

And, boys, here is a bit of work for you. Who will write the best letter of introduction to the Post-office Box without using "for the ladies"? My favorite American Hero, and Why I Revere Him? First! The pen begin to flourish! It's all possible, so I'll put mine away for to-day.

For the letters. I wish I knew where the dear child lives who writes No. 1, but she forgot to tell me.

My dear Postmistress, I would very much like to be one of your little girl friends. I read Harper's Young People. My eldest brother, George, likes to read it, and the Postmistress tells girls very much. I want to tell you of my pets. I have a little black cat and a dog as big as a tea-cup, and she is quite old, so I think

she will not grow any more. Do you think she will? I had another kitten, which was white. She stole some meat one day, and Dick brought her out to the fields and hit her with a stick in the head. Dick is not my brother, but he lives near us. My sister Florence, who is six years old, saw the poor cat, and she nearly died with the fright. She brought him home to mother, who was very grieved, and who made a bed for it in the back kitchen. He was so nearly killed that his eyes were shut and his poor legs hanging down; so, you see, as we could not get her to drink milk, we left her in bed near the fire, and in the morning, when my sister Agnes went out to the back kitchen, the poor kit was alive, and her eyes were quite bright, and she grew up a big cat, though she nearly choked herself after that with a cord. I have a lovely little dog, that follows Floss and me everywhere. We are living in the country, and we get lots of lovely flowers in spring and summer. Papa brought us two very large dolls when he came home in the summer, and my brother brought me a lot of little dolls. We have a donkey, and his name is Jack, and he comes when we call him. He is pretty old now—quite as old as Floss. He is awfully cute, but he is very fond of eating sweet-peas. He is very quick at driving us in to town, but we will get a pony soon. Florence and I have a castle in the root of a tree in the meadow, and there is a lot of moss, but it's getting too cold now to play there. We have a swing, too, on the acacia-tree on the lawn, and a hammock. Our large cat often takes a swing. There is a lovely little dog living near us. His dear mamma died when he was born, and his grandma is his mother now, and we go to play with him so that he shall not be lonesome for his mother. He is a sweet little fellow, and crows when he sees us. I think I have told you everything now, except that my dear mother and governess. She teaches us all our lessons—Floss, Jack, and me. I am nine years old. I was born on the 29th of February. I have a birthday only once in four years.

Your loving little friend, VIOLET F. L.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since last January. I like it very much. I liked the story of "Rolf Howe" very much, and was very sorry when it was finished. I also like the last story by Louisa M. Alcott, and "Two Arrows" I like very much. I also take in *St. Nicholas*. I am trying to make a collection of stories, but I have not got very many yet, as it is

only three months since I began. I have been dressing a lot of little Chinese dolls for a bazaar; they are so quaint! I dress them in the bright colors I can find. I have seen Chillon Castle at Montreux as well as L. S. B., but I am afraid I have not been clever enough to write a piece of poetry about it. I think it is a lovely place. I got quite a quantity of flowers there, and I pressed them, among them a lovely wild lily, but unfortunately it has lost its color. I have no pets, but there is a big black retriever called Zulu which we keep in the yard. I am very fond of him, and he of me. I am thirteen years old. I hope my letter will not be too long to print: it is my first. HARRIETTE M. J.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

My home is in Louisville, but I go to school in Danville, and in two years I shall be ready to enter Centre College. For pets I have a large dog and some pigeons. I go hunting quite often. J. R. K. (age 13).

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have never written to you before, but I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time. I take *St. Nicholas* as well as your paper, and I like them both very much. I am nearly eight years old; I should like very much to see my letter in print. I have done two charades all by myself. You will find the answers to them on another piece of paper. I am a little American girl. With love,

I remain yours truly, M. G. R. L.

BINGLEY, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little boy of nine. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since October, and like it very much. The story about Captain Trusty I like very well; if everybody would keep their place as he did, it would be better. For pets, I have two dogs and a cat. The dogs' names are Rover and Fido; we have no name for the cat. I go to school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. I live in the country, where there are woods and a stream. I have been to Morcambe three times this year. Your little friend, HERBERT MILNER D.

INGATON, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am five years old; my birthday is on the 3th of September. Kate is writing this for me. I have a box of tools. We have a very large nursery with a rocking-horse in it. We have a large Noah's Ark. There is a hay-stack down in the garden. I have a garden all to myself. I think the pictures in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are very pretty. Good-by.

LUKE S.

THE MANSE, ABERYLL, SCOTLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am seven years old, and I live in a manse in Scotland. My mamma came from America, and I have two aunts, one in Kentucky and one in Virginia; the one in Kentucky sends me this magazine. I have two little sisters, Frances and Mary, and one brother, Robbie. He has a cat, and brings it to school with him. We have a house for it. I have two linnets in a cage. Papa calls Frances and me his little linnets. Papa teaches us every day in the study. I have lessons in a nice *History of England* and *Geography* in a copy-book. I never wrote before, so I wish very much to be put in. Your loving little friend, BESSIE H. Y.

HASTON, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

I thought I would write and tell you about our school had a little while ago. We started about eight o'clock, and took our dinners with us. We went to Newhaven, about fourteen miles from Hastings, where we had a picnic about eight miles off, along the foot of the South Downs. We passed by Plumpton Church, which has a wonderful echo. If you shout out a few words, they will be echoed, and if several persons shout, the echo sounds as if some people inside the church were mocking you. When we came in sight of Lewes, the town where we were to rest, we saw the castle peeping out from among the trees. Before we got to Lewes we passed Mount Harry, where the old king, the Conqueror, was fought. The castle was built by William de Warenne, who married Gundreda, the daughter of William the Conqueror. We then went to Newhaven by rail. In the Lewes station a Persian woman was selling salt-petre, which had been in a collision, and they had had work to keep her alive, and the other very much sunk. They were covered over the steam-packets, the *Brighton*, that run from Newhaven and Dieppe. We also went over a North-Downs. The *Postmistress*, I think, is a very jolly fellow. We went into an iron foundry, where they were making a large boiler, and a man showed us how steel is punched and cut. Afterward we went to a room where they were making a large fort at the entrance of the harbor. We had tea at Newhaven, and after that we rode back to Lewes, and from there we

walked back to Hacksacks by moonlight. I have nothing more to say, so good-by. PERCY W. S.

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I live in Columbia, Lancaster county, Pa., and I have had Harper's Young People for a Christmas gift for three years. We did not have a tree this year, because our great-grandfather died a few days before Christmas, and we were busy with the funeral and lots of fun in hanging a stocking for mamma. We got over so many useful little things, as cotton, needles, a pin-cushion, a tape-measure, pins (five pieces) and a box and other little things. The stocking was filled to the brim. Mamma was so surprised; she thought it was a stocking that came from a little colored girl. I think "Two Arrows" is splendid, and I hope it will continue a long time. I like Indian stories. I have been reading *Adventures of a Native Boy*, *Adventures of a Native Girl*, *The Pathfinder*, and am now reading *The Pioneer*. BESSIE F.

NEWARK, N. J.

This Christmas brought me many presents, but none more acceptable than a receipt for another year's subscription to this dear paper. Although I take the paper, the big folks of the family seem to enjoy it too. I have a sister named Eleanor, and we have very nice times together. She is only ten years old, but I am very proud to be in my "teens." HALLIE S. E.

### THE LITTLE STREET-SWEEPER'S DREAM.

"Oh dear, how I do wish I were rich! How I should like to sit in velvet clothing and in silk dresses and other fine clothes!" said the little street-sweeper, as she saw some children going by.

"Come with me, then," said some one near at hand.

Jennie (for that was her name) looked around, and saw a lovely little lady standing on a stone, and who had never been taken for a fairy.

"Follow me," she said. Jennie followed her till they came to a trap-door in the pavement, and then down a flight of steps into the most beautiful room Jennie had ever seen, all lit with lamps of glow-worms.

Jennie changed too. She was dressed in silk and satin, and was much smaller. There were a good many children playing around in this lovely room. Pretty soon they came over where she was, and began talking to her about the things they had been playing with—dolls, books, and all kinds of beautiful toys.

Then some other fairies came in and asked her to go into their room. The children ran off, and Jennie followed, and saw a beautiful table with gold dishes, lovely flowers, and everything good to eat that could be found in all the world. "I am so hungry," thought Jennie, "and how good it all looks!"

Jennie was just going to sit down, when she felt a rough hand on her shoulder, and a policeman said:

"What is the matter, little girl—are you lost? And who are you?"

"No," said Jennie: "I was asleep. And I am only a little street-sweeper, after all!"

BESSIE H. K. (12 years old).

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have a large goat, and he is very wild and strong; I drive him in a wagon. I can do Kensington painting. I have painted three Christmas presents. One present I received was a Weeden apple-wooden bowl. I bought the first number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1881, 1882, 1883, and 1884, and I subscribed for 1885 and 1886; I could not get 1886, because it is out of print. I have never written a letter for the Post-office Box before, but I hope this one will be published. W. M. G.

NEW DUNGENESS, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I live in Washington Territory, on Juan de Fuca Strait, on a spit five miles long, in the new Dungeness Light-house. My father is keeper, and has one assistant. The house is of gray sandstone, 29 by 40, with a round brick tower rising from the centre to a height of 100 feet. There are 120 steps in the spiral stairs leading to the lantern at the top of the tower. The land is entirely of iron and brass. In front of the house is the beautiful Dungeness Bay and the country back, while far in the distance is the beautiful Olympic range of mountains, nearly all the year covered with snow. Every winter parties of hunters go up into the mountains to hunt. We have had no snow yet, and in the spring there are snapdragons, wild flowers, poppies, and narcissus in bloom, also cabbage and other vegetables growing in the garden. I have two brothers and two sisters, and I am the oldest. We have a little cow and calf, some chickens, a dog, and a cat. Four hundred feet from the house is the fog-whistle. ALBERT A. M.

This letter is the production of a boy only ten years old, who can not attend school, because there is none near the light-house, which is his home. I think he has described the light-house

very well, and I fancy some of the boys who wish they might pay him a visit.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We are two little children, a boy and girl, and we have taken this paper for two years. The stories we like best are by Lucy C. Miller, Jimmy Brown, and the first of William O. Stoddard. We like "Two Arrows" very much. We have had a very nice Christmas, and a great many presents. Good-by, with love, from BIRNIE and SAMMIE N.

GUNSWON, COLORADO.

I am a little girl five years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly two years. I have two big brothers and one sister. We have a canary which we call Sweetie. I have never gone to school, but expect to begin in January. My sister reads the stories to me, and I like them very much. BESSIE L. K.

GUNSWON, ST. MICHAEL, SALTREVER, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I thought you would like to know about my little white kitten, Eva, she is four years old. She was born on the Marshes, last summer. I was so pleased when I saw you thought Eva Grace a pretty name! After she has eaten her food, she tries to bury it as a dog would, but I never knew any other kitten to do so. She likes to play under the sofa cushion when I put my finger through to make a little mouse, but her favorite plaything is my pocket-handkerchief. I offer her one of the ends, and she arches her neck, puts her tail high in the air, and marches away with it tossed over her back to her bed, where she lies down and licks it. She is very tame, and sometimes she purrs if only the tip of her tail is touched.

I have made a pen-wiper from Edith L. Johnson's description, and it has been much admired. I send you a picture I painted of Eva, and some violets that grew in my garden. If you can find your name in the letter near my birthday, which is the 6th of January.

KATIE W. (aged thirteen).

I would like to gratify you, dear child, but your birthday will be a month older before you see this in type.

SALEM, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have a little sister who is eight; her name is Annie. I go to a private school, one door off, so it is very convenient. I speak French, history, geography, arithmetic, spelling, and reading. Our pets are two dogs, two horses, and a cat. My uncle gives my mother and me one year's paper. We all are very much pleased. My favorite stories are "The Ice Queen" and "Rolf Hove." If you ever come to Salem, won't you come and see me, please? I would be ever so glad to see you.

KATIE S.

Thank you, Katie.

GUNSWON, COLORADO.

We live on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, fifty miles below the Marshall Pass, the summit. I have taken this periodical for two years, and like it very much, especially the Post-office Box. In reading one of the letters some time ago, about some girls in New Orleans who had never seen snow, I thought I would speak of it here. In 1883 we were found with about three inches of snow, and had sleighing for nearly six months. About one foot of snow has fallen here this winter, and the mercury has been down to thirty-one degrees below zero. We have three brick school-houses, two of which are now occupied this winter, with an average attendance of two hundred and fifty pupils daily. The skating is splendid. There are two rinks, and I have been spending my mornings there. The markets here are well supplied with venison, and hunters are constantly bringing in large quantities of deer and elk, killed within a few miles of town. The Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school has an average attendance of over one hundred persons this week. The next time I write I will describe our beautiful mountain town. I remain your faithful reader, GRACIE R.

Let the next time come soon, Gracie.

JERRY LANDING, CALIFORNIA.

We have a small school here; there are eleven scholars, six and a half years of age, but eleven years old, and live in the country. It is about two miles' walk to school. I live on a farm, and my father has a great many horses and cattle, and I like to ride on horseback very much. I have three colts and one horse. J. EVERETT U.

The boys who live in town will think Everett has fine times in the country.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I live in the city in winter, and in summer I go to a very pleasant country place. I think "The Brighton Club" was very nice. I copied some things

for Christmas from it. I think Aunt Jennie was very kind. I hope you had a merry Christmas; I had. May I belong to the Little Housekeepers' Club? With much love, MARGARETTA H.

Of course you may.

THEODORE, FRANKFURT.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I took HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE all last year up to the time we were away, but this fall I did not begin again, because papa said I took enough papers and magazines. I was very much worried about this, as I wanted to take it again this year; so much to my surprise and joy, I found on Christmas morning a year's subscription to the paper among my presents. I think Mrs. Little's stories are very nice indeed. I am going to inclose in this letter the answers to two questions asked once once answered by myself. I will tell you now; so good-by, and a happy new year from M. H. H.

NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am ten years old. I am the only boy. I have two sisters older than myself. I have a little pet dog, and its name is Daisy; it is very gentle. I have a canary, which I think I shall try to tame as Bessie C. did. I will tell you the names of the people for some time, and like it ever so much. EDGAR C. P.

M. J. A.: The anagram of "Sly Ware" is "Lawyers."

### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Primals, a great city. Finals, a noted river. 1. A shell-fish. 2. A yow. 3. A country in Africa. 4. A name of a bird. 5. Meat in the rough state. 6. A flower. KATIE WAID.

No. 2.

DIAMONDS.

1. A vowel. 2. A covering. 3. The inhabitant of an island. 4. A pushing. 5. A town in England. 6. To rescue. 7. Below. 8. A period of time. 9. A vowel. 2. 1. A vowel. 2. A girl's name. 3. A number of ships. 4. A continent. 5. Happiness. 6. A unit. 7. A vowel. KATIE WAID.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

My first is in ledger, not in book. My second is in servant, not in cook. My third is in gas, but not in line. My fourth is in wrong, but not in cup. My fifth is in rug, but not in mat. My sixth is in lean, but not in fat. My seventh is in bettie, but not in cup. My eighth in dine, but not in sup. My ninth is in curtain, but not in shade. My tenth is in spoke, but not in said. My whole is a poet's heroine. Loved by many since auld lang syne. OTTO C. KAHN.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 322.

No. 1.—A rolling stone gathers no moss (Eleanor). Oriole. Tiger. Orange. Green. Thames. Aston. Tennessee.

No. 2.—

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C | O | W | F | E | R |
| M | O | N | E | F | R |
| W | E | T | C | N | D |
| Y |   |   |   |   | K |

|   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| R | O | T |
| B | O | N |
| T |   |   |

No. 3.—Wiz

No. 4.—Grasshopper

No. 5.—Snowflake. Popocatepetl. Horseshoe.

No. 6.—

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C | O | L | D | C | A | S | T |
| L | A | B | E | A | B | E |   |
| L | R | I | P | T | E | E | M |

The answer to the Charade on page 164 is "Eyelash."

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from A. L. Munder, Halle S. Edwards, Elsie Mink, and others. May H. Annie and Mary, Cuckalee City, Josephine M. Taylor, B. E. Gossard, Jr., Kegg, and R. G. Hardy, Howard, Belmont, Lane, Emeline, Lane, Emily, Chester, Ralph Arch, Anna Paul, Peterkin, L. L., Alice Dee, Robert Hardy, and Eleanor Gilson.

[For EXAMINATIONS, see 2d or 3d page of answer.]



## A DIFFICULT TASK.

"Now, Jennie, do you think you can keep the horses quiet while I give them a drink?"

## THE LITTLE RED DRUM.

**W**HENEVER I play on my little red drum,  
Some one of the family's certain to come  
And frighten me out of my life and my wits,  
And take it, and threaten to smash it in bits.

I just think it's mean I can't have any fun  
From the burst of the morn till the set of the sun;  
And if they can't stand my tum-tumpety-tum,  
Oh, why did they buy me a little red drum? R. K. M.

## THE "FOOL'S CAP" TRAP.

**O**F all oddities of the trap kind, there is perhaps no one more novel and comical than the "Fool's Cap" crow trap. Crows are by no means easy of capture in any form of trap, and they are generally as coy and as shrewd in their approach to a trap as they are bold in their familiarity and disrespect for scare-

crows. But this simple device will often mislead the smartest and shrewdest crow, and make a perfect fool of him, for it is hard to imagine a more ridiculous sight than is furnished by the strange antics of a crow with his head imbedded in a cap which he finds impossible to remove. The cap consists of a little cone of stiff paper, about three or four inches in diameter at the opening. This is imbedded in the ground up to its edge, and a few grains of corn are dropped into it. The inside edge of the opening is then smeared with bird-lime.

The crow, on endeavoring to reach the corn, sinks his bill so deep in the cone as to bring the gummy substance in contact with the feathers of his head and neck, to which it adheres, in spite of all possible efforts on the part of the bird to throw it off.

## ELIPHALET'S GOLDEN RULE.

**E**LIPHALET JAMES  
Doesn't like to play games  
Of any sort whatsoever,  
Be it tag or tennis  
With Dick or Dennis,  
Or any one else as clever.

But he'll fly a kite  
From morning till night,  
At the risk of losing his dinner.  
Or will run a race,  
If he has first place  
And a chance of being the winner.

He never will play  
At ball or croquet,  
Which others enjoy intensely.  
But will sit in a nook  
With a story-book,  
And laugh and giggle immensely.

He plays off jokes  
Upon other folks,  
And finds, oh! lots of fun in it;  
But if Jack or Jim  
Plays a joke on him,  
He is out of sorts in a minute.

And I venture to say  
There are boys to-day,  
Not far from Trinity temple,  
Like Eliphalet James,  
Who never play games,  
Except upon other people.



WINTER SPORTS AT PELTYVILLE—THE LITTLE 'COONS TAKE A SPIN OVER THE CRUST



# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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A VERY INTERESTING STORY.—DRAWN BY P. NEWELL.

## A HUNT FOR ELK CALVES.

BY LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

IT was well along in June of one year that, with another officer for a companion, some twenty or twenty-five cavalry soldiers, and two army wagons to carry our effects, we started for the haunts of the elk. Ten or twelve miles of our march next day brought us to a little lake, which, though full enough in the spring, is dried up in the long summer. It is called Elk Lake, because a number of years before we had killed some elk here in the winter. From this point on we were expected to "keep our eyes open," for elk might be seen.

Next day three or four parties were sent out in different directions, and with four or five picked men to accompany me, I started early on a northward course. Having ridden nine or ten miles without seeing any sign whatever of elk, we turned abruptly to the westward, going a like distance on the new course. It must have been fully two o'clock in the afternoon when we came upon a fresh trail of elk, leading off to the westward also, and we followed it about an hour at a good brisk trot before we sighted the animals. As we had seen them first, we withdrew under the ridge from whence they had been sighted, and gave our horses a chance to get their wind. Then noting the herd carefully, we began winding through the valleys and passes between the hills to get as close as possible before making the final dash. Here we rested a minute or two, getting our lassos ready, and then crawling up to the ridge, darted rapidly over it for the game we had seen hardly a hundred yards away a couple of minutes before.

It was gone. There was not a sign of a hoof or hair of the large herd we had seen but a few seconds before on the little plateau over which we were charging.

"They have got our wind and gone!" was the exclamation of more than one, and we dug spurs into our horses and fairly flew across the place. The instant we came to the crest, there was the whole band of elk grazing along its foot, and our rapid pace had carried us right in among them before they knew what to think. In a few seconds, however, they had recovered from their surprise, and were scurrying away over the sand hills. I picked out a fine calf in one of the herds into which they split, and hurriedly arranged my lasso to throw it over his neck, but he seemed to think that his mother could take better care of him than I possibly could, and he stuck so closely to her side that I could not get a chance to throw my lasso.

Two or three times I dashed at them, shouting, but they would not separate, and my horse was showing signs of fatigue. In one of these dashes I got so near that I thought I would make the attempt anyway, and I gave the rope a toss for his head. The noose fell along his back, neck, and face, even to his nose. Had it gone two or three inches farther it would have fallen over his head, and I would have had him by simply tightening up the noose. I tried to toss it over him yet by giving a spiral twist to the rope, but it kept slowly dragging to the ground, and running directly against his mother, her body scraped it off of his, and it fell between them. In the dust and the sand the two kicked up I could not tell exactly what had taken place; but I saw the rope spinning out like a trout-line from a reel, and a second after saw what had been done. I had lassoed the old cow by one of her hind heels.

The vaqueros of Mexico may be able to hold the wildest Texas steer with the lasso, and even the horsemen of the South American pampas to curb the strongest wild horse, but I do not believe I held that cow-elk a quarter of a second after she had gotten to the end of the lasso, and had given one or two of her desperate kicks.

Although I did not succeed in catching the young elk, all this fierce clatter around his ears got him separated from his mother, and leaving the rope to chase the latter,

I devoted myself to the calf. Once or twice I thought I could jump off my horse, run two or three steps, and catch the calf, but the minute I got to arm's-length of the bride, the horse, from exhaustion or fear of the calf, would not budge another inch, and I would have to mount him again and spur him on.

After a number of such unsuccessful attempts—for I really had no other method of catching it without my lasso, and I dreaded dropping my horse's bridle for fear he would run back to camp—I was at last rewarded by getting hold of the calf by the ear, and what with the little one's terror at my strange method of attack, and the unwillingness of my horse to have anything to do with the small elk, which kept up a constant bleating, I thought I should be pulled in two. They even got me thrown to the ground, and my mouth and nose full of sand. I could spit it out of my mouth, but dare not disengage a hand to do anything else.

After a struggle of ten or fifteen minutes, probably, that seemed nearly half as many hours, the two others gave up the struggle enough for me to throw the calf, and taking the buckskin string with which a cavalryman ties the end of his pistol holster to his right leg to prevent its striking him hard blows when running, I tied my capture by the fore-foot.

In a few minutes I heard double shots off to the south of my position, the signal we had agreed upon to show that the person firing had captured a calf and wanted assistance. Going to the top of the nearest hill, I planted the butt of my carbine in the sand, tied my big neckerchief to it, so as to guide me back to the spot, and rode over to the place, where I found the man with another calf which he had lassoed.

In a few minutes all the men had come together, my calf was brought over, and the next question was how to get home with them, for we were a good fifteen to eighteen miles from camp.

We adopted the following plan, and found it work splendidly. The stirrup straps were shortened until the rider's knees were level with the pommel of the saddle. Into his lap thus formed the calf was placed, facing the rear, one arm passing under its head, which rested on his shoulder, and the other passing behind it. Its bound feet, passing to the rear, were again tied to the rear girth of the horse. The bridle was thrown over the horse's head, and another rider led the animal. This was all right, except in going down-hill, when the short stirrups and the calf pulling forward made the rider feel sure he was going to pitch forward over the horse's head. An extra man, therefore, was sent ahead to pick out the most level trail over the hills.

Although a little tiresome, by changing places twice we all got home that evening in fine shape, and I seriously doubt if we could have done so in any other way—at least so well for the little ones.

Once home, we kept the elk calves in a stable for a few days, and then turned them loose into the garrison inclosure, where they were given the range of the premises. They were very tame, and great favorites with the soldiers, who were constantly petting and feeding them, and as you can readily imagine, with so much care and attention, they grew up to consider themselves part of the garrison.

It was a warm day in the late fall that I was sitting on a camp-stool in the shade of my house, when all of the small elk, the last year's capture, came walking slowly along through the open gate that led into my yard. The hall door was open, and the leader, a handsome little buck, peeped in. At once his gaze seemed riveted, and without taking his eyes off of the interior, and with ears sharply set forward, he walked up on the porch, and after gazing for a few seconds, walked in. The other nine elk followed his example, and when the last one disappeared in the hall—a very large one, as big as an ordinary room—I went to investigate, and saw a sight that would have made a horse laugh. There in solemn array stood the row

of little ones, in as perfect a line as the soldiers (from whom they may have copied it, their heads elevated and ears pricked forward, gazing most intently at a fine set of elk's head and horns that I had had mounted and set up in my hall a couple of days before as an ornamental gun-rack.

For a half-hour they gazed at it, touched their noses timidly to its nose, and then walked away, and for days afterward they would visit it, and when romping on the parade-ground would run up to the hallway, look in, give a snort, and tear away again, as much as to say, "Come along, old fellow, and have a good time."

### THE DOCTOR'S "GREAT MEDICINE."

BY DAVID KER.

"WELL, Doctor, what news?"

"Oh, the red-skins are having a talk down there, and by the way some of them looked at me as I passed, I should say they mean mischief."

"Hum! That's awkward."

It was awkward indeed. The two men who were speaking and the two American hunters who accompanied them were the only white men among a whole tribe of Indians, and if it came to a fight (which seemed probable enough just then), their Indian guides were quite as likely to fight against them as for them. What was to be done?

"They know that we've come to trade with them," growled the younger man, "and that we must have plenty of things with us that are worth taking, and if they choose to get them cheap by simply cutting our heads off, I don't quite see how we're to hinder them. What fools we were to come here at all!"

Little did the discontented speaker dream that, not many years later, thousands of white men—ay, and white women and children too—would be carried safely and easily across that wild region by express trains running from one side of the American continent to the other, and that the very name of the Indians who were now threatening him would then be almost forgotten.

"Waiting a bit," said the Doctor. "I've got a plan."

"Have you? What is it?"

"Well," answered the Doctor, stepping into the rude wigwam allotted to them, and bringing out a small brass-bound box, "I heard one of the Indians say something just now about 'the bad spirit that came among them twelve moons ago, and killed many of their warriors with sickness.' Then I noticed that several of them were marked with small-pox, and that was what gave me my idea."

But before the Doctor could explain what his idea was, the young Indian chief was seen coming up the hill toward them, followed by fifteen or twenty of his best warriors, all well armed, and looking unpleasantly fierce. Instantly the two traders seated themselves in the door of the wigwam, with the two hunters standing behind them, rifle in hand, ready to fire at the first sign of mischief.

The Indians sat down in a circle right in front of the white men, but for some minutes not a word was uttered. At length the young chief himself rose and spoke.

"Pale-faces! ye have hunting grounds of your own far away toward the rising sun and the great bitter water. Why come ye hither into the lands which the Great Spirit has given to his red children, to trouble them and do them wrong?"

"There is a cloud before the eyes of my red brother," answered the Doctor, in the same language, "or he would not speak thus. We come not to trouble or to wrong our brothers who live toward the setting sun, but to trade with them and to be their friends."

"*Friends!*" echoed the chief, scornfully. "These were the words of the pale-faces who came among us when the leaves were green twelve moons ago. But when they had eaten of our venison, and smoked the pipe of peace at our fire, they stole from us and cheated us. Their scalps now hang in our wigwams, and perhaps," he added, patting his long knife significantly, "there may be *other* scalps there soon."

A stern hum ran through the listening circle of Indians, and for a moment they seemed about to spring up and rush upon the Americans. But just then the Doctor rose, and holding up his hand for silence, spoke thus:

"Chief of the Shaways! we have come to you as guests, and now ye threaten to kill us because ye think we are few and feeble. But the white men, though few in number, are mighty in skill. See!" (and he pointed to the brass-bound box at his feet). "In this box I hold that which can sweep you all from the earth as the wind sweeps the dust of summer."

The threat was uttered so firmly and so boldly that several of the superstitious Indians were seen to exchange startled glances, and the young chief himself began to look uneasy, although he tried to mask his agitation by answering, laughingly:

"Words are not as sharp as tomahawks, nor as heavy as war clubs. Let the pale-face show us that what he says is true."

"Good," said the American. "Let the chief lay his buffalo-robe on this log."

The Indian wonderingly obeyed. The Doctor let fall one drop of liquid upon it from a phial which he took out of the box, and when he held up the robe, the savages saw with secret terror that it was scorched right through as if with a hot iron, and that a hole was burned in the wood below it.

"Can ye bear a shower of rain like *that* if I bring it down upon you?" cried the American, sternly. "Or what will ye say if I turn your streams into blood? Look here!"

He filled a bark cup from the brook, and with one drop from a second phial out of his wonderful box turned the clear water blood red.

The Indians looked at each other in silent terror, and even the daring young chief drew back.

The Doctor eyed them in silence for a few moments, as if to let this lesson sink well into their minds before he went any farther. Then he stooped once more over the inexhaustible box, and drew forth a third phial, which he held up so that the whole assembly could see it.

A fearful-looking phial it was in the eyes of the dismayed savages—long, narrow, with a neck twisting like a snake, and all of a jet-black color, with which the ivory stopper, carved into the shape of a skull, contrasted grimly enough.

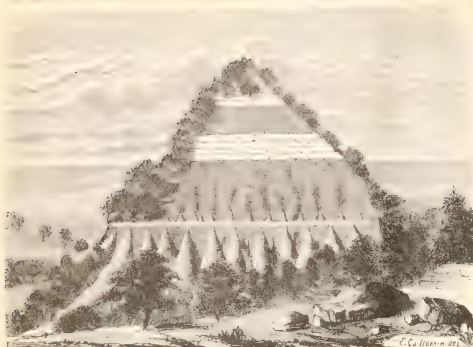
"Behold!" shouted the American, in a voice of thunder; "in this bottle I hold the spirit of the small-pox who destroyed so many of you twelve moons ago. Say but one word more, and I will let him loose to sweep you from the earth."

A cry of terror broke from every lip, and in a moment the whole band (including even the chief himself) were at the feet of the "medicine-man," imploring him not to smite them with the fatal pestilence whose awful ravages were still fresh in their memory.

"So be it," said the Doctor, with the air of a king receiving a deputation. "So long as the hearts of the Shaways are clear and their tongues straight, all shall be well; but the moment a cloud rises between us, the death phial shall be opened."

The mere threat was quite enough for the terrified savages, and although the Doctor's fair dealing afterward won the favor of the whole tribe, their awe of his "great medicine" never quite wore off.





PYRAMID MOUNTAIN

## WATER.

BY SOPHIE E. HERRICK

ALL that we are told about the creation of the earth in the Bible is just the simple fact. It is left to us to study how this fact came to be. The Bible says: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void [or empty]; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." That is the history, in a few words, of millions of years, before plants or animals or people lived upon the earth. We can only guess how this great round world came into being. Perhaps our guesses are right, but there is nowhere an answer to the enigma of the past with which we may compare these guesses to see whether they are correct.

So we will only go back to the time when the earth was a rocky globe, intensely hot inside, and covered with a universal sea, when the earth, as it moved round the sun, might be compared to a mighty drop of dew moving round a globe of glowing fire. We must get rid of all our notions of the world as it is now, in order to go back in imagination to that time. The earth was not beautiful then, the land was not adorned with trees and grass and lovely flowers, the air was not full of humming insects or swift-flying birds, nor the waters of darting fish and delicate floating sea-weed. It was a desolate waste of waters, a shoreless sea, whose tides, instead of rising and falling and breaking upon some sandy beach, followed the moon, sweeping unbrokenly around the globe. There were no blue skies overarching the wide waters, no fleecy clouds turning to gold in the sunsets. A heavy mass of leaden clouds covered the sky, and poured down into the hot seas hot rain-water day and night.

The only things in the world then were rocks and water, fire and air. But as the earth cooled, these began building the continents and islands, and dividing up the waters into seas and rivers and lakes.

First came the fire and lifted up part of the earth's crust in his struggles; another part of the crust would go down, and into these low valleys the waters would collect, leaving the high bare rocks standing up out of the sea. In this same way many islands and con-

tinents arose out of the sea. Next came the turn of the air in the work of world-building. The air around the earth then was like the air now, only that it had a great deal more moisture in it, and the gas that comes from burning—called carbonic acid gas—than our air has. Such air as this has a very peculiar effect upon some sorts of rock: it slowly dissolves them; the waves of the sea, or the rivers pouring over the rocks, soon carry this dissolved rock, or earth, as it really is, away, and finally it settles in the ocean, forming layers of soil, which after a while become solid rock again. Then again these layers are uplifted, and again they become rotted partly away, carried off, and deposited. In the first illustration you see a very remarkable mountain in our Western country. The layers of rock look as if they had been built, and the little cones of washed earth around the base as if they were cut out of the rock, but this is all the water's work. This is not mere guess-work. The world is not *done* yet; it is still a-making; just the very

same things are happening now in various parts of the world as went on of old.

Islands have suddenly risen out of the sea, and men



STRATIFIED ROCK CLIFFS AT BROUGH.





THE CLETT, HOLBORN HEAD, SCOTLAND.

away by the waters till in one place an archway has been made directly through them.

When the layered rock is lifted up, it is of course very much strained and cracked: the water gets into these cracks, and so does its work much faster. The Clett is a single pillar of layered rock standing up in the sea. The layers in this rock correspond exactly to those on the cliff nearby, showing that it was once part of a great cliff reaching out into the sea.

have seen them. At the mouths of great rivers and in the bottoms of ponds land is forming all the while. In some places, on the dry land, rock where it stands is rotted into earth, and gradually washed away by the rain, and where the weather is cold enough to freeze, this work goes on faster still. When you have an opportunity to examine a piece of brown stone, used so much to build houses of, or as facings to brick houses, look carefully at it. You will be apt to find that there are on the surface loose flakes which you can rub away with your finger. Brown stone is full of little cracks and crevices and openings—the water soaks into these, and when it freezes it pries off the piece of stone above it; the ice, taking more room than the water, acts as a wedge. When the earth became cool enough to permit the rain to freeze, the rocks were in this way more quickly reduced to earth.

Just the same things went on in those days that go on now, only they were more violent. The cool crust of the earth was thinner; the inner fire, therefore, oftener succeeded in breaking its way out; the earth was more shaken; its crust was more torn and crumpled. There were, of course, more earthquakes, a larger number of volcanoes, and greater quantities of rain fell into wider seas.

See the picture of the Rocks at Brough. These cliffs have been slowly deposited in layers, and then lifted up by the fire, tilted as you see, as they were raised, and then again they have been worn



THE "CATHEDRAL," LURAY CAVES, VIRGINIA

Water does some very wonderful things when it falls over a precipice, and so makes a cataract. At Niagara the waters of the great lakes on their way to the sea fall over a high precipice of rock. This precipice is made of very hard rock on the top, while the layers underneath are much softer. The boiling of the waters as they tumble over the high cliff gradually wears away the softer rock below, then the upper layers stand out like a shelf, and over this the water falls. The rush and strain finally crack off the projecting shelf, and it breaks and falls; then again the softer rock is hollowed out; another shelf forms and is broken away. In this way the waterfall has worked its way backward for seven miles, as the rocks on each side of Niagara River show.

Great rivers like the Mississippi wash up earth where they flow swiftly from high land to low land; when they come to a more level country they "slow up," and begin to drop the earth. Anything which makes the current run slower causes this sort of a deposit. Where two currents meet, as where the Ohio flows into the Mississippi, the two jostling together hinder each other, and in the contest earth is dropped, and a sand bar is formed, making the river very shallow there. No matter how many times such a bar is removed, it comes again. Where the Mississippi empties into the Gulf the current spreads out, and so slows very much, and a great deal of earth is dropped.

Some rivers in India have built up their beds by dropping earth in this way all along through the low plains, until the bottom of the river's bed is higher than the country around. When the river overflows its banks, the fields beyond the high bed are flooded. Then, when the river sinks again, the water can not get back into the channel, and it lies on the fields and kills the crop.

Some kinds of rocks are more easily dissolved by water and carbonic acid than others. When layers of different kinds of rock are exposed to the air, they crumble away very unevenly, and so make curious-shaped rocks, sometimes standing up like monuments in the sea or on land.

In rocks which are not dissolved in this way the water sinks into the cracks and flows away, doing very little work; but in limestone rocks, which the water does dissolve, the crack is washed larger and larger, till a cave is hollowed out in the solid stone down under the surface of the ground. The water goes on trickling and dripping from the roofs of these caves, and decorates them just as the freezing water in winter decorates the edge of your portico roof with icicles. I am sure you have often watched icicles form. As the rain fell from the roof, drip, drip, drip, each little drop left a little bit of itself behind frozen, and so an icicle gradually grew from these many drops.

But perhaps you were too busy looking at the sky, to see if they were going to clear, to notice what happened underneath the icicle on the portico steps or the ground. There each drop left a little of itself again before running away, and a heap of ice was formed. Now in the limestone caves just this sort of thing happens. The water, instead of leaving a little of itself frozen behind, leaves a little of the limestone that was dissolved in it behind, and great stone icicles are formed, which never melt. These are called stalactites, and below them the mounds of stone grow up, often far finer than the stalactites. The stalactite from above and the heap or stalagmite below often meet, and so form a pillar from floor to roof. Some of the best examples of these formations are found in the Luray Caves, Virginia.

These limestone caves are sometimes so near the surface of the ground that the roof gives way, broken in by the roots of a tree, and down goes the living tree into a great hole in the earth. In the Western country some of the rivers rush into such openings, and run under-ground for miles, and are called lost rivers; but far away perhaps the same river comes to light again, though it is not always recognized as the same.

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

THE day of the yachting party was not as bright as the "Buds" could have wished. A thin fog gathered before they were well out; but the company was a very happy one, and bent on enjoying every instant. Faith was certainly in radiant spirits; she loved the water, and felt full of youth and vigor and happiness. Things seemed very bright to the young girl just then; it was impossible for her to doubt anything or anybody, so that it was a little jarring to have their chaperon, Mrs. Keith, pin her down in one corner and reprove her for "taking up" Jo Markham. Did she know the girl had once actually stolen?

Faith's lips curled slightly as she asked, briefly, "When?" "Last summer," Mrs. Keith said, as earnestly as she could, and manage her white silk parasol at the same time. "She was actually arrested for it."

Faith looked down at her gloved hands, and said presently: "I will ask Jo all about it, Mrs. Keith; but even if it were so, it would be an additional reason for my taking an interest in the poor child." And the dark eyes, lifted tranquilly, challenged little Mrs. Keith to say anything further.

But all the party had reason to remember Jo that day. Not far from shore, but in a fog, they came to a standstill. It was growing dark; the pleasure of the day was nearly ruined by the prospect of such an ending, and those whose spirits had been lightest sank to the ebb where grumbling comes in.

While the depression was growing general, the sound of a horn suddenly reached them, blown somewhere not far off. It was answered in the best way they could contrive: then sounded the splash of oars; gradually out of the fog appeared the bow of a boat; then the whole boat defined itself, and finally Jo's figure, her strong arms working valiantly; but before any one spoke, she called out, roughly, "Got Miss Emerson there?"

Faith was at the side of the little vessel in an instant, and looking down, said, "Why, Jo, yes—here I am."

"I'll row you back," was Jo's laconic answer. She rested on her oars and lifted her eyes to Faith's. Apparently she did not consider the fact that any one else was on board; but it ended in Jo and her boat being made most useful in conveying the party to shore; and when once all were landed, and some one pressed forward in a conspicuous way to reward her, she flashed an angry look in return and said, brusquely:

"What do ye think I come around there for? I see your boat when I was out, and thought like as not you'd get stuck, and I knew you had *her*—and that's all I cared about."

Angry, defiant, and rebellious, Jo strode away in the direction of Sailors' Row, leaving her passengers to laugh heartily over the scene.

All but Faith and Bertie.

The cousins exchanged looks as they walked up the road from the pier, a little behind the others. Faith was smiling.

"Aren't people stupid?" she said to Bertie. "They judge of poor Jo by her blunt way, her rude speech, which in such a girl means just nothing at all. It actually counts for nothing, as it is what she has heard all her life. As well expect Kitty Barker to talk modern Greek because she has been in Athens as to expect Jo to

\* Begun in No. 324, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

understand the commonest form of politeness in *our* language. That is what aggravates me so," continued Faith, her eyes shining: "people insist upon judging a girl like Jo from their own stand-point. Now see here, Bertie"—and quiet Faith turned around, energetically facing her cousin with real excitement of voice and manner—"how much worse is it of Mary Leigh and Kitty Barker to talk as they did to-day than for poor Jo to even fight those boys!"

"Of course," assented Bertie.

Faith walked along in silence a moment. She felt full of righteous wrath, and that she could vent her feelings to this devoted ally and confidant was a source of comfort.

"Jo meant to do a real service, and it was fine of her—*fine*, I say—to refuse the dollar Mr. Larcum offered her. Think of all it would have done for her, and yet the girl was too *fine* to take it."

The result of all this was a more decided championship of Jo Markham than ever. Ashfield began to feel that Faith Emerson really was carrying her charitable enterprises a little too far when one Sunday she walked into church with the girl, well dressed, by her side, and entering the pew, handed her a book, and during the whole service kept tender watch of the uncertain little face and hands, the reluctant figure which looked ready to fly out any moment. It is true that Miss Grace was not with them. She had feebly and vainly objected to this open championship of Jo, and had pleaded a headache to escape accompanying her niece that morning, and Faith wisely forbore commenting upon it when they were dining at one o'clock.

These summer days, when there was no regular Sunday-school, Faith had her children for an hour in the school-house, and this was Jo's first day of attendance, but in the middle of it she walked out, and of her own accord sat down upon the steps. She could not have said why, but she had a stifled sort of feeling that day. Her grandfather had been, as usual, with his most disreputable companions on Saturday evening, and the girl in terror had spent the night in a neighbor's attic, not sleeping, but crouching in a window where she could watch the rickety dwelling her grandfather called home, and seeing that he did not do anything very desperate. Fire was her horror, having gone through it once. Only her promise to Faith had made her dress herself in her "good" clothes and go with the young lady to church; but already, even though in a dull way, Jo was beginning to feel the effects of Miss Emerson's method with her—that she was a friend. Something of Faith's own purity and strength, her simplicity and straightforwardness, was reaching the other's heart, and although Jo could not have even defined it as an idea, there was a sense of room to breathe and move and grow and be restful when she was near her protectress.

It was on the little back porch of the house that Jo sat. From there she could see the hilly slope, green and warm, and the strip of beach, and the shining hazy water. The girl strained her eyes to look for the distant sails in the harbor across the bay. The one bit of sentiment or poetry or romance in Jo was her love of the water, and the objects she had long known as moving upon it. Perhaps it was only an instinct or a craving after a freer life. "If I were a boy," she thought, "I would get on one of those ships and go sailing away, and away, and away forever. I guess I'll tell *her* that." She wondered how it would feel if you were very tired, and lay right down in the water and got drowned. Fishes would eat you, Jo supposed. She remembered when Mark Welch was brought into Sailors' Row drowned. He certainly did not look particularly comfortable, or as though he had had a nice time in the water. But it would be cool and quiet anyway—certainly better than the dirty crowded little kitchen, with her grandfather scolding and storming or beating her for everything.

From the open school-room door Jo could hear the children's voices rising and falling, not very tunelessly,

but the singing rather pleased Jo, although the words of Father Faber's hymn meant nothing to her.

"Joy! joy! the mother comes,  
And in her arms she brings  
The Light of all the world,  
The Christ, the King of kings,  
And in her heart the while  
All silently she sings."

The words here and there rather caught Jo's fancy, and she began to beat time with her foot. She had no idea that from her desk Miss Emerson was quietly watching the tired little figure in the doorway.

The hour was ended, the children were preparing to depart, when up the cliff came a boy's figure, one Jo knew only too well—that of her special tormentor, Sandy Martin. He approached, executing one of his most warlike dances, and grinning derisively at Jo.

In an instant the girl's whole attitude changed. From one of listless, contented idleness or rest, it was alert, tense, and defiant. Sandy represented Sailors' Row—all its cruelty, meanness, and contention. Miss Emerson, the school-house, everything connected with her new life, vanished in a sort of angry mist as the boy flung a taunting remark at her before he was on the top of the hill. He had been away lobstering for weeks. Now he had come back. Jo rose to her feet, and Sandy might have seen that her eyes and her attitude were ominous.

What jeers and sarcasms and taunts the boy uttered Faith never knew, but her first consciousness of his presence was seeing Jo in the heat of battle; hearing her, as Sandy drew back, with a derisive peal of laughter, cry out:

"I hate you! I hate you! I wish you were dead! I hope you'll be dead, dead, dead, and that you'll be burned up! I wish I could kill you, and I would!"

The girl, with her great eyes full to the brim of burning unshed tears, stood out in a patch of vivid sunlight, drawn to her full height, her hands clinched, the impersonation of passionate, vindictive rage.

Faith stood still in the centre of her school-room just long enough to comprehend the situation and to compose herself. Then she turned to the children, who were gazing upon the scene open-mouthed and open-eyed.

"Go," she said finally, with a queer little tremble in her voice. "Go, children; do not wait, if you please."

They drifted out of the other door and down the warm, dusty slope, regretfully enough, for Jo Markham was a sufficiently interesting "character" to make them anxious to stay and see the result of this meeting with her well-known foe, Sandy Martin.

Sandy, flushed, dogged, and angry, was leaning against the side of the school-house when Miss Emerson's figure appeared in the doorway. He looked down sullenly, twirling his hat in his hand.

Faith could hear Jo's quick, short-drawn breathing, but she did not look at her.

"Sandy," she said, quietly, "I am sorry you like to tease any girl. Now go away like a good boy. Or stay—will you do an errand for me?"

The boy raised his eyes a moment, and his lips seemed to try and form a "yes."

Faith turned hurriedly back to her desk, wrote a few lines to Bertie, and came back, handing the little note to Jo's tormentor.

"Please, Sandy, take that down to Mr. Farnham's, and bring the answer back to my home on North Street."

Faith turned to Jo; the girl had begun to droop; she had her hands tightly clinched against her breast, and her eyes were fastened upon Miss Emerson with the look of some poor hunted creature, but the anger had not gone; the color in her face flamed, and Faith could see that her worst feelings still held her in their control.

"Jo," said Faith, gently, "come in here, dear."

The girl followed, and Faith sat down, not by her desk,





"FAITH DREW THE GIRL'S HEAD DOWN UPON HER KNEE."

but near the fragrant fire-place. Jo flung herself upon the ground and burst into a passion of tears.

Faith said to herself afterward that it seemed to her as if the child were crying out the whole agony and cruelty and vindictiveness in her life. She neither spoke nor moved for some time; then, laying her hand on the rough brown hair, she said, quietly, "Jo, look up; let me talk to you."

Jo started up, and resting on her knees stared at Miss Emerson, her eyes heavy with weeping, her face crimson and yet haggard.

"Jo," the young lady said, drawing the girl toward her, "I know it was hard; I know how cruel Sandy seems; but then, my dear, you know we all must do our part. Jo, see here."

Faith had been very careful not to force any religious ideas suddenly upon Jo, but now a thought occurred to her.

"Jo," she went on, "I want you to look at that picture."

Jo raised her heavy eyelids and wearily followed the direction of Miss Emerson's eyes. They rested on a simple picture of our Lord in the garden of Gethsemane. Faith, desiring a religious picture in the school-room, had chosen this one as the most appropriate for stories of Christ to her children. The silent garden, the divine

heroic figure, the sleeping disciples—these gave her the themes she needed; and the children had learned to think of Christ as the Saviour who longed to be remembered and loved and appealed to. If *He* was lonely, tired, and forgotten, could *He* not understand the better our poor human desolation, our sadness and sorrowfulness? This is what had been in Faith's mind when she chose the picture; and now, taking Jo's hot hands in her own cool, tender ones, she said, gently:

"Jo, did you ever notice that picture up there? I want you so much to look at it, and let me tell you a story."

Jo drew nearer, though still in that half-crouching attitude, and with the strained look in her eyes. Faith contrived to get her on a little footstool beside her, and then she drew the girl's head down upon her knee.

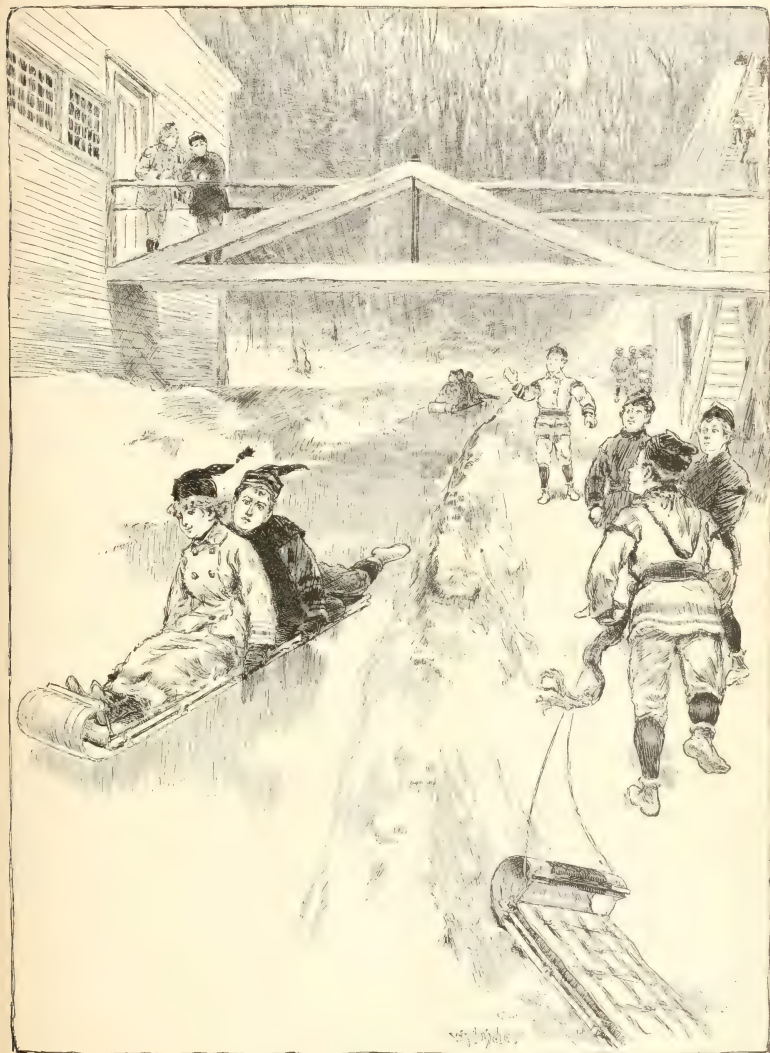
Nothing could have been more difficult in her dealings with Jo than to know just how this story should be told. At that moment the poor child was all roughly, coarsely, angrily, wearily *human*. Faith had to think of the best way to show her that Christ in His most glorious divinity was filled to overflowing with a knowledge of just such human needs as hers; that it was for such as her, poor Jo

Markham, knowing nothing better than Sailors' Row could teach, that He had given us His life and His death.

But it was hard. Faith for some moments was silent; she stroked the brown head on her knee, and looked beyond it to the open door, the stretch of warm summer country, the placid, shining sea. Afterward she used to think with a curious feeling of the convictions that came to her in that hour; that *she*, as well as Jo, had a "part to fill"; that for some reason her life duties were growing clearer to her; and so, you see, Jo taught Faith almost as much as she was learning. The school-room never seemed quite the same to Faith after that afternoon. Perhaps there had been a little too much sentimentality in the way she had first gone into her work. The children had been fairly good. Faith liked surrounding them with pretty objects, idealizing their dreary lives, which was all right, and certainly had proved successful; but now she had been brought for the first time face to face with something that was like a concentration of all the elements she had expected and yet dreaded to encounter in her children. Jo, like a tired wanderer resting her head on Miss Emerson's knee, was terribly real.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE AT SARATOGA.—SEE PAGE 206

## TOBOGGANS AND TOBOGGANING.

BY N. F. BARBOUR.

IF there is any more healthful or invigorating sport for boys than coasting, it does not at this moment come to my mind. I have often thought it a great pity that there could not be some arrangement, some edict of the Mayor and Aldermen, or somebody or other in authority, whereby such streets as East Thirty-fifth Street, for instance, which have steep hills in them, could be set apart, whenever there should be snow on the ground, for the exclusive use of the boys of New York. It is quite melancholy to think that there are thousands of boys now growing up in New York who have no more idea of the delights of going down-hill on a "Boston clipper," or even, for that matter, on an ordinary ten-shilling sled, than has the most ignorant heathen in Africa. Fancy their having no notion in the world of the joy of plunging headlong through a spray of fleecy snow from the summit of a noble hill down into the level valley below! Fancy their being in complete ignorance of what it is to perch sideways on a four-foot cutter, and be carried as on the back of a flying steed over a road of glistening ice and snow!

In certain parts of New England that manner of mounting and managing a sled (which consists of sitting on the left thigh, with the left leg well curled up under you, and the right leg extended as a steering gear) used to be, and, for all I know, is to-day, described as "going New-Yorker fashion"—a pleasant bit of sarcasm, no doubt, invented by some country lad in mockery of the misfortunes of his city cousins.

It is not, however, with coasting in the old-fashioned manner on cutters, clippers, "double-rippers," or single "sharpies" that this article proposes to deal. It is the sport of tobogganing as represented in the accompanying picture that commands our attention. The toboggan owes its origin to nobody in particular. Originality is claimed for it with equal reason at the hands of the Canadian Indians and the Russian peasants.

I am quite positive that there are many boys who will eagerly inquire in what respect the toboggan is better than the two-runner sleds to which they are accustomed, and will want an explanation of the reason why tobogganing has in so many places superseded the old-fashioned manner of coasting. I hasten to explain to the proud owner of a steel-shod "sharpie" that it is not because the toboggan is a faster steed than his fleet pet. You may give yourself no uneasiness, my young friend, in regard to the superiority of your "sharpie" or your "cutter" as a rapid traveller. No toboggan that was ever built can give you its dust, or rather its snow. The truth is, American-made sleds have proved to be too fast for the steep Canadian slides, and if placed on some of the artificially constructed ice slides where toboggans are used, would become entirely unmanageable. In addition to its greater safety, the toboggan also has the advantage of carrying its rider or riders close to the level of the snow, thereby producing an exciting sensation of sliding down-hill with nothing under you—a sensation so delightful that the Governor-General of Canada himself does not despise it.

There are to-day many kinds of toboggans. The old Indian contrivance which, as has been said, was constructed of bark, and was lashed together with thongs of deer hide, has been succeeded by shop-made toboggans both in Canada and the United States. Some of the best toboggans now in use are manufactured at Saratoga, where there is a toboggan slide of which I shall speak further by-and-by, and there is an extensive manufactory of them in Vermont. I saw on sale at a store in New York the other day a large assortment of toboggans both of the Canadian Indian and Yankee invention. The former sold as low as four dollars and a half a piece, while those

from Vermont were priced at eight and nine dollars each.

A model toboggan is made of long strips of birch, ash, or bass-wood, about four inches wide, and curved up evenly at one end. These strips are securely screwed into cross pieces of tough wood, pains being taken to bury the heads of the screws, so as to leave the bottom perfectly smooth. No space should be left between the strips, but they should not be adjusted so tightly as to prevent a slight independent movement of each strip, it being essential that the bottom of the toboggan should have a certain amount of give in order to adapt itself to all the inequalities of the surface of the slide.

A toboggan made of a single board is vastly inferior to one composed of narrow strips as above described. In some instances the under surface of these strips is slightly rounded, although it is questionable whether anything is gained by that method of construction. Along the sides of the toboggan there should be a low stanchion or hand-rail. The wood of which the toboggan is made should be about three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, and properly proportioned toboggans are from fifteen to twenty-four inches wide and from four to eight feet long. By laying a cushion upon the sledge a comfortable vehicle is made for lady passengers, no more than three of whom should be taken at a time, unless the steersman is exceptionally strong, cool-headed, and an adept at the sport.

There are two methods of guiding the toboggan; it may be done with a short stick held in the right hand and dragged along the snow at the side of the toboggan close to the rear end, or, as is more generally the case, by the toe, the steersman taking the attitude before described as "New York fashion."

With the growth in popularity of tobogganing has come about the manufacture of toboggan suits, and whether you indulge in a complete outfit or not, I should, at all events, advise you, in case you try tobogganing, to provide yourself with a pair of toboggan shoes, which are manufactured of stiff black leather well oiled and riveted together with brass nails. These you slip on over your other shoes, and find them not only warm, but heavy and strong enough to enable you to steer without discomfort to your toes. The popular toboggan costume consists of a jacket made of blanket material (usually white, with a blue or red bordering), having a hood or toque to envelop the head; knee-breeches of the same material and thick woollen stockings complete the costume, which is both comfortable and picturesque.

Great preparations have been made this year for tobogganing at Saratoga, and the Saratoga Toboggan Club comprises about four hundred members, residents of Schenectady, Troy, Albany, and even of New York being on its list. The slide starts at Glen Mitchell, a mile from the Town Hall, and is one of the best in the country. At the start there is a wooden trestle containing three chutes or slides, and a broad platform at the top, approached by stairs. Starting at a point one hundred and eight feet high, the toboggans sweep down the ice-covered trestle for a distance of more than seventy feet before the natural hill is reached. As the grade is one foot in every three and a half, the lightning speed which the toboggan attains immediately after its start can be imagined. A strong bridge crosses the slide about midway down the course, from which a splendid view of the exciting sport can be had.

Another prosperous toboggan club has just been organized at Orange, New Jersey, where there is a fine natural slide eleven hundred feet long down the side of the mountain. At the start a broad platform has been built. The descent is at first very steep, and the course then runs over a series of lesser declines, with bumpers which bring shouts of pleasure to the lips of the blanket-clad coasters.



BY HOWARD PYLE.

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had three daughters; the elder two were handsome enough, but the youngest, whose name was Golden-hair, was the prettiest maiden to be found within the four ends of the earth.

One day the King went out hunting with all his people.

Toward evening he found himself in the forest at a place where he had never been before. He wandered up and down, and here and there, but the further he went the less able he was to find the road home again. As he wandered thus he came to a place where a great raven, as black as the soot in the chimney, and with eyes that glowed like two coals of fire, sat in the middle of the path in front of him.

"Whither away, King?" said the great black raven.

"That I can not tell," said the King, "for I am lost."

"See, now," said the raven, "I will show you the way out of the forest if you will give me your youngest daughter to be my wife. If you will not do this, off I go, and then there will be no getting out of the forest for you, but here you will have to stay as long as you live."

Now one will do much before one will stay in a dark forest forever. So the King promised at last that if the raven would show him the way out of the forest, it should have the Princess Golden-hair.

So the raven flapped on ahead of the King, and so showed him the way out of the dark forest and home again.

"To-morrow," it said, "I will come for my bride."

Sure enough, when the next morning came, there was the great black raven sitting outside of the castle gateway waiting for the Princess Golden-hair to be sent to him.

Up he took her on his back, and away he flew with her. As for the Princess, she did nothing but weep and weep. By-and-by they came to a little hut on the top of a great bleak hill. In the hut stood a table, and on the table stood a golden goblet of water, a silver cup of wine, and an earthenware jug full of bitter beer. Now the Princess was glad enough to get a drop to drink for refreshment's sake; but she never looked at the earthen jug or the silver cup, but going straight to the golden goblet, she wet her lips with the water.

And then what do you think happened? Why, the hut grew and grew until it changed into a splendid castle, all built of pure silver and gold, and all of the many birds outside changed into men and women servants. As for the great black raven, it was a raven no longer, but the handsomest Prince in all of the world, and the only thing black about him was the long curling locks of his hair. He kissed the Princess Golden-hair, and said: "Now indeed have I found my true bride, and none other. You have freed me and my castle and all my people from enchantment, which no one but a real Princess could do: for my wicked step-mother laid spells upon us which could

only be broken when a real Princess drank out of the golden goblet."

Well, a year passed by, and the Princess was as happy as the days were long; but at the end of that time she began to long to see her father and her sisters again. So she begged and begged so prettily that at last the Prince said she might go if she would be contented to stay only three days. Then he gave her a napkin of the finest linen, and told her that whenever she wanted anything, all she had to do was to spread the napkin and wish, and it would be there. But one thing she must not wish for, and that was for himself, for misfortune would come of that.

So off the Princess went to her father's house; and a fine sight she made of it, I can tell you, for she rode in a golden coach drawn by four milk-white horses, so that every one she passed stopped and looked after her, and the little boys cried "Hi!" and ran along beside.

Dear! dear! but the King was glad to see her. As for her two sisters, they grew as green as grass with envy. The Princess told them all about what had happened; but when she had ended, they only nodded and winked at one another, as though they did not believe a word of it.

Yes, yes; it was all very well to talk about her handsome Prince, but why had she not brought him along with her? That was what they should like to know. Oh, the Princess could not tell them that; she could bring him quickly enough, even now, if she chose, only he had bidden her not to do so.

Prut! It was well enough for her to talk, but seeing was believing. That was what her sisters said.

So they talked and talked, and the end of the matter was that the Princess spread the linen napkin on the floor, and wished that the raven Prince might be with them.

No sooner had she wished it than there he stood; but he looked at no one but her. "Did I not tell you that misfortune would come of it if you wished for me?" said he. "Now I must leave you, and go where you are not likely ever to see me again. Nevertheless, here are three golden balls, and if you can find me and bring them to me, all may be well again, and I will forgive you for this."

Then the Princess would have spoken, but he gave her no time for that. He snatched up the napkin, and, becoming a raven once more, flew through the open window and across the tree-tops, and was gone. At the same time her golden coach vanished, and the coachman and footmen flew away, so that not one of her fine things was left.

Poor Golden-hair wept and cried for a whole day and a whole night. But at the end of that time she dried her eyes, and putting the three golden balls in her pocket, and tucking up her skirts, started off into the wide world to find her dear Prince again. At last one day about





night-fall she came to a little hut in a deep forest, and in the hut sat an old woman with hair as white as snow.

"What do you want, child?" said the old woman.

"Do you not know that this is the ogre Gruff's house, and that if he returns and finds you here he will kill you? I tell you that he spares neither the young nor the old, the plain nor the handsome. As for me, I am his grandmother."

But all this was one to the Princess; she could no longer drag one foot after the other, so there she must stay, even if Gruff should find her when he came home.

Then she told Gruff's grandmother all that had happened to her, and Gruff's grandmother took pity on her because she was so pretty and so tired. She gave the Princess Golden-hair something to eat, and then hid her in the tall clock that stood in the corner, so that Gruff might not find her when he came home.

By-and-by in came Gruff, and hung up his great cudgel behind the door. "Hu-u-u!" cried he; "I smell a man's blood in the house for sure."

"Man's blood, indeed!" said his grandmother. "As though any man would come to this house! But now I think of it, a crow flew overhead to-day and dropped a bone down the chimney. Perhaps that is what you smell."

So Gruff said nothing more, but sat down to supper and ate heartily, for he had had a long journey that day.

"See," said his grandmother, "I had a

dream to-day. A Princess is out in the world hunting for her sweetheart, and can not tell where to find him."

"That is easy enough to tell," said Gruff.

"He lives in a great castle that stands at the end of the earth on a high hill of smooth glass."

"That is good," said Gruff's grandmother; "but I dreamed that, after she found where he lived, she was too weary to journey thither."

"That is easy enough too," said Gruff.

"Out in the forest yonder stands my black horse tied to an oak-tree. If she could only find the horse, and loosen him and mount his back, he would take her there quickly enough, for he can travel more rapidly than the north wind."

"Yes, yes; that is all very well," said Gruff's grandmother, "but I had a third dream. I thought that when she came to the smooth hill of glass she did not know how to climb to the top. What is the answer to that?"

"Prut!" said Gruff: "there is nothing easier to do than to tell. Over by the glass hill are seven birds fighting in the tree-top for an old hat. If she will throw a stone in the midst of them, they will drop the hat and fly away. It is Wish's own hat, and if she will put it on her head and wish herself at the top of the hill, she will be there quickly enough."

After that Gruff put on his cloak and took up his cudgel, and was off like a whirlwind. Then his grandmother opened the clock, and the Princess came out and thanked her and went her way.

She hunted here and there through the forest until, sure enough, she found Gruff's great black horse tied to an oak-tree. She loosened the bridle and mounted upon his back, and away they went, until the chips and the stones







flew behind them. So they soon came to the high hill of smooth glass that stood at the end of the earth, and there, on the top of it, was the castle of the Prince, sure enough.

Then the Princess hunted around for Wish's hat. Presently she heard them making a great hubbub, and looking up, saw them in the tree-top above her, fighting for the old hat, just as Gruff said they would be doing. She picked up a stone and threw it in the midst of them, and they dropped the hat and flew away screaming. Then she put on the hat and wished herself at the top of the hill, and there she was as quick as a wink.

Now her shoes were worn into holes by long journeying, and her clothes were torn to threads and tatters, until she looked, for all the world, like nothing else than a common beggar-maid, except for her golden hair. So it was that when she knocked at the door of the Prince's castle, and the porter came and opened it, and heard that she wanted to see the Prince, he snapped his fingers and laughed. All the same, he told her that the cook wanted a serving-wench in the kitchen, and that she might have the place if she liked.

Well, there was nothing for it but for the Princess to serve in the kitchen or go away again. So she bound up her hair in a tattered kerchief so that the beautiful golden tresses might not be seen, and down she went to serve the cook.

The soup for the Prince's dinner was cooking at the fire, and the Princess was to stir it so that it might not be burned. So she stirred it, and stirred it, and as she stirred she wept.

"Why do you weep?" said the cook.

"Ah me!" said the Princess; "once I ate with my love and drank with my love and lived by his side. If he did but know to

what I have come, how his heart would ache!"

After that the soup was served, and the Princess dropped one of the golden balls that the Prince had given her into the dish. The Prince ate his soup, and at the bottom of the dish lay the golden ball. "Where did this come from?" said he.

The next day the same thing happened—the Princess stirred the soup, and as she stirred she wept. Then, while nobody was looking, she dropped the second golden ball into the dish, and the Prince found it as he had done the other.

The third day the same thing happened—the Princess stirred the soup and wept, and when nobody was looking, dropped the third golden ball into the dish.

Then the Prince sent for the cook: who had been putting this and that into his soup, he wanted to know.

Oh, the cook could not tell him that, but perhaps it was the new serving-wench, who wept and said things that none of them understood while she stirred the soup. When the Prince heard this he said that he must see the girl. So the Princess came and stood before the Prince, and he looked at her, but did not know her until he happened to see her golden hair shining through a hole in the ugly head-dress that she wore. Then he reached out his hand and snatched it off her head, and her golden hair fell down all about her shoulders until it reached the floor. Then he knew her well enough, and he took her in his arms and kissed her, and all of her grief was turned to gladness.





## WILLY'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Saturday comes but once a week—  
That's once too oft for Willy.  
For he dislikes to take a bath,  
I'm sure you'll think him silly.

It's either cold or bad sore throat  
He has, or chills and fever,  
And sometimes new diseases he  
Invents the sad discover!

But mamma does not make a fuss.  
Experience has taught her.  
The proper treatment for each case,  
And that is soap and water.

So Willy always takes his bath,  
And soundly sleeps till Sunday;  
And he is just the *clearest* boy—  
That is, at least, till Monday.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

KALAEKEKA, HAWAII.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—A gentleman lent me some of the last numbers of your nice paper, and I read some of the tales written by little girls, so I want to tell you something about my home. We live close to the bay where Captain Cook was killed, and in October last I went with my aunt and two sisters to a native feast given by the Princess Likei like the King's sister, in honor of her only daughter's birthday. We had the feast in a "lanai," which is something like a very long arbor without sides, and covered on the top with cocoa-nut leaves. There were two or three hundred, and one was built right up close to the bay. There were between two and three hundred people present, and we all sat upon mats put on the ground, and ate with our fingers as the natives all do. There was an abundance of everything that is nice, both native and foreign, and I think all enjoyed themselves. The affair caused quite an excitement, as our district is a very quiet one. The houses are very much scattered here, but it is very pretty, as there are many of trees. The native women all ride astride, the same as the men, and are very expert horsewomen. Most of them are very good-tempered, and they all wear one kind of dress, called a "holoku," which is something like a night-dress set in a yoke, but trimmed with silk makes it look nicer; and at their holidays they wear wreaths of bright-colored flowers around their necks, called "lei." The houses are usually made of dry grass, but some that are better off have them made of wood. They live chiefly upon yam, sweet-potatoes, and dry fish. Poi is made from the taro, and pounded dry with a stone mallet, and then mixed gradually with water. They use canoes made out of the trunks of large trees, in which they go fishing, and they are also very active in the water, ducking their heads in, and then coming up again as quickly as possible at quite a distance from where they went down. There are sharks all along the coast, but it is very seldom we hear of an accident. There are scarcely any animals here except those which have been imported, and will not endure as well as you, a happy new year, as Christmas will have passed before this reaches you.

LILLIE G.

We are very glad to read this letter from a dear, far-away correspondent.

ALABAMA STATION, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

DEAR, KIND POSTMASTER.—I am a little girl of seven. I am a sister of Lulu S., who wrote not very long ago. I like this paper very much. My sisters and I like reading the letters the best. The weather is very hot, on account of bush fires.

We have just finished shearing; our pets had such beautiful fleeces. I will tell you the names of them: Minnie, Matt, Doris, Rebecca, Pet, Bibbles, Humphrey, and Solomon McDaniel. Do you think I write well? I go to school every day, and study music, spelling, grammar, geography, and parsing. My sister Eda says I sometimes practice very badly, but she gives me a cross. I hope you will print this little letter, as I would like to see it in print. I remain your loving little

DAISY S.

You write beautifully, and you must try to practice just as well as you write.

CHARLOTTE,

NORTH CAROLINA.

We are three little cousins, Sudie, Mary, and May, and our ages are ten, nine, and eight. We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a year, and we want to thank you for the help in making our Christmas presents which we received from the "Little Girls' Christmas Club." We made five spectacle-wipers, four pen-wipers, two hair-pin balls, and a match-end holder. They were all much admired by our friends. We wrote some verses, and sent them with our presents. Mary gave her sister a hair-pin ball, and with it sent this:

## A POEM TO MY SISTER, CHRISTMAS, 1885.

My dear sister Kitty,  
So sweet and so kind,  
I send you this ball  
To hang on the wall.  
So when hair-pins you take out,  
Don't throw them about,  
But stick in this fellow,  
So round and so yellow;  
He will neither scratch nor kick  
When his skin you do prick,  
But always be ready  
To hold the pins steady—  
As steady and true  
As my love for you.

Sudie inclined the following, with a pen-wiper, to a young lawyer. We will have to omit his name, but it rhymes with "skip":

My dear —  
You must not hop and skip  
When the present you see  
Which I send to thee.  
For lawyers should ever  
Be tidy and clever.  
He should keep his pen clean  
When clients are seen  
To climb up the stairs,  
And sit on the chairs,  
With sorrowful faces,  
To tell of their cases.  
So take, my dear "Dudie,"  
This present from Dudie.

We had a delightful Christmas, and received many pretty presents. On the 23d we had Mary's ninth birthday, and she had a cake with nine wax candles on it. Wishing you a happy new year, we are your little friends, S. M., and M.

Thank you for this pleasant letter. I am glad you found the Christmas Club papers so helpful.

LANSING, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl seven years old, and live in a house on a great park that surrounds village buildings. There are a good many little children on the grounds. I like a fine time playing on the children's hill, but the hill does not over three feet high, but with cars about one foot long. He is, *BOOTH*, *BOOTH*, *BOOTH*, *BOOTH*, but he is very good and gentle, and allows the children to ride him or drive him. I have a little two-wheeled cart. One day one of the children drove him to the city, more than three miles away. Santa Claus did not forget to come to our house, although I did not see him. I watched for him a long time, but he did not come until I was asleep. I do not see how he gets down the chimney. He brought me

a nice doll, two sets of dishes, a book, and some candy and nuts. I have two little brothers.

Yours, with love,

NORMA.

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and I do wish I had the volumes that were published before I took it. I will be ten years old on the 15th of this month (January). I go to Miss T.'s school, and have a good time. I received thirty-six presents and twenty-four cards. One of my presents was a doll, and another was a book. I will not go over all my gifts, for fear you would not want to publish so long a letter. I wish it would grow cold soon for I have a new pair of skates, and I want to learn to use them. I have a new pet now, a bird. My dog was so old he died, though I think papa will soon get me another.

With love,

FLORENCE O.

BROOK CREEK, NEW JERSEY.

MY DARLING POSTMASTER.—I am too little to write, so papa is writing for me. The reason I am writing to you is because you make me think of my dear mamma. She died last summer, and if you have a mamma, you don't know how much you miss one. Papa is the next darlings thing to mamma, then my kitty, and then grandma—I mean grandma first. I hope you will excuse papa's mistakes, because I am telling him just what to say, and it's I who makes the mistakes, not he. Do please don't blame him. He said he thought you would like this better if I made it up all myself.

Your loving friend,

LULU.

I see many girls and boys tell what stories they like best, so I will do so too. I like all Howard Pyle's stories best, and the Post-office Box comes next. For pets I have two cats and two dogs and a dead mamma. She died last summer, and if you have a mamma, you don't know how much you miss one. Papa is the next darlings thing to mamma, then my kitty, and then grandma—I mean grandma first. I hope you will excuse papa's mistakes, because I am telling him just what to say, and it's I who makes the mistakes, not he. Do please don't blame him. He said he thought you would like this better if I made it up all myself.

Your loving friend,

LULU.

I saved last year's numbers, and mamma had them bound for one of my Christmas presents. If there is any little girl of about my age who wants to write, I will be very much pleased to hear she will correspond with me. I am thirteen years old. Christmas night we all went to church. The little took spoke pieces, and of course old Santa Claus paid us a visit and distributed small gifts to the members of the Sunday-school. I have no pets except one sister and one brother. My sister Emma is eight years old, and our church has a very fine fire. It has been cold at all this winter: it is just like spring all the time. Well, I must stop now; but I hope some little girl twelve or thirteen years old will write to me soon, and I will answer promptly.

MARY DEAN.

CAPE OF MARY C. F. DEAN, Washington C. H., Ohio.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

Kansas City has a good many hills. My schoolhouse is on a high hill; the name of it is Morse. I study spelling, intellectual and practical arithmetic, grammar, geography, music, and composition. I am in the Fifth Reader. I like "The Ice Queen" in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I never had any brothers or sisters, I have a dog, a pet, and that is a canary-bird named Downy. Do you think it is a pretty name for a bird? He is a great pet, too. I had him from when he was a few days old. I have been five years of age.

Your constant reader,

IDA L. A.

P. O. BOX 100, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—A pretty catch-all may be made thus: Take a cocoa-nut shell, cut the top off about a quarter of an inch down, and use the other piece smooth with sand-paper, and gird. Bore three holes high up with a small gimlet, and put gilded wire—twisted would be pretty—through and attach the top. The bow at the top, and the catch, all is complete.

A nice little spectacle-wiper may be made in this way by about any little girl: Cut two round pieces of cambric or muslin, and work button-hole stitches all round on both. Make a small hole in the top, and put a narrow ribbon through of the same color with which you work the edges—cardinal red is pretty.

We have only two horses now and four cows, and a calf named Clover. She is quite tame, and knows her name very well. I have a cat named Tom and Eva, and they are both nice, especially Eva, which is gentler than a kitten.







DRAWING ON HIS IMAGINATION.

MAMMA "What is it a hand?"  
 CLAUDE "Why, don't you see? It's a picture of a dog chasing a cat. That's the cat's tail sticking out from behind the barrel."  
 MAMMA "But where's the dog?"  
 CLAUDE "Oh, he hasn't come round the corner yet."

## MAN AND MULL.

SSAID an old maiden lady named Ann,  
 As she toyed with her mirror and fan:  
 "Too long have I tarried;  
 It's time I was married;  
 I'm off to the Island of Man."

But the men in the Island of Man,  
 They did not agree with her plan,  
 For in spite of her grace,  
 The sight of her face  
 Was not an attraction in Man.

So this poor maiden lady grew dull,  
 And retired to the Island of Mull;  
 And I don't think you'll trace  
 A more suitable place  
 For maids unsuccessful than Mull.

But it chanced that one evening in  
 June  
 She was seen by the Man in the  
 Moon.

At once he proposed,  
 And the bargain was closed:  
 She married the Man in the Moon.

But the last time I saw that old  
 man,  
 I inquired for the health of Aunt  
 Ann.

He winked his left eye,  
 And said, with a sigh,  
 "They were wise in the Island of Man."

## SONG-BIRDS AS POETS.

AUGUST is the dullest month in the year for song. Nearly all the birds, being "sore in moult," hide away in damp, shady places. Mr. Davy has put the song of most birds into words. He repeated the words of a thrush's song, and I found by carefully listening that the bird does actually sing the following words:

Knee deep, knee deep, knee deep,  
 Cherry du, cherry du, cherry du, cherry du;  
 White hat, white hat.  
 Pretty Joey, pretty Joey, pretty Joey.

My readers should learn these words by heart, and listen to a thrush singing. They will find the thrush pronounces the above words as nearly as possible.

Repeat them all, even when no bird is present, rapidly, in a bird-like manner, and see the effect. It is very difficult to word a blackbird's song. Mr. Davy can imitate a blackbird's song so well that he can bring Mr. Blackbird up to him to be caught, but he can not put his song into words.

Having got on to the language of birds, Mr. Davy gave us some more examples. I give his reading of the song of the nightingale. The song is commenced in "wheeting and kurring," which may thus be written,

Wheet, wheet, kurr, k-u-u-r-r-r.

The song after that continues, as follows:

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,  
 Jug, jug, jug, jug, jug,  
 Swot, swot, swot, swotty.

They keep on these notes a long time, finishing up with "swotting and kurring." The song must be pronounced with great inflections—crescendo-diminuendo, I think the lady pianists call it; especially modify the "sweet, sweet," and pronounce it in a plaintive manner. The "jug, jug, jug" is quick, like a dog barking.

The wagtails have different calls. The call of the black-and-white wagtail is "Physic, physic, physic," quickly repeated, and with a whistle Davy can make them come close up. Listen to the first wagtail you hear, and you will find he invokes the aid of the medical profession.



THE FIRST (AND LAST) TRIP OF THE PELTYVILLE TOBOGGAN CLUB.



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## THE LACE-MAKERS.

BY LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

**D**OWN among the hawthorn-bordered lanes of some of England's loveliest counties, Buckinghamshire and Devonshire in particular, there are nestling scores of the most wonderful little cottages, such as you see in pictures, with thatch-covered roofs and diamond-paned windows almost smothered in a tangle of roses and honeysuckle and clematis and ivy. If you crept up to one of the sweet, shady porches on a summer's afternoon, or peeped in at the little low casement when the winter skies were heavy and gray, you would find all the women and girls the cottage contained busy over a most mysterious and fascinating work.

On the lap of each, or on a curious light frame of wood before her, would be laid a strangely shaped cushion, stuck full of the minutest fine pins, sometimes with colored sealing-wax heads, and sometimes with only their heads of unadorned wire. You would notice with wonder that everybody's hands were moving over her cushion so rapidly that your eyes could scarcely follow them; yet by-and-by as you watched, you would understand that there was an order and a method in the movements that seemed at first so wild; and then, looking closer, you would see that from each of those countless lit-

Davidson Nov. 1885

the pins there hung a thread, fine as a spider's best web, with a funny little wooden stick at the end, and that those flying hands were tossing to and fro these sticks, or bobbins, on which the delicate threads were wound, and pausing now and then to raise a pin, twist the threads about it, and stick it into the cushion once more.

Then while you looked and wondered, behold! your eye would fall upon the space where these flying threads had been dancing the fastest, and you would see, stretched flat and even between the rows of sentinel pins, a pattern of lace so fine and so exquisite that you would rub your eyes with all your might before you could believe it was not the work of Jack Frost on a winter's morning.

And then you would exclaim, perhaps, "Oh, I see now! I know what they are doing: they are making lace."

Yes, you have guessed it. These are "the free maids who weave their web with bone," the pillow-lace makers of England, who earn their bread by manufacturing one of the most exquisite and artistic materials in the world, and whose work is the most fascinating kind of play.

There are two kinds of lace—point lace and pillow (or cushion) lace. That is to say, of *real* lace, for the lace that is made by machinery is only an imitation, and though often very beautiful in its way, is far inferior to hand-made lace in loveliness, delicacy, and value. Point lace is the name for all lace that is worked with a needle, and wonderful, indeed, are some of the old laces that have come down to us from the busy and skilful fingers that were cold and still centuries before we saw the light. But most of the hand-made lace of to-day is pillow-woven, and the two great English laces, Buckingham and Honiton, employ hundreds and hundreds of women and girls in their exquisite manufacture.

Long before a tiny daughter of the lace-makers has learned to read she can wind bobbins on the curious little bobbin-winder that looks somewhat like a spinning-wheel; and when she is just able to hold a tiny pillow on her knee she is sent every morning to the "lace school," where, seated on low wooden three-legged stools, a whole crowd of wee children learn to plait their threads and stick their pins from the old woman who sits in the middle of the group, and teaches and scolds, and sometimes makes use of the stick which rests against the back of her rush-bottomed chair.

By-and-by, as the children grow older, they can be trusted alone, without fear of soiling their threads or tangling their bobbins, and then comes the glory of the time when they learn for themselves to "read patterns"—not such reading as you are doing now, for the patterns are not written, or even sketched, but pricked in holes on stout brown card-board, and the "reading" is tracing out the proper places for the pins, and knowing where they must go to form the pattern.

The two kinds of English pillow lace are very unlike both in appearance and in the way of making. Buckingham lace, which is very like a kind of foreign lace called Maltese, is thick and close, made on a long pillow like a roly-poly pudding, with pins whose heads are gayly colored, and bobbins weighted with heavy beads of colored glass and china. Honiton or Devonshire lace is far finer and more exquisite, so like a spider's web that it has never been imitated by machinery; it is worked on a flat round cushion like a dumpling, with pins as fine as hairs, and threads that one can scarcely see. All the pillows are stuffed almost as hard as bricks, and prettily covered with linen cloths, edged with bright-colored borders; and sometimes the bobbins are named after different friends, and have their initials burned into the soft wood. I knew one poor Buckinghamshire woman who called her prettiest bobbin by the name of a little child she had lost. "And," she said, "whenever the bobbin comes under my hand, I think of my blessed baby safe with the angels."

A simple and an innocent folk are the lace-makers, with

few wants and few ambitions beyond the need of making their daily bread, and the desire to "read out" a pattern more difficult or elaborate than those hitherto worked in the hamlet. It is not a trade at which people grow rich, for the work is so fine that it is not rapidly executed; and though hundreds and even thousands of dollars are sometimes paid for large and handsome pieces, the traders, or "middle-men," as they are called, get most of the profits, and the poor lace-makers are paid at a rate that seems to us absurdly small. Beautifully finished little sprigs in Honiton lace generally bring only about one shilling (or twenty-five cents in American money) a dozen; and I once found a poor woman working her hardest to finish and send off a gross of them "because, miss, they tell me the price's rose to thirteence, and one must take the market while it's up, you know."

Still, good workers are so skilful and so quick in their work that even with such small pay they manage to earn enough to help on the household, and even sometimes to support themselves. Early in this century the Honiton lace trade had sunk into a very wretched thing. Nobody bought the lace, and the poor lace-makers would work day and night without being able to earn their bread. Then the young Princess Victoria came to the throne, and when she heard the story of the poor Devonshire lace folk, her heart was stirred with pity and sorrow.

"English people should wear English lace," she said. "I will try to make them see how beautiful it is."

And so the young Queen's coronation robes were trimmed with the snowy film-like lace; and by-and-by her bridal gown. And years afterward, as each royal princess gave her hand and her heart at the altar to some prince of her choice, the lovely Honiton was still the only adornment of her wedding dress.

And never was there lace more fitting for royal wear, or more capable of being worked in every cunning and exquisite device. All the leaves of the field and every flower that grows, the birds and the butterflies and the ferns, all lend their graceful forms for its designs, which hints at them, but does not try to copy. Clever lace-makers can weave their own names into the scroll of a pattern or the tracery of a leaf, and no one who did not know the secret could even guess where it was till it was pointed out. Then one can draw one's own designs, and prick them out, and so a thousand different combinations can be made, each one more wonderful than the last.

Of late lace-making has become fashionable work in English drawing-rooms. One sees cushions covered with embroidered cloths and ivory bobbins inlaid with glittering gold and silver, and certainly there was never a daintier employment for delicate fingers nor a more charming occupation than the tossing to and fro of the rattling "bones," and seeing the fairy-like texture grow beneath one's hands.

But, after all, even drawing-room surroundings can never be prettier or more fascinating than the scenes where it first came into the world, and down among the valleys of Buckinghamshire or along the Devon coast the lace trade is a series of pictures that, once seen, can never be forgotten. Sometimes it is a steep cliff-side, where the children bring their pillows on a summer's evening, and sit and chatter and laugh together over their work, after the manner of children all the world over; sometimes it is a deep, low cottage porch, where the sunbeams fall broken and scattered through the wild, straggling branches of clematis, and the blackbird sings in its quaint wicker cage hanging overhead; and sometimes it is by the winter fire, when the wild winds rage round the old stone cottage walls, and the waves break loud and long on the black rocks below, and the group within draw closer together with their cushions, and the old mother shudders as a fiercer blast comes in the gale, and lays her hand with a touch that is like a caress on the well-worn bobbin that bears

the name of her sailor boy away out on the stormy sea. Winter or summer, storm or shine, the bobbins fly to and fro, and the threads weave, and the wondrous fabric grows, silent and sure, and spreads, white as the Alpine snow-drifts, over the mysterious pattern pricked below.



### SAILING ON SKATES.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

ONE day when Laurie and Dick were out as usual sailing the *Whiffle*, and racing everything in the way of an ice-yacht that gave them a chance, they came to grief. They were going at a great pace, with the wind abeam, when the rudder picked up a loose stick on the ice, lost its grip, and soon the *Whiffle*, at a speed of twenty miles an hour, tried to run down the State of New Jersey. The boys were not hurt, but the *Whiffle* was a total wreck. She was laboriously towed home, but nothing could be done in the way of repairs till some new castings could be supplied, so the boys had recourse to skating instead.

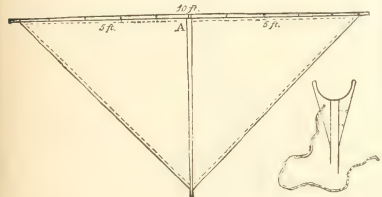


FIG. 1.—PLAN OF SAIL.

"I say, Laurie," said Dick, as they went home to dinner, "let's try skate-sailing. I've always wanted to, but could never get anybody to join me."

"Skate-sailing! What's that?" asked Dick.

"Why, you rig a sail on a light spar, and turn yourself into an ice-boat. Mr. Kinney, our minister, knows about it. He used to live in some place up on Lake Erie where they used to do it."

In the evening the boys went to Mr. Kinney's, who entered into their plans at once, and after giving them the benefit of his personal experience, lent them a lot of drawings and descriptions, which they sat up late to study. The patterns were quite numerous. One of them had a topsail that could be furled or used according to necessity; another consisted of two square sails on a single spar; another had a mast which was stepped in a socket strapped to the leg below the knee.

After going over the whole assortment, they made up their minds that a certain pattern which Mr. Kinney recommended as the Cape Vincent sail was the best and simplest; at any rate, the easiest made. Next morning



BEFORE THE WIND.

right after breakfast they went to town and bought seven yards of heavy twilled sheeting two yards wide, and taking it home, went to work in earnest. Dick had some experience in sail-making for canoes, and Maggie, his sister, catching the skate-sailing fever, offered to help with the sewing-machine.

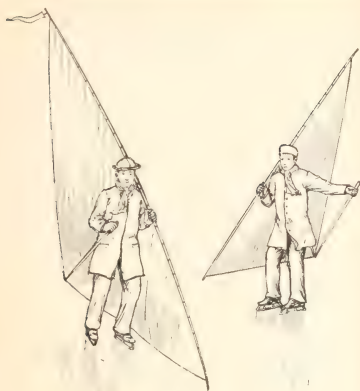
The sheeting was carefully cut—allowing enough material for a wide hem—in the shape shown in Fig. 1. When ready for stitching, it was ten feet on the longest side, the head of the sail, and five feet on each of the shorter sides.

When the two sails were hemmed, all hands took hold and sewed loops of stout twine at the corners, and eyelets at intervals of six inches along the head of each sail. For this they used the eyes of common hooks and eyes, which Dick said were not at all ship-shape, but were easier to do than grommets. By noon the sails were done, and an adjournment was called to the workshop to get out the spars.

These were, first, the yard, ten feet six inches long and one and a half thick in the middle; it tapered to about five-eighths of an inch at the ends, through which holes were drilled large enough to receive the lashings for the sail. Secondly, the sprit, or spreader, a shorter and lighter stick five feet six inches long, an inch wide, and five-eighths thick. These dimensions are given as the largest likely to be available. The sprit should not be longer than the distance from the nape of the skater's neck to his ankles. A sail that is too large, however, may be reefed by rolling it on the yard, and lashing it wherever needed. The sprit was slightly tapered toward the lower end, through which a hole was bored for lashings. The upper end was provided with a croch to fit under the yard, and a bit of cord was attached so that two or three turns could be taken around the yard to keep the spreader in position when the sail was set. (See Fig. 1.)

By mid-day one set of spars was ready, for the boys were both good carpenters. Then a sail was lashed to the yard, the spreader was inserted, and the corner which they agreed to call the "clew" was hauled out taut, bending the yard a little like a bow, so that everything was stretched as flat as possible.

The boys sensibly agreed not even to test the first sail until both were done, so they hurried back to the shop after dinner, when it took but a short time to turn out the second set in better shape, if possible, than the first, and ten minutes later the boys were on the ice, with Maggie on her skates as an interested spectator. A strong wind was blowing across the river, nearly a mile wide at this point, and the boys had to get under way from a lee shore. Laurie was first to put on his skates, and kneeling on the ice, set his spreader, lashed it fast, and was on the point of rising, when a puff of wind slid under the sail as it lay on the ice, whisked it up like a flash against Laurie,



ON THE PORT TACK.

ON THE  
STARBOARD TACK.

who, being totally unprepared, was upset in a twinkling, while the sail turned a somersault, and then lay down quietly on the ice again.

Laurie sat up and scratched his head. "Is that what you call jibing, Dick?"

Dick could hardly answer for laughing, but managed to say, "No; that's being taken flat aback."

"You're right. Moral: always get to windward of your sail when you're setting it."

When the boys were fairly on their feet, with their sails in hand, they found themselves nearly helpless, and went ashore in spite of all they could do. At length, on Maggie's suggestion, they furled their sails and skated to windward across the river, where, under the lee of the shore, they again made ready, and came back like race-horses on the homestretch. In the excitement Dick had not thought to try the wind abeam, but as they again skated across, he determined to put his helm to starboard and try a run down-stream. In a few minutes they were again gliding before the wind so swiftly that they hardly felt its pressure against the sail at their backs, when Dick sung out, "Good-by; I'm going to try her on the wind."

Suiting the action to the word, he changed direction to the left, keeping the sail at right angles to the wind, but the pressure became so tremendous that he could not stand up against it. However, his sailor instinct came to the rescue. "Too much head-sail," he reflected; and then he canted the peak aloft, and allowed the wind to strike the sail at an angle. Instantly he shot away down the river at a speed that nearly took away his breath. He heard Laurie's shouts growing faint behind him, and, before he knew it, found himself approaching an embankment at a pace the like of which he had never before experienced on anything short of an ice-boat.

"I wonder how they put the helm alee on these things anyhow?" he thought; and with that he tried to come up into the wind, failed, was twisted off his feet by a flaw, let go everything, and went ashore in spite of himself.

No harm was done, and with the wind across channel he could lay his course up stream as well as down. In a very few minutes he covered the two miles to his starting-

point, and thus the boys were introduced to a sport that is in some respects superior to ice-yachting, in that the equipment is so simple and inexpensive, and can often be used when the ice is unfit for larger craft.

It takes some perseverance to learn all the tricks of tacking and working to windward, but the initial steps of running free and sailing back and forth with the wind abeam are fun enough in themselves to pay fifty times over for the trouble of making the outfit—which, by-the-way, cannot be purchased ready made anywhere. The only possible way of learning is to begin as these boys did and pick it up by experience. The sail is always carried to windward, and may sometimes be more effectively worked by means of a light stick attached by means of a hook or crotch to the end of the spreader. This enables the sailor to hold his sail at a better angle, but is not necessary. The sail will work very well without it.

Steering is done by instinct: any good skater who knows how to sail a boat will steer himself naturally when sailing on skates. It is hardly necessary to add that no one but a confident and easy skater can hope to manage himself when under sail.

### A SAD TALE OF THE SCARECROW.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

IT was not a very handsome object, with its long, straight arms, its "shocking bad hat," and great square-tailed coat, which flapped lonesomely in the breeze, as if it missed the sturdy limbs and generous girth of Farmer Wiggins, and was ashamed of the gaunt figure it at present encased—an oaken pole stuffed around with some bundles of straw.

Yet Farmer Wiggins was not displeased with his handiwork, and as he put the finishing touches upon the effigy, and made the battered old hat sit more firmly upon the





top of the pole by jamming in a few handfuls of straw, he remarked to his boy: "There, now, that 'll keep the black rascals away from the wheat, and if it does, it 'll be a profitable ending for the old coat, and a good coat it was in its day, too. Fine cloth. I paid thirty dollars for it the year I was married—thirty-two years ago. Dear me, how time does fly! But we'll all be coming to it some day;" with which sage reflection, and a final glance of pride at his work, he walked back to the barn, leaving the boy in uncertainty as to exactly what we will all be coming to, but with a dim notion that, according to Farmer Wiggins's theory, people, like coats, would be utilized as scarecrows when they grew old, and as yet he was too young to know how many persist in making scarecrows of themselves while they are yet young.

He too gazed in admiration at the figure, which he regarded as a work of art, and followed the farmer. The scarecrow was set on guard, and left alone to do its duty. Alone? No, for up in a tree in the neighboring hedge were three interested spectators, who had been watching the farmer's proceedings, and muttering their opinions in subdued caws.

Jack, Jim, and Jerry were three of the liveliest crows in the county. Now most people can't distinguish the difference in crows, and think they are all alike mischievous, but this is a great mistake. Crows are like boys—some are mischievous, others are more so, and others are still more so, and Jim, Jerry, and Jack were of the last variety, as the poor scarecrow found out to his sorrow.

"What do you suppose that old fellow is doing?"



queried Jack, after having watched Farmer Wiggins's operations for some time.

"What are they doing? you mean," corrected Jerry. "There are three of 'em."

"That's what puzzles me," said Jim, with his head cocked quizzically on one side. "Only two came out there, and now there are three."

"And a hard-looking old chap that third one is, too," remarked Jack.

"Some old tramp. Why, they are going off to leave him here. Perhaps they have hired him to keep us out of the wheat!" exclaimed Jim; and the three flew off to the other end of the field, cawing in disgust at Farmer Wiggins's meanness.

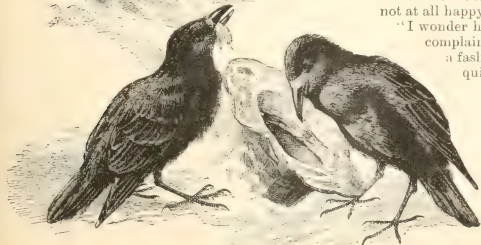
And now the poor Scarecrow was left quite alone and not at all happy.

"I wonder how long he's going to leave me out here?" complained the Coat, who had been considered quite a fashionable person in his day, and could never quite get over his habit of putting on airs.

"All night, maybe," replied the Hat, cheerfully.

"And in such company, too!" sniffed the Coat, carefully drawing its collar as far away from the plebeian Hat as possible. The Oaken Stick, well wrapped in the straw and enveloped in the long-tailed coat, only chuckled. It had been used for the same purpose before, and knew the probable result.

All summer long the poor Scarecrow stood and stretched out its long, gaunt



arms threateningly, and shook its coat tails vigorously at the crows. Some of them staid away, more went and ate their fill at the other end of the field, while Jim, Jack, and Jerry took an especial delight in flying close to the Scarecrow and making sad havoc in the wheat under its very shadow. The Coat would tremble in impotent rage, and taunt the Oaken Stick on account of his inactivity. The Hat regarded the whole proceeding with the greatest good-nature.

"Perhaps he has forgotten us," he would say; "and if we can't keep the crows away, why, there's an end of it."

But the wheat was gathered in, and the poor old Scarecrow still stood in the field. Only one incident occurred during the whole season to relieve the monotony. A very near-sighted young man, who was attentive to Farmer Wiggins's pretty daughter, had doffed his hat one evening and tried to enter into conversation with it. After making several more or less brilliant remarks and receiving no reply, he went off in disgust, and Jerry, who was sitting on a branch near by, avers that he growled, "I don't see what makes the old man so sulky all of a sudden." This incident pleased the Coat greatly, and for two or three days it would not speak to the Hat.

At last the winter came, and one morning the Scarecrow was covered with snow. The Coat, with all his fine airs, was sadly tattered, and the Hat had been blown about by the winds until it hung on the top of the pole in a most rakish manner.

"Just look at the tramp!" exclaimed Jerry, shaking the flakes of snow from his glossy black wings with a saucy flirt.

"I'm going down to see him," remarked Jim, in a tone of sarcastic sympathy.

"Be careful," urged Jerry; but it was of no use. Jim was off, and a moment later was seated on the snow-covered shoulder.

"Pooh! he's quiet enough," he cawed to his brothers, who were standing on a snow-bank at the foot of the Scarecrow.

"Why, he must be dead," said Jerry, still a little afraid.

"Well, I don't care; I am not afraid of him any more;" and with a caw of derision and a vicious peck at the Hat, he flapped off to a neighboring barn-yard for his breakfast. The poor old Coat was too tattered and worn out to feel any resentment at the indignity, and the Hat only laughed, whereat the hole in the crown gaped still larger, and the wisp of straw protruded the more prominently. Successive days of storm and snow followed, and one morning found the old Scarecrow almost blown down, and the Hat lying in the snow not far away.

"Only an old stick, after all," cawed Jerry, in disgust.

"And look at this miserable old hat," cried Jack and Jim; and forthwith began to tear it up in revenge for the part it had played in frightening them all summer.

"This only shows us," said Jerry, sagely, from his perch on the shoulder of the Scarecrow, "how apt we are to overestimate the power of things we don't understand."

"It will teach me that perhaps the best thing, after all, is to do our duty, and think more of what we are going to do and be, and less of what we have been," murmured the Coat, humbly.

"Pretty good morals both," said the Oak Stick. "If you can't be useful as a Sunday coat, you can at least make a good scarecrow; and it is no sign of courage in the crows not to be afraid of you now. They will be again next season. It is not the terrors of the coat, it is the ignorance of the crows, which makes the real scarecrow," with which wise reflection the Oak Stick relapsed into a silence which has never been broken to this day.

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROSE HOUSE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER VI.

FAITH could scarcely remember how she told Jo the story—the old and even new one. The blossoms in the fire-place before them stirred softly from time to time as the faint summer wind came through the open doors, and outside there was the sound now and then on the road of some footfall going or coming. But otherwise no movement; nothing to break the peaceful stillness but Faith's voice, always a clear and sweet one, as she went on, leading Jo's mind carefully from Bethlehem to Gethsemane, from the scourging pillar, by that strange and awful road, to Calvary.

With the simplest words, dwelling on such points as would attract and hold the girl's untutored mind, Faith went on, and at last drifted into something sweet and gentle about Jo's own relation to her Saviour.

The girl had listened. How far it reached below the surface of her heart it was hard to tell, but that at least was stirred, and with Jo no feeling could be very light. Much of it Faith knew she understood, and at last she raised her eyes and said, gravely:

"Fer me, you say, Miss Emerson? He did it fer me?" There was a queer mixture of gratitude and incredulity in her tone.

"For you and all of us," said Faith, quietly. "Now, Jo, try and ask Him to help you. You see, He sent me because you need a friend. Perhaps, Jo, if you had known of Him sooner, and if I had been near you, you would not have thought of taking that fishing-tackle last year."

A burning wave of color swept across the girl's face; it almost seemed to enter into her very eyes. "I had to take it," she said, looking down.

"Had to, Jo—what was not yours?—what some one had left on the beach? That was stealing."

"Grandfather made me," she said, shortly.

Here was a key to much the girl was accused of doing, and it produced a new resolve in Miss Emerson's mind. Jo, she determined, should be her special charge, until at least old influences were forgotten in such new ones as she could bring into the girl's life.

There succeeded to this Sunday three or four of the scorching days which sometimes seem to blight the fresh loveliness of June, and Miss Emerson was confined to the house by a severe headache for two days. On the third a thunder-shower came up, one of those swift gales that shock the atmosphere completely before they cool it; and upon this followed a rain, heavy and drenching, so that in-doors Miss Grace had wood fires lighted and curtains drawn.

Faith had been thinking much of Jo and Sandy, fearful that the alteration of Sunday might end in something worse. She felt sorry to have seen nothing of her new charge, and wondered Jo had not appeared as she had promised to do; but could she have seen Sailors' Row at that moment her heart would have been very full.

Wind and rain were nothing to the inhabitants of that forlorn district. Sunshine, unless it meant heat, was welcome enough, though not regarded from any sentimental point of view, and except in cases of violent storm, they cared little for wet weather. The usual number of loungers about the tavern was rather increased by the excuse of a wet evening, and Jo's grandfather, although among them, did not see a little eager figure as it sped swiftly by

\* Begun in No. 324, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

the brilliantly lighted doorway, drawing a shawl closer about the head and shoulders, almost screening the thin, feverish face out of which Jo's eyes looked unnaturally large and bright.

For Jo had been ill. For almost the first time in her life the girl had been too ill to move about or work, or even romp on the beach, and tossing and turning on her little attic bed she had thought of Faith, of the cool, white hands, the soft, cheerful voice, with a longing to be near their owner once again. It never occurred to her to send for Miss Emerson, nor did it seem unusual to go out in the storm. All she waited for was to make sure of her grandfather's departure for the tavern, and then putting her "best" clothes on, she hurried out of the cottage and darted up the Row, heedless of everything but the attainment of her end.

It grew hard work toward the last, but the girl liked to feel the rain on her head and the wind across her hot cheeks, and the lights of the large house as she drew near it looked friendly to the poor child, who crept in by the side gate, and made her way around to the kitchen door.

Faith was sitting dreamily over the wood fire in the library, now and then answering some remark of her aunt's, or stooping to take from the brass wood basket a small log to rekindle the cheerful blaze, and give her fancies a fresh impetus. Everything about her was significant of warmth and comfort and luxurious content, and the young lady herself looked the impersonation of charming, happy, prosperous girlhood. The room, with its well-lined shelves, pictures, soft hangings, and dainty bric-à-brac, seemed in keeping with her, as she with it, and the sudden appearance of Jo on the threshold of this inviting place was like a strong note of discord in the midst of harmony.

"Goodness!" ejaculated Miss Grace.

Peters, the careful butler, was just behind Jo, explaining, "She would come in herself, miss!"

But Faith did not even hear him. She went swiftly forward and held her hands out to Jo with a charming smile.

Jo had never seen Miss Emerson at home in this way. The beautiful room, with its candles and fire-light, its many luxuries, bewildered her, and Faith coming forward in a soft white wool gown, with jewels flashing in a cross at her neck and in her ears, dazzled the girl so that she could not believe it was the same young lady who had talked to her on Sunday. But the eyes, the voice, the comforting white hands—these were the same. Jo lifted her haggard face pitifully to Faith's, and said nothing; but Faith had already noted that the little brown hands in hers were burning hot, and that the girl was ill.

"Jo," said Miss Emerson, "I am glad to see you. Come with me, my dear. I don't think you feel well."

Heedless of everything else, Faith drew Jo along the hall to a little room with a matted floor and half-worn old-fashioned furniture, where long ago Mr. Emerson's book-loving daughter had sat with him while he made his accounts or attended to farm business.

Peters followed respectfully and lighted the gas, while Faith bade Jo sit down in a great easy-chair, and then drink the cup of warm tea which she ordered Peters to bring, and which the child took with trembling fingers, trying to answer Faith's questions as to how she felt.

Long afterward Jo Markham remembered telling Faith that she had been ill; that her grandfather had been beating her; that it was hot and stifling and full of noises down in Sailors' Row ever since Sunday. She remembered seeing the objects of the room grow more and more obscure before her eyes, until all that riveted her glance was the shining cross at Miss Emerson's throat. The stones seemed to flash out queer colors as poor Jo watched them. At last she ceased to see or think, and it seemed to her that for a time she forgot everything.

## CHAPTER VII.

WHETHER it was one day, or two, or three, or a week, Jo never knew, that it seemed to her she was in a comfortable cool bed in a half-darkened room. She was sure that Faith was near her from time to time; she had pleasant things to drink, and some one turned her pillows and bathed her head, and a tall gentleman bent over her and held her wrist; perhaps she talked a little, and answered questions or asked them, but of this she could not be sure. At all events, later, one still afternoon, she felt sure she was not in Sailors' Row. She opened her eyes and looked about her with real interest, though with very little energy.

The room had windows on two sides, draped with pretty muslins; there was matting of red and white on the floor, and a bright rug by the side of Jo's bed. Pictures hung upon the walls. There were the usual furnishings of a simple pretty bedroom, but to Jo's eyes it all seemed like something in a wonderful dream.

And the bed! The girl stroked the soft linen sheet with her hand, touched, half fearfully, the white counterpane and the quilt of bright-hued cretonne thrown over her knees.

What had happened to her, Jo Markham, of Sailors' Row? Her thoughts were growing confused, when she saw the door open on Miss Emerson's figure.

It was rather queer. Jo didn't know why she said it, but her first question was, "Where's the cross you had on?"

Faith smiled with pleasure and went away, returning in a moment with the little shining cross in her hand.

"You may keep it by you if you like, Jo," she said, cheerily. "I am so glad you are better."

Then the young lady told her she had been quite ill for a few days, and she meant to keep her in North Street until she was strong and well.

Days, perhaps weeks, drifted by in Jo's life. Sickness, weakness, rest, are great purifiers where there is tender care, and some strong heart and loving one to lean upon, so that, although she did not know it, those weeks did more for Jo Markham than a year of sermonizing and "reforming" by more active means would have done. The room where she was ill was in the top of the large, old-fashioned house, and there was a wide hall outside, with windows at either end, in which, as her strength came, she walked about or sat down, sometimes alone, sometimes with Jane (Miss Faith's maid) sewing near her, and very often with Miss Emerson herself. Jo never guessed the opposition that had been made to Faith's keeping her in the house during this illness, but the young lady knew it was her surest way toward Jo's salvation. Bertie "aided and abetted," and fortunately a well-filled purse came in very good requisition in such a case as this; with all that money could command, Miss Emerson had been able to contrive that Jo's illness away upstairs should trouble no one.

Company came and went as usual; if Miss Grace and Mrs. Keith deplored Faith's folly in half-whispers to each other, it made no difference in the lively little lady's visits, nor in her encouraging Faith in various summer gayeties in which the "Buds" took happy part. Sounds of this other life down-stairs often reached Jo—music, singing, gay voices, the ripple of sweet laughter—but it all belonged to so entirely a different world from anything she knew about that the girl heeded it but little. Somehow she grew to feeling a delightful sense of possession in her room, in the wide, cool hall, in the comfortable chair placed in one of the windows, and the little low table where Jane put her tea for her, and where she had her books and some sewing. Faith was teaching her again, and she sewed from time to time on some garment for herself which Jane cut out.

The girl did not ask herself how long this charmed life



"SHE SAW THE DOOR OPEN ON MISS EMERSON'S FIGURE."

was to go on. Perhaps if she had been stronger, the craving for out-of-door freedom would have overcome the quiet, happy content of these days; so it was merciful that her weakness lasted long enough to give Faith the chance she so earnestly desired. Meanwhile Bertie and Miss Emerson had been making changes in Jo's old home at Sailors' Row. It was impossible to induce old Markham to leave there, but he permitted them to thoroughly clean and to a certain extent refurnish the miserable dwelling. Jo's attic they made really comfortable with touches of decoration by some colored pictures from illustrated papers, with a hanging book-shelf, a nice little mirror and shelf below it, and strips of pretty carpeting on the floors. The windows were mended, curtaining put up, and all the various holes and cracks in the wall and sloping ceiling repaired.

Jo had been two months at North Street before Faith talked to her of going home. She had grown so much stronger, physically and mentally, during this time, that she was ready for the change, although it cost her a fit of terrible crying to think of leaving Miss Emerson and her happy room and hallway, but Faith assured her she should come there whenever and however she liked.

"We will always call them yours, Jo," said Miss Emerson, during their last talk in the deep hall window.

I think it was that evening that Faith noted many changes in the girl. There were touches of the old defiant look now and then, but the sullenness had vanished; the eyes softer and brighter, the lines about the mouth and chin indicative of her new-found peace and contentment.

Altogether, it was a very different Jo Markham who returned to Sailors' Row from the wild little anguished being who had rushed away that stormy night in June. Old Markham had been in a way by Faith and Bertie "bound over to keep the peace." He was to be allowed two dollars and a half a week "for Jo's board" as long as he treated her decently and allowed her to come to school and to Miss Emerson when she wished. Faith's little half-weekly day-school stopped when the regular public schools opened, but she had three afternoons for talks and sewing, and early in the autumn she was to begin a cooking class.

In this she had interested Jo keenly, intending to give her a position of trust as soon as it began.

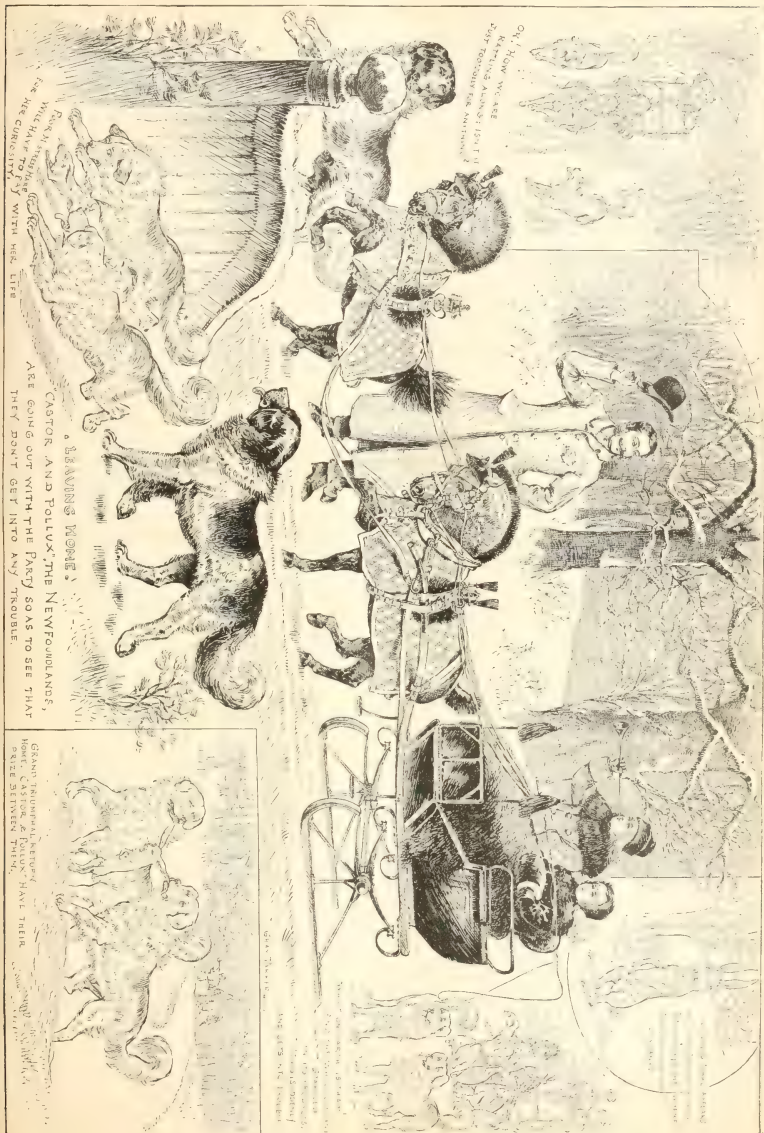
Jo entered the altered house in the Row with a feeling of positive awe. The tidy kitchen, the rows of new pots and pans shining on a little oak-wood dresser, the stove, and new deal table and cane-bottom chairs, fresh white-wash, and a nice easy-chair for old Markham—all these wonders fairly transfixed her between surprise and delight. And upstairs her own room! why, it was just *next* best to the one at Miss Emerson's; and as in the dulllest mind is some instinct for *home*, these new-found joys delighted Jo the more in that they were in the only place she had ever called her own.

"Now, Jo," said Faith, "all I ask of you is to keep it tidy. And you know for the next two weeks you must come up every other day to Mary, so that you will be ready to help me in my cooking class."

I think Jo prayed that night from a very full heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





Oh, how we are  
kidding him! I don't  
say too much for him!

For the curiosity,  
Polly had to go  
with her dog.

CASTOR AND POLLY, THE NEWFOUNDLANDS,  
ARE GOING OUT WITH THE PARTY SO AS TO SEE THAT  
THEY DON'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE.



GRANT, TRINIDAD, BEYOND  
HOLD, CASTOR & POLLY HAVE THEIR  
FATE DETERMINED.

G. F. P.

THE NEW  
HARPER'S  
YOUNG PEOPLE  
PUBLISHED  
BY THE  
HARPER & BROTHERS  
NEW YORK

HARPER, OUT WITH HIS SLEIGH TANDER HUNTS A HARE—DRAWN BY GRANT-PARKER.

## THE GAME OF SKELETONS.

BY GAYL BATTLE.

THE little game I propose to explain to you is, as Mrs. Malaprop might say, not only amusing, but instructing. This is the way we play it: that is, the boys and girls of our family, and the boys and girls of many other families who sometimes join us, to say nothing of children of a larger growth, who take as much interest in the game as the youngsters do:

We are supplied with a silica blackboard four feet long and three feet wide, and a box of good chalk crayons. The blackboard is movable, and rests upon pegs which are set in the uprights of a light easel. Then each player has before him a slate or a slip of paper to practise upon. We usually begin the game an hour or so after the evening meal, and continue it until it is time for the boys and girls to prepare for bed.

The first thing we do as we take seats around the table in the dining-room, with the blackboard so placed as to be in full view of all, is to choose a chairman—some one to act as leader, umpire, and justice of the peace for the evening. At our last meeting, Aunt Kate was unanimously chosen. She briefly explained the game for the benefit of those who had not yet played it, and after pleasantly warning us, young and old, that there should be no whispering, no prompting, and, above all, no quarrelling, on pain of her most signal displeasure, she took a crayon, and, going to the board, thus illustrated her explanation.

"Now," said she, "I write upon the board what we call the skeleton of a word, thus: G + o + g + . This you call upon your slates or not, just as you choose. I call upon some one of the class to substitute a letter for one of the little crosses. Harry, you being the youngest, will give me a letter for the first cross."

"E," was Harry's prompt response; and Aunt Kate rubbed out the first cross and inserted Harry's letter, so that the skeleton was now Geo + g + .

"Ella, give me a letter for the second place."

"The letter R," said Ella, and that was entered.

"Now," said Aunt Kate, "let Anna supply the missing letter."

Anna suggested E, and the word now stood out in full form—George.

The members of the class who had never before seen the game played felt as well qualified to take part in it as though they had been experts at it for half a century.

Aunt Kate next gave us something not quite so easy. "This time," she said, "I will fill the *odd* spaces with crosses." So she wrote: + a + o + .

"This is not a proper name," she observed, "and I want no blind guess-work. Each one of you must settle upon some word of five letters, the second of which shall be *a*, the fourth *o*. When one is ready he will raise his hand."

Little Bertha's hand was up first.

"Take the chalk, Bertie," said Aunt Kate, "and supply the first letter."

Bertie stepped to the board, and after some labor, left in place of the first cross a very fat "D."

"Oh!" said Emma, "that spoils my word."

"It spoils mine too," said Jennie.

Then Aunt Kate called upon the next in the class to insert the second missing letter; but No. 2 shook his head, after much study of the board, and gave it up. No. 3 acknowledged herself at a loss; No. 4 said he was all at sea unless Aunt Kate would allow him to help build up a man's name; No. 5 made an effort to fix upon a letter that would fit, but retired; No. 6 surrendered unconditionally, and the rest did likewise.

"Now, Bertie," said Aunt Kate, "as all have given up, it remains for you to complete the word."

Whereupon Miss Bertie, with flashing eyes and smiling

lips, applied the crayon again, and after a good long tussle, in which she bestowed more of the chalk upon her dainty little fingers than upon the board, she presented us with the word "Dapot."

"What does that spell?" said Aunt Kate.

"Why, *dépot*, of course," said Miss Bertie, with some dignity.

"Oh!" cried one and then another of the class; "that's wrong. Bertie has a mark."

And poor Bertie, somewhat taken aback, was shown the nature of her error, a mark was scored against her, and the game went on.

"We'll keep the same skeleton," said Aunt Kate; "because a mistake has been made. Jennie may supply the first letter."

Jennie wrote "F" in the place of the first cross, for she had selected *fatot*; but Harry, having taken *canon*, was bothered, and passed the chalk to Emma, who, having set her mind upon *favor*, wrote *v* for the second missing letter, leaving *r* to be supplied by Dick.

The same skeleton was used several times, and although the disasters were many, the youngsters had the satisfaction of knowing that they had fixed the orthography of a number of useful words in their minds, and enjoyed lots of fun besides. Here is the list of words they built up on what Harry called Aunt Kate's skeleton:

|       |       |       |       |       |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| Favor | Tabor | Fagot | Nabob | Canon |
| Manor | Canoe | Mason | Labor | Talon |

I see that I have neglected to mention that there is always a prize for the most successful competitor, that is, for the one who receives the fewest marks. I must also inform my readers that any member of the class is privileged to ask the meaning of any word presented by another member. If he cannot define it he receives a mark, as Uncle Joe did when he sought to fool us with *nabob*.

We have a great deal of fun at this little game, and I hope that I have made it so plain that any of you can start it. Here are a few skeletons to practise upon:

|                   |                       |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| T + r + s + o     | P + i + i + i + i     |
| C + r + s + o + d | C + p + o + r + r     |
| A + i + i + i     | A + s + e + e + e + e |
| S + i + r + t + y | C + i + i + i + i     |
| i + i + i         | + a + a + r + r       |
| P + p + l + r     | A + s + s + i + a + e |
| + y + r + r       | + i + e + i + o       |
|                   | L + a + i + i + i     |

The game need not be always played in the same way. It may be changed to suit the players. The character of the skeletons, too, may be indefinitely changed. You may, for example, present such combinations as these:

|                             |                           |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| M + h + s + e + r           | U + n + i                 |
| + w + i + t + h + e + s + s | A + s + e + e + e + e + e |
| + o + u + t + h + e + s     | + i + r + i + i + o + s   |
| M + s + k + e + n + i + n   | F + e + i + i + o + s     |

Or you may sometimes use two or three crosses together, as in these skeletons:

|                           |                   |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| A + r + i + i + i + i + i | i + i + i + i + i |
| V + e + a + b + l + e     | + h + i + e + n   |

Of course, when you are engaged in this game, you may have a dictionary at hand to settle any disputes that may arise. The dictionary is a good book to consult even when no game is going on. Open Webster's or Worcester's at any page, and you will be sure to find something you did not know before, something interesting, odd, or funny, but always worth knowing. If you receive no other benefit, it at least teaches you how the words of your language are made up.

*Hints.*—Take turns at leadership, giving even the youngest a chance to exercise control.

To avoid unnecessary delay, let the leader always be furnished with the word you propose to build.

The first missing letter should always be supplied by some one other than the person who prepares the skeleton.

If you have no blackboard, see that each member is furnished with slate or paper to practise on.

In many cases the letter supplied, while not the letter needed for the word chosen by the first player, is correct for another word whose skeleton is the same. In such case the player who supplies such letter can claim his right to use it on making his word known to the leader. It remains for the other players to finish the word, as though No. 2 and not No. 1 had started it. Thus the skeleton is +a+t+e, proposed by No. 1, whose word is battle. No. 2 writes e for the first missing letter; and should No. 1 object, No. 2 shows his word (cattle) to the leader, and claims the right to "set the pace." The claim allowed, the game goes on, No. 1 having to meet the requirements just as though he had not proposed a word at all.

### "PUNK" ON THE RESERVATION.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

THE band of Kiowas was commanded by the great war chief Kicking Mule had kept away from the Reservation just as long as it could, but the time had come for it to go there. The United States government had set apart for it lands enough, and had provided many good things upon them, including an "Agent" to distribute rations and presents, but the great chief and his warriors and their squaws preferred to run wild. They had refused to go until convinced by good reasons that it was necessary. Sixty good reasons on foot, in nice blue uniforms, were now marching along with them, and forty more on horseback were riding behind them. These were there to look out for any Kiowas who might lag behind, and there was need of them, for the nearer any Kiowa knew himself to be to the Agency in the centre of the Reservation, the more he wanted to get away.

Kicking Mule's band was neither small nor poor, and it made a very long procession. There were about one hundred warriors, two hundred squaws, four hundred boys and girls, eight hundred ponies, and about sixteen hundred papposes and dogs. That is, it seemed so to any man who set out to count the dogs, for they were everywhere. Each dog hated any other dog that was going to a Reservation, and so there was a vast amount of snarling and quarrelling.

The less any one knows about an evil that is said to be coming, the more he is afraid of it, and as the boys of the band knew less than the warriors and squaws, they were in more trouble of mind. As for the girls, no well-taught Kiowa girl presumes to have a mind of her own.

It was well understood by all the boys that henceforth if one of them should be caught further off from the Agency than he could ride a pony in three days, he would be tied up and sent home. It was to be a dreadful bondage, and no less. There was no wonder that every Kiowa boy should feel his heart swell in him rebelliously when the word was passed along the straggling procession that the houses of the Agency were just beyond the crest of the next hill. One boy, near the cavalry end of the band, stood stock-still and looked about him, as if he were half inclined to break away and run for it rather than see any such houses.

He was a stout, squarely built boy of fourteen or fifteen, and he was well clad in a piece of deer-skin, which was tied around him just above his hips, and reached away down to within six or eight inches of his knees. He carried a bow and arrows, and they were less of a load to him than more clothes would have been.

Nobody could have guessed closely whether there were eleven dogs or twenty-seven that stood still when the boy

did. Some of them sat down, but they all snarled at each other, and their general behavior was disorderly.

"Hullo, Punk, get along. You'll all be there pretty soon, and my job will be over."

The young Kiowa turned his fat brown face to the left and looked up, but he said nothing. He did not feel fond of white men just then, and he felt less affection for those two fine-looking men on horseback than for any other pale-faces he could think of. One was the Major commanding the military force, and the other was the terrible "Agent" of the Kiowa Reservation.

"There, Dr. Prouty, didn't I tell you so? The most complete specimen of a wild boy you ever saw. He can talk English, too. Just the color of punk, with a shade of red. He'll get darker as he grows older, but the name 'll stick to him till he kills somebody and wins another."

The Major was a tall, gray-headed soldier, with a twist of grim fun in his face, but the Agent was short and fat, and his blue eyes were twinkling merrily as he studied the sulky countenance Punk turned toward him.

"Major Voorhees," said he, "I'll try it on as soon as there's a chance after we get in. He is raw material."

The Major turned at once in his saddle, and shouted to two men who were riding a little behind them.

"Orderly, mark that boy. Joe, would you know him again?"

"Anywhere this side of the mountains," replied a man who was not in uniform, but the other man, who was in uniform, only touched his hat, and remarked, "Yes, sir."

They all rode forward as if they had business at the front, and Punk sent a barefooted kick toward the nearest dog. He had heard and he had understood, and it made him feel reckless, but he walked along. He felt quite sure that he was the only boy in the band of Kicking Mule who had been singled out and spoken to. He felt proud of it, and was not unwilling to be called Punk, but he felt bitter too. All the wild blood in him was in a disturbed condition, and now he felt an even greater trouble coming. His curiosity had got on fire, and he was suddenly anxious to see all that might be seen from the top of the hill. There would be something new for everybody, and he had not more than a small glimmer of how much would be new to him. He had heard the Major say to Dr. Prouty, as they rode away:

"Kicking Mule has five sons. This is the youngest and ugliest."

"Just the specimen I'm after. It won't offend anybody."

"Offend? No; but there's no telling how you'll tame him."

Punk was thinking about it, and one of the words used he did not understand, and he exclaimed:

"Ugh! Tame Punk? What that mean?"

In a few moments more he was again standing still and saying, "Ugh!" but every dog was running forward. He could see the buildings of the Agency in and around the stockade of what had once been a pretty strong fort, and the dogs may have received news that some bones were there. It was safe to say that all bones would quickly be found. The Kiowa warriors and squaws were not thinking of bones, but knew that there would be a distribution of presents. The boys and girls felt pretty sure that none of the presents would get down to them, but they were all like Punk in being curious about those pale-face "lodges" and the new kind of life before them. The very idea of being fastened down in one spot was stunning and perplexing. They had never lived anywhere in particular.

On poured the cavalcade, and Punk found himself moving faster and faster, until he and a swarm of dogs were away ahead of the foot-soldiers. He and some other boys very much like him reached the Agency in advance of anybody, red or white, who had any dignity. Kicking Mule was too great a chief to show a sign of interest in



"THE MOST COMPLETE SPECIMEN OF A WILD BOY YOU EVER SAW."

what was going on, and his braves were also very great Indians, and ready to say so. They all preserved their dignity, and their squaws were afraid to go too fast.

Punk saw a great deal in a very short time, but there were soldiers guarding every house except one. It was built of wood, in two stories, and the Kiowa boy went over it from top to bottom. He opened and shut doors for the first time in his life, and looked through glass windows, and wondered at the stairs. The dogs that went in with him found no bones there, and went out again; but Punk sat down in the fire-place and looked about him and felt

that he was in a new country. Everything was strange and foreign to him. He did not belong in such a house as that. He had been born in a lodge of skins, and brought up on horseback. He had rarely walked so far as he had walked that day as a punishment for straggling from the line of march.

There are many ideas in the mind of even an Indian boy, but Punk felt as if all the ideas he was accustomed to were leaving him. They were being crowded out by the pale-face ideas in that empty house, and he longed to get up and run away.



"Catch him. Tie him up. No. Ugh!" he muttered, discontentedly. "Go look all over. See fort."

Several army officers and soldiers were busily at work pointing out to the Kiowa warriors the limits of their first camping ground. No great "talk" or giving of presents was to be until things were in order, and that might require two or three days. Dr. Prouty and his assistants had work on their hands, and Punk was entirely forgotten until the next morning. He knew, and nobody else cared to know, that as soon as the great drove of horses, mules, and ponies that made the band a rich one were "corralled," he had gone to the corral as the only spot he could think of where he might feel at home. He knew that there would be plenty to eat, and he ventured back to his father's lodge, as soon as it was set up, and got some supper. The great chief was to have one of the best houses, but the ceremony of giving it to him was yet to be performed.

Punk slept among the ponies as contentedly as if he had been a colt, and a particularly untamed one, but he was astir by daylight in the morning. The corral was on the bank of the little river running through the Reservation, and Punk's first performance was to take a good swim, and come ashore a reasonably clean young Kiowa. When he was once more clothed in his piece of deer-skin, he looked around in all directions, and concluded to go to the lodge for breakfast.

There was to be an attempt to civilize as well as "corner" that band of wild red men. The Reservation itself was as large as several pale-face counties, and was of good lands, bad lands, mountains, and valleys. Farming was to be taught at the Agency, and mechanics were to be made out of Kiowas, and it was said that several kinds of missionaries were coming. Punk had but a faint idea of what that might be, but he was growing more courageous, and his curiosity helped him face the wonders before him. He almost felt sure that he would not be afraid of a missionary.

The breakfast at the lodge of Kicking Mule was cooked for him first and his older sons, but Punk's turn came at last. His father and brothers had heard the name given him by the Major, and they did not let go of it.

"Ugh!" said Kicking Mule. "Great war chief say Punk. Kiowa say so. Good medicine."

Hardly had Punk finished eating the first piece of cold boiled salt pork that he had ever tasted, before he had a tremendous sensation. He had been sent for by Major Voorhees and Dr. Prouty, and here were the "orderly" and the "scout" from head-quarters.

Punk obeyed in silence until he stood in front of the great white men, and heard his father ask, "What for want boy?"

"Dress him up," said Dr. Prouty. "Make young pale-face of him. Handsome boy. Young chief."

"He'll know a heap, then," said Major Voorhees, gravely; and Punk was almost in dread of what he might know if all the things he saw before him should be put upon him.

A very brilliant old red "polo" cap came first, and it changed his whole appearance in a moment. So did a red flannel shirt that followed, but Punk put on a pair of bright blue trousers with a shudder. It was fine, but it was awful, and the orderly had to help him get on some very gay cotton stockings and a loose pair of shoes. Then the orderly tied a green and white neck-tie under the rolling collar of the flannel shirt, and Punk was "up and dressed" for the first time in his life.

"He ought to be able to read now, doctor," said Major Voorhees, "according to your theory. Give him a pocket-handkerchief and a pair of gloves, and he ought to write and cipher."

"He knows some things already that he never knew before," said the fun-loving Agent, but neither of them laughed until Kicking Mule himself did. That was when Punk tried to strut around in those shoes. The shoes

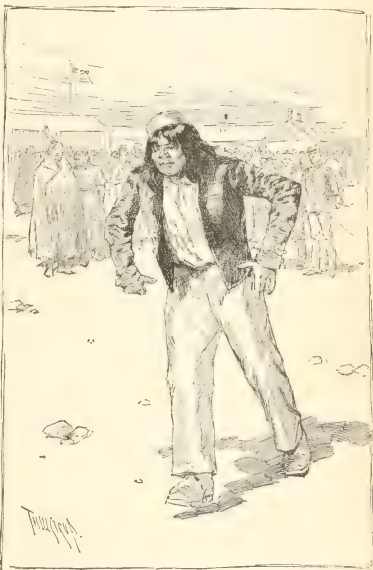
themselves were uncomfortable enough, but added to them were the trousers.

"Put your coat on now," said the Major, holding out a jacket with gilt buttons and braid upon it, that must have been made for some kind of a drummer-boy.

Punk's pride of dress was fully aroused, and he put the jacket on with a face full of determination to walk. He was the first of all young Kiowas to be rigged up in that way, but the Indian boy was not living anywhere who could do well with his first trial of shoes and stockings.

He was on the Reservation; he was at the Agency; he had begun right off to be a white man, and one of these days he might feel at home in a house. Just now it came strongly upon him that he wished himself back in the corral or in the river, for all the red and white men around him gave up being dignified and began to laugh.

"Dr. Prouty," exclaimed Major Voorhees, "you will be on good terms with your Indians. It's the best thing you could have done. Let him take off all but the cap, and be easy."



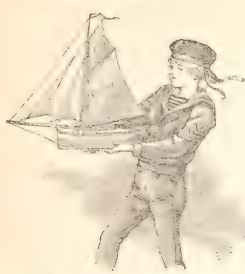
"PUNK WAS 'UP AND DRESSED' FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE."

"He'll come to them by degrees," chuckled the Agent; but he made Punk understand that all that finery was to be his, piece by piece, thereafter, as fast as he should prove himself "a good Indian."

It was hard to take off anything except the shoes, but every dog in camp barked or yelped and ran when he saw Punk coming toward him with that red cap on.

"Some pale-face," said he, as he stood before his mother, proudly, and she also laughed as she replied:

"Head little bit pale-face. Rest all Kiowa. Heap Punk."



THE SKITTER AND HIS FATE.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

If the dear children who write to me would like to please me very, very much, let me tell them how they may do so. Perhaps they will laugh when I say that a really good letter for the Post-office Box should have no beginning and no end—it should begin in the middle. In other words, you may leave out all the excuses and apologies, all the little bits of explanation, and instead of saying that you thought, having nothing else to do to-day, you would write to the Postmistress, or that, as so many other children are writing, you have decided to do so too; just let all that be taken for granted. Think of some pleasant sight you have seen, or of some treat you have had—a journey or a visit, a play or a party or a new book—and describe it for all the little readers. Do not mind saying anything about your writing; I am sure you always write your very best. If possible, avoid using the word *got*. Whenever you are about to use that word, stop a minute and see if there is any other which will express your meaning as well; it is never an elegant word. Write on one side of the paper only. Never use a pen. Always sign your name in full. The Postmistress likes to know what your name is, and where you live; she might desire some day to send you a letter of your very own, and how could she do so if you left out any part of the address? When you have said all you can think of, don't wrinkle up your brows and puzzle your wits in the effort to think of something else, but just stop. If it sounds a little abrupt, never mind. The very best letters in the world are those which tell something in simple, plain language, like the conversation of friends, and which break off the moment their story is told.

A kind mamma sends all the way from London the letter, or story, which follows:

## WHAT DID IT ALL MEAN?

They were two little American girls, although they had passed some years of their young lives in France, and were now living in England.

Besides being American by birth and parentage, they had been almost all their lives in the mists and plays of American children. Up to the time of this adventure of theirs they firmly believed in Santa Claus, and that he came down the chimney to fill stockings with all things good for the happiness of children.

Now, unfortunately, their belief in the existence of this dear old friend is sadly shaken, and I will tell you how it all happened.

The mother of little Emma and Sophy had told them that when she was a girl she had always written a letter to Santa Claus every year, telling him what she wanted. Then she used to give this letter to her father to mail, and Santa Claus always brought exactly what she had asked for.

So Emma and Sophy, during the years they grew up, always wrote letters to Santa Claus, and wanted, after their father had mailed the letter, they too found that Santa Claus brought the coveted gifts exactly as he used to do for the mother.

In France they told this wonderful circumstance to their *bonne* and little playmates, but were always laughed at, because in France Santa Claus is not the patron saint of good boys and girls at Christmas-tide. It is the "good child Jesus" who brings presents to French children, and on Christmas Eve they leave out their *shoel* or little wooden shoes. These are filled with toys,

if they have been good children, but if naughty or undeserving, there is for them only the much-remembered *chouchou*.

Now this particular year of which I am telling you, Emma and Sophy were living in England, and just before Christmas they wrote the usual order of requests to Santa Claus, London, England. Unfortunately they conceived the independent idea of mailing this letter themselves. Emma was nine years old now, and Sophy seven, and Emma's letter was quite a masterpiece. She put this important letter in the pillar-box. They did so, and were ever so happy over this little act of independence, until a few days had passed away. Then, alas! one evening the postman brought a letter to the home of these little girls, and it was addressed to one of them, but it had no stamp on it, only the official stamp of Her Majesty's General Post-office.

The letter was opened at the supper table, and the contents of Emma and Sophy's letter were spoiled when from this mysterious envelope fell their two neatly written letters to Santa Claus. Was it not abominable? and who could have been to blame? Santa Claus had never been so cruel a thing before, and if the Post-office people had opened the letters, it was a most rude and unheard-of proceeding on their part.

Then Emma and Sophy's father told them to put the letters in another envelope, and he would direct and mail this one himself. This was agreed to by the little maidens, and strange to say, this letter never came back to them.

However, their faith in the existence of Santa Claus was sadly shaken, and they did not expect what they had heard of; so they went on with rather a grievous look on their dear little faces, just as grown-up people have when "hope is dashed from their hearts."

Now this is what happened at Christmas. Emma and Sophy laid a deep, deep plot to find out for themselves if there really were a Santa Claus who came down the spare-room chimney. And this was the plot. They decided to go to bed very early on Christmas Eve, even earlier than mamma said; then, when mamma came to tuck them in, and have a good nap before the mystical hour of midnight. Emma was to wake herself, up, if possible, and then awaken Sophy. Together they would go to the spare room, open softly the door, and see Santa Claus.

Their plot worked beautifully. They went to bed most amiably; Sophy took a nap, but Emma, who was a more clever child, and a more determined for the necessary winking of them. A long time after she had heard papa and mamma go to their room, and when all was silent, she slipped out of bed, which pointed to the "witching hour." Hurriedly awakening poor, startled Sophy, together they trotted to the spare-room door. They opened it very softly, and Emma, who had been "out of their wits" at the sight of an old man standing looking at their stockings, and laughing and saying, "You little ones, you little ones, you always were so comical."

From one of his pockets he was now drawing two sailor-boy dolls. Oh! it was all too dreadful, too real, too like the descriptions they had always heard of white-bearded Santa Claus, and he was bringing two of the very toys for which they had written.

Then Emma, only seven, began to sob softly with fear, and Emma, also greatly terrified, and deciding that "discretion was the better part of valor," took her little sister's hand, leading her away to mamma's room. Into this they dashed, half mad with fear.

Now begins the strange part of this adventure. Mamma soothed her frightened darlings, but papa did not say a word, did not even send out being disturbed; and why? Well, because he was not there. Mamma accused him of having any explanation of his absence, but Emma knew that he had heard his voice when he went to his bed.

Mamma led them gently back to their room, and "tuck them in" as usual. But Emma, who had been so much terrified, never went at once back to the spare room to examine Santa Claus a little nearer.

The next morning the children found all the gifts they had asked for, and they also found papa at breakfast as usual.

Now the girls have two great mysteries which their heads are not capable of unravelling: first, papa's unexplained absence at midnight, and his early return; next, why it was that the Santa Claus who was not *for* as he came out to have been, but was no taller nor stouter than their own papa.

ANNIE F. HYATT.

NEWTON, MASS., U.S.A.

I go to the County Normal School, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. There is a workshop connected with the school, where we made a small pump out of half a foot in height. We have at school a library, containing nearly three thousand readable volumes. I am making an afghan for my father.

ALICE.

ARBRA, CONMER, COUNTY DOWN, IRELAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little girl eleven years old, and have been getting HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time. I like it very much, and have never written to you before, but I would like to

sometimes. I live in the country, and have three brothers, two older and one younger than myself. I like to read and write, and I like to go to school. I have a good horse, and I like to ride on my dwelling-house. I had it all returned this Christmas. I have a holiday in the country, and I like it very much. My two best friends are my brothers, and I like them very fast, but James, my youngest brother, and myself have lessons at home with a governess.

ELIZA MONTGOMERY A.

EDMUNDS, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl almost twelve years of age, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a long time. I enjoy it very much. I live near Pittsburgh, and have been born in our grand old country instead of coal. A little friend who lives beside me and myself each has a donkey to ride, and one is named Jack and one named Jody. I have been to Europe and to America, and I took my dog, called Baby Bunting, with me. She is a good traveller, and I carried her up Vesuvius, and let her look down into the boiling crater. She attracted a good deal of attention among the children in every place we went, and in Italy they called her a "bambino" and in Switzerland a "pupetto." I have only one brother, and he has gone on a trip to Florida. I am a little lonesome. I am so glad there is to be another story by Mr. H. I hope my letter is not too long, and will be published. Good-by.

ANNIE D. C.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I suppose you may think it foolish for a boy eleven years old to read fairy tales, but I do think Howard Pyle writes the nicest and most interesting stories I ever read. I always look forward to Wednesday for Friday is the day on which I get my paper. I think if I could not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE any more I should feel as if I had lost a dear friend.

BESSIE N. F.

I am a great deal older than you, my boy, and I am very fond of fairy stories, so that I am not surprised at your liking them.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I write to you to describe the Christmas Club of which I am a member, and which held its annual dinner last Monday in the National Rifle's Armory in this city. The object of the club is to give to the children of our city children who cannot afford to buy one for themselves. Every member has to wear a badge with the initials C. C. C. At the appointed hour a line of children, all ages from six to sixteen, proceeded to Ninth Street, half a block away, waiting to gain admittance to the spacious hall, where the great banquet was laid out for the six hundred or more members. At a given signal to the policemen in charge, the whole line began to pour into the hall, which soon was full. The hungry children, all ages from six to sixteen, were there, were led up to a hall overhead, where a large Christmas tree was waiting, loaded with gifts for the children. As the children marched to the Christmas tree, which was decorated with beautiful music. After a magician had pleased them with magic and a "Punch and Judy" show, the children were dismissed. The Christmas Club is a regular organization, and this is the third year of its existence. Our president is Nellie V., and vice-president, Charlie S. The initials C. C. C. on the badge stand for Children's Christmas Club.

Your little friend and reader, FELIX M.

AUBURN, N. Y.

We are three little girls, and all take this charming paper, and take great pleasure in reading the Post-office Box. For pets one of us has a cat named Nigger, and the other two have a dog named Nigger. You think Nigger is a queer name for a pet? We named him Nigger because he is black. Do we pay to put in an exchange? With love,

MARY, MAGGIE, and MARY.

There is no charge for the publication of an exchange. Suppose you change the black kitty's name to Sable or Noir; I do not like the name you have given him.

ELMWOOD, LONG BEACH.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a girl twelve years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and like it very much indeed. I like Miss Alcott, Mrs. Lillie, and Sophie Swett are my favorite authors. I am an only child, and live in a small house. I have a dog named Nigger, and a half, old, white except a yellow spot on the top of his head and a little on his ears. The fringe on his legs and tail is black. His name is Sport. He takes one of the cats in his mouth, and runs around with her; she is not a bit afraid of him. The other dog's name is Jip; he is black and tan. He is very old, and is now one day about five years ago, and for three years he would not let any one touch him, and even he is old now. He is very old, and he will wag his tail, and the cat will not stand







THE CHERRY STREET SNOW-SHOE CLUB HAS AN OUTING.

## "LITTLE BLUE RIBBONS."

"LITTLE Blue Ribbons!" We will let her  
 From the room she wears in her favorite hat.  
 For may not a person be only fire,  
 And yet have the neatest of taste alive?  
 As a matter of fact, this one has views  
 Of the strictest sort as to frocks and shoes;  
 And we never object to a sash or bow  
 When "Little Blue Ribbons" prefers it so.

"Little Blue Ribbons" has eyes of blue,  
 And an arch little mouth, when the teeth peep through;  
 And her primitive look is wise and grave,  
 With a sense of the weight of the word "behave";

And I know that she fully expects to meet  
 With a lion or wolf in Regent Street.  
 We may smile and deny as we like. But, no;  
 For "Little Blue Ribbons" still dreams it so.

Dear "Little Blue Ribbons!" She tells us all  
 That she never intends to be "great" and "tall"  
 (For how could she ever contrive to sit  
 In her "own, own chair," if she grew one bit!);  
 And, further, she says, she intends to stay  
 In her "darling home" till she gets "quite gray";  
 Alas! we are gray; and we doubt, you know,  
 But "Little Blue Ribbons" will have it so.

—AUSTIN DOBSON, "At the Sign of the Lyre."



1. Whistles this cat-phoo?



4. There's always something queer about these imported toys.



8. Just as I suspected—nothing but sawdust.



2. Come off that, will you?



5. But I'll take good care he don't play any of his tricks this time.



9. But I'm bound to see this thing through; so here goes.



3. Ki-yi! Why, he actually hit me.



6. Hello! What's happened? 7. If I don't make him look silly! 10. Won't somebody please help me out?





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"CALLED BACK"—FROM A PAINTING BY CLINTON PETERS.

## THE PASSENGER IN THE GRAY CLOAK.

BY DAVID KER.

"WHEN I was a young fellow," said Mr. Thomas Bullion, of the well-known London firm of Bullion, Silverley, & Co. "I was the most positive man alive—I never let anybody else say a word when once I'd made up my mind about anything. If I'd heard Nelson talk about sea-fights or Soyer about cooking, I'd have been sure to contradict them, and make out I knew more about it than *they* did. Somebody said once to my poor brother Jack, the lawyer—who was rather a dictatorial sort of a chap himself—that he did well to *lay down* the law, for he certainly hadn't gained much by *taking it up*. But I was every bit as bad as *he* was, and worse too."

Mr. Bullion brought out this last confession with that self-complacent emphasis wherewith an Englishman will sometimes own himself guilty of things which, if laid to his charge by any other man, would probably impel him to punch that other man's head on the spot.

"You remember that story," he proceeded, "about the argumentative man who, hearing a watchman calling out under his window one bitter January night, 'Past one o'clock, and a fine starlight morning!' jumped out of bed, rushed to the window, threw it up, and bawled out to him, 'Yes, but *is* it past one o'clock?' Well, sir, that's just the sort of fellow that I was when I first started; but I've had a lesson about contradicting and being positive that will last me all my life.

"This was how it happened. One cold morning in the early spring (I don't exactly remember what year it was, but anyway more years ago than I'd particularly care to count *now*), I was going into the City as usual by omnibus. There were four or five other men in the same line of business as myself, who generally went in about the same time as I did; and when I got into the 'bus that morning, I found the whole lot of 'em together. The only man there that I didn't know was a queer-looking chap who sat in the far corner, with his hat so pulled down over his eyes, and the collar of his gray cloak so turned up round his neck, that his face could hardly be seen at all; and he kept so still that I made sure he must be asleep, and thought no more about him.

"Well, we all began talking, and somehow or other we came round to the battle of Waterloo, and there got up a dispute about whether the gate of Hougoumont had really been shut against the French by one man or not. Sam Lockitt, of Lockitt & Redwood (he's dead now, poor fellow!), stuck out that it had, and I, of course, contradicted him flat, and said that it was all bosh, and that no one man could be strong enough to do it.

"Ah, we all know *your* ways, Tom," says Sam; 'you'd say black was white, if anybody else said it wasn't. Did you happen to be engaged at Waterloo yourself without knowing it?'

"Never you mind," says I; 'if I wasn't, I've known them that were, or that have met others who were, which is the same thing.'

"Of course it is," says Sam, winking at the rest.

"Why, Tom, you're as good as that countryman in the story, who, when they asked him if he'd ever seen the King, replied, 'Noa, I niver saw the King, but I've got a cousin as once coom very nigh seein' the Dook o' Wellington.'"

"Well, then I got quite savage, for in those days I could never abide being laughed at; but before I could break out, one of the other fellows struck in suddenly:

"Look here; we're just three to three—Sam and we two against Tom and you two. This gentleman here' (pointing to the man in the gray cloak) 'has the casting vote. Beg pardon, sir: which way do *you* say it was?'

"The gray-cloaked man turned his head slowly round, just like that moving wax figure in Madame Tussaud's, and said, in a sharp, chopping kind of voice, as if he were giving orders to cut somebody's head off: 'One man shut the gate. It was Colonel McDonnell.'

"Oh, indeed," says I. 'You don't happen to be a friend of Colonel McDonnell, do you? or perhaps you're Colonel McDonnell himself, and we're to take your own word that you did it, I suppose? What do *you* know about Waterloo. I should like to know?'

"The man never answered a word, but just turned down the collar of his cloak, lifted his hat about an inch off his head, and looked me full in the face.

"Talk of being hit by a thunder-bolt! If half a dozen thunder-bolts had gone down my throat, one after the other, I couldn't have been more utterly floored. This man whom I'd been contradicting, and bullying, and asking what he knew about Waterloo, was the Duke of Wellington himself!

"I've never been positive since that day, and, what's more, I don't think I ever shall again."

## HOW AUNT PATIENCE KILLED THE PANTHER.

BY EMILY BAILEY.

READING one day a story called "How Grandmother killed the Bear" reminded me of *my* grandmother and the stories she used to tell—dear grandma! with her white hair, her soft dim blue eyes, and her gentle smile!

Years ago, she said (one cold winter night when the wind whistled noisily down the chimney, and we gathered cozily around the fire)—years ago, before I was born, Uncle John and Aunt Patience came from England to find a home in the wilderness here. They made a clearing, and built a little log house with only one room, warm and comfortable in winter, pleasant and airy in summer. I say *they*, for Aunt Patience helped with her hands as well as with her heart. In those days the chimney was nearly half the size of the house, and in the cold weather, when the stone hearth was piled high with the big logs cut from the many trees that grew around their home, and the flames roared and crackled up the wide mouth of the huge chimney, Aunt Patience thought nothing could be more cheerful and home-like; and in the summer the cool breeze swept down from the tree-tops, "singing and sighing like a voice from home," she said.

Aunt Patience was very, very lonely sometimes, when Uncle John would go to mill, and she could not hear the strokes of his axe all day long. The nearest mill was many miles away, and one bright summer morning Uncle John started with the bags of grain securely fastened to the back of the old horse, and with his gun on his shoulder, for it was not safe to ride through the woods without it.

"Good-by, little woman," he said; "don't be lonely or frightened. When it begins to be dark, fasten the door and window, and I will be home before morning."

Aunt Patience watched him spring to his horse's back, and ride away in the sweet dewy June morning, with a strange dull sinking at her heart, then went about her daily tasks, making the house bright and clean, and when night came she milked their cow Daisy, and locked her up in the little lean-to back of the house, for fear of the Indians, some of whom were impudent and thievish. Still, Aunt Patience had no great fear of *them*, and when all was done, and the gloomy night settled down, she saw all was safe, and took her work, sat down by the one light, and tried to wait quietly for the welcome sound of the old horse's footsteps coming through the wood.

Nine! ten! said the little clock they had brought

from their home over the sea. No sound outside but the whip-poor-will's plaintive call and the sighing of the night wind.

No sound? Hark! Was that a footstep, soft and stealthy? Indians, thought the poor woman, listening, expecting to hear a harsh whisper at the key-hole, "White squaw no there?" Again, round and round the house, two of them, she thought. It seemed like *two* pair of creeping feet, then a scratching sound, and a low deep growl from over her head. Looking suddenly up the wide chimney, she saw the lithe waving body and fiery eyes of a huge panther crouching just ready to spring down.

What *could* she do? Open the door and dash away to the woods? Certain death! for *then* she would be an easy prey to the panther. Another deep growl, louder and more angry. Then, remembering the fear such creatures have of fire, quick as thought she snatched the straw bed from the bedstead in the corner, tore open the cover, and emptied all the straw upon the few embers that still remained on the hearth.

In a moment there was a blaze, a fierce heat, and with the blaze and heat pouring into his face, the panther gave loud cries of rage and slunk off into the wood.

But Aunt Patience knew too well it was only for a short time. Soon the fire would burn itself all out, and back he would come. Oh for the sound of the trot, trot, trot through the clearing! Alas! no horse, no Uncle John. Again the stealthy footsteps around the house, stealing softly, softly, and her heart grew faint with fear.

Ah! the old musket over the door, kept to frighten crows from the corn field and hawks from the chickens. Quickly it was taken down, as quickly loaded; then scratch! scratch! more cautiously than before, and once more Aunt Patience heard the blood-chilling growl, the fiery eyes looked down, and the huge yellow body swayed to and fro in the dim light. She knelt down, raised the gun to her shoulder, and with one quick prayer, fired.

There was a scream of rage and pain, a great bound, a mighty crash, and Aunt Patience sprang up in time to miss the terrible panther falling down the chimney and rolling over and over on the floor in his death agony. Even then he was dangerous, for his mighty claws tore up great slivers of the wood, and his huge body, as it struggled and rolled from side to side, broke everything in its way.

Aunt Patience climbed on the high bedstead and crouched in one corner, trembling and fearing that her danger was not over yet. At last, with one drawing up and straightening of the great limbs, and one tremendous struggle, the monstrous body quivered once and was still.

Then the brave little woman stepped down from her place of safety, crept cautiously across the floor, expecting the great red eyes to open and the dreadful claws to snatch at her, till she reached the door, when in a moment the fastenings were undone, and she rushed out into the fragrant night air. As she did so the welcome sound of old Whitefoot's trot came faintly to her ear, then nearer, nearer, and soon she saw horse and rider appear through the gloom. Oh, how glad she was, and how thankful Uncle John! What could he say when he saw the great beast lying dead on the floor of their home, and thought that but for her bravery and courage his dear wife might have been torn in pieces long before this?

Aunt Patience never staid alone in the house again at night; and though she had many other adventures while living in the wilderness before a village grew up around her, she never forgot that one terrible night when she tilled the panther.

## HOW TO MAKE A TELEPHONE.

BY R. B. WILLIAMS.

THE telephone which I am about to describe has been a source of great pleasure to me, and as I think it too good to keep, I will give my readers the plans for its construction:

The materials you will require are two pine boards ten by thirteen inches, and half an inch thick, two fresh beef bladders, one box of four-ounce tacks, two large gutta-percha overcoat buttons, some strips of thin leather one-quarter of an inch wide, and lastly, some flexible wire. The best wire for the purpose is that used in book binding machines, but if that cannot be obtained, any soft flexible wire will do.

Prepare the bladders first by blowing them up tightly, and leaving them so for a day or two until they are thoroughly stretched, but do not let them become dry and hard. While the bladders are stretching you can obtain the other materials. To begin, take one of the boards, and having brought it to the required dimensions, draw a circle in its centre eight inches in diameter, which saw out, taking care to keep on the line, for if the opening is not round and even, the instrument will not work satisfactorily.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

taking care to keep the bladder stretched evenly while doing so. When you have it tacked properly, take your knife and cut away that part of the bladder on the outside strip. (Fig. 1.)

This done, break off three feet of the wire, and after attaching it to one of the buttons (Fig. 2), pass the free end through the centre of the bladder until the button rests on its surface. Then fasten a weight of eight pounds to the end of the wire, and set in the sun two hours or more until thoroughly dry. (Fig. 3.)

Proceed with the other materials in a like manner, and when you have both drums well dried, place one at each end of the line, and connect the button wires with the main wire by loops, and stretch it as tightly as possible. The course of the main wire should be as straight as possible, and with few sharp angles.

Wherever a support is needed, make a loop.



FIG. 3.

To call up, strike the button with a lead-pencil, and the one called will respond in a like manner.

This is no toy, but a good serviceable telephone, and will work from five yards to five miles.

### THE CALF'S STORY.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

I AM only a little baby calf four weeks old; but in my brief life I have seen and gone through as much as a great big cow. I was born just over the hill yonder during a snow-storm, and another calf who is somewhat older than myself tells me that after a while the snow goes away and all the earth turns green. I am told that when the earth is green everything in nature is more harmonious and pleasant; but I cannot for the four weeks' life of me see why it should be pleasanter green than white, or blue, or yellow, for that matter. And then suppose one should be color-blind, what good would the green do one?

I don't believe all I hear, anyhow, especially what I am told by these frolicsome calves who are a month or so my seniors. They delight in telling me all sorts of things, and I never can tell what to believe until I have repeated their stories to mamma. Poor mamma! I haven't seen her now for some time, by-the-way, because I was taken from her and sent over here as a present. She used to sing me a little song about the cow jumping over the moon, and I liked it very much, but wondered if the cow hurt herself when she came down.

I am leading a very strange sort of existence, and no mistake. The other day one of the boys poked a corn husk at me, and tried to make me eat it; the more I backed off, the more he thrust it at me. He might have known by my polite refusal that I appreciated his kindness and

gracious courtesy, for I would have you understand that I am a refined calf, with great family pride. On my mother's side I am all Jersey, and on my father's I am a thorough-bred Durham, my great-great-grandfather being the original Duke of Durham.

Then the boys said they would teach me to drink. This was one day just after the butcher had left. They had called him in to see if he would buy me, but they couldn't agree on a price. They wanted a dollar more for me than the butcher was willing to give; so I still live. It makes me shudder still when I reflect on the barbarous manner in which they spoke of me. I was simply divided up into every possible dish I could make. They spoke of me as though I were a restaurant, and not a barn-yard animal. I cannot get it through my brains (which they speak of frying and serving with tomato sauce) what they mean by filling me with horror in so unnecessary a manner. The idea of suggesting to each other what good mock-turtle soup, calf's head *a la* two or three different things, and veal pot-pies I would make! And then to speak of the beautiful calf-skin boots that could be made of my hide! Ah, gentle reader, if I could only plant a well-merited kick on the anatomy of any one of my tormentors, that person would conclude, on recovering consciousness, that I would make about the toughest and hardest kicking boots to be found in this or any other country.

So they brought out a large pail of milk after the butcher had gone, and said they were going to teach me to drink. I naturally held back, under the impression that they were about to play some cruel and ingenious joke on me, such as holding my head down in the milk, so I held back by planting my fore-feet in the ground. After I got braced, they grasped me by the head and hauled me up to the pail, and got my nose in the milk. I felt very much like upsetting the pail, and letting my hind-legs fly into



"THEY SAID THEY WERE GOING TO TEACH ME TO DRINK."



the crowd, but just then I thought of my gentle blood, and refrained from such an uncouth expedient. So I drank, much more to my own delight than theirs, for after they had started me by putting their hands in my mouth from under the surface of the milk to satisfy me that everything was all right, I could have removed their fingers with the nicety of a hay-cutter if I had been an evil-minded calf.

"He'll kill himself, drinking so much," said one of the boys.

"You'd better hold the handle of the pail, or he'll swallow that too," remarked another.

As I turned to see what they meant by such conduct, they all roared with laughter, because my face was snow-white with milk. I couldn't see anything particularly funny in that, but it seems it was funny just the same. And then the boy who had hold of my tail drove me around the barn-yard in that ludicrous manner, and called it playing circus. I did my best to turn suddenly and throw him, but couldn't. Then they said I was spotted

like a circus pony, and might be beautiful if I were not all legs. They asked me where I put my legs when I went to sleep, and inquired if I thought I should be crushed by the distance of the fall if something should knock me suddenly off my feet. This suggested to their vulgar minds the unpoetic title of *Legs*—a name by which I shall probably always be known while whole and undivided into rounds, steaks, and roasting pieces.

But look out for yourselves, my boys. Remember that time brings about curious changes. The bird cannot fly until he has wings, and the bull cannot buck until he has horns. Some of these fine days I shall be most happy to extend you my tail in the hope that you will grasp it, and then I shall proceed to mar the symmetrical beauty of your raiment, for I shall toss you in the air, and catch you as you come down, and you won't touch the ground until I tire of the novelty. Yes, soon I shall have a great pair of horns. Until then, take me—oh! take me back unto my mamma, who at this moment is probably dreaming of her poor little baby boy in the little barn just over yonder hill.



A VALENTINE.—By MARGARET JOHNSON.

THE February skies are cold,  
And wear a look of snowing;  
The frozen fields are brown and old;  
The sullen winds are blowing.

What is there in this wintry air  
To make me think of you, dear?—  
You with the sunshine in your hair,  
And eyes of heaven's own blue, dear—

You with the breezes' airy grace,  
And cheeks like any blossom,  
The summer's brightness in your face,  
Her sweetness in your bosom!

The darkness gathers 'closer round,  
The sunset dimly dying;  
The wind has but a dreary sound  
Against the casement sighing.

If valentines were sent in May,  
Or rosy, laughing June, dear,  
I'd sing a blither roundelay  
Set to a sweeter tune, dear.

But since my rhymes must woven be  
In frosty February,  
Ah! then the more, dear, come to me,  
And teach me to be merry.

Come, let me learn some happy art  
Of heavy hours beguiling—  
Come, make my doubtful day, sweetheart,  
The brighter with your smiling.

I shall not care, though dark the skies,  
Nor sun nor stars may shine, dear,  
If you, with summer in your eyes,  
Will be my Valentine, dear.

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN" "RED HILLS" "THEY", ETC.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**I** WISH I could tell you all the story of that autumn and winter. It was a happy period for Faith Emerson. Happier still for Jo, whose mind, naturally active and eager, seized upon the new life with avidity; and if she failed many times in keeping her good resolutions, her temper, or her patience over her work, still the result was largely in her favor; as Faith said to Bertie one winter's day, the credit side was far, far ahead for Jo.

The school did well, and Jo had a real talent for cooking. She enjoyed it, and having learned to read, was delighted by Faith's present of various cooking-books, which she studied with excellent results; really, as Faith told Miss Grace, showing common-sense, and uncommon aptitude for the work.

"And wouldn't it be worth while to make a first-class cook of her?" said Faith. "In these days, when so many girls starve in factories, or wear out in shops, or district school-teaching, I think to train up a cook in the way she should go would be delightful."

Sailors' Row thoroughly approved of Jo Markham's launching out in this direction. Many times her services were called into requisition in the neighborhood where there was sickness or trouble, and some tired mother was glad to have help in her kitchen, especially after Jo's good cooking had once been demonstrated.

It pleased her. The springs of self-respect were touched at last, and Jo had an ideal, a standard—something she was trying to be or to do, which Faith knew was the greatest gain of all. She could no longer say "Who cares?" or, "I don't care;" or, "It's nobody's business what Jo Markham does." Faith, slowly leading her to know that one greater than all others always cares, that she must care, and that Jo Markham was a responsible being who had something real to do, encouraged her in trying to make the very best of herself to herself. For we talk about being humble, and hiding our light, and not letting one hand know the other's deed, yet this is often misinterpreted or exaggerated.

It is a great help to *know* that we are doing right, to feel that we are "growing," and all of this can be encouraged without any fear that our right hand shall know too well the deeds of the left.

And at home things were better for Jo. Instead of blows and angry words, the worst she had to hear were the taunts and sarcasms of her grandfather when she came back from her frequent visits to North Street. He upbraided her for making so little "out of" Miss Emerson.

"Anybody else 'd be gettin' all your poor old grandfather wants," he would say, sitting in his chimney-corner and smoking the tobacco Miss Emerson supplied him with. At such times Jo's eyes would flash fire, and if she was at work, the pots and pans would be rattled ominously.

With all the strength of her crude yet really deep nature Jo loved and revered Faith. It had taken months to bring her to this point of solemn devotion; but now the girl had reached a period where she could look back, and, even though vaguely, trace results back to their cause. She was beginning to know what Miss Emerson had done for her.

"Jo," said Miss Emerson, one morning, "why don't you grow taller? You are such a strong girl, too. You ought to be ashamed of being so little;" and as Jo by this time had learned to understand Miss Emerson's way of joking, she laughed merrily in answer.

"I know it, Miss Faith," she answered; "I wish I *could* grow tall."

They were standing in a side corridor back of the store closets. It was a sort of passageway leading out on one side of the house, to the main hall by one door and to the kitchen department by another. Shelves ran along one side of it, where Faith kept various jars of herbs and dried leaves, and such articles which, in her grandmother's day, had constituted a genuine "still-room." At the lower end of the little passage was quite a large window overlooking a terrace. It was a sunny place in spring or summer, so that there Faith cultivated her first spring flowers.

Jo stood in the window looking down upon the June blossoms, and beyond them to the tree under which she and Miss Emerson had had their first talk.

How long ago it seemed to the girl! Perhaps Jo was, all unconsciously, "counting time by heart-throbs," as a famous poet once wrote, for until this year everything had drifted on with so little purpose in her life that months and years meant nothing, and in this one year she had grown as much in heart and mind and soul as many others would in ten.

And Faith looked at her with supreme content. Yes, she thought Bertie had been right—Jo Markham was "worth while."

"Miss Faith," said Jo, suddenly, "do you see what a loose fastening there is on this window?" She pulled it up and down as she spoke.

Faith scarcely heard the words, for at that moment the cook appeared with some inquiry about a dinner party Miss Emerson was to give that day. The cook's ears, however, were keener, especially as Jo was no very great favorite with her, she, in company with the coachman, having decided that Miss Emerson wasted a great deal too much time and trouble on that "Sailors' Row lot," as they called Faith's humble pensioners.

"Yes, indeed, it's loose," said the cook, in an aggrieved way. "It'll have to be looked to."

And Faith remembered later that in a vague way she turned and watched Jo slide the window up and down.

That day Miss Emerson allowed Jo to remain and help in certain preparations for the dinner party. It was quite a special occasion, being given in honor of Bertie's graduating from the Ashfield Academy, where he had come off with flying colors. Faith wanted to make as much of the event as possible; she looked forward to Bertie's distinguishing himself, and at least felt sure he would always do his friends and relations credit; but this day was, as it were, the beginning of that future, and she wanted the lad to remember how kindly and hopefully all had wished him good-speed.

Jo enjoyed being in the beautiful dining-room with Faith, helping her to arrange the flowers, to train vines about the sideboard and above the pictures in the room, and to make a perfect bower of the doorways leading into the library. How beautiful it all looked, thought Jo, enjoying the pleasure which came from her newly awakened sense of refinement. Long afterward she recalled the last few moments she remained that day with Miss Emerson. A half-uttered wish to see the young lady in her dinner dress was enough to make Faith desire her to stay, and so the final impression was a happy one, of Faith in her dress of creamy white mull and laces standing in the square hallway, where as yet no candle-light was needed; but even in the half-dark Jo could see the flash of Faith's little shining cross, could see how fair and beautiful and tender was the face she had grown to love so dearly then.

"Jo," said Miss Emerson, with a bright smile, "you must come back early to-morrow and help me again, and I'll tell you a grand new secret I have for you."

The girl went away feeling as though it was worth something, worth anything, to try and be good and do all that she was bidden. Not a very brilliant mind was little

Jo's, but it had its own keen and responsive corners, and all sorts of new impressions had been made there. She walked along the twilight streets happy and contented. Sailors' Row could never be inviting, but somehow she had learned to make the best of it, and she had a real interest in her own little housekeeping. The sunset had died out before Jo neared home, but there was light enough for her to see the kitchen windows plainly, and, as she approached the house, to observe that within her grandfather had company. One of the windows was open, the summer breeze had caught the bit of muslin curtain and swept it outward, giving Jo, as she stood still a moment, a clearer view of the interior.

At a table in the centre of the room sat Job Martin, Sandy's father, and near him were two men whom Jo knew well—knew as her grandfather's worst associates. A low-toned though eager discussion seemed to be going on, the old man in his chimney-corner smoking and nodding his head from time to time with silent though evident approval.

Jo stood still with a sudden pang, a fear of what she could not say at her heart.

### CHAPTER IX.

SOMETHING was going to happen—that the girl felt instinctively—but what it might or might not be she could not tell. Accustomed to the ways, the tones, the looks, of the people in her own life as was Miss Emerson to those in her class, Jo knew in an instant that some evil was brewing; she read in Job Martin's small black eyes, in Bob Tucker's satisfied leer, and young Ryerson's excited, flushed face, that a plot was being made which meant harm somewhere for some one.

Every one of the trio had been in jail time and again. Any more disreputable set of men could hardly have been gathered together, even in Sailors' Row; but of late, as Jo had been thankful to know, they had kept away at least from her grandfather's home. This made their present gathering there in force all the more significant.

The girl outside the window stood still, as I say, not knowing what to do, unable to catch the meaning of what they said, and yet the general drift reached her within a few moments. A plan was on foot for some enterprise that night. The men moved, their voices were lowered, they were going away.

Quick as a flash Jo sped around to the other side of the house, waited until the shuffling, miserable-looking figures had gone down the hill, and then quietly presented herself at the door of the kitchen.

Old Markham looked up with the sort of growl which was his usual salutation to Jo.

"Been up with your fine friends, I suppose?" he said, sarcastically.

Jo was standing very still by the table, brushing off some bits of tobacco in a mechanical way, while she strove to feel composed enough to speak.

"Yes," she said at last, and looking squarely at the old man, "I have been helping Miss Emerson; she has a big party to-night."

The old man gave a chuckle.

"Dear, oh dear!" he said, slowly shaking his head; "what a good thing it is for you to have such a kind friend! Plenty of money and jewelry and silver and everything, hasn't she, Jo?"

Jo was raking the fire before making tea, and at this she flashed one of her old angry looks at her grandfather.

"What if she has?" she exclaimed, passionately; "who has a better right to them, I'd like to know? Who gives more to poor people, and—and everything?" concluded Jo, breaking down in her excitement.

"Dear me! dear me!" repeated the old man, in a tantalizing way, as he refilled his pipe.

Jo clattered about, setting the cups and saucers and plates down on the table with unusual vigor. She felt uneasy, perplexed, and troubled.

"Grandfather," she said, suddenly, and again facing the old man with a determined air, "why did you have Martin and his friends in here? You know they're bad men, and always up to some sort of mischief."

Old Markham stared at Jo for a moment in silence. The fact was that he did not know exactly what to say. Jo, standing defiant, erect, and full of a righteous wrath, was a different person from anything he remembered to have seen her. He hardly knew whether to be afraid of his granddaughter or not. Perhaps it would be as well to conciliate her a little.

"I dunno as they're such a bad lot," he said; and added, in a whining tone, "I should think you'd be ashamed, Josephine, to complain of your poor old grandfather's havin' a little company now and then."

"Company!" echoed Jo, with infinite scorn; "why, grandfather, what sort of company's that crowd?"

But as the old man had relapsed into his most dejected and whining manner, Jo knew that further discussion was useless. She tried to eat her meal, but the uncomfortable, restless feeling which the sight of those men and their chance words had produced still lingered, making it almost impossible for her to keep quiet or swallow a morsel of the bread and molasses which was her regular supper.

As soon as she had cleaned the table and put the kitchen to rights, Jo rushed up to her little attic to sit and think what she had better do.

The words "*To-night's the best for the game*" had filled her with uneasiness; all her old knowledge of the ways and means of such men came back to her, and she felt certain that some bad deed was being planned. But of what use would it be to go to any one and report them? She could prove nothing; she could not even assert positively what she had heard them say.

Jo sat on the floor in her window, watching the darkness gather and the stars come out solemnly and peacefully in the summer sky. Looking up at those sentinels of God's gateway, a prayer grew in her heart, and found some sort of slow but earnest utterance upon her lips. She asked in her own crude though fervent way for help, for guidance, for something to do.

She longed to go up to Faith with this new anxiety, and yet she knew that she could not disturb the dinner festivity; that none of the servants would allow her even to send a message to their young mistress at such an hour; meanwhile, as time went on and the evening was nearly spent, her dread began to lessen. It was ten o'clock before Jo made any effort to leave the window; all was silent below, although, as she knew, her grandfather had not left the kitchen.

Tired out with much thinking and with anxiety, Jo was about to move away from the window when suddenly down the slope at the back of the house came three figures—Martin, Ryerson, and Tucker. She knew them only too well.

They came along softly, and keeping close to the wall of the house, reached the doorway and went in. Jo rose to her feet with absolute control of herself, for she felt that there was something ahead of her which might require all her self-command.

The men's voices, low-toned though excited, reached her. She crept out to the narrow staircase, and crouching down, tried to hear what was said.

Not fearing Jo in any way, they had left the kitchen door partly open. Through it came the husky tones; words now and then struck her ear, but the sense of what was being said was difficult to catch. Jo waited motionless and almost holding her breath.

"One o'clock's time enough," she heard in a deliberate tone from Martin, "and we can lay low here until then."



"'GRANDFATHER,' SHE SAID, SUDDENLY, 'WHY DID YOU HAVE MARTIN AND HIS FRIENDS HERE?'"

One o'clock! It was not eleven yet. What did they mean to do? Where were they going?

"She knows the house well enough," came next from Ryerson; and then old Markham's broken voice, saying, "No, no, boys, she wouldn't help ye! don't you b'lieve it."

"Where is she now?" Martin asked.

"Sound asleep, I guess; but I'll go an' see."

And as Jo heard her grandfather's chair creak she fled wildly back to her room, and into the little bed in the corner, where, drawing the counterpane close to her chin, she closed her eyes, and tried to stop the quick breathing that terror and her sudden movement had produced.

The old man came up the stairs with a candle in his hand. Jo was motionless. He stood in the doorway a moment, but came no further, evidently satisfied that she was sound asleep, for an instant later she heard his slow, heavy step on the staircase, and then the voices sounded below.

She might have done something at once, but that suddenly one of the dizzy, faint turns which now and then came over the girl to remind her of her long illness at North Street forced her to keep still—to close her eyes, almost losing consciousness; and how long it lasted Jo could not tell. She came back, as it were, to her old vigor, roused by stealthy sounds below. The men were moving; they were going. Jo sat up and gazed about her in a bewildered way. There was no moon that night, but the starlight seemed singularly clear, and Jo could see some of the objects in her attic plainly. When she found her way to the still open window she saw that the three men were already outside the house.

For just one instant Jo hesitated. Then her resolve was taken, and stealing softly down the stairs she opened the old door, and with her eyes fixed on the dark figures

moving ahead of her up the Row, she crept slowly after them; now hiding for an instant in the shadow of that doorway, now standing motionless when their footsteps lagged, but always with her gaze riveted upon them, and with no sign of dread or hesitation in her slow and cautious steps. She believed she knew where they were going, and she could at least follow them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MARSHALLS.

BY MARGARET EMMA DITTO.

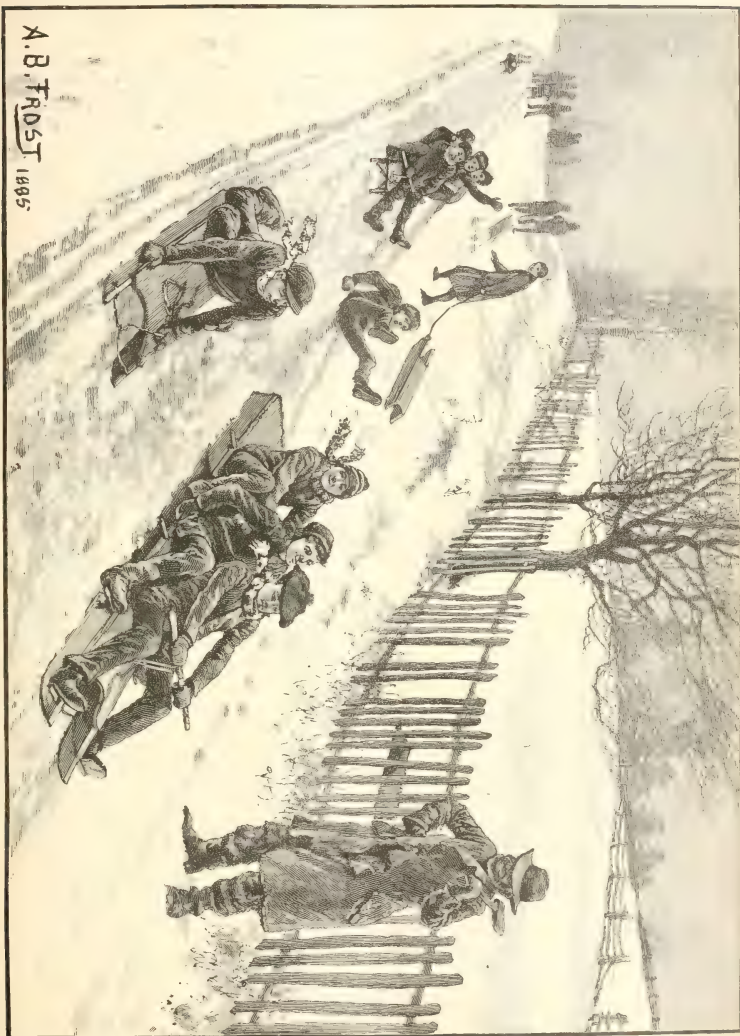
I.

"DO look here, Davenport: there has not been a living creature on the street for three hours, and here is Old Reuben ploughing through it all the latest thing out. See, he is turning into our yard now with something on his back. It looks like a lumber-yard. I dare say it is a cord of kindlings, wood-house and all. Bless his old heart!"

The boy to whom this was addressed sprang up, gave a quick look out of the window, dashed his book on the sofa, and rushed out of the room and through the house, leaving a wake of open doors behind him, through which the gusts of whirling snow came sifting in, while the boy stood at the wood-shed door, shouting through the storm:

"Hello, Uncle Reub! This way, old Sand-blind! You are a pretty old snow-flake, ain't you? Blow in—blow in with the rest of 'em, quick too, or all out doors will be in upon us. What you got there—a cellar door or a board overcoat? Come on. Dump yourself and bang off the snow. I declare, it is a sled!"





"HE LOITERED ON THE HILL-SIDE AND WATCHED THE COASTERS WITH BEAVING EYE."

"It is a sled, Marse Port, an' it's yours; an' I made dat sled myself; an' I'll tell you all about it when I gets my breff o' life agin." The darky said this quite solemnly and slowly, for he was breathless from his struggles.

"Whew!" whistled the boy. "Well, I should say you did make it yourself. It's a big one! it's a stunner! it's *two sleds*! it's *bobs*! That will hold four easy, and six on a squeeze. Why, there isn't a sled like that in Had-dam!"

"Ob co'se dey ain't, Marse Port. I's 'low dey ain't no such sled nowhar," said the old man, with an air of deep conviction.

"Oh, it is altogether fearful and wonderful, Uncle Reuben," said Mrs. Marshall, peering out into the little woodshed and shivering with the cold. "We can barricade with it in the winter, and make a back porch of it in the summer, or keep house in it, perhaps, if the annuity fails and we have to."

Uncle Reub gave a searching look at the lady, and an expression of distrust flitted over his face. This was two-edged admiration, and simple old Reuben felt that it cut two ways at once. It was only for an instant, though, for the lady came close up to him. She took his black, hardened hand in the warm clasp of both her pink and slender ones; her voice was sincere and her look was true.

"You are a chunk of solid old gold, Uncle Reuben," she said, looking up at him, while her eyes flashed an instant of tears through their merry sparkles. "To think of your making that sled for my Port, with your old rheumatic hands! You are a blessed old providence. I've heard of dark providences. Oh dear! and you are one of them. I wish I was as white and shining as you are in the inside. Come in and get comfortable. Stay through the storm."

"Oh no, Mis' Marshall," said the old darky, much moved; "I's 'lowed to go home to-night. I's jest come ober to bring de sled."

"Oh, no, no, never; you won't go out in this storm—you shan't," cried the lady, putting in the negatives with great energy. "You and the sled will stay here to-night, and have a shake-down made up in the kitchen, and you'll sleep there and keep up the fires, and dig us out of the drifts when the storm is over. Take off your snowy things, Uncle Reuben."

"Peel for quarters!" seconded Port, beginning to pull off the tattered overcoat from the old man. "You jest bunk here to-night. Come in, I say."

"Bring in the sled, too," cried Mrs. Marshall, for she saw Reuben give a lingering look back at his treasure. "This shaky old wood-house is fluttering like a ribbon; the wind may fillip it off any minute, and then the sled would be gone too."

"The sled is too big to go into the kitchen," said Port, measuring the space with his eye.

"Then we will put the kitchen into the sled," replied his mother, with spirit. "It is about six of sled to half a dozen of kitchen."

"Toss up, mother; that is the only way to settle a drawn game. Toss up!"

"Not I. Never; and don't you, Port, as long as you have more head to you than a copper cent has," she cried, merrily dodging the tall invader that was boarding her small kitchen hand over hand like a pirate. The great monster, with its seven feet of reach-board, carried everything before it like an autocat. It made the chairs and tables stand around lively, the flour barrel itself yielded the right of way in heavy silence, the wood-box crouched up to the chimney like a whipped cur, and the clothes-horse had not a leg to stand on. Then the bobs stretched themselves out full length on one side of the room, and gave show of valuable staying qualities.

"It seems like having a gallery in your kitchen, or a

sidewalk, or a platform like the politicians, or a balcony seat at the opera, or—yes, isn't it just like having an Oriental divan running around your room?" said Mrs. Marshall, seating herself with an air of state upon the pine couch.

"It seems like having a fine old pair of bobs for coasting as soon as this storm is over. It isn't built for speed—not entirely," said Port, critically examining the cut of the runners. "It is as strong as a horse; but the boys have got sleds that will run faster than this."

"Co'se dey hab," said Reuben, tranquilly. "Dis yer sled yent no time-serber. Ye see, Marse Port, dere yent no special reason fo' gettin' to de bottom ob dat hill. I reckons de bottom ob dat ole East Hill will las' till dis sled gets dar eb'ry time—dat bottom yent gwine to fall out. Dat a reg'lar Yankee trick to go jim-jammin' down dat hill, knockin' ober eb'rything on de road, and gittin' dar befo' eb'rybody else. Why, Marse Port, dis sled wa'n't made on dat idee. Dis is a gen'man's sled, goes easy and wars glubs—takes up de neighbors and de little chillens, and bows to de folks on de road. It looks sort o' new and rash, though," he added, regretfully—"kind o' sudden and s'prisin'."

"It smells nice and piney," said the lady, stroking the smooth board with her hand; "like the woods up on the mountains and the saw-mills."

"It looks right and smells right, and the steering-gear is right," said Port; "and it is heavy enough to knock out anything that runs into it."

"Das so," said the old man. "Still, I's ob de opinion dat dat sled 'ud feel better, out among de odder sleds, ef it had a coat ob brown paint on to it."

"Why, yes, Uncle Reuben, that is what it wants," laughed Mrs. Marshall. "It is just *pining* for it. I've got brown ochre in the house. I'll wet it up and make a stain, and you and Port can rub it on with sponges."

The old man chuckled and beamed with delight while he and Port tilted the sled up first on one side, then on the other, with newspapers under it, and slopped and splashed and mopped till the sled was entirely done brown.

"It looks kind o' grand and 'spectable," said Reuben, eying his work of art critically, with his head on one side. "It looks like it was gwine to its own funeral. I reckon more'n likely dat sled 'ud chirp up a bit ef it jess had its name printed on to it. Eh, Marse Port? Ask your mother what she tink 'bout dat, eh?"

"Why, I think just as you do, Uncle Reuben," replied the lady, with nice tact, for she had missed the thread of the discourse.

"De name ob dat sled is 'Ole Kentucky Shore.' It mout be put on wid reg'lar spellin' ob de alphabet into it—spellin' is bery good for dem dat's goin' to colleges, and gets prizes in de schools, and has it put on circlewise—so, wid a red rose sproutin' out o' de top o' it. Or it might be painted on, wid de old Kentuck Riber itself, an' de sho'. Sho' nuff, and de boat a-rockin' dat I's go fishin' in, and de trees on de sho' all shakin' deir heads in de sky. Eh, Marse Port? Ask your mother what she tink 'bout dat."

"Oh, I'd rather try the printing," said Mrs. Marshall. "And you'll have to tilt the sled up on end, and tell me just how it is to be done."

Mrs. Marshall had been a Washington belle in her earlier youth, but she never did a more graceful bit of entertaining than this charming "at home" to old Reuben. He would have been awkward in the parlor. So she settled very promptly that the kitchen was the warmest place for the coldest night; her little rocking-chair was brought out, a rug to keep her feet warm, the parlor lamp, with a bit of bright drapery to keep it company, burned beside her, and a screen kept off the draughts. So she knitted and rocked and laughed the evening away,

while the boys—old Reuben and young Port—roasted the apples, and popped the corn, and cracked nuts, and came in on the chorus of the old home songs.

For these three, making their own cheer about them, were exiles from the land they loved most. Mrs. Marshall had come North to educate her only son. She was a young widow with an impoverished estate that was eating itself up in a discouraged section of country.

"Resources? Yes, we have just two of them, Davenport," she said to her boy, then twelve. "One is *you*, and the other *me*. The old place will have to stagger along under its debts and taxes, and hold up its own old fences, until you are educated and make money enough to put things in shape again."

Well she knew, this clear-minded woman, the power of disciplined mind and definite purpose in this race for life, and that not an hour should be wasted on poor schools and teachers, such as her section afforded. So she had come to this little New England village, where living was cheap and learning to be had for the taking, and established her little home.

Thither too had come old Reuben. He was the last retainer of a once large retinue of slaves. In the spirit of love and service he took up the staff of his pilgrimage and shambled his way toward the pole-star of his affections. Here in Haddam Lower Landing he had made himself quite comfortable in a little shanty of his own, and earned his living by doing odd jobs in the white-washing or house-cleaning line.

It cost his faithful old heart many pangs to see the reduced state of his beloved mistress. He gloried in her elegance and high spirits, which even poverty and close living seemed to brighten and bring out. He used to hover about the little home, and treat himself to all the bits of menial work he could find to do. It was with an aching heart he saw young Marse Port, a little shabby as to clothes, actually cutting his own wood and bringing in the water, like any poor white trash.

"I jess cum round wid dis ole cantankerous saw ob mine, Marse Port, dis saw too powerful sharp. I work by de day for dese Yankees round here, an' I's ob de opinion dat I's berrer be sharp myself, an' not keep de saw so sharp. I saw all las' week dat dis saw saws mo' saw dan it ought to saw for de money dat I saw, eh? I reckon I'll borrow de sawin' ob some ob dem ole hard knots ob you, jess to take de go-ahead out ob my ole saw, eh?"

"Dere's some mighty queer 'spensations o' Providence," he said one day. "Some dem 'spensations I feel 'strained to pray agin 'em. It's powerful queer dat Mis' Mary don't hab no kerridge nor no black horses like de ole times, an' dat Marse Port he don't hab no pony nor no bicycle like dem Yankee boys is promulgatin' theirselves wid. He don't hab nothin' but hisself."

The night when Port took the second prize for declamation, old Reuben went into an ecstasy of delight.

"It's de speerit ob de Marshalls!" he said, waylaying the boy on his way home in the moonlight; "that's what's done it. Why, all de dry lan' on sho' couldn't bury it, nor all de water in de sea couldn't drown it. De speerit ob dem dead-an'-gone Marshalls, all deir grave-stones couldn't keep it under, nor de Gen'l's munnymint! Das what makes you so masterful, Marse Port—de speerit ob de Marshalls. Das what makes you kick a log w'en you go 'long, like you be too full ob youself; das what make you cap'n ob de base-ball, eh?"

"Bah! I worked harder than the rest; I meant to get ahead; I did it myself," replied the boy.

"Where you done got yo'self from I—de stuff dat's in you—das from de Marshall family!" the old man exclaimed, triumphantly. "Why, Marse Port, when I sees you round 'mong dem odder boys, wid your head up an' astepin' high, like one ob dem blue-grass horses, an' a makin' out dat you like to saw wood, an' dat you don't want no

pony nor no bicycle, like you own de country, an' was bossin' it kin' o' easy an' nat'ral like, why, I says to myself, 'Das de Marshall ob him!'"

"I don't 'make out,' as you call it, Uncle Reuben, nor pretend, and I don't know that I boss any. It is nothing but common-sense. I know how things are with us, and I don't want what I can't have, because I just hold on to myself, and I won't want it; that is all."

"Ob co'se, das all!" burst out the old man. "Das de whole wurl; das de earth what de meek inherit, not wantin' what dey can't hab, eh? Why, dat man is bigger dan him own self; he de boss ob eberyting!"

A wonderful day it was when the "Old Kentucky Shore" took its place on the top of East Hill, and its young master tendered its hospitalities to all the sledless boys on the hill. Old Reuben was out keeping holiday. The day was keen; he buttoned on his old coat, and strode on with the heart of a king. He shouldered his axe to make it look as if he was going to work, but in truth it was purely a pleasure promenade in which he indulged himself. He took his way through the straggling village street; he loitered on the hill-side, and watched the coasters with beaming face. The new sled was warning to its work; it carried a full load every time, and made a straight tack, and was altogether the most distinguished turn-out on the hill. Old Reuben's soul was filled with joy as he watched it go careering gayly along with young Port braced back to the steering so straight and masterful, and he beamed with joy and pride as he went shambling along, and dropped into the village store quite ready to talk on his favorite topic.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE ARGONAUT AND THE PEARLY NAUTILUS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

I.—THE ARGONAUT.

THE argonaut, or paper nautilus, is regarded as one of the most beautiful objects in the ocean. Who would have thought of finding a celebrated beauty in the same family with the disagreeable octopus? The charm must certainly be due to that lovely white shell, which is prettily ribbed and fluted, and so transparent as to show the varying silver and rose tints of the body underneath.

Notwithstanding these attractions, your eyes, I believe, are now sufficiently trained to find in the argonaut many resemblances to the octopus. There are the unmistakable suckers on the arms, the great wide-awake eyes, and the curious funnel projecting beyond the shell just below them.

In addition to these there are many new points of interest. You will please notice in the upper figure of this beautiful picture that the two hinder arms are spread out into flat, sail-like membranes, which here only partly cover the shell. They may, however, be extended so as to cover it entirely. Indeed, the shell has been secreted by these broad membranes, and if it is broken in any way, the parts are soon repaired by new shelly matter deposited just where it is needed.

Although the argonaut lives in this shell, its body is nowhere fastened to it, neither does it fit the shell and fill it up; as other mollusks do. It merely sits in the graceful shell as in a boat, and holds on by its webbed arms.

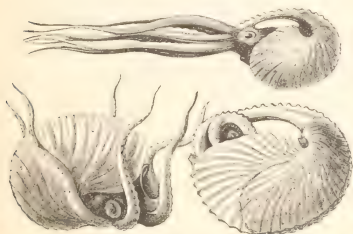
Romantic stories have been told of the argonauts, and persons were led to believe that they sailed over the waves with their webbed arms held aloft as sails to catch the breeze, and that their straight arms were used as oars. So far from sailing in this fantastic fashion, the argonaut rarely comes to the surface, but passes its days in deep water or upon the bottom of the ocean. Here it crawls head downward, with its shell over its back, using its arms in place of feet, as in the left-hand lower figure.

In reality the argonaut swims just as its relatives do,

by squirting itself backward. Gathering the arms together in a straight line, as shown in the upper figure, it takes in sea-water under the mantle, and forcibly expels it from the funnel.

How snugly the right lower one in the picture has tucked itself away in the shell! Still it has an eye for all that goes on around it.

The charming part of our story is yet to be told, for you must know that these dainty shells are merely nests, with which the females are provided to protect themselves



PAPER NAUTILUS.

and the bunches of eggs which they carry. The young ones are hatched in this lovely floating cradle, and are thus shielded from many dangers to which they would be exposed in the open sea.

The male argonaut is very unlike the female. Not being more than an inch in length, and having no shell, it was not recognized until quite recently as the mate of the handsome paper nautilus.

These animals live in tropical seas, but their shells have sometimes been washed on our own shores. It is impossible to know the habits of these deep-sea dwellers, since their haunts are completely hidden from our view.

Argonauts have interested thoughtful men from a very ancient date. Their presence on the water was welcomed as an indication of fine weather, and one of the Greek poets long ago wrote, "O fish justly dear to navigators, thy presence announces winds soft and friendly; thou bringest the calm, and thou art the sign of it."

## II—THE PEARLY NAUTILUS.

The most interesting of all the cephalopods is perhaps the pearly nautilus. Unlike other members of its class, this animal is supplied with a true external shell, which is divided into many chambers; hence it is often called the "chambered nautilus."

In its natural condition the outside of the shell resembles white porcelain streaked with reddish-brown stripes. The nautilus shells usually seen in cabinet collections have been polished; this outer striped coating has thus been removed, and nothing remains but the lustrous pearl underneath.

The shell is elegantly shaped and proportioned, but gives no hint of the curious arrangement inside until it is cut open. It is then found to contain many chambers, partitioned off by curved pearly plates, which you can readily see in the illustration. The animal always occupies the outer and larger chamber, as here represented, retiring from it in its turn, and walling it up as the shell increases in size to meet the needs of the growing body.

In this way each chamber has been successively the home of the nautilus, and has been resolutely abandoned when it ceased to be desirable.

"Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more."

There is a curious tube, or "siphuncle," extending from the body through all the chambers to the end of the coil. Its use is not positively known, although it may be instrumental in compressing the gas with which the chambers are probably filled, thus affecting the weight of the shell, and enabling the animal to rise or sink in the water when it wishes.

Our beautiful nautilus has discovered no more graceful means of swimming than by expelling water from the funnel, as others of its family do, but it has not their peculiarity of squirting ink, inasmuch as it possesses no ink-bag.

It has many short arms, which are highly sensitive, but which have none of the suckers so remarkable in the cuttle-fish. The mantle is thickened into a leathery fold or hood over the head, which closes the shell when the animal retires within it.

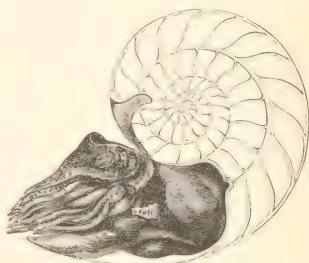
The mouth is surrounded by a fleshy lip and several labial palpi; it opens into a cavity where the parrot's beak and the lingual ribbon are situated. The eyes are attached by short stalks to the sides of the head.

Although nautilus shells are quite common, only a few specimens of the animal have ever been obtained, from which fact it is inferred that the nautilus lives only at great depths in tropical regions of the Pacific and Indian oceans. Unfortunately we know almost nothing of its habits.

The nautilus is especially interesting, since it is the last member of a once numerous race of four-gilled cephalopods with external shells which formerly occupied the seas.

Entire families have ceased to exist, and are known to us only by fossil remains, which are very abundant in the rocks, more than 2000 species being known.

Among the most interesting of these are the ammonites, one of which is shown in the illustration. Their chambered shells are much like nautilus shells, but instead of having partitions with plain edges, the partitions are folded

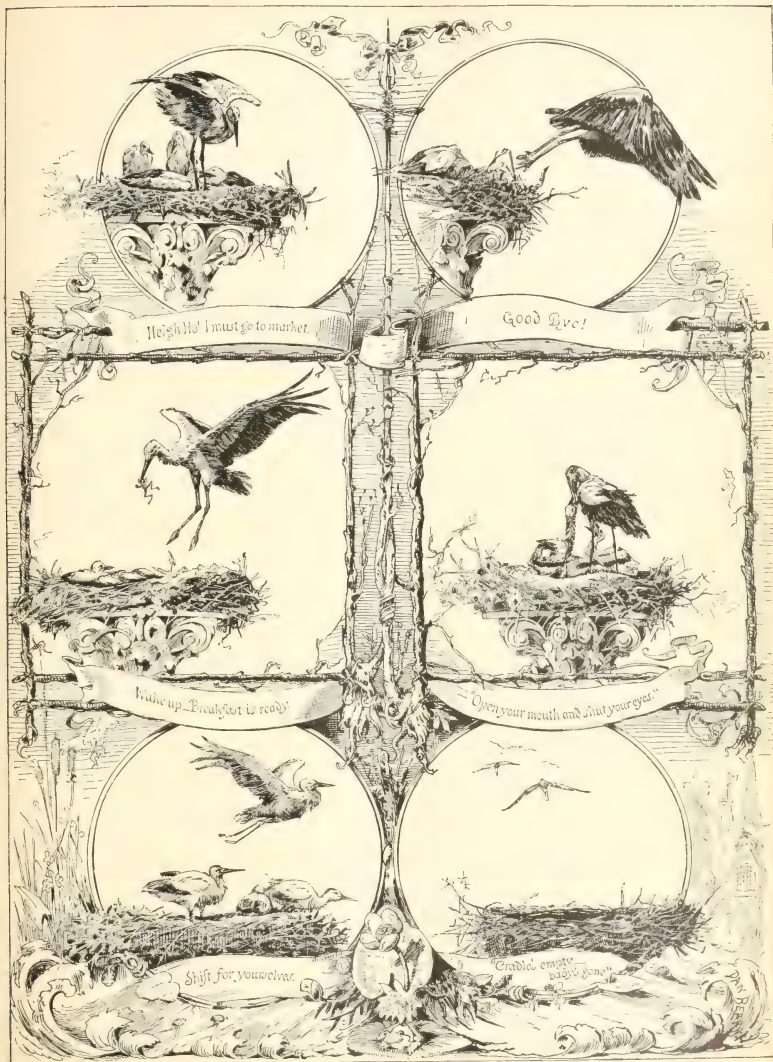


PEARLY NAUTILUS.

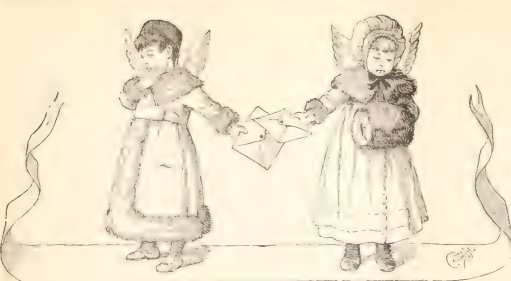
and crinkled, forming curious patterns on the outside of the shell. Ammonites evidently lived in the deep sea; they are found of all sizes, varying from an inch to more than a yard in diameter.

These ancient four-gilled forms have been succeeded by the two-gilled cephalopods, without shells, which now monopolize the ocean. The beautiful nautilus has gradually decreased in numbers, and will probably become extinct also, as the rest of its family have.





THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF MADAM STORK.—DRAWN BY DAN BEARD.



TWO VALENTINES

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MY DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:—A happy new year to you, one and all, and very many of them! Now that the bright holidays have passed, do you not want to give some of your thoughts to the little sick children who are in St. Mary's Free Hospital? Perhaps you are more especially interested to know how the cot endowed by you all is coming on. The little child who occupies it at present is named Irene Golden. She is an orphan, very pretty and very bright, and in spite of the troubles she has, she is well enough to enjoy the things sent to her by the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. She is very proud of a scrap-book which was sent her all the way from London by Mary Playne. If Mary reads this letter, she must take many thanks from Irene.

On Christmas Eve Santa Claus made a journey through all the wards of the hospital. He gave each child a born, a cornucopia of candy, and an orange, also a toy or little gift of some kind. In the middle of the night, when the chicks were all in bed and asleep, he stole around again and put under each little pillow a Christmas card and a silver quarter. Just think how pleased the children must have been, when the next morning, in the morning, to find they had grown rich during the night!

On Tuesday, the 29th of December, they had their Christmas tree. The tree was put up in the large back room on the ground floor. Opening out at this by folding doors is another large room, where the children were all brought, so that they might see the tree to good advantage. The tiny ones sat on very small chairs in the front rows, and the larger children in the back of the room. Some few of the children were too ill to leave the wards; these had a tiny tree, dressed especially for them, upstairs. One little girl refused to come down stairs at all; and another, named Katie, when she got half way down, cried to be taken back. A father, who had been called to the bedside, missed seeing the tree. When all was in readiness, the children were called to the tree, and began to view the longed-for tree. After carols had been sung, the gifts were distributed. On little tables placed around the base of the tree lay the presents. There were dolls without end, games, books, toys, and everything which good old Santa Claus could imagine the children would care for. The decorations on the tree were very handsome, and the children's faces seemed fairly transfigured in the soft candle-light. Even the little ones who were suffering pain seemed to forget their discomfort for the time being. They each had three or more presents, besides baskets of candy, cornucopias, etc. After all was over, they were taken back to their wards, where they had lovely times playing with their new toys.

On New-Year's Day a young lady gave them a treat of ice-cream and cake, together with a pretty show, which consisted of a candy, a lady apple, and a ten-cent piece.

On the 8th of January they had a Christmas tree for the dolls, and this brought the holiday festivities to a close.

I wish you might one and all take a peep at the children as they run about or lie in bed in the bright sunny wards. They are so happy when in the hospital, and so well cared for by the good sisters, that they leave very unwillingly when they are cured and well enough to go back to their homes. The children send you their love and many thanks for all your kind thoughts for them. Good-bye, and all good luck to you, from

A FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN.

EMMA JONES, ST. JEROME.

I thought all the little readers of HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE would like to hear of a sacrifice made by a bright little girl of nine years who lives in Monroe, North Carolina. Monroe is a very quiet little country town, and has until the last few months, been without a church service. It was a source of longing and sadness and regret to all of the mothers who had little children that there was no Sunday service, no minister, no Sunday-school. To children living in country towns at the North it would seem strange, when Sunday came, to have none of these things, but they can scarcely appreciate the loss of it. One of these Monroe mothers at last made the determination that she would devote all of her time, energy, and slender means to build a little chapel for service. She reached out as far as she could to others, equally poor, in neighboring towns for help. Every device was thought of—fairs, tea parties, donations, and patchwork parties—until the modest sum of a very few hundreds was reached, and each woman and child had made some personal sacrifice to contribute to the fund. One little girl had thought of everything possible and impossible to do or give. Plan after plan came to naught. At last, one morning, she waked up with an inspiration born, perhaps, of an angel's whisper. Combining out her long hair, that fell far below her waist, she drew to her mother, holding out the scissors. "Cut it for the church, mamma. It will sell for so much money." Her mother could not find it in her heart to part with the mass of gold that had been the pride of her heart and the envy of every other mother in the town, but eagerly Fair looked up, pleading her cause so bravely, that with tears running over the brave little head, mamma cut the silken tresses, and they were sent to me, tied with a blue ribbon, for sale.

In that distant Southern town they are far from the busy world, and curious ideas of the wealth and generosity of New York people have become a faith in the minds of these innocent farming people. Poor little Fair believes that I shall realize a fortune for her hair. I spent one whole morning on Sixth Avenue going from place to place to the best hair dealers. They were all unanimous and enthusiastically as to the color, weight, and quality, most of them declaring it could never have been cut from the head of a child, but, I was declared *wonderful*, inasmuch as no head in a thousand had just that color, and it must be sacrificed to be *dyed*, which would make it then of no more value than the ordinary "switches" for sale, and at the *most* I could get no more than \$3. My heart felt heavy with disappointment as I wrapped up the lovely hair and took it home. How could I send such a message to the little girl who waits each day for the result of her noble sacrifice? I thought of the Post-office Box, which finds its way to thousands of homes where no letters or parcels or parcels can reach, and I thought of the little girl who would not be bereft of their gold. Can we not send Fairfax Payne a little purse, which she may proudly believe she has *earned*? If any of the children who live in New York would like to send this hair, and will let me know through the Post-office Box, I will put it where it can be seen; and if any of your young hearts will help me, I will begin the little fund with \$1 and a prayer that I may be the means of sending a message of joy to this pretty Southern girl.

Yours truly,

S. M'CUTCHEAN.

LEADER, NEWBERRYVILLE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS:—Please print this little story. I made it all myself, and I never had a printed story in any paper.

## WHAT HAPPENED TO ME ONE DAY.

One afternoon I was lying on the grass in the shadow of a big chestnut-tree, with a book in my hand. It was too hot even to read, and by-and-

by I fell asleep. At once I was awakened by something fluttering against my face, and looking up, I saw a little bird perched on a rose-bush. "Good-afternoon; how d'ye do?" it said.

"Thank you, sir, quite well. What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing particular. I only came to ask if you would like to pay a visit to the Princess of the Wood," said the little bird again.

"Yes, please, I should like to very much," I answered.

"Very well; come along, then."

We went out of the garden gate, and far away into the fields, till we came to a wood, where I had never been before.

"Yes," said the little bird, as we stood before a big oak-tree. The bird opened a door, and we went down a very steep ladder. When we arrived at the bottom we knocked at an iron door, which was opened by a man with a long beard.

"Ha, captain, here are two more prisoners," he said.

"What in the world has happened here?" cried the little bird, that had changed into a young man, dressed like a prince, and he ran toward a sofa whereon sat a lovely maiden with long brown hair and beautiful dark eyes. "Tell me, darling, what has happened?" he said, stooping down to kiss her forehead.

"I am taken prisoner by Bloodheart, my enemy, Richard dear," she said, weeping bitterly.

"That will never do," cried the Prince, and jumping up, he felt for his sword, but it was gone, and the captain said, sneeringly:

"If you move, your head shall be chopped right off. Go a little bit away; you must not speak with your sister. This little girl can stay with the Princess," he said, looking at me. Then he went up to the young lady and said: "If you will marry me, I will free your sister, and I will let this little girl, but if you won't," he added, threateningly, "you shall be thrown all three into the river. Well, what is your conclusion?"

"Oh no, my dear," said the young lady, "I will not marry you, and I will not let this little girl, but I will let Richard and the little girl, Marry you I never could."

"Very well, then," said the Prince, and he came nearer. "I am here to come to me, with a rope with a slip-knot to put around my neck. I was terribly frightened, and screaming 'Mamma! papa! help me!—oh, do come, quick!'" I fell on the floor.

"What is it, my darling?" I heard mother's sweet voice. I looked up, and—I was in our own garden, and I was alone. I was terribly frightened, but rose and came to me when she saw how frightened I looked.

"How did you sleep nicely, dear?" she asked, kindly.

Then, after all, I had not been in the wood, with the Prince and the Princess, and it was only a dream?

"Of course it is, dearie," said mamma, when I told her what had happened. "Get up, and don't read any more fairy stories; that's the only reason you dreamed so badly."

I indignantly refused to believe that to be the reason, but had no more opportunity to think about it, as papa came with one of his cousins, and the welcome news that she was to stay all day with me. I often thought about my adventure, and now I believe mother was right when she said I was dreaming so badly.

STORY-BOOKS. EIRAM (a Dutch girl, aged 13).

ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS:—I am a boy ten years old. I buy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week, and like it very much. I wrote to you before, but as my letter was not sent, I thought I would try again. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, geography, and arithmetic. I missed a part of my summer vacation, but I am very much interested in the new book, named General and a cat named Maud. My brother and I are making a snow house, and have it nearly made.

ROBERT N.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS:—I have some pets—six rabbits and a big dog. They are just two and a half years old, but we had to give away and sell part of them when we went to the country for the summer. I have twelve dolls—one Quaker, one boy, and one girl. I like to play with my dolls. Tell Helen W. that I am just her age, and hope to keep her company playing with dolls for a long time. I have a French doll named Dorothy, on my last birthday, and my mother, who approves of dolls, says she will give me another on my twenty-fifth birthday if I want one.

E. B. C.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS:—I am a little girl almost ten years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly three years. This is my first letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I hope it will be printed. I can speak French just as well as English, and am learning Spanish. I had great fun at Christmas-time, and then I had a party with my friends, and we had a very big party with a bowl and pitcher set, a sofa, three pretty books, a pair of dolls, roller skates, two pretty

Christmas cards, a pretty pencil, and a rubber ball. Papa gave me a beautiful musical box, that plays eight tunes. I went to a Christmas-tree, and had one myself, that had many pretty things on it. I helped mamma trim it. On the 18th of February, I am going to have a party. I have no pets, but I once had a canary that died. I do not go to school, but I have a visiting governess. My studies are spelling, reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, history, and poetry. I am learning to play the piano, and I practice every day. I hope my letter is not too long, so I will say good-by.

EMILY L. I. B.

DECATUR, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am seven years old, and I have a sister, and she is eight years old. We went to Springfield, the capital of our State, vacation week, and saw Lincoln and the boys in a funny fly. Mr. Lincoln's boys were little, she was passed by, and we saw one of the boys in a funny fly. They had some trees set out in front of the house, with some little fences built around them to keep anything from rubbing the trees. The boy got his head in between two of the slats, and couldn't get it out again. He screamed and kicked, and the boys had a great time getting him out. There is a party at our house every day. We have us all about it. We saw the old and new State-house.

We have five pets, and the drollest of them all is a parrot. Its name is Polly. She is over twenty-five years old, and acts just like a young bird, and is very jolly, and if I were not afraid of making my letter too long, I would tell you all about her. I like any of the little boys and girls who want to hear of the funny things that Polly says and does. I will write and tell them; but next time, I guess, it will be my sister's turn to write. We like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

JOHN OLIVER M.

INDIANHURST, KANSAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a girl ten years old. I go to school, and study arithmetic, reading, spelling, and geography. I have one doll. We have two birds; one is a cat, and one is a dog. Our other Dick. Papa built us a nice brick house; it has six rooms, three upstairs and three downstairs. Papa built us a nice cave, and arched it on the top.

HORTIE F.

HARLEN, NEW YORK.

Our names are Andrew, Tessie, and Anella. We live in a nice house. We go to school every summer we go to Rockaway. We are the ones who used to go in bathing at C.S. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time, and I find it to be very interesting.

ANDREW J. H.

NELSON, NEBRASKA.

I am twelve years old. I go to school at Nelson, about a mile from my home, which is in the country. We have only three rooms in the school; I am in the highest room, and read in the Fifth Reader. I have three sisters and one brother; I am the youngest. I have for pets two kittens and one old cat, a dog, a canary-bird, and several dolls, which I do not play with. I would like to correspond with a girl in Florida, England, or some other place.

LINNIE CORBETT.

BATH, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a boy thirteen years old. I have taken three numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which my mother has given me, and a Christmas present, and I think it a nice one, too. We have a toboggan slide here, on a hill across the river. You have to pass the entrance to Mr. Davenport's grounds on the road to the toboggan slide—Mr. Davenport who ran for Governor is the one I mean. I have only one pet, a little dog named Brownie. I wish I had a cat, but I'm afraid my doggie would bite her, as I don't like cats. I would like to correspond with a boy in some foreign country.

WILLMONT WEBB, Box 286.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have just read the beginning of "Jo's Opportunity"; I think it is a pretty story. I am a little girl ten years old. I thought I would write to you and tell you how happy I was that grandma gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a year. My brother and I are twins. My mother is dead. I live with my grandma. In my next letter I will tell you about our church and our school.

JANIE C.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I live in the country in summer, and have several pets—a lamb, a cat, and a dog. My sister has a bird and some gold-fish. We have great fun with the lamb, for we play hide-and-seek with her, and she will let us ride on her, or use just like a child. My cat is an Angora, and is almost as large as a small dog. We dress him up in clothes, and will sit up in his bed, and he carries like a doll. We spent last summer in the East, and were at Nantucket most of the time.

It is such a quiet, quaint old town! They have a town-crier, and he is one of the principal features of the place. I enjoyed the bathing so much, for I learned how to swim. I gathered a great many flowers and shrubs, and I had many long and delightful walks across the moor. I do not know which I like most, the sea-shore or the country, for they both have so many attractions.

ANNA F.

CLAYTON, ALABAMA.

I have just returned from a visit to my grandfather. My aunt takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for her little boys, and she has shown me what I first. I am much pleased with it. I show it to my school-mates; they all want to take it, and my brother will take it for me. I am sure one little girl will. I am twelve years old. I have one brother.

M. E. C.

PEABODY, CALIFORNIA.

I saw a buttercup to-day, January 9, although there have been several heavy frosts for the last week or two. We had an earthquake the other day; it shook hard. I went duck-hunting with my brother yesterday, and we shot two ducks. We went again to-day, with another boy, and we got eighteen ducks. There was a fish-pond about a half of an hour's ride from here, and a heavy storm, and it broke over its banks, and I got twenty fish in the ditch below it. I have nine of them in the watering-trough. I have five volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and they are bound. I like "Two Arrows" very much. Tell Mr. Thompson that I want to hear about some more of his funny dreams.

EDDIE MCG.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

I wish you a very happy new year. This is the first letter I have written to you, but I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time. I like it very much, and like the stories. I like the little girls write in the Post-office Box. I used to live in Canada, but we came here in September. I liked Canada very much, and we had some large place, and we lived across the road from the school. It is very cold here, and the snow is very deep. I have two brothers and two sisters; three of them are named Raymond, Clara, Alma, and Wharmel. They are all between four and eleven years of age.

BESSIE O'N.

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl ten years old. I went to New York while ago, and saw where this beautiful paper is published. My kind auntie has sent me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time, and I feel that I cannot do without it. Our house is situated on a hill, and we have a fine view of the Sound for many miles. I go to school nearly every day, and I study arithmetic, reading, writing, spelling, grammar, mental arithmetic, and geography.

FLORENCE A. S.

ROBERTS PARK, ILLINOIS.

I am ill with the mumps, so I cannot go to school, and I cannot talk much. I go to a graded school, and enjoy it very much. I want to get a good edition of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am grown up. I live in a pretty village nine miles from Chicago, and half a mile from Lake Michigan. In the summer we have fine times playing on the beach. I enjoy reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I am always glad when Wednesday comes, for the paper comes on that day. My brother and sister and myself had to wait for a Christmas present, so we thought we would take some magazine. My brother takes *Wide Awake*, my sister *Our Little Men and Women*, and I take *Harper's Young People*. We thought we would spend our money so we would have something that would be new all the year. We sent one dollar to an old lady, eighty-four years old. Her birthday comes on Christmas.

JESSIE S.

GREENSBORO, CONNECTICUT.

As I have never seen a letter from the Post-office Box from this place, I thought I would write. I am one of your older readers, and have taken this delightful paper a year. I have two sisters, the older than myself and one younger than I. I am very anxious for Saturday to come, for then we receive this paper. I like the stories very much, especially "Rolf Hound's Tale." "Bright's" is also very nice. I shall try to write some of those articles mentioned. I think "Jo's Opportunity" will be splendid.

CAMILLA B.

TORONTO, PENNSYLVANIA.

I will tell you how I spent Christmas. We had intended to spend the day at grandma's, but the roads were very rough, so we all went to my aunt's, whose house is next to ours. We had a fine tree, laden with beautiful presents. Sister Maude recited "Willie's Prayer," and I "The Night Before Christmas." We then had our presents, after which mamma and father said "Ring again the Christmas bells." I received a great many fine presents, and my uncle still sends me the dear HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am getting well. I have a wheel chair, and you can imagine what a pleasure it must be to be able to move

from room to room without assistance. I am making a collection of shells and geological specimens, also what I call a "memorial scrap-book." But I must say good-by. With much love,

HARRY F.

ELMWOOD, ILLINOIS.

I have nine pets I call my own: three tame squirrels, all in one cage; three bantam chickens, all in one cage; I have a dog, a cat, and a bird, the two hens I call Betsy and Jane; I have a small rat-terrier dog I call Jack (in the summer I harness him to a fly wagon); my cat I call Junie, because he came in June; my canary-bird I call Ruby; he is a beautiful singer; mamma has his cage in the window among her flowers. I have no brother living. My father is a doctor. He drives one horse; we call her Glide. We have two Jersey cows. I drive them to pasture in the summer. My mother is a teacher. I seldom walk when I take them away. My brother-in-law, who lives here, is a stock dealer. I often help him drive cattle. Papa, mamma, and I all love to read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I take the *Youth's Companion* too.

GEORGE I. R.

NEW HAMPTON, IOWA.

My brother has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since 1880, and I like to read it better every year, especially the Post-office Box. I am thirteen years old. I was born in Pasmalia, South India. My father and mother went out there as missionaries. I have four brothers, and one sister named Gracie. I can play very nicely for a girl of my age, and am now learning to play on the violin. I am studying French and Latin. I am very fond of father's stories, and I like to get employment for a girl. Don't you think so? I have travelled a great deal, and have seen a great many wonderful things. I shall try and see you, dear Postmistress, when I go to the city next year.

ALICE D.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—A little boy nine years old, threatened with pneumonia, was by order of the doctor, completely wrapped in a poultice made of flaxseed and mustard, and the early part of this week, owing to the sudden change in the weather, the house was not as warm as usual, and he asked mamma how the thermometer stood. Mamma said, "About six degrees below." He said, "Put one of the poultices on the thermometer, and it will be up to about two hundred degrees by the time the doctor comes." I believe this is original.

HIS SISTER FRANCES.

# PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO EASY ACROSTICS.

- 1.—A particle used in composition. 2. Wages. 3. A wandering tribe. 4. An ancient far-famed mountain.
- 2.—To injure. 2. A country. 3. The outer coating. 4. Manufactured. MATTHEW G. E.

No. 2.

TWO DIAMONDS.

- 1.—A Roman numeral. 2. A boy's name. 3. A language. 4. A metal. 5. A letter.
- 2.—A letter. 2. Skill. 3. A language. 4. A number. 5. A letter. ROBERT N.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 325.

- No. 1.—1. Impertinent. 2. Oath. 3. Nihil. 4. Oath. 5. R. No. 2.—1. A. 2. M. 3. A. 4. Language. 5. A letter. ROBERT N.

No. 3.—1. E. 2. M. 3. A. 4. Language. 5. A letter. ROBERT N.

No. 4.—1. A. 2. M. 3. A. 4. Language. 5. A letter. ROBERT N.

No. 5.—1. A. 2. M. 3. A. 4. Language. 5. A letter. ROBERT N.

No. 6.—1. A. 2. M. 3. A. 4. Language. 5. A letter. ROBERT N.

No. 7.—1. A. 2. M. 3. A. 4. Language. 5. A letter. ROBERT N.

No. 8.—1. A. 2. M. 3. A. 4. Language. 5. A letter. ROBERT N.

No. 9.—1. A. 2. M. 3. A. 4. Language. 5. A letter. ROBERT N.

No. 10.—1. A. 2. M. 3. A. 4. Language. 5. A letter. ROBERT N.

No. 11.—1. A. 2. M. 3. A. 4. Language. 5. A letter. ROBERT N.

No. 12.—1. A. 2. M. 3. A. 4. Language. 5. A letter. ROBERT N.

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN PELTYVILLE.

## IF NOT QUITE TRUE, IT OUGHT TO BE.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

VALENTINE'S DAY is on its way;  
 'Twill be here very soon,  
 For I heard sister Sue say so  
 To Bell this afternoon.

But I'm afraid nobody 'll  
 think  
 To send me even one,  
 'Cause I was only seven years  
 old  
 When the new year be-  
 gan;  
 And so I'll write one to my-  
 self  
 (I couldn't bear to be  
 Without a single valentine),  
 And play 'twas sent to me.

"Dear Gracie"—that's how I'll  
 begin—  
 "You are a lovely child;  
 You never drive your mother  
 or  
 Your grandma nearly wild;  
 You never tease the baby,  
 nor  
 Refuse with him to play;  
 You study hard, and know by  
 heart  
 Your lessons every day;  
 You keep your dress and apron  
 neat,  
 Your hair is always curled,  
 And you are just as nice a  
 girl  
 As any in the world."

There! that sounds very pretty, and  
 I think that it will do.  
 But 'pears to me it isn't quite  
 Exactly truly true.  
 But then it *ought* to be, and that's  
 Almost, I think, the same,  
 And so down in the corner here  
 I'll sign a make-b-lieve name.



A VALENTINE'S DAY EPISODE.

THE REASON WHY TOMMY BERN'S LOVE OFFERING NEVER REACHED HIS HEART'S IDOL.



**HARPER'S**

**YOUNG PEOPLE**

**AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.**

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LOVE A-BEGGING.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 246.

## LOVE AT PLAY.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

THE wind and storm came down amain,  
 Rough voices sang a blithe refrain.  
 A child came begging in the rain  
 (Sing, O, the good Saint Valentine!);  
 His face was fair as flowers in May.  
 I could not send the boy away;  
 It was the merry holiday  
 Of good Saint Valentine.

I filled his little hands with bread;  
 He turned aside his golden head,  
 His sweet eyes dim with tears unshed  
 (Sing, O, the good Saint Valentine!).  
 I gave him gold; yet lifted he  
 A look so piteous sweet to me,  
 I marvelled what his prayer might be  
 (Sing, O, Saint Valentine!).

I brought him all my gifts in vain;  
 His tears fell fast as summer rain.  
 My heart grew soft with tender pain  
 (Sing, O, the good Saint Valentine!).  
 "What would you, Sweet, with me?" I said,  
 And stooped and kissed his shining head;  
 Then, laughing, from my arms he fled  
 (Sing, O, Saint Valentine!).

Ah! then I knew the youngster gay  
 Had come to beg my heart away,  
 Because it was the merry day  
 We keep for good Saint Valentine.  
 A tiny hand of scorn at me  
 He pointed, wild with elfin glee.  
 "I have what I would have," said he  
 (Sing, O, Saint Valentine!).

The people sang their rude refrain;  
 The boy flew, laughing, through the rain.  
 I shall not have my heart again  
 (Sing, O, the good Saint Valentine!).  
 For Love has begged it quite away;  
 I will not have it if I may.  
 Sing, O, the merry holiday  
 Of good Saint Valentine!

## CAUGHT BY A DESERT SAND-STORM.

AN ADVENTURE IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER.

THERE are many deserts in Tartary, but none more grim and dreary than the great waste of "Kara Koum" (Black Sand), which stretches across the whole northwest of Central Asia. Day after day you go wearily on over the endless level, with your head aching and your skin dry and feverish, seeing nothing but the burning sky above and the burning sand below, where the only thing to show that you have not wandered from the right track is a stray mound of earth here and there, out of which peer the whitened bones of horses and camels, and sometimes even of men, who have died here before you.

But if you do happen to meet a man, you must be on your guard, for in these wild regions the old joke about "catching a Tartar" often comes true in grim earnest. When one of these flat-faced, bullet-headed fellows comes trotting up to you on his wiry little horse, looking cunningly at you from under the high cap of black sheep-skin that is slouched over his small, narrow, rat-like eyes, you had better keep your hand upon your revolver and your eye upon him until he has answered your challenge of, "Amamust?" (Is it peace?) with, "Insh Allah, amamust!" (please God it is peace).

Why this pleasant place should be called "Black Sand" it is hard to say, for both it and its two great brothers, the "Ak Koum" (White Sand), to the east, and the "Kizil Koum" (Red Sand), to the south, are all of one color, and that color a pale yellow. But it can look "black" enough sometimes in another way, as I know to my cost. In the driest and loneliest part of it, just as the water is begin-

ning to run low in your skin bag, you come upon a deep, winding furrow in the parched earth, which was a rushing river ages ago, and you think of the cool, clear water that the thirsty sands have drunk up, until you yourself grow thirstier and more dismal than ever.

We were just midway across the desert, and the red sun was sinking over the great waste of lifeless sand, when there suddenly arose between us and it what seemed at first sight like a cloud of withered leaves. But a second glance showed it to be a host of wide-winged *living* things, moving onward, swift and unswerving, in ranked order, like an army arrayed for battle. But for their amazing numbers one might have taken them for an ordinary flight of grasshoppers; but I had seen such a sight too often before not to recognize at once the destroying march of the *locust*.

Onward they went to lay waste the rich lands of the south, their vast shadow darkening half the sky, and the whir of their countless wings sounding amid the ghostly silence like the hissing and grinding of some mighty engine. Although thousands passed every moment, it was fully fifteen minutes before the last of the host had gone by.

Then my Tartar servant pointed his brown, bony hand after the shadowy mass, and said, solemnly, "Master, we shall have a *storm*."

"Why do you think so?" asked I, somewhat surprised, for the sky was clear and cloudless as ever.

"The locusts have gone by in their armies, even such as those that the Prophet Moussa Ben Amrah" (Moses the son of Amram) "brought up against Egypt; and where they come, the blast of the desert is never far behind. Destruction always follows the destroyer."

The terrible emphasis of the man's tone and manner showed that he was thoroughly in earnest; and if he spoke truly, the thought of encountering a desert whirlwind in this perilous spot, where there was enough loose sand to bury a whole army, was anything but pleasant. But what could we do? To go back was as dangerous as to go forward, and to stand still was worse than either; so on we went.

Two hours passed, however, without any sign of danger, and I was just beginning to hope that the Tartar might have been mistaken after all, when the camels, which were harnessed three abreast to my light covered wagon,\* suddenly stopped short, and began to snuff the air uneasily.

I saw a look of anxiety cloud the Tartar's stern face, and instantly reflected upon that of our Kirghiz driver, whose sharp white teeth, hooked nose, and great black hollow eyes looked quite unearthly in the fitful moonlight.

The camels snuffed again, more quickly and restlessly than before, and then crouched down side by side, with their long necks laid flat on the ground.

"Tebbad!" (sand-storm) shouted the Kirghiz, throwing himself down behind them, and muffling his head in his sheep-skin cloak.

The words were hardly spoken, when a gray dimness rushed down suddenly over the whole sky, and my Tartar and I had barely time to fling ourselves down into the bottom of the wagon, when there came a rush and a roar, and all around was one whirl of flying sand and charging storm, which, closely as our shawls were pulled over our faces, seemed to deafen, blind, and strangle us all in one moment.

It seemed many hours to us (though in reality it was less than one) while we lay there, half stifled, but not daring to put forth our heads, listening to the howl of the storm and the sharp "purr, purr" of the whirling sand against the sides of our rocking wagon. But at last the hideous uproar died away, and we ventured to peep forth.

A strange sight awaited us. Far as the eye could reach, the smooth sand was billowed like the waves of a stormy

\* In India camels are now used to draw not only wagons, but post-chaises and street cars as well.—D. K.

sea. Our wagon looked as if steeped in lime, and the lower half of it was hidden altogether. Of the camels nothing could be seen but their humps; and as the Kighiz started up, throwing off a whirlwind of dust on every side, he seemed to have risen bodily through the earth.

We ourselves had fared little better. In spite of all my wrappings, my skin was as gritty as a match-box from head to foot, and the Tartar's sallow visage looked like a half-washed potato. The warm, genial air had suddenly become chilly as a grave, for the Siberian hurricane had brought with it cold memories of frozen seas, and leagues of snowy moorland, and half-seen icebergs drifting wearily through the polar night; and the pale grayish-yellow sand of the Kara Koum, which by its very nature cannot absorb heat, is one of the coldest surfaces in the world.

How we had escaped being buried alive outright I was at first quite at a loss to imagine, but the explanation was simple enough. Most fortunately for ourselves, we had halted on the brow of a ridge where the sand lay thin and light, and where the sweep of the wind was too furious to let the drifts gather thickly round us. Had we met the storm in the hollows below, we should all have been dead men, and I still count that night's work one of the narrowest of my many escapes from death.

### THE PET CANARY.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

BOYS talk about their pet dogs, and enlarge upon their tricks and manners in italics and big O's. True, other animals find places as pets with them, but no other species is so universally acknowledged as the boy's pride and joy, his dear friend and companion, as his dog. And all that the dog is to the boy, the canary is to the girl, and a sweeter pet or more loving one cannot be found than these bits of animated feathers, with their sparkling eyes, their bonny plumage, winning ways, and passionate song.

If you have been so unfortunate as to buy a bird that is wild, the first thing to do is to tame it. This is best and soonest accomplished by placing the bird for a week or two in the small wooden cage in which they are usually kept in the stores. The cage must be kept on a table in the room where the family sit, and must be handled freely. If you are reading or sewing, keep it beside you, or even on your knee. Remember, however, that the little prisoner is full of fears, and now and then speak lovingly to him, often repeating your own name to him, and especially so when he calls.

Give him fresh water and seed with your own hands, and once in a while offer him a hemp seed; but do not drop it into the cage, as your aim is now to accustom your bird to the hand. At first he will fly about in great fear. But do not be discouraged. In a week or so he will have become used to having his cage handled; then place him in his proper cage, and go through the same course with him, as more room is apt to make him timid again, until you can lift the cage at any time or put your hand in it without causing fear. If the bird be very wild, take it frequently in the hand, and at such times always give it something to eat. Put a hemp seed, bit of apple or lettuce or cake, between the lips, and let it take it from your mouth, and soon it will associate its tidbit with the handling, and become fearless.

An excellent time to begin to handle or put your hand in the cage is right after the bird has taken its bath. If you have a pair—and male and female are happiest together—begin to handle the female first, as she is, as a rule, the more easily tamed. In catching the bird be perfectly fearless. Take it lightly but firmly in the hand, letting its claws cling to one of your fingers; this gives it a sense of security, and accustoms it to the finger as a perch.

The length of time it takes to tame your bird depends

entirely upon the amount of time you devote to it and the regularity of your attention. To be very devoted one day and careless the next is a poor plan, and makes the taming process a very tedious one. Give the little prisoner as much time as you can, and never go into the room without speaking to him.

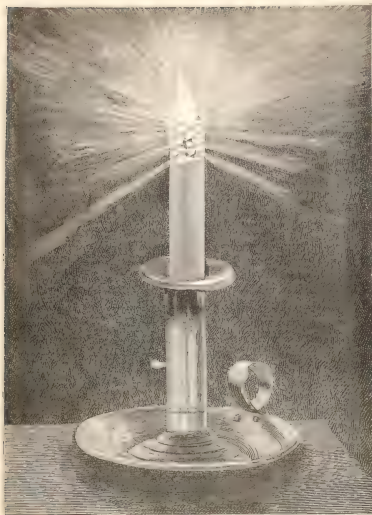
My birds have an especial call for every member of the family, and the sound is so like our names that we can easily distinguish whom they are calling. This was attained by each of us repeating our own name whenever we did anything for them, and as each had some particular thing to do every day, the birds soon associated us with that service for their comfort or pleasure. For example, it was Edith's duty to set the birds in the sunshine, and she would always say, "Shall Edith set Birdie and Millie in the sunshine?" In a short time they learned to associate her with the sunshine, and called her to set them out if she forgot to do it.

Bird-fanciers tell us that giving birds a variety of food spoils their song. I have never found it to be the case in a wide acquaintance with birds. I had a mocking-bird that came to the table with the family; he ate everything except butter, and would drink both tea and coffee. The neighbors thought his nightly songs a burden hard to bear. As a matter of course I did not agree with them, seeing that he was my bird. The birds I now have eat everything they wish to, coming on the table or our shoulders for what they want, and scolding in the most charming way if not served, and often I am compelled to scold Birdie to make him hush his song. I had an English robin which not only ate all we did, but also kept my house clear of Croton-bugs, going in among the pipes under the sink and all through the presses; one of my canaries, called Fairy, taught him to go in and out of her cage, and would follow him wherever he went.

In winter I never keep my birds in their cages; the doors are opened in the morning, and they go where they choose in the room. But when summer comes, unless they are to build, they get one fly a day, and that is really all that is absolutely necessary for a cage-raised bird. Mine, even in winter, spend most of their time in their cages, seeming to prefer them to the larger room. They should, however, have one fly a day for health's sake, and the mistress should be the one to let them out of the cage. Leave the seed and water in the cage; they will soon learn the way in after it, and they seem to enjoy the power to go in and out at will.

In winter, birds should not be hung immediately in the window, unless there is no draught. Birds are so sensitive to draughts that they easily catch cold. What really seems to us to be hardly the suspicion of a draught is often very trying to a bird, and coming in through the crevices of the window causes colds, rheumatism, asthma, and consumption. Have the standards, if the birds are hung up, so placed as to bring the cage in the centre of the window, but not too close to the glass. They must have light; to hang a bird in a dark room or corner, or behind drawn blinds, is as cruel as to keep a cat in the same house with it; and it would be just as proper to keep a tiger in the house with a helpless babe as a cat with birds. Birds must have light; it is as necessary to them as air is to you. God made birds for the light, and at no time does their song pour forth so rapturously as when in a band of glorious sunshine; so hang the cage in the light, low down, where you can speak to the bird easily and it can see you without an effort.

If your bird has taken cold, there are many remedies to be bought, but I have more faith in home-made cures, perhaps because I have tried both, and always found the home-made ones most trustworthy. Take a fig and soak it overnight in olive oil; then scrape the seed and pulp into a saucer, and mix it thoroughly with finely pounded rock candy; work into a little ball, and fasten it between



A WAX CANDLE IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

the cage bars or on the perch. This is an excellent cure for colds, sore throat, or hoarseness. Another excellent cure for cold is boiled bread and milk, with a little honey, say half a tea-spoonful, dropped in after it is almost cold. I used this with great success this winter when one of my birds had pneumonia. I blistered her chest with camphorated oil, fed her on bread, honey, and milk, with a few hemp seed pounded fine and boiled with the milk; the hemp acted like a narcotic. As soon as she began to mend I soaked her bread in port-wine, sprinkling sugar over the bread. On this and cold boiled hominy she quickly recovered her strength.

The camphorated oil is very good as a blister, but use it moderately, and only in extreme cases, as it is a cruel treatment for so tender a creature as a bird; apply it with the finger by gently parting the feathers, and rubbing it in on the chest or bowels—wherever the inflammation is. You can easily tell if the bird is suffering acute pain in the chest: the breathing will be short and hard, and evidently every breath causes distress; the head droops and the wings hang loosely, while the little creature scarcely seems able to stand up or be still. As soon as the blister is applied, be careful to place the bird in a darkened room that is warm, free from draughts and steam heat. For well birds steam is very bad; for sick ones it is almost death.

If your bird suffers with asthma—you can tell when this is the case by its breathing becoming heavy and difficult before damp or wet weather—give it the heads of the herb “everlasting” to pick, or “immortal” flowers are also good. Blistering for asthma does no good. Bryonia will help a little. One drop of bryonia in its water will be enough. For rheumatism, bryonia and colchicum, given in alternate doses, is a sure cure. I do not trust to their taking it in their water, if they are very ill, but give it by dropping a little into the mouth, if they will not take it, every two or

three hours, from the spoon. Rheumatism usually attacks the feet, and is shown by swollen red joints.

Birds that are constantly kept in the cage sometimes suffer with paralysis of the legs. The quickest and best cure for this is to take the affected leg in your mouth and suck it until the foot and limb are in a glow and quite hot; then for a few days—if it is impossible to do so every day—let the bird have ten or fifteen minutes to fly about the room.

Birds are very grateful for attention when sick, and seem to understand the words of pity and love and the acts of help far better than many babies do (I say this with all due respect to babyhood); and certainly they never forget the love that nursed them back to health.

Talk to your bird, teach it to understand you by telling it what you are doing for it, and soon you will find that, brilliant as brother's dog is, he is not more loving, nor does he know more tricks than your bird does, for a bird that you make a companion of you can teach anything. All that is necessary is to have love and unbounded patience with it, and in a little while no love, no money, could buy your pet canary.

#### CURIOUS EFFECT OF ARCTIC COLD.

A PERSON who has never been in the polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is; but by reading the terrible experiences of arctic travellers in that icy region some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there.

When we have the temperature down to zero out-of-doors we think it bitterly cold, and if our houses were not as warm as, at least, sixty degrees above zero, we should begin to talk of freezing to death. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down to thirty-five degrees *below* zero in the house in spite of the stove. Of course in such a case the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins.

Everybody smiles at the fib told by Baron Munchausen about the cold weather he experienced when he said he could not make a sound on his hunting-horn, because the sounds froze before they could get out; but that when he returned home and hung up his horn by the fire-place the warmth thawed out the sounds, and the horn played of its own accord all the tunes the Baron had blown into it. Of course the writer of the book was only trying to be as absurd as he could, and he was absurd enough; but, after all, some of the effects of cold are so extraordinary that there is no need to exaggerate.

Dr. Moss, of the English polar expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a wax candle which he burned there. The temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero, and the Doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm.

It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the candle, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside it, and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light.

This is not only a curious effect of extreme cold, but it shows how difficult it must be to find anything like warmth in a place where even fire itself almost gets cold. The wonder is that any man can have the courage to willingly return to such a bitter region after having once got safely away from it, and yet the truth is that the spirit of adventure is so strong in some men that it is the very hardship and danger which attract them.



## THE SPIRIT OF THE MARSHALLS.

BY MARGARET EMMA DITTO.

## II.

"OLD Kentucky an' de Marshalls befo' de wah" was a text from which old Reuben could preach almost any kind of sermon. Upon this subject he was gifted with great freedom of speech and a wealth of statement which opened long vistas to the narrow-minded and unimaginative people among whom he sojourned. Amusements were scarce in Haddam Lower Landing, and the group at the village store often eked out their scanty rations by drawing out the old darky on his pet topic. This, being Washington's Birthday, was a whole holiday, and its tedious length of nothing to do and nothing particular to talk about was dragging heavily on at the store when Reuben arrived.

"Here is Kentucky itself coming down upon us," said Hiram Powell. "Shuffle yourself in, Uncle Reuben. We're glad to see you. Color isn't catching, and you're dyed in the wool, and won't rub off."

Hiram was the store clerk, an aspiring youth, who rose early and toiled late at his small puns and jokes, and always kept up heart wonderfully, though his wit, poor starveling, did not turn out as funny as he expected it to, and often drew blanks instead of laughter.

"Come up to the fire," he said, with a flourishing bow. "This stove draws like a popular preacher. It will draw in the highways and hedges, the county lines, and the Confederacy next. Gentlemen, let me introduce you to Mr. Marshall. Never heard your last name. But of course you was born a Marshall, and never got over it."

"Das so," said Uncle Reuben, smiling blandly round upon the group. "You's tole de troof once. De bigges' liars is apt to hit de troof sometimes, w'en it's as big as a farm, an' dey is stan'in' in de middle ob it, wid no range to deir gun—eh? Co'se Is bohn a Marshall; dey wan't

no oder way to be bohn on dat plantation in de Gen'ral's time. You'd a run some chance o' bein' a man yo'self ef you'd been bohn on dat plantation."

The laugh was against Hiram, but he rallied promptly. "They say you and the old General were like Siamese twins—hey? Now, Reuben, did not you once give me to understand that?"

"I neber gib you nothin' to un'erstan', Hiram: das too strainin' on you. I keeps a Sunday-school for weak-min' grasshoppers in de summer-time now an' again, till dey can go up in de higher branches, but I neber eben ax you to come to dat, cos de win' ought to be temper' to de shorn lamb—eh?" And Uncle Reuben sat composedly down on a soap box, and gazed meekly about him, while Hiram had business on the other side of the store.

"I suppose," said one of the loungers, "that Washington's Birthday came three or four times a year down South. Didn't they, Reuben?"

"Dat got rou'n' tol'ble spy down dar. De years didn't break deirselves to pieces for it, but dey had to get out ob de way befo' it pretty libely, an' de fools didn't hab no gret chance to 'cumulate denner-times, like dey does somewhars," Reuben replied, with a shrewd glance round the circle on the last sentence.

"Now see here, Uncle Reuben. If Washington was the father of his country, who was the mother of it?"

"Mudder Earth, ob co'se," said the old darky, promptly. "Das plain 'nuff. Fadder Washington go 'sleep in her buzzum dis long time. Mudder Earth she stay wide awake. She keep right on supportin' de fam'ly. Dat ole man yent much 'count 'longside ob de ole woman—eh? Dey don't neber keep her birthday, dough. Das queer."

"I tell you, Reuben, you'd strike a sudden acquaintance with the old lady if you'd try riding on a bicycle. I bet you'd make an impression, too—you're a solid man, you see. Now here is a fine instrument left for sale by Fred Styles. Don't you want to try it?"



"A VOLLEY OF BALLS CAME PELTING DOWN FROM THE POINT OF VANTAGE HELD BY THE BOYS."

"Oh, I yent in no hurry," said Reuben, easily. "You, all you tins, try it first, eh?"

"Oh, we've been trying it before you came in. The getting on is all the difficulty, and we will hold on to it till you are mounted."

"Well, hol' on, an' keep hol'in' on," said the old dorky, maintaining his quiet pose on the soap box, as immovable as a statue of solid bronze. "You keep hol'in' on; it shows your kin' heart. Don't go for to be rash 'bout lettin' go, cos I yent gwine to be rash 'bout gettin' on, you see."

"Why not, Uncle Reub?"

"Cos dere yent no right make-up to a bicycle; de bess an' de big'es ob 'em yent got but two wheels to 'em, an' one ob dem is, a little mean, skimpin' ting, made out ob de leabin's ob de big one, an' a-tailin' on behin' like a whipped dog."

"How can you know much about them? You never rode on one?"

"Das so; I neber rode on 'em; but, you see, I's 'flected on 'em, an' dat goes farder an' sees mo' dan ridin' on 'em, cos 'flections got de inside track every time. Now, dem bicycles is stingy kin' o' lonesome tings. A fellow goes shyn' along all by himsel, a-splittin' de air wid his side face, an' he jess like Jim Neely's barber sign—dat slab man a-starin' at a razor-strop he yent see dis ten year. Why, dere yent no bowels or mercies to dat kin'; dey can't look you in de eye, nor no oder man, cos dey yent no humanity in a bicycle."

"Likewise dey yent noways nat'ral. De bees has four foot; folks has two mos'ly, an' dey walks off on 'em; de fowls ob de air likewise, an' das all right. But dis ridin' afoot, as ef de earth wa'n't good enough for yo', an' de sky was jess to rub yer cheek agin, why, dat an de allusion ob de adversary an' de conceitfulness ob riches."

"Likewise dey's proud an' lifted-up tings. Anybody wid a bicycle tink he got to promulgate heseif t'rough de town mos' promise'os, like he was a trumpet wid a proclamation. Eberybody hab to see 'em, 'cep' de dead in de grave yard."

A crowd of boys—Port Marshall and his friends, who had been making good use of Uncle Reuben's "Old Ken tucky Shore" now came storming into the store, stamping the snow from their heavy boots, elbowing and jamming one another, talking loud, and buying taffy and gum, and making so much noise that the harmony of the occasion was destroyed. The quiet interchange of thought and sentiment which had been going on between the men ceased, the group broke up, and one by one the village worthies took their leave.

Hiram Powell, extinguished for a moment, now re-lighted his wit, and blazed forth with new radiance. It was a practical joke this time.

"Don't be in a hurry, Uncle Reuben," he said; "don't get up. Sit here till I go to dinner, and I will take you home with my team. I have just got to nail these mackerel casks, to be sent back to the city." He made a great show of driving the nails and pounding the covers in place as he talked. "I always liked that overcoat of yours, specially the button holes; there is something open and free-handed about them; they look as if you could step right in and out of them, with no latch-key, and no questions asked, nor no toll-money—eh?"

Uncle Reuben sat in an attitude of deep repose, his legs crossed, arms folded, and his head sunk upon his breast, while an expression of fine scorn gathered subtle strength on his kind old face, but he made no reply.

"I tell you, though, that before the spring rain sets in you ought to have that coat resingled. Do you hear?"

Here Hiram drove a nail through the old coat tail and fastened it to the soap box, with a shrewd wink at the one boy who stood where he could see him do it.

"I wouldn't mind contributing a few nails and any

odd bits of boards we might have lying about here," he went on, driving home another nail on the other side.

"Let him alone, Hiram," said the boy. "Take those out; there's no fun in that kind of thing. Why don't you take a man of your own size?"

"Hold on to your advice, Arthur Grinnell, till there is a rise in the market," said Hiram. "It is pretty well for a whipper-snapper like you to be telling me what to do in my own store."

"Your own store! Oh yes, that's a good one—that's good enough for me!" taunted Arthur in return, but he edged discreetly toward the door and got hold of the latch.

"Own store?" chimed in another boy. "Sweeps out and builds fires—twenty dollars a month. Oh yes!"

"Sorts odd cod-fish and rotten potatoes, and makes Deacon Sterns stay outside and hold up his sign. Course it's his own store!"

"Clear out of this place, every one of you!" shouted Hiram, in a rage, brandishing his hammer and throwing a handful of nails at the boys, who had taken position near the door, and were measuring their chances.

"Give them back to him hot and heavy," cried they, pelting back the hail of nails at their enemy, who had now massed himself behind the counter.

"Give him iron," cried one. "It is strengthening."

"Keep your powder dry," called another.

"Walk yourselves out of that door, or the Deacon will prosecute you—every one of you," raged the clerk.

"The Deacon? Aha! who ever heard of the Deacon?" taunted the boys.

"Leave this store!" roared Hiram, fairly jumping up and down in his fury. "I say, leave this store!"

"We had reckoned on taking it with us, Mister Powell," said Port Marshall, drawing out the words with his easy Southern accent.

"If you give me another word out of your rebel mouth, I'll fire," shrieked Hiram.

"Fire, you coward; you daren't do it," cried Port, flinging himself out in front of the group, and standing there erect and defiant. "He look jess like a young glory-hallelujah a-flamin' out thar by himsel," old Reuben afterward described it.

There was a quick gleam of bright metal behind the counter, a whirl of flashing steel as Hiram flourished his pistol round and round his head by way of rousing his courage and getting good aim.

Bang! bang! bang! bang! Old Reuben shot up from that soap box as if it had been a torpedo; he flung himself, arms aloft, in front of his beloved boy; he clasped him in a wild embrace and crashed over with him, carrying all the adjacent boys with them. The outlying boys were dragged in by the heels or otherwise brought under, and they piled up boys upon boys—an accumulated mass of promiscuous boy such as the world has seldom seen. It was mixed but not mingled. No limbs being broken, and no centre of gravity to be maintained by anybody, each individual boy made a quadruped of himself, and kicked with all fours at once, squirming, yelling, and howling.

After a while every one got himself sorted out—he stood on his own legs and pulled himself together and took account of stock. Hiram had discreetly disappeared by this time. Old Reuben's treacherous coat skirts were found adhering to the soap box. The old dorky grimly wrapped these detached members about his nether parts and set out for home, somewhat "curtailed," as Arthur Grinnell remarked.

Hiram, after all, had only fired blank cartridges, having prepared his pistol to startle old Reuben with. So, though nobody could prove any murderous intention on the part of the clerk, the feud between Hiram Powell and the boys was successfully inaugurated.

"This thing has only begun between us and Powell," said Arthur Grinnell; "and I am for fighting it out to

the end. If any fellow wants to go over to the enemy, let him do it now. Hiram will give you candy and gum, and give you a hitch now and again. But that is not what I am after. He has no business bossing us out of that store. My voice is for open war."

"Hush up, then. Your voice is no better than anybody else's voice. We are all going to see this thing to the end," said another.

"We can snowball him whenever we see him—that is one thing we'll agree on."

"Yes, and give him regular good ones."

"And splash a good old sloppy wet snow-ball right into that best shirt bosom of his, when he is on his way to see Mary Ann Gowans—eh?"

"We will get ready for him. Let him show his face on East Hill this afternoon if he dares!"

Hiram not only showed his face at the desired rendezvous, but presented a fine open front for attack by driving in the Deacon's wagon-sleigh a spirited span of horses along the Valley road. He stood erect in the long open sleigh, and made a shining mark of himself, in full view of the coasters on the hill. Port Marshall threw the first ball, his clear voice ringing out with a defiant taunt,

"Fire! fire at me, will you, Mister Powell?"

"Fire away, boys! Let at him! Fire away! Never mind the fellows with him; they're traitors. Hit 'em!"

"Hurrah! that took him on the nose."

"Hit him again. Give it to 'em."

A volley of balls came pelting down from the point of vantage held by the boys. They smote the driver hip and thigh; they whacked him roundly under the ear; they hit the horses. There was where the mischief came in; for the horses broke into a mad gallop, and tore on through the town, sweeping everything before them, bringing up at their stable, two miles away, with the pieces of a broken sleigh strewn the road behind them, and one small boy yelling with a broken collar-bone.

Two hours after this, three boys were under arrest in Haddam Lower Landing. They were charged with disorderly conduct resulting in a runaway.

Would you like to know who the boys were, and how a young hero feels when he finds himself in the lock-up, and how much the judge fined them next morning?

You would have found that in the New York *Herald* the next morning if you had looked:

"*Haddam Lower Landing.*—Three boys, Davenport Marshall, Harry Smith, and Arthur Grinnell, were arrested yesterday for snowballing a team, which resulted in a runaway and much damage. Dismissed with a reprimand and \$5 fine."

This item went into a chink in a great city paper; a hundred thousand people read it or skipped it. As far as I know, only one of the hundred thousand paid any attention to it. That one was an American gentleman taking his chop at a Paris *café*.

"Davenport Marshall! I shouldn't wonder if that is Mary's boy; she had one, and he'd be about old enough for this kind of stupidity. And he is named after me, too. Haddam Lower Landing—that must be in Connecticut. I'll try a letter. No, I'll try myself!"

And he took the next steamer for New York, and if he did not turn out to be the rich uncle of Mrs. Mary Marshall, as glad to find his relations as they were to find him, and a good deal more in need of them than they were of him—for all his money. Of course there was money enough after this, but, after all, Port Marshall had to make a man of himself.

Old Reuben had a new coat and a cottage of his own, and still lives to uphold the dignity of the family, whose newly found prosperity he attributes, in some unaccountable way, to the "Spirit of the Marshalls."

## VIOLINS AND THEIR MAKERS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

GOING into the music-room of a charming country house the other day, I was surprised by hearing some delightful strains of an old-fashioned minuet played on a violin; still more so by observing that the musician was a little girl of twelve, my hostess's daughter, who, standing in front of her music stand, held the instrument with charming grace, drawing her bow deftly back and forth, while her teacher accompanied her on the piano. When we had listened to R—'s lesson with much interest we fell to talking of the instrument, and the surprising advance in its popularity among female musicians.

All over America and England to-day the violin, as an instrument for girls, is coming into vogue, and with deserved success, since it is more graceful and attractive even in feminine than in masculine hands, but, like the zither, it has only recently been regarded as a "womanly" sort of instrument to study. To learn the violin successfully, one should begin very young; still, good instructors have assured me that much can be done with it by pupils of advanced age, and it affords so delightful an addition to home music that I should like to interest all my readers in its history as well as in its study.

The story of the violin seems to me full of picturesque incident and tinged with a poetry all its own, since the makers of the first instruments were men who seemed ready to breathe their very hearts and lives into the wood they labored to perfect, the strings they wrought over seeming to produce the exquisite capacity for sound as though by magic, or by the influence of their genius, the spell of their musical inspiration. Far back as the footprints of tradition lead us, we hear of instruments which led to the violin, at least of something in wood with horse-hair stretched across it, vibrating when struck, and producing a weird and yet musical sound. The *rebek* and the *crouth* were instruments somewhat like the violin, and known since the ninth century, and one John Morgan, a Welshman, was noted about 1720 for his performances on the *crouth*, a box-shaped affair with strings on bridges, upon which he played to the great delight of his friends and many visitors to the island of Anglesea, where he lived and died.

The *rotta*, another instrument of wood with strings, also prefigured the violin, and we know that *viols* were used everywhere in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; lutes were also in favor, and citharas had some resemblance to the violin.

In Italy came the final developments. The viol was an instrument which in the fifteenth century was manufactured in its perfection in Brescia, Venice, and Bologna, and in a mediæval monastery in the latter town I have seen two fine specimens of viols made in 1504. They rested in niches at the end of a long corridor used as a sort of music-room, and seemed to me like guardian spirits of the other instruments scattered about, all more modern and perhaps less dignified in character.

In Brescia lived one Gasparo di Salo, whose workshop for musical instruments was well known. Salo is supposed to have made the first violin on record, in or about 1566. One bearing his name with that date is still to be seen: a narrow, high-arched instrument, yellow-brown in hue, and with a rich tone, not so sweet as some which came later, but yet full of fine quality.

Jean Maggini was Salo's most famous pupil, and the few violins to be found to-day bearing his name are almost priceless, while those of the Marianis and other Brescia makers who clustered about Maggini show the elements of the fine qualities which belong to what is known all the world over as the famous Cremona school.

There is a tradition that while Maggini was at work in Brescia, a tall, dark-eyed, and melancholy-looking boy ap-

peared one day in his workshop, and, looking on, offered certain suggestions in regard to the manufacture of the violins. Maggini at first scorned the youth's advice; but a day or two later the lad returned, and brought with him a piece of wood which he had been at work upon, seasoning, etc., and demonstrated clearly to Maggini the truth of his own theory. From time to time the boy worked on with the great violin-maker, but would say little of himself. He scarcely ever admitted how or where he lived, and in the Italy of the sixteenth century reserve of this kind was possible. The boy performed his duties, disappearing and reappearing at certain times, and no one felt the right to question who he was or whence he came. Later, when the name of Andrea Amati was known throughout the length and breadth of Italy as the founder of the great Cremona school, it is said that one of his fellow-workmen recognized in the famous violin-maker who wielded such a power the dark-eyed and sombre-visaged boy who had offered Maggini such valuable advice, and worked so patiently in his shop at Brescia.

Nicolo Amati, the grandson of Andrea, born in 1596, was the greatest genius of the family. When about ten years of age, it is said, he was left one stormy day in the upper chambers of his father's workshop, where he began amusing himself by working over some old violins left there for repairs. The result pleased the boy so much that he absented himself from his playmates the next day, and for many days following, rushing up to the garret, where he toiled in secret. One day the strains of an unusually fine violin reached the ears of the workmen below. Old Amati sent to see who was in the garret, and judge of his surprise when the messenger returned dragging after him the unwilling Nicolo, who expected a beating, no doubt, but was speedily taken into his father's special work-room, and soon outtrivalled all others of his name. Two of



THE BOY LULLI.

the Nicolo Amati violins, the one belonging to Al-lard, the French violinist, the other to Count Cozio, an Italian gentleman, are examples of his skill, exquisitely graceful, and with a perfection of tone which up to 1668 had never been achieved.

At the same time, however, there was coming into prominence a pupil of Nicolo Amati, whose name actually seems to be synonymous with the term violin. I refer to the famous Stradiuarius, in whose work is united all that makes perfection in tone, power, sweetness, and depth in the instrument he toiled over so many years.

It would seem when any art is nearing its perfection a great genius always arises ready to take up the materials so far as they have been worked into shape, and give the crowning touch of inspiration and skill which means

perfection. One hundred years had elapsed since the first violin was made by Salo, and since that time, as you have seen, the Cremona school had arisen, paving the way for the genius of Stradiuarius, and at the same time interest in the instrument had developed to such an extent that the world—especially the world of Italy—was ready for his great achievement. You know that during the same century orchestral music had been developing, and from the old time of lutes and viols there had come a need for just such an instrument as that which Stradiuarius lived to perfect; so we find that in the history of any art all things seem to work together. Musical composition had taken the dramatic form which demanded fine orchestration, and the violin was ready at the moment of need.

The life of Stradiuarius is, in fact, only the life of his violin. We know but little of the man save what is associated with his work; but during the twenty years which he devoted to the perfection of his work we have pictures of him which show us how entirely regardless he was of everything but the one end.





TICK-TACK! TICK-TACK!

The maple and the willow tree were studied by him in their every aspect; woods were cherished, seasoned, tempered, labored over, every fibre speaking to him of what it might do for his beloved instrument. And the whole of the world seemed to him responsive only as it suggested material for his workshop, or assistance in carrying out his plans. Night after night he is said to have spent listening to the wind sighing through the trees, and innumerable were his experiments with the horse-hair which he used for his bows. Twenty years passed in this way, the domestic life of the man drifting by scarcely heeded by himself; he was never seen without his apron of white

leather; the working cap was always on his head. Tall and thin and grave of eye, though very gentle of speech, he lived among his instruments, quick only where their needs were concerned.

At last, in 1690, he produced what he considered a work of art, and for ten years continued to manufacture violins such as the world had never dreamed of, yet were only leading the way to the final instruments which from 1705 to 1725 were pronounced beyond rivalry.

To describe a Stradivarius is a difficult matter. Everything about it is the perfection of grace. There is nothing stiff; each curve is a line of beauty. Every smallest bit of wood, every smallest slip of block employed, is considered as carefully as though it were part of a delicate mosaic, and so thorough is the workmanship inside as well as without that the most successful forgeries were discovered in taking some well-known violin to pieces.

In the beginning of this century a supposed Stradivarius which had brought an enormous price needed a new bar, and accordingly it was taken apart. Judge of the owner's surprise when rough and careless inside finish was displayed! The violin lost caste at once, and was cast into obscurity as a worthless imitation, for investigation had invariably proved that the interior construction of all the old "lute-maker's" instruments excelled in delicacy that of the outside.

Stradivarius manufactured many other instruments during his long life. The leading musicians came to him for guitars, lutes, and viols, and his opinion was asked on every occasion when there was any question as to the comparative purity of tone in any celebrated musical instruments. Like almost all violin-makers, he lived to a great age, dying in 1737, at the age of ninety-two. During his last years, feeling that his hand had lost its cunning, and his eye its keenness, and his ear, no doubt, its delicacy of perception, he refused to label any of his violins; but he worked hard with his pupils, and two of them, Bergonzi and Guarnerius, did famous work.

There is a carpet warehouse in the Piazza S. Domenico in Cremona which was the old violin-maker's last residence. There for years was his workshop, where he had gathered about him violins and stringed instruments of all kinds, and where for years he labored and meditated, and where, during the latter part of his life, he received his friends with a sort of state, delighted to be known as the "Lute-maker of Cremona," and to feel that his pupils cherished his every word.

The boy Lulli, a reproduction of the statue of whom in his scullion's dress forms the illustration to this article, had a brilliant career as a musician. He was by birth an Italian, and received the rudiments of his musical education at the hands of an old Franciscan monk in his native city of Florence. He was taken to France as a young lad, and a position was found for him in the kitchen of the establishment of a grand lady in Paris. Here he was set to work at all the menial duties of the boy of all work to the cooks and kitchen-maids of a great house, and it may easily be imagined that the clatter of pots and pans was very distasteful to one whose soul was filled with sweet harmonies. But he was a cheerful lad, and he bore his tiresome burden with light-heartedness, for he found his chief delight in his violin, his skill with which was so great that he was promoted from the kitchen to a place in his employer's private band, and soon after that to King Louis XIV.'s band. Thereafter his progress was rapid. He grew famous as a violinist, and still more renowned as a composer, for he produced no less than twenty operas, besides numerous other compositions of high artistic merit. It is sad to be obliged to add that the young musician grew up to be a very disagreeable man, impatient of all rivals, and tolerated only on account of his genius.

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROSE HOUSE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

**F**AITH'S dinner party for Bertie and his young friends was a decided success. Miss Grace thoroughly approved of her niece's doing all she could to honor the lad's successful school examination, and the hilarity of the party of young people was in no degree checked by the presence of Aunt Justina and Mr. and Mrs. Benedict.

Faith was in radiant spirits. When the company adjourned to the long drawing-room, and an impromptu dance was suggested, she sat down to the piano, playing her gayest waltzes, and smiling approval at the boys and girls as they whirled past her.

"Won't you dance, Faith?" Bertie called out once, but Faith shook her head. She enjoyed seeing their amusement, and somehow, as she played the old airs she knew so well, she liked to *think*. The circumstances of her life had made Faith Emerson in some ways very old for her years at eighteen, and yet it was a child's heart in purity and simplicity that was beating that night in time to the joyousness and content about her. To-morrow her "children" were to have their first exhibition. She could fancy Jo's pleasure on hearing what was in store for her.

And then suddenly Roberts appeared with a note. Faith stood up at once and opened it, for Roberts said the messenger was waiting with a carriage. It was from Mrs. Barker. Kitty was very, very ill. "Would Faith come at once?"

The little company broke up rather sadly, for of course Faith did not hesitate a moment. Indeed, she waited only for wraps to be brought down to her, and in ten minutes was being whirled away in the starlight, thinking how singularly the happy and the sad parts of life seem to meet each other. Kitty had not been well for some days, but such a change was the farthest from the thoughts of any of them. As the carriage turned into the gateway, Faith saw lights shining in the upper and lower windows of the large house, of which Kitty was the only child. Could it be that merry, light-hearted, pleasure-loving, and good-natured Kitty was on her way toward that valley "where none need walk alone"?

Faith was met in the hall by Mrs. Barker's sister, who explained that Kitty had been begging for hours to see Faith, but knowing of the little dinner, they had postponed sending for her; but now poor Mrs. Judson choked back her tears as she led Faith up the staircase softly into the sick girl's room. Whether the change that had come across Kitty's face were of death, or only suffering to be healed, Faith hardly knew, but a change was there, something that in all the girl's sixteen years of happy life no one had ever seen; it awoke Faith not a little. She sat down near the bedside and took Kitty's little burning hand in hers.

So it came about that when Jo Markham, with every nerve keen and every feeling roused, was following the men toward North Street, Faith was watching at Kitty's bedside, a mile away from home, and leagues distant, so far as thought or dread of what the morning would bring forth was concerned. Seven o'clock had just struck from the little time-piece in Kitty's room when Mrs. Barker was summoned into the hall. Kitty was better, decidedly so, the doctors thought—better for Faith's presence, and perhaps really on the mend; so Mrs. Barker answered the call quite cheerfully. But in a moment she returned with an altered look, and told Faith that Miss Grace was there waiting for her. Something had happened in North Street.

\* Begun in No. 334, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Faith was down-stairs in an instant; every possible dread seemed to rush across her mind before she reached the parlor, where Miss Grace, very white and tearful and agitated, was standing.

"My dear child," the old lady began, compassionately and nervously, "I know it'll be a dreadful blow to you—a dreadful blow—but you must bear it; and remember, Faith, I *never* thought you ought to have done it."

"Aunt," cried Faith, desperately, "what do you mean? what *is* it?"

"Oh, my dear," said the old lady, promptly, "that dreadful Jo Markham and a gang of men tried to rob the house last night!"

And having said this, Miss Grace sank into the nearest chair.

Faith stood perfectly still. She was so long accustomed to self-control in the presence of her aunt, or when any emergency arose, that now she collected her thoughts after a certain fashion before she spoke, and yet afterward she remembered the terrible sense of confusion that had oppressed her.

*Jo—her Jo—a thief! Try to rob her! Impossible!*

It was a lovely morning. All the fairness and sweetness of June seemed to flood the cheerful room in which Faith stood, still feeling as though darkness were around her as she tried to think what all this could mean.

"How do you know, aunt?" Faith asked at last, in a very cold, dull tone. She put one of her hands for support on a chair near her, and looked at Miss Grace with a fixed gaze. "Tell me *just* what you mean."

But Miss Grace could not be coherent; all that Faith could gather was that about half past one, Roberts, hearing a slight noise in the pantry, suddenly remembered having left the old Farnham goblets out, and started down-stairs to put them away. He was in his stocking feet, and so made no noise in crossing the back hall toward the pantry. He turned the handle of the door leading to the little corridor where Faith had been that morning with Jo, and there, as Miss Grace said, tragically, "*He came upon them!*"

"Who?" demanded Faith, with trembling lips.

"A horrible man was just lifting that Jo in through the window," continued Miss Grace. "There was no question of what they meant to do; but, *unfortunately*, only the wretched girl was arrested; the men escaped."

"Arrested?" cried Faith. "Where is she?"

Miss Grace groaned.

"Safe in jail, where I hope she'll stay," was her answer.

"You really must commend Roberts for the prompt way in which he acted, Faith. He did wonderfully. In five minutes he had sent for a policeman, and in half an hour the girl was in jail, and a search out for the men. One good thing, she gave their names promptly enough, though she refused to say much more, but kept asking for you."

It seemed to Faith that she never could get home soon enough, and meeting the servants was a new trial, for all but her own Jane were loud in denouncing "that Jo."

Roberts's voluble explanations were checked by Faith's quiet way of bringing him right to the point in his narrative; but Mary, the cook, insisted upon reminding Miss Faith of the morning before, when, with *her own eyes*, she saw Jo trying the window, and saying how easy it was to go up and down.

"Easy indeed!" murmured Miss Grace.

Bertie was on the scene by this time, and when Faith had taken a hasty cup of coffee, and put on her walking dress, she took him one side, explaining that she wished at once to go down to the jail. The boy, of course, volunteered to go with her, and they started off, Faith struggling hard to maintain the composure she had kept up before the servants and her aunt.

Bertie had to report that one of the men had been caught down near the marshes.

"It's that sneak Job Martin," Bertie said, indignantly—

"the one that stole so much from the Sanford yacht two years ago. It seems, Faith, he has something pretty bad to say of poor Jo."

"Oh, Bertie," cried his cousin, looking at him appealingly, with her eyes full of sudden tears, "you can't believe anything really against her yet!"

Bertie kicked away a pebble that lay shining in the road before him.

"Faith, my dear," he said, with a wise and unhappy look, "I don't know *what* to think."

## CHAPTER XI.

ASHFIELD jail seemed to confront the cousins with something newly terrible about its heavy door and barred windows as they approached it; all Faith could think of was that somewhere behind those bars and locks Jo was imprisoned, and it almost seemed to her as if she could feel the girl's wistful eyes fastened appealingly upon her.

But, in truth, at that moment Jo's eyes, tired, worn with passionate weeping and her long vigil, were closed in sheer exhaustion. The narrow cell in which she had been placed was very dark, in spite of all the wealth of sunshine lavished on the beautiful green earth that morning. She hardly knew how she had come there—where she was; but at every sound along the stone-flagged gallery outside she would start up for an instant, straining her eyes and her ears for the one step, the one voice, the one face, she was waiting for.

They came at last. The key turned in the door. The jailer's voice said to some one outside, "You can go right in, Miss Emerson."

And Jo, standing up suddenly with a wild movement of her hands and arms, thought light had at last come in upon her. Faith was there, not angry, not ready to cast her off, but with *her look*—the tenderness of her eyes just dimmed by pain or wonderment; but oh, Jo thanked Heaven, *not* turned away from her, *not* cruel or cold! And in another moment she was on her knees beside her, sobbing wildly and hysterically, and Faith's hands—just as they had been long ago in the little school-house—were gently resting on her head.

For Faith, with her keen instinct, had resolved that, decide what she might, Jo should tell her story first. Two sides there are, there must be, to everything, and it is merciful that even when his creatures blindly see but one, God knows it all—balances, judges, and when it may be, forgives and leads back.

They talked together a long time in low tones. Bertie, pacing the gallery outside, caught the murmurs of the voices, and looked in to see a picture he never could forget.

Jo, on her knees but leaning back, was gazing at Miss Emerson with imploring, eager eyes, her cheeks tear-stained and flushed, her hair in rough waves down about her shoulders; and Faith was looking at the girl with something in the shining sweetness of her eyes and lips that made the boy feel as if he was in the presence of an angel.

Faith joined him soon after this. Jo had told her story, and Faith believed her, but just then it seemed wisest only to speak of it confidentially to Bertie.

Miss Grace was waiting in the library window for Faith's return, full of excitement, and yet, if the truth were told, a certain satisfaction from the feeling that at last Faith Emerson had had a lesson. Miss Grace approved of doing charity, but in a different way. At certain seasons of the year she would give out warm clothes, tons of coal, and soup, if necessary; but she never had much faith in trying to do anything with the hearts and minds and natures of "the poor."

Once Faith had said, to her aunt's horror, that her "children" were like her garden.

"They want just what the flowers do, auntie—weeding and tending and nourishing; when I find one that needs





"IT WAS FROM MRS. BARKER. KITTY WAS VERY ILL."

the hot-house a little while, I try and find a place for it until it blooms, or if it needs a prop to learn how to grow, I have to put in a stick and tie it up carefully."

Faith coming along the road with her easy, swinging gait rather baffled and annoyed Miss Grace; why, the girl was actually smiling up into Bertie's face!

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Justina, springing to her feet. And Faith came in, still with the traces of a smile lurking about the corners of her mouth.

It was rather hard upon poor Miss Justina to obtain no further satisfaction from either Faith or Bertie than their confident assurances that it "would all turn out right"; and to discover that Faith had arranged for Jo's temporary freedom, at least, was an absolute blow to the old lady. Meanwhile, dinner over, Faith went down to old Markham's house in Sailors' Row.

Jo was at home; the old man, as usual, smoking in his corner.

At sight of Faith, Jo sprang forward, and at once exclaimed to her grandfather, "There, grandfather! Here is Miss Emerson. Now *won't* you tell her that what Job Martin says is a lie—that I was upstairs all yesterday evening? *You saw me in bed.*"

The girl's voice was piteous, excited, and pleading.

The old man slowly removed his pipe, and looking with well-feigned surprise at his granddaughter,

"Josephine," he said, solemnly, "you'd oughter be ashamed to stand there telling those lies. I don't know nothin' about where you was last night. I was out fer a long walk."

Jo's eyes, strained and burning, turned from the old man's stony face to Faith's. A dull kind of despair began to creep over her.

"Mr. Markham," Faith said, in her gentlest tones, "re-

member that you are putting Jo in a terrible position. This man Martin asserts that Jo suggested the robbery of my house to them in a talk last night at your house. Now you must know and you must say whether this is true or not. You must know where Jo was during the evening."

But the old man had evidently resolved on his safest course of action.

"Don't know nothin' more'n I tell ye," he replied, again shaking his head sagely. "She might hev talked with them, an' she mightn't. She 'ain't been such a doofiful granddaughter to me that I had oughter expect' much good of her anyhow."

And no more would he say.

Faith was frightened by Jo's strange looks when she left her. At the door the girl put out a shaking hand, and said,

"Will they put me *in there* again, Miss Faith?"

Faith paused a moment, and long afterward regretted her next words.

"Oh, Jo," she said, piteously, "what are we to do? Nobody in all Ashfield will believe you, except Bertie and me—nobody, now that your own grandfather is against you. If only you could live along so well and be so good they'd *have* to believe it."

Jo was leaning against the wood-work of the old door, her face turned away from Faith's a little, her eyes and lips composed, but terribly drawn and sorrowful.

"No," she said, in a slow, tired way, "I suppose not; there isn't any one would believe me."

She hesitated a very little, and then, wearily moving her eyes toward Faith's, said, quietly:

"I'm glad *you* do, and Mr. Bertie, and *I won't forget it*. Don't be too ashamed of me, if you can help it, Miss Faith."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

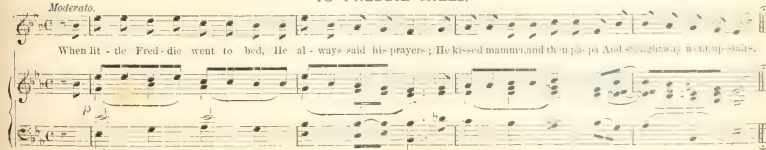


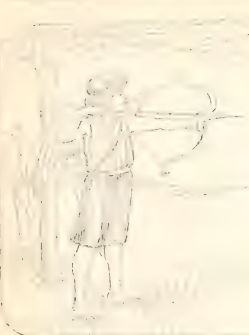


## LITTLE FREDDIE.

TO FREDDIE MILLS.

S. B. MILLS.

*Moderato.*



CUPID PRACTISING FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

## OUR POST OFFICE BOX

OUR CORRESPONDENTS: HENRY, EDWARD, JAMES, AND FRANK, JUNIOR, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to school, and study French, geography, history, grammar, reading, arithmetic, writing, letters, history, geography, composition, singing, drawing, gymnastics, drill, and needlework. I also study music at home, which I like very much. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first, and look forward with great delight to the time when the next part will be out. I have often wished to write to you, but have never found time until just now. I have two brothers (one eighteen and the other fourteen years old) and young sisters. I also have two pets, the cat's name being Lady Jane and the kitten's Fidget.

Perhaps some of the little girls would like to know how to make a simple but pretty mat. To begin with, you must first get some mixed Berlin wool, but it must be Berlin. You must then provide yourself with a bone crochet hook not very big. Then make five chain, but take care to join them, and you will find you have a ring; then inside this ring make ten treble, making a chain between each, and this will complete the first row. Then make twenty treble in the hole above, also making a chain between each, and this will complete the second row. Then in the third row make one chain, and make this into a treble stitch, and in the fourth row make one chain, and then make two treble, and put this in another hole, and so on until you finish this row, and you will find you have thirty-one treble. In the last row you must first make three chain, and make this into a treble stitch, then two more, then a chain, then three more treble stitches, all being in one hole. Then make one chain, and join it on the top of a treble stitch in another hole, then do the same as the first, and so on until you get round the mat, and you will find you have eleven shells. You must then finish it off by making three chain, and fasten it on the back of the mat very neatly. Now if any of the little girls do not understand it, they may write to me, and I will try to send them a pattern mat.

ANNIE SCOTT.

You were kind to take so much pains with your directions. Thank you very much.

LEWIS, CHARLES, DORCHESTER, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I have taken out HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for twelve months. I like it very much. I was going to bind them, but there was no index; I wish that you would publish one. We had four canaries, but one died. I have no other pets. We have not much snow here. I take out no other book, so I weary until HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE comes. I have not yet time I have written, so I hope this will be the last. THOMAS S. (aged 11 years).

Write to Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., 188 Fleet Street, London, about the Index.

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK.

My home is in Jamestown. It is situated at the foot of Chautauqua Lake, about eighteen miles from Chautauqua, where the great Sunday School Assembly is held every year. Dr. Vincent comes there, and also many teachers from all

parts of the world. They have a miniature Palestine, and a Jewish Temple, and many interesting things. I have a little cousin who lives there, and I hope to go there some time, if I am well enough; for I am a sick little boy most of the time. I have a cat and a dog; they are both yellow. My cat will put his fore-paws around the dog's neck, and they put their noses together as if they were kissing.

MERRITT B.

BALENG, LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—My father gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present, and I am very fond of reading. I like it better than any book I ever read. I like all the tales very much, especially "Rolf Hounse." I am going to take it in weekly with my pocket-money. What is the price of the book *Nam*? As I want to get it. I am twelve years old, and have no brothers, and only one sister. I should like very much to see this in Our Post-office Box, as it is my first letter.

I remain

ALBERT W. S.

The prices of books and other things, which you will have to send to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York, as it is not published in England.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—My mother has sent me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present, and I send it to me every month. I think it is a very good paper. I like to read the letters very much. I live in Paris, only we have come to the country for my health. I have been ill a long time, and now I have completely recovered and am happy. Paris is a beautiful city. We live by the Luxembourg, and there are many trees. There are some beautiful swans there, and the sparrows and pigeons will feed out of people's hands, they are so tame. I feed them very often. I have a brother sixteen years old; he is called Clarence; he is living in England. I have no pets except four canaries and one goldfish; one of the canaries is called "Pip." I have a very good book how to make a number of little things, and if this letter reaches you I shall write again, and I may tell you how to make a few things. Perhaps I shall be in England the next time I write, and I will see my grandpa and grandma nearly every year. With love,

VIRGINIA B.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have never written for the Post-office Box before, but I am very happy to do so. Last summer another boy and I rode on our bicycles to Bryn Mawr, which is about twelve miles' distance. While we were passing through Fairmount Park my friend's bicycle got a hot box, but luckily we were near a fountain. When we were on the Lancaster Pike, at Overbrook, my friend took a header. I jumped off very quickly, but found he was not hurt very badly. We went on, and reached our destination in safety. I spent a very happy Christmas. I received a pocket-book with a picture of a cat on it. My mother has sent me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present, and I like it very much. I have not yet time I have written, so I hope this will be the last. G. H. S.

NEW YORK, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am another lover of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have often concluded to write to you, but have written only one letter, and that was not print-

ed. All children write about their pets, but I have none whatever. Six friends and I have a little club. We meet once a week for three hours. During the first two hours six are busy with fancy work, and one reads, and the third hour is spent in playing. We have had but one meeting, but it was very pleasant. Would you please suggest a name for our club? I am Vice-President. I should like to correspond with some girl of about twelve years—my age. I do not care if it is from the United States, England, or elsewhere. I think the newspaper "The Opportunity," is very interesting. ALICE SCHILLER.

Would Seven Daughters do as a name for your little club?

SOUTHAMPTON, HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND.

Papa gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present. I am very pleased with it. I think it is the nicest book I have read. This is the first letter I have written to you. I like "Into Unknown Seas" and the Post-office Box very much. I have one sister older and two younger than myself, and two younger brothers also. I have sent you some "pied cities." Your loving

GERTRUDE H. (aged ten).

Thank you for the "pi."

DAYTON, OHIO.

We enjoy this lovely paper very much, and I take great pleasure in writing you a letter. My younger sister is writing to you, and one younger still would do so too if she could, but as she is the pet, and only seven years old, she has never gone to school, so she must wait until she can write a letter. I am twelve years old, and my sister Lillah, who is next in size, is eleven. Some of our little friends were here Saturday afternoon, and we played Lotta. I have a little cooking stove; it is called the "Jewel Range," and is really a jewel.

LOUISE McM. H.

We are much obliged to Alice for her letter and for her papa's verses.

CHARLES NATHAN.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, but this is my first letter to you. I am always very much interested in the household pets described in the letter box, and I thought others might be interested in mine. Papa wrote a piece of doggerel about them, which I learned, and recited in school to-day. I send it to you as a good description of my doggies. Your friend,

ALICE.

## THE TALE OF THE DOGGIES.

A family they are of the canine kind,  
A better selection you scarcely can find.  
Their portraits I'd paint if they'd only be still,  
For they wiggle around like the wheels of a mill.

First, Nero, the king, he is curly and black,  
A Newfoundland's name, and boss of the pack;  
As a dignified doggie he surely is chief,  
And a terror to bad boys, the vagrant, and thief.

Next in importance, Miss Gypsy I'll name,  
His name she's in the breed, and his name is tame,  
And when out a-hunting she's staunch on a spot,  
As a common plain cur to a juicy beef joint.

Her children are two, one white with a spot,  
Which gives him his name; the other's named

Then Ginger, a Scotch dog, rough-haired and black,  
With stiff-looking bristles all over his back.

Now come the house dogs. The first I present,  
His name is Nicky, for on mischief he's bent;  
He's now being taught to sit up and speak—  
A very hard lesson to learn in a week.

And lastly, not leastly, our pet dog is Snap,  
Who's as cute as a cricket and smart as a

He will jump through a hoop and speak when he's fed,  
And he knows what to do when you say "Go to bed."

To point all their vices and virtues I'd fall,  
So this is the end of our little dogs' tale.

STANHOPE, DARTMOUTH, ENGLAND.

I am a little boy eight years old. We have a canary that sings beautifully, and it always knows when I whistle to it. We also have a pet fish, which is a goldfish, and a pet dog, which is a spaniel. My mother has sent me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I have not yet time I have written, so I hope this will be the last. I will be very pleased if my letter is published.

TOM L.

SOUTHAMPTON, HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—This stormy day the fog-horn is blowing very hard. Did you ever see



## The Valentine.

Said an ape on the top of a tree  
 "Oh, dear! can it possibly be,  
 This ridiculous chromo—  
 That's marked *Genus Homo*—  
 Bears any resemblance  
 —to me?"

### A NEW USE FOR A CRAB.

A CORRESPONDENT of an English paper tells of a novel mode of catching a rabbit which he lately witnessed when out shooting in the neighborhood of the sea.

Two small boys appeared to be carefully inspecting the rabbit holes, which were very numerous, and having decided where to commence operations, they proceeded as follows:

The younger boy slid out of his coat—it was several sizes too large for him—and drawing a piece of string from among the treasures contained in his pocket, he tied up the ends of the sleeves. He then arranged the coat so as to cover the rabbit hole, letting the sleeves hang loose, and fastened the coat over the hole by the simple device of planting his feet on the edges of it on either side.

The escape of the tenant of the hole was now securely cut off, but how to induce "Bunny" to attempt escape (which would be certain capture) was a difficulty which the elder boy took the following strange means to overcome:

From the museum of antiquities which he would call his pocket he produced in rapid succession a nail, a button, a razor-fish shell, a few matches wrapped in newspaper, an inch of wax candle, and lastly (and with much caution in the handling), a lively specimen of the common crab.

Having lighted the candle, the ingenious hunter dropped some of the hot wax on the middle of the crab's back, firmly fixed the candle thereon, and placed the creature at the mouth of one of the rabbit holes—not the one which his companion was guarding with coat and outstretched legs, but another, which his experience taught him was the entrance to the same rabbit mansion as the guarded hole was the exit of.

With eager and sidelong gait, the crab, with the flaming beacon on his back, made for the friendly darkness of the rabbit's residence, and

within less than a minute there was a scurriage in the immediate neighborhood of the coat, and the boy who had just now been proudly guarding his post with extended legs fell suddenly on all fours—a Colossus of Rhodes, as it were, overthrown by an earthquake—and rolled over in a confused mass of coat, dust, and boy. When the dust had cleared away the boy was seen to be still whole, and triumphant with a fine live rabbit securely held in the sleeve of the overgrown coat.

What became of the crab is not known, but he probably lost no time in releasing himself from service as a light-house, and made himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit in the rabbit's deserted home.

### POP-CORN.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

TINY lumps of gold  
 Rattling in the pan.  
 Merry watch we keep;

Shake them all we can.  
 See them, how they scatter,  
 Leaping over the top!  
 Hop, corn!  
 Pop, corn!  
 Pop! pip! pop!

Dancing eyes that gleam,  
 Rosy cheeks that glow;  
 Here the joyful spring,  
 All without the snow.  
 See the milk-white blossoms,  
 Everywhere they drop.  
 Hop, corn!  
 Pop, corn!  
 Pop! pip! pop!



THE WISH-BONE—"WHO SAYS 'I' FIRST?"



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VIOLET.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 202.—THE HEAD FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, LONDON.

## VIOLET.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WE called her Violet for her eyes  
(The very tint of April skies),  
And for her little flower-like face,  
So like a violet in its grace,  
And for her looks so dainty sweet,  
From golden head to rosy feet—  
Dear treasure in Love's garden set,  
Our heart's delight, our Violet.

And often as the violets shed  
Their fragrance in the paths we tread,  
Or when we find in deep, dim woods  
The nodding of their azure hoods,  
Or, wafted from a shady nook,  
The violet odor bids us look,  
And seek with groping fingers, fain  
To clasp the precious prize again,  
Well named we deem our household pet,  
Our heart's delight, our Violet.

A pensive, musing creature she,  
Though laughing oft in childish glee.  
She coaxes fretting care away;  
She brightens every clouded day;  
The hasty word her kisses check,  
With arms around her father's neck,  
"My blessing," still her mother says,  
So sweet the child's caressing ways.  
Oh, sad were life without our pet,  
Our heart's delight, our Violet.

Though storms may rave and rains may fall,  
Within our garden's sheltering wall  
The violets bloom in sun and shade,  
By chilling tempests undismayed,  
And violets in the lonely wood  
Have little care though winds are rude;  
So timid, yet so fearless still  
Their message is of God's good-will.  
Of God: shall we His grace forget  
Who gave our home its Violet?

## A CIGAR-BOX BANJO.

BY JOHN RICHARDS.

A CIGAR-BOX banjo is something which most boys have heard of, and some have attempted, with more or less success, to make. Possibly their older relatives have ridiculed the home-made instrument, and it has had to contend against prejudice, which, as we know, is almost fatal to success. Nevertheless such a banjo, if carefully made and properly strung, can be made to give forth very musical tones, and where the "real thing" cannot be had, the combination of cigar box and broomstick makes a good substitute. If you would like to try your hands at it, I will tell you how to go to work.

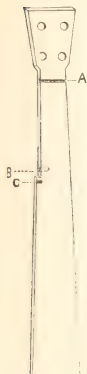


FIG. 1.

Procure a cigar box eight and a quarter inches long, four and three-quarter inches wide, and two and a quarter inches deep. This is the ordinary size of a box used to contain fifty cigars.

The bottom of the box forms the head of the banjo, thus allowing the cover to be opened or shut. In each end of the box cut two round holes, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, half an inch from the top and an equal distance from the two sides of the box.

With a lead-pencil mark off, on a piece of soft wood nineteen inches long, four inches wide, and half an inch thick, the shape of the handle, as shown in Fig. 1. Before sawing the handle out, the four key-holes should be bored, each hole being a quarter of an inch in diameter. Then shape the handle according to the outline of the dia-

gram, and across the top of the handle cut a groove three-sixteenths of an inch wide and equally deep (A, Fig. 1); this is to hold a small bridge to keep the strings from touching the handle.

In the side of the handle drill a hole half an inch above the angle (B, Fig. 1)—this is to hold the fifth key: and just below the angle a groove three-sixteenths of an inch wide and equally deep should be cut for the purpose of holding a small bridge for the fifth string (C, Fig. 1).

From an old broom cut a piece of stick twenty-four inches long; whittle this flat on one side, and on the other side, eight inches from the end, cut the stick away so that it will slope and become flat at the end (Fig. 2). Eight and three-quarter inches of the other end of the stick must be cut away, so as to fit snugly the holes in the cigar box, the end projecting slightly. This broomstick is the backbone of the handle, which is fastened to it by two three-quarter-inch screws, as shown in Fig. 3.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

Five keys shaped like Fig. 4 can be cut out of tough pieces of wood, each piece being half an inch thick, two and a quarter inches long, and one inch wide. Make those belonging to the key-board fit tightly in their holes. The key for the fifth string can be cut half an inch shorter than the others. Each key should have a hole bored through it, as shown in Fig. 4.

The small bridge is a piece of wood a quarter of an inch high and three-sixteenths of an inch wide, which is made to fit the groove (Fig. 1, A), with four notches cut in to conduct the strings. A similar bridge, with only one notch, and a quarter of an inch long, will answer for the fifth string.

The large bridge is made of a piece of wood two inches long, five-eighths of an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch thick. The shape of the bridge can be seen in the illustration of the finished banjo. Five notches an equal distance from each other should then be cut in the top edge of the bridge.

The tail-piece is the piece to which the strings are attached at the lower end of the instrument. It is made from a piece of hard wood an inch and a half long, an inch and a quarter wide, and a quarter of an inch thick. Five small holes an equal distance apart and a quarter of an inch from the end of the piece of wood must first be drilled, and through the small end two holes a quarter of an inch apart and three-eighths of an inch from the end should be drilled to allow a piece of wire about six inches in length to pass through them. A piece of tin an inch and a quarter long and three-quarters of an inch wide, bent so as to fit on the edge of the box, will be required. Strings can be purchased at almost any music store.

Having purchased the strings, begin to put the various parts together by fitting the handle through the holes in the cigar box and the small bridges in their respective grooves. The tail-piece is then fastened close to the end of the box by twisting the wire around the projecting piece of broomstick and staying it. Place the piece of bent tin on the edge of the box, under the wire holding the



FIG. 4.



FINISHED.

tail-piece, thus preventing the wire from damaging the box. Fit the keys in the key-board and the short key into the hole in the side of the handle. Knot the strings before threading them through the holes in the tail-piece. Before tightening the strings the last bridge is placed under the strings, two and a half inches from the end of the box, and your banjo is finished.

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XII.

THERE was no such feeling in Faith's heart or mind as she moved away. Somehow she meant to prove Jo's innocence, but just then it seemed hard to do it in the face of Ashfield's contemptuous pity and scarcely repressed satisfaction in the "exposure," as they called it, of "that little hypocrite," Jo Markham.

Jo stood in the doorway some time after Faith's figure was lost to view. The smell of the salt-marshes came up, mingled with the June flowers Miss Faith had planted in Jo's garden last year. Jo had learned to like it all—to like the mingling of spring odors with her garden scents; and now, as she stood there framing a resolve, she began in a vague way to wish she could at least remember all these things a long, long time.

As I have tried to make clear to you, there was nothing romantic, or sentimental, or even poetic about Jo; but something there surely was, strong and brave—something of a deep-heartedness which made her cling to what suggested the better, the purer influences of her life.

She did not return to the kitchen, but in a little while went up to her attic, and sat thinking—thinking and planning. One thing had become clear to the girl's mind: Miss Faith must not be bothered with her—must not be made ashamed of her; and then she remembered the sweet voice as it uttered those words, "*Nobody* would believe you, except Bertie and myself."

When the twilight fell, Jo moved about, and began with tremulous fingers to gather up a few of her belongings. Not a very large bundle was that which she made, for she would have to carry it, perhaps, many miles. She was at work in this way when she heard her grandfather go out, and at once she slipped down to the kitchen and hastily put up some bread and meat and cheese into a little parcel, which she carried back into her room, and then, before the darkness set in, she counted up the small amount of money she had saved—not quite two dollars, but to Jo it seemed a little fortune—and fastening it securely inside her dress, she sat down in the window of the attic, waiting for the last of the Sailors' Row people to go into their houses for the night.

Her grandfather did not return. Jo was glad of that. Eight, nine, and ten o'clock at last sounded. It was a peaceful night, clear and starlight, like the one before it. Jo was thankful it did not rain, as, taking up her little bundle, she went down-stairs and softly out of the house. There was no irresolution in her movements. The plan, rapidly as it had come to her, was too well laid for that. She turned her steps quickly in the direction of Ashfield Two Corners, which was a railway station three miles from the town.

Whether she had any regrets, further than the agonizing one of leaving Faith Emerson, Jo scarcely knew. Her one thought was to leave Ashfield, where she would only make Miss Faith ashamed—where nobody would believe her.

Sometimes, as she walked along the country road in the quiet summer night, the girl lifted her face to the heavens, with their wondrous jewels, and tried to feel that she was not alone—to remember all that for a year past Faith had been so tenderly impressing upon her. Her old vagabond life, its freedom from restraint or fear, stood her now in good stead, since she had no dread of the long, lonely walk, no thought of doing anything unusual. But feverishly excited as she was, Jo began to feel the effects of the last two days before her destination was reached. It was rather a weary, drooping figure that at last climbed the steps to the solitary-looking station, where the light of one kerosene lamp showed Jo that the place was entirely deserted. That some trains left there between midnight and morning she knew, and her plan had been to wait in the depot for the first one going out. It mattered nothing to Jo *where* she went, so long as it was away from Ashfield.

The ticket agent was not in his office, but Jo did not mind being alone in the little room. Putting her bundle on one of the benches, she lay down, using it for a pillow, afraid to sleep, and yet glad of even so poor a chance to rest.

Perhaps she dozed; at all events there seemed to come back to the girl some of the voices and sounds she had heard in the jail, and she roused herself with a start to find that she was not alone; three travellers had arrived: a stout, good-humored-looking woman, with a delicate baby in her arms and a little girl clinging to her skirts, was seated opposite the bench upon which Jo rested. It was evident that they had just come in, for the good-humored-looking woman was breathing quickly, and the baby had a suddenly roused or startled look, as though something unexpected had taken place.

The woman looked with friendly eyes upon the little wanderer opposite her, and almost directly entered into good-humored conversation, explaining to Jo in the course of the next five minutes that she had been spending a week at a station beyond the Corners, and was going now to her home some fifty miles distant. It flashed upon Jo immediately that she might as well go to the same place, but she would not buy a ticket, thought the girl, with the shrewdness born of her great anxiety lest thereby she might be traced.

One of Jo's few "faculties" was for "getting on," as the women in Sailors' Row called it, with children—children, that is, of her own class. The little rosy, chubby girl, clinging to its mother's gown, and regarding Jo with shy, half-laughing eyes, attracted her at once, and she involuntarily put out a hand beckoning the child over.

"Go, Rosy," said the mother, administering a little push; and looking at Jo, she added, "You're going all by yourself, are you?"

"Yes," responded Jo; and while a burning color came into her cheeks, she added, "I'm going to the same place you are."

"Well, *now*!" said the woman; "what for? To work, I s'pose, in the mills? Got any friends there?"

She asked these questions rapidly, but Jo had time for a moment's thought before she said, "Perhaps—no 'm, I haven't any friends there—goin' just to try my luck."

"Well!" ejaculated the woman again. By this time Jo had little Rosy on her lap, and the child and she were soon talking in low tones.

The ticket agent coming in, sleepy and cross, suddenly roused the woman's activity, and she was soon at the window buying her ticket and having a great deal to say about how long it would take to go to Burnham. Jo listened, saw that she paid one dollar and a quarter for her ticket, and then, putting the little girl down, she stole out upon the platform to await the coming of the train.

\* Begun in No. 324, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"JO STOOD IN THE DOORWAY SOME TIME AFTER FAITH'S FIGURE WAS LOST TO VIEW."

### CHAPTER XIII.

It was four o'clock when the shriek, the glare, the sudden sense of confusion, announced the arrival of the train. Jo followed her unknown companion into the car, and when they were seated she said, a little timidly, "Would you like me to hold the baby a little while? I'd just as lief."

"Well, there, now," was the answer; "I believe you may, for I declare it's been a regular chore carrying that child down and having Rosy hanging on too."

Jo liked holding the baby; somehow it took away much of the sense of loneliness and desolation she had felt to have the little creature in her arms; and seeing that she made the child comfortable, its mother put her head against the back of the seat and placidly fell asleep.

The conductor by some odd chance overlooked Jo when he came around for tickets, and she was too unused to travelling to understand it, so it came to pass that when at seven o'clock the train stopped at Burnham, in the midst of a thin drizzle of rain, she found herself still holding the baby, following her companion and little Rosy out on to the platform of the strange place.

"Where be you going to?" demanded the woman.

Jo's eyes were fastened wistfully on the broad, good-humored face before her.

"I've come here to look for work," she said, in a desperate sort of way; "an' I don't know where just yet."

"Well," she said at last, and briskly, "you want your breakfast, I guess, anyway, so you might as well come up to the store with me. There's the 'bus now."

And in a moment more the whole party were seated in a rickety old yellow stage on their way to the village.

The omnibus rattled up along a marshy road, where the water came clearly in view, to a village street of good dimensions, wide and well shaded by tall old trees, with

breaks here and there where some houses with gardens of their own stood somewhat apart from the rest. Shops and one or two public buildings occupied the principal portion of the little street, and at angles roadways led in different directions. At the end of one of these lanes, as I might call them, a church with an old-fashioned steeple and a very old-looking grave-yard was standing on what seemed to be the brow of a hill.

It looked a pleasant place, Jo thought, watching her new surroundings with tired though interested gaze; but she was attracted chiefly by an old-fashioned brick house with a box-walked garden, where a maid-servant was busy scouring the front steps, and a bright-eyed old lady was looking out toward the sea.

The smoke of some factories dimmed the sky to the west of the village street, and as the stage turned down a side roadway, the quiet of the morning was broken in upon by the sound of their bells.

"Here we are," said Jo's new friend. "Now if I get out first, you can hand me the baby, and then Rosy."

The omnibus had pulled up rather suddenly in front of a small store of general articles, ribbons and laces and some simple dry-goods sharing the honors of the large bow-window with some old ladies' caps and infants' hoods. A side door led into the house, and Jo found herself in a small square hall, with a broad chubby-looking flight of stairs, and at the lower end a window.

"Come right along," said the woman; "I guess Rachel ain't yet. Rachel's my eldest girl," she explained, leading the way into a room back of the store, which was a sort of general sitting-room, not overtidy, it must be admitted, but looking to Jo very comfortable and home-like, for there was a long window with a deep sill overlooking a little garden, a big, commodious sofa, besides an easy-chair or two, a sideboard full of china, and a table in



the centre of the room, with some books and sewing materials on it.

Back of this, and reached by means of two steps, was the kitchen, into which Jo followed her hostess, still carrying the baby, who by this time was thoroughly fretful.

"There, now," said the mother, sinking into a chair, "I declare I believe that child knows more'n you'd think. Kep' up without a sound till it got home, where it could cry comfortable."

Rosy evidently felt encouraged by this to try her own lungs, but an interruption luckily diverted her mind.

An old woman, with a thin, puckered, and woe-begone looking face, appeared in the doorway.

"Well, Mrs. Dawson," she said, in a very melancholy voice; "back, air you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jones," was Mrs. Dawson's brisk response, "I am; and how've you and Rachie got on?"

"But poorly enough," was the reply. "Rachel's a sight worse than when you left."

Mrs. Dawson's good-humored expression faded at once to a look of genuine alarm.

"Worse? how?" she asked, sharply.

"Got a dreadful cold right on to her lungs," said Mrs. Jones, sitting down on the steps dejectedly. "I've been up the best part of the night with her, and I'm that tuckered out I must go home."

"Dear! dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, standing up in a helpless way. "Here, my dear," she continued to Jo, who had been trying to quiet Rosy, "do you take the baby while I have a look at Rachel. Yes, Mrs. Jones, go home and have a rest. I guess we'll get along."

Mrs. Jones needed no second bidding, but rose, and mournfully putting on her hat and shawl, was soon on her way up the street, while Jo sat alone with the children in the little kitchen, wondering what was to happen next and where she should go. Her horror was of the jail—being put into it again, and a second time having no means of escape—while her heart-felt longing and desire was to keep away from "bothering" Miss Faith.

She looked about the kitchen, and longed to be able to remain there at least for a day or two. Perhaps if Mrs. Dawson knew how well she could cook, she would keep her a few days; and the children—she might do for them as well. Many thoughts floated past Jo's tired mind as she sat in the kitchen window, now talking in low tones to Rosy or the baby, now turning her eyes to the gay little garden outside, where flourished many things such as she had tended at home, in Miss Faith's garden as well as her own.

Ten minutes went by before Mrs. Dawson's step sounded in the corridor and through the little sitting-room, but she came in looking very much worried.

"I declare," she said at once, "I dunno what to do. Rachel's real sick—going to be laid up, I can see, with one of her regular colds; and there's breakfast to be got, and the children, and—dear me! dear me!" ended Mrs. Dawson, in genuine distress.

"Please, Mrs. Dawson," said Jo, "couldn't I get breakfast? I can cook very well. I'm older than I look," the girl added, a sudden wistful pleading coming into her face as she spoke, "I'm fifteen and more; I can mind the children too."

Mrs. Dawson seemed pleased. "Why, I dunno why you shouldn't," she said, more cheerfully, "if you can cook, and have a mind to try."

Five minutes later Jo was in possession of the kitchen, with bacon frying on the stove, coffee boiling, while the little cook's attention was divided between these and the children.

The baby was soothed by a bowl of bread and milk, and Rosy evidently enjoyed watching Jo's performances, having been promised a good breakfast presently.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE.

## FROGS AND TOADS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

**M**OST of you perhaps already know that the funny little tadpoles in our ponds and ditches turn into frogs. Let us now notice the remarkable changes which take place before tadpoles can pass in this way from the life of a fish to that of a land animal.

We will begin with the eggs, which are little black specks not larger than shot, scattered through a lump of clear white jelly. This mass is called "frog spawn," and it is mostly attached to sticks or grass in the water near shore (Fig. 2). The jelly holds the eggs together that they may not drift away, and it also supplies nourishment to the young animals when first hatched.

If you should gather some of this frog spawn in the spring, and put it in a vessel of water with a few water plants, you will have good entertainment for several weeks. First the round black specks begin to lengthen, then soon to wriggle about. Gradually the jelly mass disappears, and the young tadpoles, with big black heads, dart hither and thither, rapidly wagging their long flat tails as they swim through the water—a sight with which all country children are familiar.

When they grow a little larger you can discover feathery bunches hanging at the sides of the head, as in Fig. 3, a. These are outside gills. After a time the wide mouth appears, and we find the tadpole trying to nibble at things. Little by little the outside gills shrink away, and the tadpole then breathes by taking water in at the mouth and allowing it to run out through slits in the neck. In this way the water passes over internal gills the same as in fishes. Indeed, there is but little, at this point in a tadpole's history, to distinguish it from a fish, and it bears a little resemblance to the form it is soon to develop.

Eyes and nostrils now make their appearance (Fig. 3, b),



Fig. 1.—FROG.

now be found spending much time at the surface, with its mouth out of water, for it is trying still another plan for breathing.

While these changes have been taking place on the outside of the animal, still more important changes have been going on within its body. Lungs have been growing, and as the tadpole accustoms itself to breathing with the new lungs, the blood gradually changes its course, and rushes to them to be purified, instead of going to the gills as before. Consequently the internal gills are no longer needed, and they also shrink away.

This active little creature now deserves the name of frog (Fig. 3, e). It swims with its new legs, and takes such long leaps that you must keep a close watch or it will jump out of your artificial pond and escape further observation. As the tail is no longer needed, it shrivels away little by little, like the gills, until there is no trace of it left.

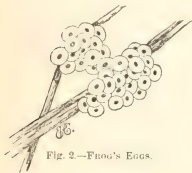


Fig. 2.—FROG'S EGGS.

to the bottom of the pond, and spend the winter in a torpid state.

Do you see in the frog's skeleton (Fig. 4) how much longer the hind legs are than the front ones? This arrangement answers very well for leaping, and those long toes are usually joined with a web to assist in swimming.

You will also notice that there are no ribs, so the frog cannot breathe as we do. Our ribs are raised each time we breathe, and the air rushes in through the nose and mouth to fill the empty space thus made in our chests. But as the frog has no ribs by which to enlarge its chest, it simply closes its lips and swallows the air which is in its mouth. A frog has no other way of breathing, and it is possible to suffocate one by fastening open its mouth.

The long tongue of these animals is fastened at the front

and soon two little lumps come on the sides, which will grow some day into hind legs (Fig. 3, c). The front legs do not show until later, and then the tadpole is well supplied with limbs, having four legs and a broad swimming tail, as you see in Fig. 3, d.

The odd creature will

of the mouth, and the sticky point is turned over so that it can dart forward instantly, then fold back to snap up living insects.

The history of toads is like that of frogs, except that their eggs are laid in long strings of jelly (Fig. 5), which may be found

floating on ponds and ditches in the spring. As their young ones can live only in water, these animals lay their eggs either in the water or on trees and plants overhanging a pond, into which they are washed by the rain. Large numbers of toads thus come to perfection about the same time, and are ready to leave the water together and begin a new life upon the land. This they usually do after a shower, when all the surroundings are moist and attractive to these dwellers in the marshes, and, from the sudden appearance of the toads, it is a common belief that they have fallen from the clouds with the rain.

The Surinam toad has a remarkable way of caring for its young ones. The eggs are laid in the water, and the father at once takes them up and places them on the mother's back, when the skin rises up around them, forming a little cell for each egg. In these curious nests the tadpoles pass through their various changes, remaining here until they are perfect toads.

Leading this double life, first in the water, then on the land, frogs and toads are called amphibious animals. They start life with gills and a tail, both of which they lose, and gain in their places new lungs and a full set of legs.

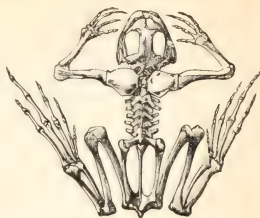


Fig. 4.—SKELETON OF FROG.



Fig. 5.—TOAD'S EGGS.

## DOLLIVER'S TRAVELS.

BY H. C. BUNNER.

THE school at Gilead Hill was known as a "health resort" when I went there as a boy, though they did not call it by that name. Thin, sickly boys were sent there to get flesh and strength in the mountain air, and they generally got what they came for.

Dicky Dolliver gave out that he had been sent to the school for the benefit of his health, and that was the only possible reason we could find for his being there, although no one ever discovered just what was or had been the matter with him. He said, vaguely, that he had just got over a long illness, and that he was "out of condition." What this meant we did not know, for he was fat, fatter than the fattest boy we had ever seen, and he never showed signs of any ailment worse than natural laziness.

This made us look upon Dolliver as a humbug—a "fraud," you boys would call it nowadays, but then we did not use the word in that sense. And in other ways he was unpopular. For one thing, he was only a day scholar, and for another, he was a stranger in the town. His father and mother were new-comers, a shabby, shiftless, mysterious pair, who lived at old Gorham's Gilead Road Inn. No one knew exactly who they were, or

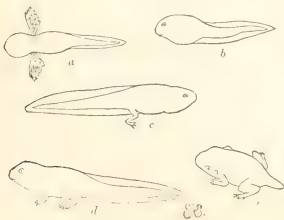


Fig. 3.—FROM A TADPOLE TO A FROG.

where they came from, or why they came at all. Even the towns-people, who were not above asking questions, could not find out what Mr. Dolliver's business was. He said that he "travelled," but while he made Gilead his headquarters, he was never known to travel further than to the cross-roads grocery, where he sat all day chewing a straw.

Then Dicky was *queer*, and you know what it is to be the one "queer" boy in a school of fifty. He was too absurdly fat and clumsy to join in our games, and we soon discovered that he had never done one of the many things that all boys do. He could not run, or climb, or pitch a ball, or swim, or make himself companionable in any way. I think he had some little talent for mumbly-peg, but he lacked the application to bring it out. Most of the time he sat in some comfortable place, with his hands on his knees like an old man, and stared solemnly at us while we amused ourselves.

You may think it strange that we had such a boy as that in the school, and missed the chance of "having some fun" with him. Well, the idea occurred to us at first, but we afterward gave it up as a bad one. A week after Dolliver's arrival, Jimmy Harris, who was the champion of the school, said that he was going to make the new boy toe the mark. He went up to Dolliver at recess and asked him if he wanted to fight. Dolliver looked at him with a wondering smile on his big, pale, flabby face, and replied that he didn't.

"You're a coward," said Harris.

Dolliver only looked more surprised, and said, No, he wasn't a coward.

Jimmy couldn't make him out. He thought perhaps the new boy wasn't accustomed to that style of challenge, and so he tried him in the old-fashioned way. He put a chip on his own shoulder, and invited Dicky to knock it off.

But Dolliver only shook his great head, and smiled patiently, and said he didn't want to knock the chip off Harris's shoulder.

We all hissed then, and Dolliver seemed to get some notion of what was expected of him.

"I don't want to hurt you, either," he added.

This was too much for the champion. "Hurt me!" he howled, and, without further warning, he struck Dolliver square on his broad, pasty cheek.

It did not stir the fat stranger. He might as well have struck a prize Berkshire pig. But it settled the fight. Dolliver stretched out his huge arms, put his fists together, and made a rush with a strength and nimbleness which no one would have thought possible from so unwieldy a creature. Harris had his guard up; but he and his right arm went down together, and in one instant Dolliver was sitting on him as he lay on the ground.

I think Dolliver meant to make him apologize; but Jimmy was past apologizing. The wind was knocked out of him, and he was half stunned by his fall. And when, after a minute of solemn silence, Dolliver rose and walked away, we had to work for half an hour to make our champion fit to appear at afternoon recitation.

Nobody tried to have any fun with Dolliver from that time on. We simply let him alone, and had as little to do with him as possible; and I don't think we could have taken a crueler way of ill-treating him, for he was anxious to be friendly with us all after his own queer fashion.

I can see him now, as I look back to those days, sitting under a dead apple-tree on the edge of our play-ground, his hands on his knees like a Mexican idol, staring hard at us as we played three-old-cat and foot-ball, and did all sorts of things that he might have done, I suppose, if he hadn't been so ridiculously fat.

The winter passed, and June came, and the boys went home for vacation, except the few who were left to "board over" through the summer. I was one of these—that year my father and mother went South, and I had to stay at Gilead Hill. It wasn't so bad, after all. There were

eight of us, including Dolliver, who came up from the town every day to get the two hours' of summer schooling. We had most of the day to ourselves, and we got a pretty good time out of it—even Dolliver, for he had a chance to become more intimate with us than we had ever let him be before. Of course he couldn't really be one of us at base-ball, or anything of that sort, for he was growing fatter and fatter—he did not even walk to school, but travelled to and fro in the wagon that carried the mail between the school and Gilead Station. But he seemed to be perfectly content to hang around with us and listen to our conversation.

As September drew near we began to be a little troubled about this intimacy. We had an uneasy feeling that when the boys came back and found how fat and helpless Dicky had grown, they would make fun of him as they never had before; and we did not care about being too familiar with a boy who would be the guy of the whole school, so we felt quite relieved when Dicky came to us one day and told us he was going away "for good."

He looked rather sad about it, and at the same time he had an important air. We asked him where he was going, and he said, "Everywhere." He was going to travel through Canada, and would see the Heights of Abraham and Niagara Falls and the Suspension-Bridge. He was also going to Boston and to Buffalo and to Albany and to Chicago and to Philadelphia and to Selma, Alabama, and perhaps to the Rocky Mountains. These were not all the places he mentioned, either. We never before knew that Dicky remembered so many names out of the geography. We began to have a respect for Mr. Dolliver, since he was such a great traveller, and was so kind as to take his son everywhere with him.

Dicky Dolliver went away before school opened again. At parting he gave me a jack-knife—or rather he swapped it with me for a button, so that it might not cut friendship—and he promised to write to us all from Boston.

When the boys returned we told them of Dicky's plans, and I am sorry to say that we were laughed at. Jimmy Harris talked about "Dolliver's Travels," and we ourselves became convinced that our fat friend had been fooling us.

But he hadn't. Pretty soon came the letter from Boston. It began, "My dear school-mates," just as if he had been on the best terms with us all, and it went on in an old-fashioned way, telling us about Boston, and explaining that he had been too busy to go and see the wharf where the tea had been thrown into the water. Then came another letter, and still more and more; all through the winter they came. They were from the towns he had told us he should visit, and from many others—little places that we could not find on the school maps. All through Canada and the West Dolliver travelled, and once a week at least came a letter, generally with a picture of a hotel at the top of the sheet or on the envelope.

We all changed our opinion of Dicky Dolliver. We saw that he was a remarkable boy and an important person. He had done more than any one of us, and we were proud of him. We followed his course on the map, and talked over his descriptions of the cities he had passed through. When a new boy came to the school we took the first chance to mention the wonderful journey and to say, "Oh, you weren't here when Dicky Dolliver was here," and we felt ourselves superior to those who had not been personally acquainted with the great traveller of the school.

Another winter slipped away and another spring, bringing the end of the school year, and I went home that summer. Dicky's letters had begun to grow rare. He had been out to San Francisco, which was more of a journey than it is now, and he was slowly getting eastward again by way of the Southern States. He seemed somehow to have lost his interest in writing. I don't think I heard from him once during the vacation; and when I went back to Gilead Hill for my last year I was thinking



"DOLLIVER WAS SITTING ON HIM AS HE LAY ON THE GROUND."

more of Cæsar and that mixed-up bridge of his than of Dicky Dolliver.

If I remember rightly, it was the last week in September that the Senior Class was taken up to Hebron Corners, the county town, to see the Agricultural Fair, the great event of the year. We went with the teacher of mathematics—his name was Culpepper, but we always spoke of him as "Mattix." He was popular with the whole school, in spite of Euclid and the higher arithmetic, and he did his best to give us a good time. We saw the fat oxen and the fat pigs; we risked our legs riding on the new mowers and reapers; we took chances in the raffle for the prize quilt, which we didn't want in the least; and we saw Sheriff Gidley's Hambletonian colt trot a mile against time in 2.47½, which was a great thing to talk about in those days.

Then, of course, we wanted to go into the great tent outside the grounds and see the "Grand European Menagerie and Museum of Living Curiosities." "Mattix" hesitated a little; but he concluded that it might help us to understand natural history, and he paid for us himself, and marched us into the tent. We filed in rather quietly, somewhat dazed by the dim light and the queer creatures about us.

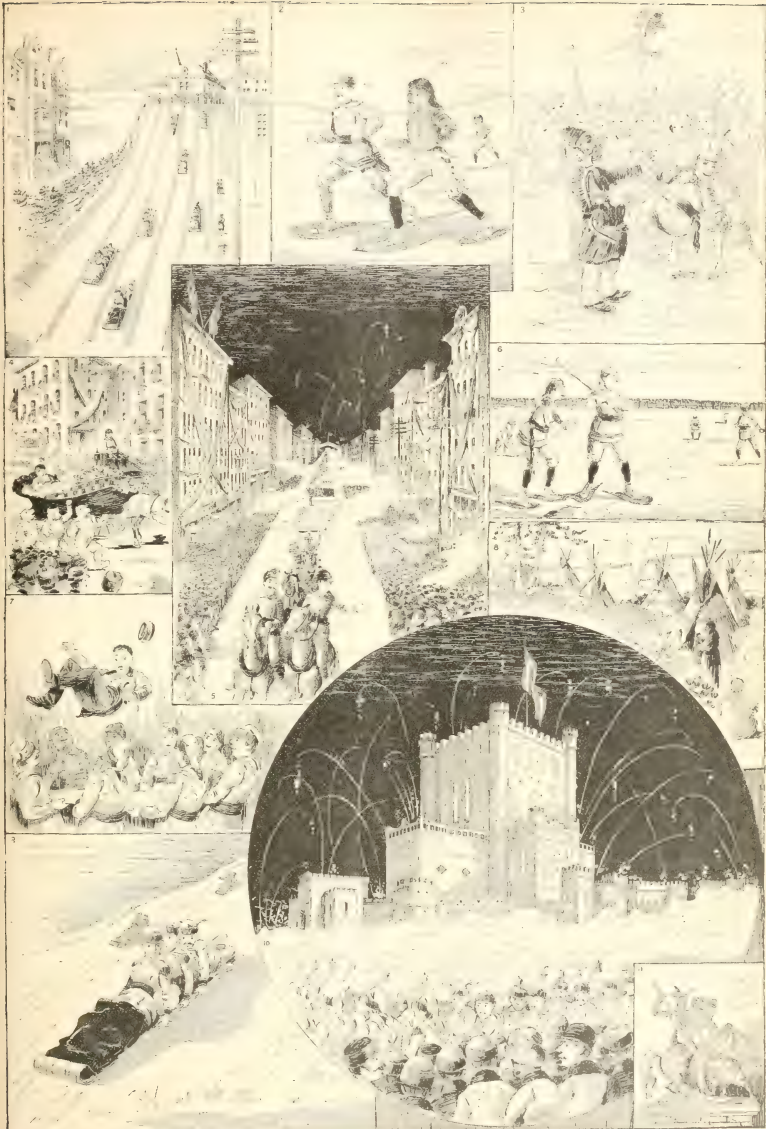
The living curiosities were in a long canvas hall, on a

platform that stretched down one side. First, as we went along, was the Bearded Lady, then came the Senegambian Dwarf, then the Living Skeleton, and then, with a great painted sign over him, giving his name and his age and weight, Dicky Dolliver, the Champion Fat Boy of America.

He saw us almost as soon as we saw him, and he gave one wild howl, just like a little dog when a big one bites him, and he rose from his seat and put his hands before his face, and shuffled quickly off the platform behind a canvas curtain. A big man with a black mustache and shiny, curly black hair followed him, flourishing a little rattan cane. What happened behind the canvas curtain we never knew, for "Mattix" hurried us into the menagerie end of the tent; but we heard Dicky's crying until the tiger began to roar.

Half an hour afterward, when we passed through the "living curiosity" department on our way out, Dicky Dolliver was not on the platform; but Chippy Weems peeped in under the canvas curtain, and saw Dolliver there, sobbing hard, with his face hidden in his hands. Chippy also told us that there was a great black whip lying by Dicky's side, and that Dicky was "all over welts." But then nobody ever believed anything that Chippy Weems said.





CARNIVAL SCENES AT ST. PAUL—SEE PAGE 270.

1. Grand Slide. 2. Indian versus White Man. 3. Mask Ball. 4. Ice King on Parade. 5. Parade of Winter Clubs. 6. Base-ball on Snow-shoes.  
7. Initiation of Member into Club. 8. Indian Tepees on Grounds. 9. Tobogganing. 10. Opening of Ice Palace. 11. Ice Statue.

## A FAMOUS ICE CARNIVAL.

BY N. P. BABCOCK.

I AM sorry that every boy and girl in the United States could not have enjoyed at least a portion of the festivities of the Ice Carnival which recently took place in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota. There was so much to enjoy—such a "double wagon-load of fun," as they used to say in Vermont—that it would have gone quite around among all the boys and girls in the country, with plenty to spare. You have but to look at the accompanying picture to get an idea of the jollity that prevailed up there in that thriving city of the Northwest for two weeks or more.

For several years the construction of a splendid Ice Palace has been one of the features of winter life in Montreal, and thousands of Americans have journeyed across the border to gaze upon those glistening but transitory castles. Just why nobody has ever before thought of erecting one on this side of the Canadian line I do not know, but I venture to predict that now that St. Paul has found out how much wholesome merriment may be obtained during a brief midwinter reign of King Carnival, the keys of that city will in the future be given annually to his Majesty.

The centre one of the group of pictures that are published on another page is, of course, the famous Ice Palace. I will not weary the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE with particulars as to its dimensions. It was, at all events, the biggest structure ever built of ice, so far as history recalls, in the world, and it was situated within a large snow-covered park, where, throughout the progress of the Carnival, all manner of sports and spectacles were constantly occurring by day and night. On the evening of February 4 this palace was the scene of a dreadful battle. All records of snow forts captured—of which every properly educated boy who has ever lived in a snowy country must have a score or more in his memory—were eclipsed by this furious affair. You see, the Ice King, or King Borealis, as he was called, had taken possession of the palace, and was preparing to make a merry night of it within, when his powerful enemy, the Fire King, approached and demanded the castle's surrender.

The streets were alive with people, who laughed and chattered in the frosty night air until you'd have thought the whole town had gone mad, or that all the grown people had become children again. The great walls of the palace loomed up in the darkness like walls of granite on a moonlight night, but all was quiet within. Twice around the silent castle marched the army of the Fire King, pausing at each of the four gates, and demanding in loud tones the surrender of King Borealis. I don't mind telling you in a whisper that the soldiers of the Fire King were no soldiers at all, but only a great multitude of respectable gentlemen dressed in blanket suits of many colors, and belonging to various snow-shoe and toboggan clubs of Minnesota and the Northwest; and the forces of the Ice King were made up pretty much in the same way. But they looked none the less warlike and magnificent, and everybody was delighted and excited, just as you would have been had you been there.

King Borealis refused to surrender, whereupon there arose from the ranks of the attacking party such a volley of rockets and fiery explosives that you would have thought a thousand men were killed at least, and the light of which turned the snow-covered park into a field of silver, and made the beautiful Ice Palace stand out like a ghostly thing against the dark background of the winter sky. The next instant came the answering volley from the Ice King's forces. From every window and port-hole streamed out the hissing rockets and popping balls of light from furiously shaken Roman candles, and up over the walls of the palace went huge canisters, which, exploding in the air, sent showers of blue and purple drops of fire falling upon the heedless heads of the combatants.

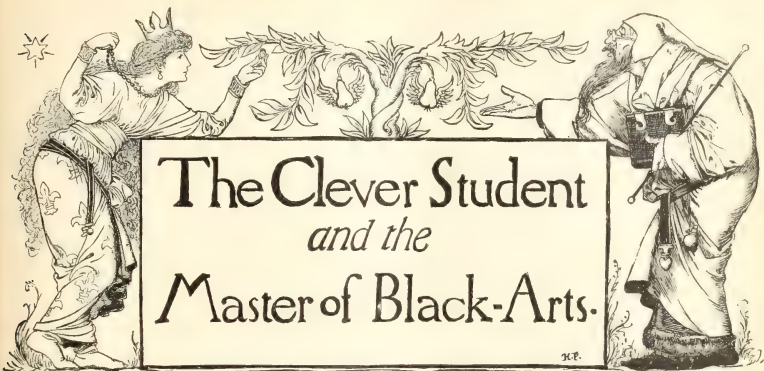
A very good friend of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was one of the gallant soldiers engaged in the defence of the palace, and I am sure that his experience, as he tells it, will be read with interest. "I am a Wakouta," he writes, meaning that he is a member of the Wakouta Snow-shoe Club," and we muster one hundred and sixty strong. Our uniforms are white and blue blanket coat and knee-breeches, red and blue sash and toque, blue stockings and moccasins. Last night we were put in defence of the Ice Castle, with several other clubs. The attacking party surrounded us, and fired off their candles and crackers in great quantities, and we responded from the inside and outside with like volleys. It was while standing under the walls of the castle during the mighty onslaught, with a squad of others, fighting bravely for the defence of the Ice King, that I received a serious wound. A canister which had been thrown into the air two or three hundred feet, and had exploded and discharged its display of colored lights, fell on me, and cut an ugly gash in my forehead, knocking me down, but not senseless. Fortunately my regular physician, who is one of the club, stood next to me, and bound up my forehead, and I was soon all right again." I am glad to tell you that this unpleasant experience was not the lot of many who were engaged in the battle, for the whole affair, as did everything else connected with the Carnival, passed off successfully, and with scarcely an accident.

After a truce had been declared between King Borealis and the Fire-King, there was a triumphal procession of their united forces. Indeed, it was a week of processions, and although he has doubtless done the best that could be done, the artist in the accompanying pictures gives you but a faint idea of the splendor of all these Carnival parades. The parade of the toboggan clubs alone was a sight to do one's eyes good. Nobody pretends to know how many clubs were represented, but the whole city swarmed with men and women and children wearing toboggan uniforms, and the mingling of white, blue, red, orange, and black produced a continuous rainbow effect.

Several large toboggan slides were built, the most important one being represented in the picture; and here's a fact for boys to wonder at: the Aldermen of the city actually ordered several of the cross streets to be closed to travel during the Carnival in order that the tobogganers might have a longer and uninterrupted slide. What does my little friend who was recently chased home by a big policeman for daring to slide down the slanting block in front of his father's house think about that?

The inhabitants, as will be seen by the picture, even went so far as to play base-ball on snow-shoes, although it must be confessed they did not make out very well at it. Even the Indians of the Northwest caught the fever of the Carnival, and came with their squaws into St. Paul in great numbers, and pitched their tents or tepees in the grounds belonging to the Ice Palace. They had with them a quantity of dogs broken to harness, and a number of curious little sleds to which the dogs were hitched, and in which passengers were given a dog sleigh-ride at a moderate price.

With all the rest of the merry things, there were, of course, masquerade and fancy-dress balls and skating parties and jolly gatherings at the rooms of the several snow-shoe and toboggan clubs of the city, with now and then an initiation of a new member, just as you see it in the person of that frightened young man who is being tossed into the air from a blanket. All through the city too, during the Carnival, were exhibited, wherever there were suitable sites, wonderful pieces of ice statuary, like that of the mounted Indian and the buffalo shown in the illustration, and which is so good that it is sad to think it has before this, in all probability, like the brief reign of King Borealis, melted away.



# The Clever Student and the Master of Black-Arts.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

THERE was a wood-chopper, and he had a son who went to the great school at the capital, and there he studied and studied until he became the cleverest student in all the world. So when the student had finished his studies, and had come back home again, he began talking to his father as sweetly as though his tongue was tipped with silver. See, now, why should they waste time in doing nothing better than chopping wood? He would practise his Black-Art. He would change himself into a fine dapple-gray horse, and the wood-chopper should take him to town and sell him for fifty dollars.

"But there is one thing you must remember," said he, "and that is to take the bridle off of me when you sell me, for as long as it is on me I must remain a horse. The great Master of Black-Arts would like nothing better than to catch me in such a trap as that, for his books say that he is to have bad luck through me, and he has been after me for this many a day."

Then the Clever Student went around back of the house and changed himself into a fine dapple-gray horse. The wood-chopper slipped a bridle over his nose, and then off they started for the town, both of them.

Well, they went on, and on, and on, till they had come to where two roads crossed, and there stood one who looked no better than he should be. This was the great Master of Black-Arts himself; but of that the wood-chopper knew no more than the chick in the shell.

"That is a fine horse that you have there," said the Master of Black-Arts. Would the wood-chopper strike a bargain?

Yes, indeed! The wood-chopper had no two minds as to that. But there was one thing, and that was, he would not sell the bridle along with the horse.

At this the Master of Black-Arts grinned till he showed his teeth like a fox in frosty weather, and what should he do but draw a bridle out of his pocket. It was as thin as a wire and as light as silk; yet I tell you the truth when I say that if he had ever gotten it over the nose of the Clever Student it would have been an ill thing for him.

But the Student had his eyes open, I can tell you. No sooner had his father taken the bridle off of him than whisk! pop! he changed himself into a pigeon, and away he flew till the wind whistled behind him.

But the Master of Black-Arts knew a trick as good as

that. Whisk! pop! and he became a hawk, and away he flew after the pigeon, and all that the wood-chopper could do was to stand and look after them. But he had the fifty dollars in his pocket, and that was much to say.

On and on they flew till they came to the shores of a great sea. And that was a good thing for the Clever Student, for just as the Master was about to lay claws on him, he dropped to the water and became a fish, and away he swam.

But the Master of Black-Arts knew a trick as good as that, too—that he did. Down to the water he dropped and became a pike, and after the other he swam till the water boiled behind him.

On and on they swam till they came to a place where a beautiful Princess, as white and as red as milk and blood, was walking along beside the shore gathering pretty shells into a little basket. And that was a good thing for the Clever Student, for just as the Master of Black-Arts was about to catch him, he changed himself into a ruby ring, and jumped out of the sea and into the basket of the Princess, and there he was safe and sound.

Presently the Princess looked down into the basket, and there lay the ring. "Bless me," said she, "what a pretty ring! And how came it here!" She picked it up and slipped it on, and it fitted her finger exactly. As for the Clever Student, he liked to be there, I can tell you.

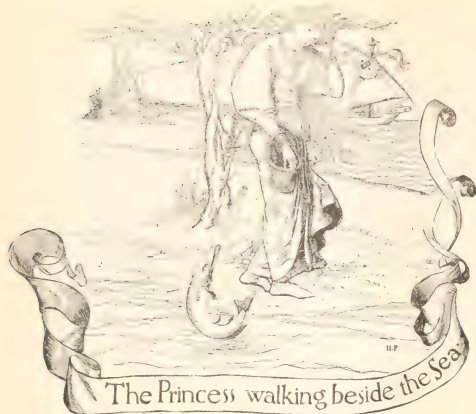
Well, by-and-by the Princess had gathered all of the shells that she wanted, and then she went home.

When she had come there and to her own little room, you can guess how she opened her eyes when a tall, good-looking young fellow stood before her all of a sudden. That was the Clever Student who had changed himself back into his own true shape again. At first the Princess was ever so frightened, but the Student talked to her, and talked so pleasantly that she began after a while to think that she had never seen such a nice, clever young fellow.

But the Master of Black-Arts was not for giving up all at once, and for letting the scholar alone. No, indeed! not he! he was far from being at the end of his tricks yet. But then if his wits were clever, the Student was not lacking either.

"See, now," said he to the Princess, "the Master of Black-Arts will be coming after me before long. When he





The Princess walking beside the Sea.

comes he will be asking for the ruby ring, and he must have it, but I have a trick in my head to meet that."

So what did he do but cut off a lock of his hair, and then prick his arm till it bled. With the blood he wet the hair, and by his arts made of the lock just such a ruby ring as he had been himself, for it was so like that even the Princess herself could not have told the difference. After that he turned himself into a necklace of carbuncles, and the Princess liked it just as much as the ring.

Sure enough, before a great while the Master of Black-Arts came to the King's palace, and on his arm he carried a basket, and in it was a little black hen. He stood the little black hen on the table. "Hickety-pickety!" said

he; and before the King knew what to think of it, the little black hen had laid an egg all of pure silver.

Bless me! but the King was glad to have such a hen as that. If the Master wanted anything, he had only to ask for it, and it was as good as his.

Oh! the Master of Black-Arts did not want anything but a little ruby ring that he had taken a fancy to: if he might have that, it would be all that he would ask for.

So the pretty Princess was sent for, and the King asked her if she would give the Master of Black-Arts the ruby ring that she wore.

Oh yes; the Princess said that the Master might have that, for she had grown tired of it long ago. So she gave it to him, and off he went the way that he had come.

As soon as he had reached home he put the ring into a mortar and ground it up, and ground it up, until it was ground as fine as flour in the mill.

"There!" said he to himself, "that is an end of the Clever Student, at any rate."

After that he went back to his books again, and began to read them, and then

he soon found how he had been tricked by the Clever Student.

The Princess and the Clever Student were sitting together. "See, now," said the Student, "the Master of Black-Arts will be coming this way again in a little while. He will be wanting the necklace of carbuncles, and you will have to let him have it. But I have a trick for his trick yet, so we shall get the better of him in the end."

So the Clever Student did as he had done before. He pricked his arm till it bled, and with the blood he wet a lock of his hair. Then he changed the lock of hair into just such a necklace of carbuncles as he himself had been. After that he changed himself into a pearl ear-drop, and the Princess hung him in her ear, and there he dangled.

Sure enough, by-and-by came along the Master of Black-Arts with another basket. Up he came to the King, and then he opened his basket, and in it was a white drake. He stood the drake on the table, and said, "Spickety-lickety!"

"Quack! quack!" said the drake; and every time it said "quack," a gold piece dropped from its mouth.

Hui! if the King was pleased with the little black hen, you can guess how glad he was to have such a drake as that! Just let the Master of Black-Arts ask, and he might have whatever the King had to give. Oh! it was not much that the Master of Black-Arts wanted. The Princess had a necklace of carbuncles that he had taken a fancy to; if the King would let him have that, it would satisfy him. So the Princess was sent for without waiting any longer.

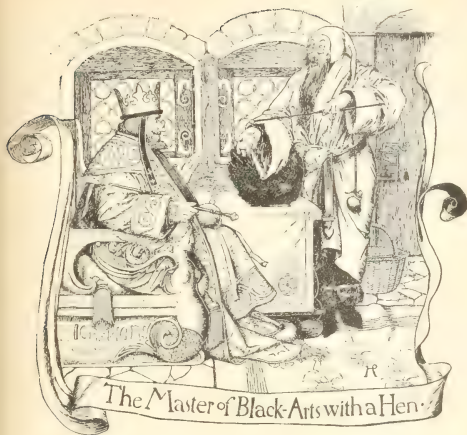
Would she let the Master have the necklace of carbuncles that she wore around her neck?

Yes, indeed, that she would! She had grown tired of it long ago. So she took it off of her neck and gave it to the Master of Black-Arts, and off he went with it.



The Student and the Princess.





Well, when he got home he put it into the mortar and ground it up, and ground it up, until it was as fine as the dust on the shelf. "There!" he thought, "that is an end of the Clever Student, at any rate."

Then he went back to his books, and it was not long before he found that he had been tricked again.

"See, now," said the Student to the Princess, "the Master of Black-Arts will be along again presently, and now I can make no more changes, for I am nearly at the end of my arts. He will be wanting your ear-drop when he comes, but instead of giving it to him, throw it against the wall as hard as you can. After that we shall have to trust to good Mother Luck."

Yes; the Student was right again, for it was not long before the Master of Black-Arts came along with his basket on his arm. Up he went to the King; he opened the basket, and there was a gray goose. He stood the gray goose on the table. "Flickety-whickety!" said he.

"Cackle! cackle!" said the gray goose; and every time it said "cackle!" a bright diamond dropped on the table.

When the King saw that, he rubbed his hands, and rubbed his hands, and could not say enough of thanks to the Master of Black-Arts. And what would the Master have now? He had only to ask, and it was his.

Oh! it was little that the Master was wanting this time, either. The Princess saw a pearl ear-drop that he had taken a liking to; if the King would let him have that, he would be quite satisfied.

So the Princess was sent for, and this time she was not so willing to let the Master have what he wanted. She wept and begged, and begged and wept; but it was all for no good. The Master of Black-Arts wanted the pearl ear-drop, and the Master of Black-Arts must have it. That was what the King said. So at last the Princess took the pearl ear-drop out

of her ear, but instead of giving it to the Master, she threw it against the wall as hard as she was able, just as the Clever Student had told her to do.

And then, what do you think happened? Why, the Student turned himself into a ripe melon, so that when it struck the wall, it burst open, and the seeds that were inside were scattered all over the floor.

But the Master of Black-Arts knew a trick as good as that. He changed himself into a great red cock, and began pecking away at the seeds, and gobbling them up as fast as he could.

By-and-by he looked around, and not another seed could he see, whereupon he hopped up on a chair, and shutting his eyes and flapping his wings, he cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

But listen! one melon seed had rolled into a crack in the floor, and the cock had not seen it. That was a bad thing for him, for while his eyes were shut and he was crowing "Cock-a-doodle-doo," the wise Student changed himself from the melon seed into a great fox. Up he jumped. Snip! snap! and off flew the cock's head, and there was an end of it and of the Master of Black-Arts.

After that the Student turned himself into his own true shape again. Then he and the Princess told the King all about the business, and when the King saw how fond the Princess was of the lad, he said that there was only one thing to be done, and that was to call in the minister.

After the wedding was all over, the Clever Student set out for his father's house.

The fagot-maker went back with his son to the fine house that the lad lived in, now that he had married a Princess. There everything was made easy for him, and he always had a warm corner to sit in back of the stove.





here, two of which are in Honolulu. We have not the variety of fruits that you have in the States, but we have a good many kinds, such as bananas, mangoes, oranges, figs, guavas, citrons, grapes, and others, which we call *moumou*. Sugar is the chief article of export from the islands.

WILLIAM D. A.

MY FAVORITE HERO.

You asked the boys to send you a piece on the adventures of our hero, Oliver Hazard Perry, who, according to our school-books, was born August 23, 1785, at South Kingstown, near Newport, Rhode Island. When fourteen years old he entered the navy, and served in the war against Tripoli. Returning to the United States, he was given command of the naval forces on Lake Erie, and when but twenty-seven years of age he gained one of the most brilliant victories of the war. Everybody knows with what bravery he fought in the *Lawrence*, his flag-ship, until of her one hundred and three men fit for duty were left, and eighty-three were killed or wounded, and when his crew had been reduced he called down for the surgeon's assistants, who came up one after another to help him fire the guns until no more of them were left. "Can any of the wounded pull a rope?" was his next question, and a few of the wounded, and the last appeared, and every brace and bowline shot away, and the hull of the *Lawrence* riddled with bullets and shot that went completely through her, and every gun but one dismounted on the side of the ship engaged. Commodore Perry himself fired that gun, aided by the purser and chaplain; and then, instead of surrendering, he fired his last gun, an open boat, manned by his brother and four seamen, and rowed to the *Niagara*. The memorable despatch which he sent, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours," will live forever. Our great naval victories were won during the war, but Perry's victory still holds its own in splendor and popular appreciation. WALTER J. ELYS.

NEW YORK CITY.

STONY MILES, VIRGINIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am ten years old. I live in the country, twelve miles from town. I go to grammar school at home. I like the country very much. Three cousins are here from Europe; I have nice times playing with them. My teacher gave me Langens's *Yocco Proprie* for a prize. I study arithmetic, geography, reading, spelling, and writing. I had a cat, but she ran away. The river was frozen over, and we gathered ice for the summer. The ice was six inches thick, and we walked on it.

WILLIE B.

SPRINGBORO, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have been a reader of the paper for two years. I am nine years old. We have fine coasting; our hill is about one mile long. I have two brothers and a little baby sister. The *Wheat* is planted in the spring. Springboro there is a large stock farm. I rode Kitty Goldust down there on an errand for papa. Seven years ago my papa gave me a colt, and we named her Kitty Goldust. She has had two colts; one is named Syndicate and the other Ivy. My brother Ray has a colt just like mine; it is named Goldust. She has had as many colts as mine; one is named Norma and the other Eva. We sold Eva for one hundred and forty-two dollars when she was four months old. Good-by.

FRANK McI.

OUR COASTING CLUB.

"I'm sure she looked very jolly."  
"She had a lovely suit on."  
"I hope she isn't proper."

"The girls' suits are five dollars each."

The "girls" were five young ladies who were being instructed in music and the languages, history, and literature at Madame Brooke's. The school situated in the country, near the Hudson, and Madame, her three assistants, and the girls lived happily in the large stone house with its ample grounds.

"She" was a young lady who had arrived from Albany the night before, and as she was the only new scholar of the term, we were busily engaged in making her as we stood around the register one cold January morning.

At the last remark Madame made her appearance, accompanied by a slight girl of fifteen in a stylish red and brown suit. Young ladies, said Madame, in her stately manner, "permit me to make you acquainted with your future schoolmates, Miss Sara Caruthers. Miss Sara will now introduce these young ladies to Miss Sara, who will share your room?"

My Homes did as requested, and we girls were soon chatting with Sara, for we were convinced that she was jolly by her dancing brown eyes and her short brown curls.

"What is your name, Mademoiselle?" asked Kate Grey, suddenly, and as Sara replied in the negative, continued: "She is our French and German teacher, but very young and quite charming. I know you like her. But there's no need of being introduced, and be initiated," and Kate waltzed down the hall, singing.

When Sara Caruthers was as much at home as though she had known us always, while

we were enraptured with her. That evening, as we were sitting in the school-room preparing some lessons for the next day, Sara glanced up from her work and asked, "What exercise do we have here?"

"Why, we take a walk every day," said Dorothy Fervical.

"Young ladies!" said Miss Stone, who was presiding in her most awful voice. So nothing more was said till the girls had adjourned to the drawing-room, and were hovering round the fire, talking and laughing. Sara repeated, and added, "Don't you have any skating or other kind of fun?"

"No, my dear," we have every day a walk three times around the garden, or the piazzas if the weather is bad," answered Kate.

"I never thought of it before, but we don't have enough exercise," said Dora Fervical, earnestly.

"How I wish we had a toboggan slide near where the boys over at the Point have one," continued Sara.

"Have they? How jolly! I didn't know it." "Yes, Cousin Ned said they had just finished it."

"Have you a cousin at the Point?" we chorused.

There was a boys' academy a short distance from our school.

After Sara had given a full description of Cousin Ned, she went on, musingly, "Tobogganing would be good too, but Madame wouldn't let us. It's too dangerous. But we could go on ice, as well as not. There is a lovely hill back in the grounds; I saw it last night."

And we all exclaimed, "Let's do it!"

Well, the end was that we suddenly discovered that our health was failing rapidly, and would surely be undermined for life if we didn't go coasting immediately.

"We will write home and ask our friends to write Madame how important it is that we should have plenty of exercise, etc., and then we will endeavor to persuade her to let us go, and we shall certainly be victorious," said Sara.

We were much taken with the idea, and did as directed, adding an order for toboggan caps as fantastic as possible. Mademoiselle promised to aid us, and in less than a week the caps and requests "as much exercise for the young ladies as possible" arrived, and armed with the latter, Mademoiselle went upstairs to have an interview with Madame, from which she returned flushed with the struggle, but victorious.

"I will," she said, "leave it to me, *mes enfants*. You shall have a coast on Monday."

The next day the great sleigh in which we always went to church appeared at the door, and we were summoned by Mademoiselle "to go to town," with Miss Stone as chaperon. We had a gay time in selecting our sleds, which were very large and light.

Monday, instead of walking, we were requested to don our coasting suits and accompany Mademoiselle to the hill, a short distance from the school. She had been as good as her word, and the long hill had been carefully prepared and smoothed, while at the top were the sleds.

"Seven," said Claire Marston, glancing at them.

"There are only six of us."

"Merci," said the French teacher, with a little grimace.

"Come too, Mademoiselle! What a dear!" cried the chorus.

We all stood looking down the white expanse, when Kate said, "I'm going to begin. Throwing herself on the long, narrow sled, she sped away, making a pretty picture in her crimson dress, with its dark blue jacket, and her long brown braided hair with red and blue ribbons, falling from beneath her toboggan cap."

"It's delightful! Come on, girls!" she cried; and we followed her.

It was splendid sport, and we kept it up all that winter when the weather would permit.

"I am going to write Cousin Ned about our Coasting Club," said Sara, with a flourish.

And after that we had a regular club, with Mademoiselle for president, lovely little sleds for badges, and races and trials in steering. We had no sleds that year, but none were popular and long-lived, and, above all, accomplished so much good, as our Coasting Club.

I am a little girl eight years old. I got a lovely big baby doll for Christmas. I have a goat that draws me in a toboggan in the winter. I have two sisters, Maud and Mabel, who take me out coasting every day.

MARY ISABEL B.

WIFE CHURCH, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am writing to notify the readers of this pleasant paper of the rapid decrease of fowls. The State has offered a petty bounty for each one of these. But the Legislature cannot know much about natural history, and the birds are the worst sign of the times. Let us look at the right side. In the autumn the sparrows attack the fields of grain, eating a great deal; the farmer cannot stop them, but he looks at his allies, eating two or three of the little thieves every day. And when the hawks do take a fowl, it is to save their lives, as they will not approach the fowls of men unless under dire necessity. In summer the diet of the hawks is prin-

cipally insects; the marsh hawk eats nothing but insects. I hope the young readers will see to this, and look on the right side of the matter—not to kill hawks.

T. H. M., JUN.

THOMAS MANLY, IOWA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I was ten years old last November. My "Auntie Florie," my mamma's friend, has sent me this nice paper for two years, and has again been kind to me by sending me three brothers and two sisters. My brothers and a couple of my playmates enjoy HARPER'S Young People as myself. I had a big dog last summer, but we were afraid he might go mad, and he was shot. GEORGE ALFRED B.

Poor doggie!

ANNAS, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—This is the beginning of the fifth year during which we have taken this very nice paper. We are three boys, twelve, eight, and six years old. Our only pet is our baby brother Garret, eight months old. Our papa does not like cats and dogs, and we can have none of them. Two of us cannot read, but the paper is read to us many other books. We have a great many books, and all of the *Wide Awake* bound from the first volume up to 1885. The letter from Watertown signed Mabel A. S. was written by a little girl we know, and with the rest of her family, visited us when they came home from England to live in Watertown, Lovellville, N. H.

EDGAR, JAMIE, and BERTIE V. V.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

FIED CITIES.

1. Ikto. 2. Glundirp. 3. C'owom. 4. Brimad. 5. Puntinsceul. 6. Ytur-carnde. 7. Ghestudir. GERTRUDE H.

No. 2.

BURIED ENGLISH TOWNS.

1. Eva lost her glove, so we walked over the hills to find it. 2. He may cry or kick, but he will be punished. 3. Bring your ball and bat, Henry; I will play with you. 4. The snow soon melts our faces. 5. We rode over the moor and over the mountain. MABEL C.

No. 3.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter in a line. 2. N. Gold. 3. A rope. 4. A city in America. 5. A herd. 6. A period of time. 7. A letter in key.  
2.—1. A letter. 2. A sheep. 3. Part of the verb to drive. 4. Lands. 5. A tale in HARPER'S Young People. 6. To pay for goods. 7. To verify. 8. To be in debt. 9. A letter in does. MABEL C.

No. 4.

HEXAGONS.

1. A boy's name. 2. A girl's name. 3. To injure. 4. Otherwise. 5. A boy's name. CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 5.

RHOMOID.

Across.—1. Crushed pulp of apples. 2. The place of the women in an Oriental house. 3. Of the breadth of the leaves. 4. Spoken of as a hurt. 5. A letter. 2. An acclamation. 3. A delineation of the heavens. 4. An Arabian horse. 5. A cave. 6. A girl's name. 7. Mournful. 8. A prepositional particle. 9. A letter. CHARLIE DAVIS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 327.

No. 1.—  
A L P S  
L I O N  
P O L O  
S N O W

No. 2.—  
R  
S  
P  
S I L A S  
P A N

No. 3.—Trombone

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Edna Davis, Cockade City, Miss Babu, N. Florence, Maggie Sue Battelle, Little M. Mason, Minnie S. C. E. Simms, Robert H. Muller, Helen C. J. Montgomery, Melvin Fowler, George E. G. George, George C. O. Moulton, Bertha and Jean, Willie Hutchings, Minnie A. Graham, Lucy Ames, Rose and Violet W. W. Gertie Littlejohn, Willie Wilson, Gertrude, Arthur Stansbury, Morrill Green, Henry M. Rochester, and Harry Howard Henstreet.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]





"OH, MAMMA, THERE'S A LIVE PEN WIPER!"

### A DISAPPOINTED SPIDER.

BY HARRY BOLINGBROKE.

**S**PIDERS have few friends or admirers, most people, indeed, regarding them with intense loathing and horror. And yet as a general thing spiders are harmless, timid creatures, and

quite as anxious to get out of your way as you may be to get out of theirs.

Though obliged to class myself among the number of those to whom the spider is a repulsive object, I can seldom come upon an exceptionally large specimen without pausing to regard him, and snatch a fearful joy by giving him a little annoyance.

The fat garden spider that weaves great nets in the angles of balconies and fences always had a fascination for me, not only on account of his skill and industry, and his trick of making himself invisible by rapid vibration when molested, but by reason of his tiger-like beauty, which, of course, I admire at a distance.

I remember one such which had his net in an angle underneath my chamber window, where I could easily observe his manoeuvres. One quiet, sultry afternoon, while drowsily watching my companion, the spider, which appeared to be taking a nap in the centre of his web, an enormous crane-fly came sailing lazily along, and blundered right in among the glittering meshes, where her long legs soon became hopelessly entangled.

The spider did not immediately pounce upon the intruder, but seemed to be leisurely rubbing the sleep out of his eyes and stretching himself before going to work, as though feeling so sure of his game that there was not the slightest need of hurry on his part.

"Don't be too confident, old fellow," I said; "you may be mistaken." For I saw that the fly, in her struggles, had already succeeded in releasing several of her legs, and she might free them all in a few seconds more, and so escape.

Presto! I did not see the spider move; I only saw that he had vanished from the centre of the web, and was now near its edge, throwing a viscid web around the legs of the crane-fly. The action was so swift that it seemed no part of a second; it was instantaneous. He could not have been asleep, after all.

"Ah! poor crane-fly, you are gone now," I exclaimed. There was no hope for her. Her six legs were bound together, but her body was yet free, and her wings, by which the fly tried in vain to extricate herself.

In the mean time the spider glided up the web to his dark corner, where he attached the other end of the rope that held the captive. During his absence a strange thing happened; the fly made several wriggles, and then one mighty wrench, which gave her her liberty, but at the sacrifice of all her legs. Yes, there they were, all in the net, but the fly was gone.

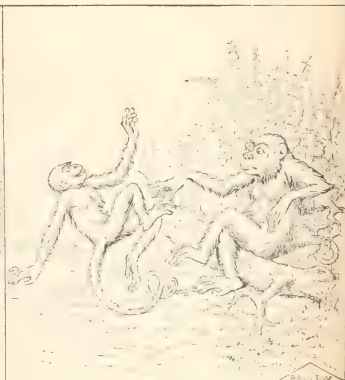
Instantly down shot the spider. He looked amazed and crest-fallen. He had evidently never been served such a trick before. He looked at the useless bunch of limbs a second or two, touched them, tasted them, and then, in a disgusted manner, cut them adrift as rubbish. This done, he retreated, not to his original position in the centre of his web, but away up in his dark corner, as if to hide his disappointment. He evidently was conscious that, for once in his life, he had been completely outwitted.



GRAVITY.



LANGUAGE LESSONS.  
SCAVITY.



LEVITY.

SEVERITY.



HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

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BUBBLES AND TROUBLES.

MRS. GIN'RAL JACKSON. "Can't I go out a minit without you young 'uns actin' up? What you been doin' ter Gwage, Christopher C'lumbus?"  
C. C. "Er—why—gwagie he took your pipe, and was a-goin' ter blow up soap-bubbles in de tub, and de stool tipped, and he tumbled in!"

## A SIMPLE POSTAL-CARD CIPHER.

BY XENOS CLARK.

THE use of perforated cards for writing secret messages is very old, having been described by a German in the eighteenth century. But his cards and the holes in them were square; and though the same cards have recently been arranged for writing cipher telegraph messages, they still remain square cards. In fact, no one before has discovered how to make an oblong cipher card, with oblong openings, such as could be used for writing a message on a postal card.

The plan for making a cipher-writer is shown in Fig. 1. Cut out of Bristol-board that is somewhat thicker than a postal a piece exactly the same size as a postal card. Next draw the divisions of the card as shown in the figure. There are five upright lines exactly the same distance apart, and eleven horizontal lines, which also must be exactly the same distance apart. This divides the card in six equal upright columns and twelve equal horizontal rows. The middle lines, both ways, being heavier, divide the card in quarters.

You may now letter the seventy-two divisions just as they are lettered in the figure, and then the card is ready for cutting out the holes. For this a sharp-pointed knife will be required. Use a rule to guide the knife, and in cutting out any of the seventy-two divisions—or "boxes," as I shall call them—follow carefully the lines that enclose them.

The following rule must be observed in cutting out the boxes. You will notice that each letter from *a* to *r* occurs four times in the lay-out. The rule is to cut out one of each, leaving the other three of the same letter uncut. Thus you cut out one *a* box, then one *b* box, then one *c* box, up to *r*. There will then be eighteen oblong holes in the cipher card. The holes will have a great variety of arrangements on different cards, as different persons

| A |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| a | b | c | c | b | a |
| d | e | f | f | e | d |
| g | h | i | i | h | g |
| j | k | l | l | k | j |
| m | n | o | o | n | m |
| p | q | r | r | q | p |
| p | q | r | r | q | p |
| m | n | o | o | n | m |
| j | k | l | l | k | j |
| g | h | i | i | h | g |
| d | e | f | f | e | d |
| a | b | c | c | b | a |
| B |   |   |   |   |   |

FIG. 1.

will make different selections of boxes for cutting. The rule that has been given permits each letter to be cut in four different ways. It does not matter which one of the four boxes of any letter you may cut, provided care be taken to distribute the holes so that the card will not be too much cut up in any one part, and so be liable to be torn. The black spaces in Fig. 2 are the boxes that have been cut out.

The cipher card is now ready for use. Mark the top and bottom of one side **A** and **B**, as in the figure; then turn the card over, and mark the top and bottom of the other side **C** and **D**. Any one of these edges, **A**, **B**, **C**, and

| C |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| a | b | c | c | b | a |
| d | e | f | f | e | d |
| g | h | i | i | h | g |
| j | k | l | l | k | j |
| m | n | o | o | n | m |
| p | q | r | r | q | p |
| p | q | r | r | q | p |
| m | n | o | o | n | m |
| j | k | l | l | k | j |
| g | h | i | i | h | g |
| d | e | f | f | e | d |
| a | b | c | c | b | a |
| D |   |   |   |   |   |

FIG. 2.

**D**, may be brought uppermost. Fit the cipher card exactly over the postal, first with edge **A** at the top. Begin writing your message, a word at each hole, as the holes now stand, taking each horizontal line in order from left to right, and finishing each line before beginning the next. Thus the first word of the message would be written in the right-hand top corner of Fig. 2, but the blank space under and adjoining it would not be written in until you came to the fourth word of your message. Having filled all the holes, turn the card, bringing edge **B** to the top. Continue your message, as before, in the holes, which will now stand over blank spaces of the postal. Some lines may have but one or two holes. When all are filled, turn the card over, and bring edge **C** to the top, and proceed as before, and at last do the same with edge **D**. If the message is ended before all the holes in all positions are used, fill up the blank ones with any chance words. This done, the postal is filled with the message in the most irregular order, to which only the owner of the cipher card has the key.

Of course the other correspondent has been provided with an exact copy of the cipher card, and he reads the message simply by placing this card over the postal, first with edge **A** at the top, then **B**, then **C**, then **D**. This gives him the words in the order in which they were written.

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Mrs. Dawson came down-stairs again she found the table laid, and quite a tempting though simple breakfast awaiting her, and as she seated herself and asked Jo to "draw up her chair," she complimented her on her "smartness."

"You say you want a place, do you?" Mrs. Dawson remarked, presently. "Well, I should think you could get it. Have you any family up to the Corners, or friends?"

Jo hesitated, but her glance, fixed on Mrs. Dawson, was honest and clear. "I haven't anybody in particular," she said, in a sad tone; "I'm an orphan, you see, and grandfather he's very old and feeble."

A long time after this Mrs. Dawson used to say she

\* Begun in No. 324, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

wondered how it was she never thought of asking Jo further questions as to references, or anything of the kind, such as she would have felt necessary with a Burnham girl who applied for work. But then, as she would explain, Rachel's being so sick, and Dawson not home from Newfoundland, and the baby cross, and the store to look after—all these things unsettled her, and Jo seemed to "fall right in and take a hold."

Why Jo did "take a hold" was later a source of wonder to the girl herself. But you see, in reality, it was her first emergency, the first sharp test of the powers Faith and she together had been developing; with all her heart she longed to hide herself and work her way, and when Mrs. Dawson suggested her "staying right on till she got a place," the girl breathed freely, and thanked her new friend with humble gratitude. The thought of Ashfield, the memory of that terrible night, had grown dreadful to her; she was glad to be where no one would ask questions, nobody talk to her of those last days at home; and, luckily for her, Mrs. Dawson was likely, for some time to come, to be too much absorbed in her own affairs to trouble herself about Jo's.

"I declare to mercy," ejaculated Jo's hostess, suddenly, that morning, "if I ain't forgot to ask your name!"

Jo was washing the dishes. Her back was turned to Mrs. Dawson, and she had time for a moment's thought before answering. Jo knew what no one else in Ashfield did, and what never had seemed of the least consequence before, that her real name was Brooke, and not Markham, the old man being her mother's father; but Sailors' Row had not time to make such useless distinctions. As "Markham's girl" Jo had grown up, and as "Jo Markham" she had been quite satisfied to be known.

But now suddenly the girl realized that her real name would be of service. Josephine Mary Brooke she had been christened fifteen years ago. Blessed chance that had put Mary into the name of the little baby who had—though she knew it not—been for one year welcome, well treated, and well cared for! Her name had been, as I say, of no consequence to her whatever, although she had seen it scores of times written in the old Bible which her grandfather kept in the upper drawer of the kitchen dresser. It was her mother's name, and in a pretty school-girlish hand it had been written on the fly-leaf—"Josephine Mary Brooke."

"Everything's so upset," Mrs. Dawson continued, stirring the gruel for her sick daughter, "I never thought to ask you—"

"My name?" said Jo, faintly; "Mary Brooke, ma'am." "Brooke or Brooks?" said Mrs. Dawson, sharply. "Brooks is a deal easier to say; comes sort o' more natural; but still Mary's a handy enough name too, when you once get at it. I do hate these names that takes your time all up, and leave nothing for what you've got to say afterward. There's Dawson—he's Zachariah. Well, I declare to January, by the time I've got it out full, as I do sometimes—the hull Zachariah—he's up and away out of the front door, and like as not, when he comes in again, I've clear forgot what I meant to follow it up with. So, as a general thing, it's 'Zack' or 'Dawson' when there's somethin' pressin' on me to say. I named that there baby Jo just for no other reason in the world than to save trouble when she was a-growin' up. 'Tain't Josephine nor Joanna; no, Jo; nothin' only just Jo. She kin settle on to something for herself when she's older, if she likes, and has friends with time enough to give her a full, long-legged, spelled-out name."

Jo—our Jo—had not half listened to Mrs. Dawson's long speech until the latter part. Jo! There was another one, then? She looked at the baby, who, tied in his high chair, was banging the table with a spoon, enjoyably, feeling a sudden affection for her unconscious little namesake.

It seemed queer to think of, too—as though she had

given her name away to the baby all in that minute. Jo, who had depths of real womanliness in her untried nature, wiped one hand on her apron, and putting it out, stroked the baby's curly hair with more tenderness than she had ever displayed before.

"I should like to stay," she said to Mrs. Dawson; "and I'd work real hard, too, and I could look around for something to do in a day or two, I suppose, ma'am?"

"Oh, we'll see," said Mrs. Dawson, whose mother's eye had not failed to note the girl's involuntary caress—"we'll see how you get on. There—store!" she added, as a bell tinkled; "just run out and see what's wanted, my dear."

Jo hastened to the store, feeling her way through boxes and odds and ends to the passage behind the counter.

The bright-eyed old lady from the brick house was the customer.

"Mrs. Dawson home?" she inquired, briskly.

"Yes, 'm," answered Jo.

"Well, you ask her to be sure and not fail me with my cap this afternoon by half past five—not a minute later."

"That's old Mis' Burton," said Mrs. Dawson, when Jo had delivered the message. "I'm sure I hope I'll get a minute to finish her cap. Now, Mary," she added, "I'll leave you to see to the things here, and go back to Rachel."

## CHAPTER XV.

Jo certainly "earned her way" that long June day; but her cooking was a decided success, and she was so on the alert to be of use to Mrs. Dawson that she proved very satisfactory in more ways than one. The habits of order and tidiness she had acquired under Faith's constant teaching came into excellent service here, for Mrs. Dawson, good-natured, kind-hearted, and always active, was not a very methodical housekeeper, although she fully appreciated what was done for her by others, and when Jo "picked up" and brushed the little sitting-room, Mrs. Dawson declared it looked "something like," which she hadn't supposed it would until Rachel was around again.

The morbid, wretched fancies which had filled Jo's mind since the night in the jail seemed less hard to bear as the day, full of home-like occupations, wore on; and Jo, after all, was young and naturally strong, and the entire change was not unwelcome to her.

Mrs. Dawson had contrived to put the necessary touches to Mrs. Burton's cap, but when it came time to send it she could not leave the house, and so Jo was despatched with the little box, glad enough to walk out in the summer afternoon, and glad, she knew not why, to see the brick house.

Once there, she was ushered into a large, dim sitting-room, where everything looked cool and pleasant, though very prim, and as though only elderly people occupied it; but Mrs. Burton came in briskly, putting back a curtain and examining the cap critically, while she looked at Jo once or twice with an inquiring air.

"You're new, ain't you, up there, my dear?" she said.

Jo said, "Yes, 'm," and then was silent.

"Going to learn millinery, are you?"

Jo said "No, 'm," this time, and again was silent. The old lady seemed rather irritated by the short answers, but Jo's fear of discovery, of being "taken back," held her tongue in such check that Mrs. Burton, who took a keen interest in everything going on all around her, failed to extract anything more satisfactory from the stranger; but her last attempt had a certain result gratifying to Jo.

"I suppose you have given up school, my dear," said the old lady, in a kindly voice, "if you are out at work?"

Jo blushed as she admitted this to be the case.

"Well, perhaps you would like to attend a little evening school up at the parsonage three times a week?"

Jo's eyes kindled. The old lady, catching the gleam, felt quite encouraged, and as at that moment a gentleman's step was heard in the hall, she called out,





W. T. SPOFFORD  
1886

"SHE STROKED THE BABY'S CURLY HAIR WITH MORE TENDERNESS THAN SHE HAD EVER BEFORE DISPLAYED."

"Dyke, come in here, please, a moment."

And a tall, broad-shouldered, middle-aged man, with a face grave and kindly, good-humored and yet firm in its lines, stood still on the threshold of the door.

"Dyke," continued the old lady, "this young girl's a stranger here, working up at Mrs. Dawson's, and I've just been telling her about Mr. Tone's evening classes. What do you think?"

Mr. Dyke Burton smiled with a little gleam of amusement. He knew his mother's faculty for interesting herself in everybody else's affairs, but as she always meant it kindly, and was full of generous actions, he never tried to do more than hold her in judicious check once in a while when her impulses or her curiosity led her too far.

He looked at Jo. Something in the girl's face appealed to him strongly, for it was not possible for Jo to hide the sadness, the anxiety, that lay so deeply in her heart; and her eyes, always wistful of late, were fixed upon him with a look which, for some reason, Mr. Burton never forgot.

"I'm sure it would please Mr. Tone to have a new pupil," he said, pleasantly. "What is the name, mother?"

"There was a moment's silence before Jo said, with a deepened color, "Mary Brooke, sir."

"I will not forget to mention it," said Mr. Burton, smiling and passing on.

Jo went out of the brick house feeling as though she was beginning a new sort of life. I do not think, until this sudden wrenching away from all her old associations had sharpened her mind and developed some new feelings, that Jo had realized what it was to have to act and think

and decide for herself, and with a sense of duty as well as of patience governing her. I have told you that the year with Faith had been like five in its power over the girl's life, and in such natures and such lives as poor Jo's it is not possible to drift when once the tide changes. The new ideas impressed gradually upon Jo's mind and heart and soul took a firmer hold upon her than if she had been living in luxury and ease, where one day seemed just to melt delightfully into another. The realities of life with people like Jo make this easy sort of growth impossible.

All the scents and fragrances of the June day seemed to be in the village street as Jo walked back to Mrs. Dawson's. She wondered where Miss Faith was, and what she would think of her flight.

"She will be glad, I guess," thought Jo, as she neared the store; "and she'll know I'm 'trying' somewhere."

Mrs. Dawson greeted Jo from behind the counter of the store with a look of real satisfaction.

"I declare," she said, good-humoredly, "I had no idea how I needed help, Mary. I'm as glad as I can be to see you back. The baby's asleep, but I wish you'd carry Rachel's tea up to her. You can tell her anything that happened up to Miss Burton's, too; it'll amuse her. She and Miss Burton are great friends. They about keep the news of Burnham agoing, I tell 'em."

The tray was ready, and Jo, following Mrs. Dawson's directions, carried it carefully up the staircase to a room at the back of the house—a comfortable, cozy bedroom with a pleasant outlook, where, in a big old-fashioned bedstead, the sick girl was lying, propped up by pillows.



She was a girl of about Jo's age, but very plump and rosy in spite of her cold; her bright blue eyes were cheery, and her smile brought dimples and showed the prettiest of white teeth; her fair hair was neatly braided, and she wore a tidy little blue flannel dressing-gown, in which she looked very trim and comfortable.

Everything in the room, though plain, was cozy, and if lacking all the luxuries of Miss Faith's apartment, yet it was home-like and very pleasing to look upon, from the bright young girl among her pillows to the little knick-knacks on the bureau and above the book rack. There was no regular carpet on the floor, only some gay-colored strips at the bedside and before the bureau; but what impressed Jo as she stood still a moment in the doorway was the fact that up here in Rachel's room the order and tidiness lacking down-stairs was complete. No wonder Mrs. Dawson was anxious for Rachel to be "up and about."

"Come in," said Rachel, cheerfully. "You are Mary Brooks, I suppose; mother told me about you."

She looked at Jo brightly and pleasantly. "I shall be up soon, I hope, and get things straight down-stairs. I suppose everything is at sixes and sevens, isn't it? And do the children bother much? There, put the tray on the bed, please. Thank you."

Rachel had the brightest sort of voice, so that Jo did not mind being asked so many questions, or talked to so steadily, and Rachel seemed to need no particular response. She went right on:

"You've been up with Mrs. Burton's cap. I was so sorry not to be able to take it! She always has something new to tell me. Did you see Mr. Dyke Burton?"

She waited here till Jo said "Yes," and then went on: "He's the best man in Burnham. He has the woollen

mills across the bridge, and if you want a place, you'd better go to him."

"Oh, would he give me a place?" said Jo, earnestly.

"Well, I think so," answered Rachel. "If I am up to-morrow I'll go and see him about it."

But all of Rachel's eagerness to be "about again," all her energy and ambition, did not avail. That night Jo was awakened from her first sleep in the little attic room given her by Mrs. Dawson, who was in a state of terror over her daughter's condition. Fever had set in; the poor woman was sure it was "monia," and Jo was hurried down to light the kitchen fire while Mrs. Dawson rushed for the doctor.

And so it came about that for weeks no thought of Jo's leaving occurred to Mrs. Dawson. Quiet, but prompt and active, the girl filled all sorts of little "odd and even" places in the household; too anxious to remain somewhere in peace and security to care what she did, how early or late she toiled, or to think of the future, and in no place or way could she have been more successfully hidden. In Mrs. Dawson's employ, Jo Markham, transformed into Mary Brooks, passed out of sight or hearing of Ashfield. No one but the girl herself knew how sometimes lying awake at night, or when, on rare occasions, she got down to the beach, a sudden longing to see the old place—to be near Faith again, if only for five minutes—would come over her; but the dogged resolution "not to bother her," and to try somewhere to be good and to work, kept this feeling in check. There was no fear so long as the sky of her life continued clear that Jo would go back; no fear that she would be a "bother" to any one of those she had left.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A LITTLE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

## CANARY HOUSEKEEPING.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

**I**F you would have real joy with your canary, let him begin housekeeping, for from the 14th of February to the end of May his heart is all aglow with desire to become a nest-holder and assume family cares.

"But, after all, it is all in the baking," as ladies so often say when telling one another how to make some delicate dish, so now success in pet-bird housekeeping depends entirely upon the power of their mistress to let them alone. She can sit quietly in the room and watch them without harming or disturbing them, but she must not handle the cage, or move it in the least, or climb up to peep in the nest. Once a day she must give them fresh food and water and greens; then let them alone, until the little birds are feathered, when she can begin to handle them, and teach them to know and love her—an ample reward for her forbearance. Unless she is willing to deny herself the pleasure of peeping into the nest and letting her friends do the same, it is almost useless, even with the tamest birds, to attempt raising young ones.

Taking this self-denial as a foundation for success, next notice the color and disposition of your bird; if he is gay and merry, get him a quiet female; if he is inclined to be shy and retiring, buy him a wife as confiding and merry as you can find; and be sure you choose for yourself, without much regard to the dealer's advice, unless he is a man you are in the habit of dealing with, and you know you can trust him.

Having bought your female, the next step is to look after their food, as at mating-time birds require rich living. Give them plenty of seed mixed with hemp and millet, as millet is excellent for the voice, and prepare an especial repast for them each day of rolled milk crackers thoroughly mixed with hard-boiled egg, using both the yolk and white; this food must be given from the time of mating until the young birds are fledged and can crack seed for themselves, as it is the food upon which the parent bird will feed her young. Be sure it is fresh every day. One egg should last three days; simply cut off a piece, and put the rest in the ice-box or some other cool place for future use.

Give them lettuce, apple, the white tops of celery, or cress every day. Lettuce is preferable to all other greens for birds. Above all things, remember to put a bit of dry mortar or lime in the cage or room for the female to eat, so that her egg-shell may be hard; this is absolutely necessary. A red-pepper pod hung where they can get it is also very good for them, and for a tidbit a bit of sponge-cake soaked in sherry or port wine is thoroughly enjoyed, and helps to keep the female's strength up while building and sitting; an excellent thing to do, as she can then attend to her baby birds better, and is not likely to eat her eggs—a trick ill-fed birds are apt to indulge in.

As soon as your birds have become acquainted, put them together. At first for a day or so they may fight, for birds have real quarrels, and do not disdain to resort to sharp taps with their bills, but this will not last long.

If you have an empty room or garret that is light, and that you are sure is free from rats or mice, turn your birds loose in it, simply nailing the nest to the wall, with the material for building loosely tacked in a bunch just above it, within easy reach of the mother bird, as she likes to sit on her nest that is to be and pull her materials down to her as she needs them. Hang her own and her mate's cage beside the nest, as they will go to bed in them every night until she begins to sit, when her mate will sleep in the one nearest her, or on a perch beside her, if one is provided for him; but it must be put up before they begin to build. He is very jealous of her now, and his tender devotion to her is beautiful to watch. Sprinkle plenty of green on the floor beneath the nest, put the seed in one dish and the prepared food in another, and use the cage

cup for water. Do not put the nest too high, as the air is close near the top of a room.

If you have not an empty room to spare, then buy a large common cage with a wooden back, scald it all over with strong soda-water to keep lice away, rinsing it with hot soda-water also. Then secure it at a good height from the floor, but not so high that you will shake it when you renew the supply of food or water. Cover the floor thickly with gravel, for the cage must not be cleaned again until the young birds have left the nest; then place the food in a dish small enough to prevent all risk of shaking the cage in taking it in and out to replenish it. The water should be so arranged that the birds cannot wet themselves by trying to bathe in it, as a drop of water will destroy the eggs.

The men in bird stores tell us that a wire or tin cage covered with Canton flannel is best. I have always found that my finest broods were raised in small open-work wicker baskets. One of my birds raised an exceptionally fine brood in the sluck covering of a wine-bottle, cut half way down and tacked to the side of her cage. She worked two whole days making openings all round and under it before she began to build. They are building now in a little bonbon basket, and seem to regard it as the most desirable house they ever had.

Whatever you use for the nest—wire, tin, or wicker—be sure and secure it firmly, and where it cannot be shaken. I never use the flannel, but it may be good for all that. I simply get a bit of new Manila rope and a bit of soft cotton rope—less of the latter—and shred it up as finely as possible, then secure it above or beside the nest. Bits of feathers and soft linen ravelings form good materials to line the nest with.

In seven or eight days after mating commences, the nest is finished and the first egg laid. The female bird usually lays one egg every day until she has laid her full number, which is four or seven; then she begins to sit, and for thirteen days the little creature that is usually so active and restless sits almost motionless, her loving little heart throbbing against the eggs, and her feathers and life-heat warming them into existence. Now it will repay you to sit silently in an out-of-the-way corner and watch how tenderly her mate feeds her, how loving he is, and how willingly he takes her place on the nest while she stretches her wings and limbs.

If all goes well, and they are not disturbed, at the end of thirteen days the first-laid egg is hatched, and so on each day one egg is hatched, until the whole brood of naked blind little birdies lies helplessly in the nest. Now you may take a look in, just to see if all of the eggs are hatched. If not, take the one not hatched out with a spoon, and hold the egg before a strong light; if veins show against the shell, it may hatch yet, and can be returned to the nest, but if it is transparent, it is spoiled, and may be thrown away.

The birds want to be and must be let alone now until the little ones are feathered, although you must keep a sharp lookout from a distance to see that they are all right, and that they do not wiggle out of the nest, and that all the family and friends do not run for a peep at the new birds. I lost a whole brood in this way. I kept looking at them and showing them to every one, and the consequence was that the father, evidently with the mother's consent, killed the whole nestful. A friend had to raise her first brood herself, because the father and mother left them when troubled by people peeping into the nest. She used a quill for the purpose, splitting it, and placing the cracker and egg in it, she gave each bird three or four quillfuls at a time, feeding them once an hour.

In a few weeks your birdies will be fledged; then you can begin to handle them, and teach them to love and know you, and you will find it a most delightful reward for your forbearance during their housekeeping time.

## RÉNÉ.

## A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY STORY.

BY ESTHER CARR.

## Part I.

"MASTER, it is the Blessed Lady herself!" a boy's sweet-toned voice exclaimed, at length breaking the silence which for some time had been uninterrupted.

The master raised his hand to check the interruption, but with a smile on his lips, and went on with his task. The room in which he worked was large and lofty, its ceiling vaulted, the arched windows at some feet from the ground and draped on one side of the room with a heavy curtain so as to regulate the light. An enormous fireplace with stone settles inside it almost filled one end, and was surmounted by a high and elaborately carved oak chimney-piece. With the exception of a few high-backed chairs and one or two oak chests, the room was bare of furniture, though bits of rare tapestry and Spanish leather hung here and there on the walls, here and there, too, lances and swords and carbines. Erect and grim in one corner stood an entire suit of armor, and near it, on a wooden block, a costly war saddle and housings.

A large panel, on which several figures were already grouped, stretched half-way across the room, so placed that the light from the windows on the left fell full upon it on that August day of the year of our Lord 1420, thus showing that the apartment was a painter's studio; and the middle-aged man in the dark woollen robe lined with red, and confined at the waist by a leathern belt—a man of benign countenance, regular in feature, and with brown hair touched with gray falling on his shoulders—who stood, brush in hand, before the canvas, was Hubert Van Eyck.

The figure of the Virgin he was painting was already sketched in, and the head, which had caused the boy's irrepressible exclamation, had begun to live beneath the brush. A beautiful and placid face, with long fair hair bound on the forehead by a glittering diadem of jewels, and falling on the blue drapery of her robe, her eyes thoughtfully cast down, and looking rather beyond than on to the book she held in her finely moulded hands—this was Van Eyck's presentment of the mother of our Lord.

But he was not painting from imagination. On a raised platform at some distance from him, and almost as immovable as the picture, sat the living model from which he painted, a girl about eighteen years old, with pure face and thoughtful hazel eyes, fair hair falling on the blue drapery of her robe, and bound back on her forehead by a diadem of gold set with glittering gems. This model was Margaret, the painter's young sister.

Besides the painter and his model, the only occupants of the studio were two boys of twelve and fourteen years old; the former (the boy who had spoken) standing in rapid attention beside Van Eyck, while the latter rubbed and mixed colors for the master's use, interrupting to do so his own work of copying in distemper one of the half-completed figures of the altarpiece.

Beyond the raised platform on which Margaret Van Eyck sat there was an arched doorway, and through this a vista appeared which made in itself a perfect picture of an interior, showing another room two or three steps lower than the studio, wainscoted with oak, and rich with carved panels and furniture. Patches of bright color fell through the stained glass of a mullioned window on which the sun was then shining—through all but one little lattice which, standing open, let in the sweet-scented air, and showed a bit of tender blue in the sky above.

Another half-hour passed in silence. Then the boy, eager in his curiosity and interest, broke in again. "To the right of the Christ His blessed mother, and behind her this choir of angels (you have put my face among them,

oh! rare good master); to the left St. John Baptist in this green drapery, you have faintly touched in, and beyond St. John—"

Van Eyck paused in his work. "Beyond the Baptist, St. Cecilia playing, and with her angels with their harps and viols—the last group on this side of the picture," he answered.

"And the base, Master Hubert, the base?" the boy went on.

"Ah, the base—the lower panels?" Van Eyck repeated, and then a dreamy look passed over his face, and for a few moments he remained silent.

"I have it here, monseigneur," he said at last, touching his forehead, "and here," and he laid his hand on his breast. "The adoration of the mystic Lamb, the altar draped for sacrifice; angels and saints and men of all degrees bowing before Him. God give me grace to show forth my thought! But what I may fail in, my brother will supply. Should I die and John live, the 'Agnus Dei' will still be finished."

"Master!" René said, clasping Van Eyck's loose-hanging sleeve in both his hands, and pulling him gently so that he was obliged to look in his face. It was not necessary to say more than that one word, for the look of entreaty in the blue eyes filling with tears spoke the rest.

"Nay, nay," the master said, smilingly. "I speak from no foreboding. But a true artist's first thought must be for his work, and I would *this* might be accomplished."

As he spoke, a side door opened, and through it a man entered the room, and with quick and springing step approached Hubert Van Eyck. He was about eight-and-thirty years of age, but his lithe figure and quick movements made him look much younger, and there was a vigor in the expression of the bright eagle eyes and in the outline of the high features which gave him an almost boyish look compared with Hubert, by whom he now stood.

"Well?" the latter said, looking eagerly up at him, and putting his hand on his brother's shoulder.

"Found!" John Van Eyck said, triumphantly, tossing the cap he held in the air. "Success at last!"

"Laudamus!" Hubert exclaimed, a look of reverence mingling with the happy light that passed over his face. "I knew thou wouldst succeed in time, John, but I did not know it would be so soon."

"Soon!" John echoed. "Think of the months of thought I have given it; think of the many failures. But at length the enamel neals and the glass is pure white beneath. The flux has now to cool, and will, I hope, not have to pass through the furnace again. The secret is surely mine, and to-morrow I trust you will see the result. Meantime no one must enter the workshop; dost hear, Margaret?" Margaret Van Eyck, who had relaxed her *pose* when he came into the room, and was bending forward, eagerly listening, assented. "No, nor your Highness either," John said, with a smile, and turning to René. "Peter Van Baerle, I know, needs no telling, for he is too absorbed with his colors here to care. That arm is out of drawing, boy," he added; and taking up a piece of charcoal, with one stroke he corrected the fault, and the patient pupil without speaking proceeded to undo his own work.

But now from the belfry near by the mid-day chimes rang out into the clear air, and as the last stroke of twelve vibrated through it, Hubert Van Eyck put down his brush, and signing to his sister that the sitting was over, Margaret came down from her platform and laid aside her blue drapery and the diadem, carefully locking the latter into one of the oak chests. A woman's figure dressed in the costume of the Flemish lower orders—a dark woollen gown tucked up over a red petticoat, and a white lace cap rather high in the crown and falling with long flaps over the ears—appeared in the doorway leading to the inner room.

"Dinner is served," she said, and vanished.





"THROWING THE LATTICE OPEN, MARGARET VAN EYCK LOOKED OUT TO SEE THEM RIDE AWAY."

Then a strange thing took place. With a low bow to the boy René, Hubert Van Eyck repeated the words, and stood aside for him to pass first, which, without demur, the boy did, the others following him into the adjacent room, where the table for the midday meal stood. Then René seated himself, a priest who already stood near the table pronounced a Latin grace; Hubert Van Eyck, cutting a portion from the principal dish on the table, then presented it, kneeling on one knee, to the boy, while his brother John offered a snowy napkin in one hand and a goblet in the other. With the utmost gravity René accepted plate, goblet, and napkin from the brothers in turn, and began to eat. Then, with a gracious bow and gesture of the hand, he signed to them to sit down; and Margaret and

the priest and Peter Van Baerle, who had all remained standing till this ceremony was over, now also took their places at the table, the whole scene being gone through with perfect simplicity, and as a matter of course. For this boy, art pupil of Hubert and John Van Eyck, and fellow-student of Peter Van Baerle, was also René of Anjou, Count of Guise.

René, at this time twelve years old, second son of the King of Sicily, who had died three years before, had been almost from infancy under the guidance and protection of his mother's uncle, the Cardinal-Duke of Bar, whose palace was the boy's home. Already precocious with the precocity of princes, and acquainted with matters of state, though so simply childish in other ways, René had drawn his sword with the old Cardinal's troops in an expedition against the marauding bands of robbers and deserters who infested the Bar dominions and Lorraine.

Already René's future destiny had become a matter

of grave state interest. Meantime the boy, giving promise in all that came under the head of the "gentle science," whether poetry, music, or art, had, so long as three years ago, when with the Cardinal on one of his frequent visits to the French court, become the pupil of the Van Eycks. And whenever the chance offered, René eagerly resumed the lessons from his beloved masters in that art which he practised during all his after-life, and which proved of such resource to him.

When they had finished the meal—which the young Prince was allowed to share with the painter's family, so that his morning's study might be as long as possible—Hubert Van Eyck, rising again, knelt before the boy, holding in both hands a large dish of *repoussé* silver filled with





"THAT'S YOU!"—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN, N.A.

water, into which René dipped his fingers, wiping them on the napkin John held out for his use. Ceremony was for the present at an end, and the boy, getting off his high-backed chair, chattered away to Margaret to his heart's content, while Peter Van Buerle, whose studies were more serious, slipped off into the studio, John Van Eyck following him, Hubert, meantime, and the priest, René's tutor, talking together on the other side of the room. Margaret, whose hands were rarely idle, had taken up a piece of household work that lay ready on a table near, while René stood beside her, turning over the leaves of a highly illuminated missal—also Margaret's work.

"Only a few pages more to finish, Margaret," the young Prince said, admiringly. "How you must grudge the time to such work as *that*!"—he touched the linen she held in her hand scornfully—"or even the hours given to sitting to the master, when you can paint so beautifully as this!"

"Both necessary work in their way, monseigneur," Margaret answered, smiling; "and Hubert's art is better worth furthering than mine. Besides, my missal is nearly finished, and I am only eighteen. If I live, I have time before me for much work—*real* pictures even."

"If you live?" René said, impatiently. "You are copying Master Hubert's words of this morning. Why must you both make me sad?"

"We make your Highness something more than sad," Margaret said, laughing at his cross tone, for Margaret Van Eyck and the young Prince were sworn allies.

"Yes, cross, too!" René said, recovering. "But wait awhile, Grethel, till one of the suitors Peter tells me of carries you off from Master Hubert and from painting too!"

"I do not think that time will ever come, sir," Margaret answered, quietly. "I love my brother and my art too well to give either up readily."

"Ah, *you* can choose!" René said, his bright young face clouding. "I would I were not married already—or as good as married! The Cardinal forgets I would have Art for my bride if I had my will."

"But it need not interfere, monseigneur," Margaret said, soothingly. "Your studies will go on as usual, and when you are together at Nancy you can teach the little Princess to love art too. And think what a pretty pageant your wedding will be—some artist should have a picture of that!"

"*You* shall, Margaret!" René cried. "The feast at my betrothal was good sport enough, and I do not mind my little cousin; but I like you better, and I wish she had been called Margaret and not Isabella. Some day," he added, with all the gravity of his twelve years, "I shall call one of my daughters Margaret—Margaret of Anjou! It sounds very well." René's chatter as to his future arrangements was interrupted by the Abbé de Lagny, who now told the Prince that his Highness's escort was ready.

"To-morrow, dear Master Hubert. Oh, earlier than this morning!" the boy exclaimed, as he said good-by. "I can not lose a day while we stay in Ghent."

Margaret Van Eyck went to the window when her brother had followed René and the abbé down-stairs, and throwing the lattice wide open, looked out to see them ride away. The Van Eycks' house in the Koey Straat, at the corner of the Vogel Markt, commanded a good view of the town, with its step-gabled houses, red roofs against the blue sky, steeples and towers of churches rising among them, while the sun seemed to strike one special flame of light from the gilt dragon on the high belfry tower. The boy had already mounted his pretty Arab. M. De Lagny, with more difficulty, now got upon his steady though rather ponderous Flemish mare; René, looking up at the window, raised his plumed cap from his fair hair, waved it to Margaret, and smiling rode away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BILLY TOWNER'S FIRST SKIRMISH.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

BILLY TOWNER was the smallest man in the regiment which Smith County sent to the late civil war. Indeed, he was not a man at all, but a fourteen-year-old drummer boy, and he would not have been accepted, even for the drum corps, had not his father begged the Colonel, who was a friend of the family, to take the boy, for the purpose of curing him quickly and thoroughly of the war fever. The two men agreed that Billy would take chills and fever soon after the regiment reached the South, that homesickness would follow as a matter of course, and then Billy, discharged because of physical unfitness for his duties, would gladly return to his home, and never again want to leave it.

But this ingenious plan did not work as was expected. Billy did not take the chills at all. Whether he was fit for the service, however, the Colonel sometimes doubted. Two soldierly qualities he quickly developed in fine style; one was an enormous appetite, and the other a steady objection to getting up in the morning; but neither of these was of any special service to the Union cause. At losing drumsticks, tearing his clothes, and burning his shoes when trying to dry them, he had not an equal in the regiment. He was always in urgent need of something which could not be had, always late at roll-calls, and on inspection his knapsack could be depended upon to display more disorder and trash in a given space than any other, even in the drum corps. And yet he was so good-natured and cheery, so full of chatter about the boys he had left behind, that the fathers and brothers of these same boys spent a great deal of time in trying to keep him out of trouble.

Like most boys of that period, he was "spoiling for a fight," although he had nothing to fight with, and learned, to his sorrow, when the regiment got into its first severe battle, that the duty of drummers was to stay in the rear and carry the wounded to the surgeon. But this first battle was long in coming, and Billy made quite a nuisance of himself by expressing his mind as to the slowness of the generals and the unfitness of the government to manage a great war. Whenever the regiment got into a skirmish it was Billy's luck to be left in camp, either on duty with the guard, or by the intention of his Captain, who, like the Colonel, was a friend of the boy's family, and did not want to have to write sad news to parents.

But the coveted opportunity came unexpectedly one night. The company to which Billy belonged were on picket duty, and Billy was with them. It was a pleasant summer evening, and the reserve—the men not actually on post at the time—were lying on the ground, chatting, joking, and grumbling, according to their respective tastes, when crack! crack! crack! went some rifles on the picket line. Up sprang the reserve, and none too soon, for back through the underbrush and trees came the pickets. At first there seemed more of them than had gone out; then, by the moonbeams that straggled down through the tree-tops, the reserve saw that the greater part of the crowd wore gray uniforms. It was not a time to ask for explanations, for the visitors outnumbered the reserve at least ten to one, so there was a lively scrub race for a breastwork a couple of hundred yards in the rear.

Then the firing became very lively. The enemy, who were apparently making a strong reconnaissance, did not care to charge breastworks in the dark, but they kept up a steady fire from behind trees and logs whenever they saw a head, and the pickets returned the compliment when they thought they saw a gray elbow.

Finally re-enforcements reached the breastwork, crossed it, and slowly pressed the enemy back. In half an hour the shots sounded so far away that the Captain of the picket company was sure that no scattering shots could

reach his men, so he shouted: "Fall in, men. Sergeant, call the roll."

The roll-call showed that, as was usual during night attacks upon pickets, the enemy's bullets had done more damage to trees and bushes than to flesh and blood. Every name was responded to until the sergeant called, "Towner!"

There was no response. The sergeant moved a little to one side, and shouted, "Billy Towner!"

Then the Captain, who was standing near the sergeant, exclaimed, "Where is that boy? Does any one know?"

No one answered.

"Go on with the roll-call," said the Captain, clasping his hands behind him and sauntering away. The remaining men answered to their names, but they did not speak as loud as the others had done, and as soon as the company broke ranks there was a general interchange of opinion.

"I hope he's merely captured," said old Browley, whose own boy had been at school with Billy.

"It won't take long to find out," said the Captain. "Attention! Deploy as skirmishers; forward--march! Go slowly; look over the ground carefully."

There were very ugly thoughts about the enemy as that skirmish line moved forward. Soon after leaving the breastwork one of the men stopped and stooped down; several others were about him at once, but the body on the ground was not Billy's; it was that of a wounded Confederate, who begged for water and a surgeon. Some one gave him a canteen as the line moved on. Another halt proved a false alarm, caused by an overcoat lying on a log; but a moment later old Browley's voice was heard from one end of the line to the other, and the whole company felt solemn at once; for what Browley said was, "Oh! isn't this awful?"

The men nearest Browley saw the old man kneel and place his hands on a figure which they recognized as that of the little drummer. Billy was lying on his breast, his arms outspread; and as the men drew near they heard Browley say: "Cold and stiff! He must have been killed by one of the first shots. Oh, boys, this is awful! He was just the age of my Tom; and Tom wanted to enlist too."

"Recall the line," said the Captain. "Bring him to the rear--carefully."

Two or three men handed their guns to others, and stooped to pick up the body, but old Browley said, "One man can do it better than more." Then he put his arms around the figure, which hung limp as it was raised from the ground. Suddenly the company was startled by a single utterance. It came from Billy Towner; it was pitched very high, and it sounded thus, "Ow-w-w-w!"

"Only wounded, thank Heaven!" exclaimed old Browley. "Where are you hit, little chap?"

"I'm not hit," said Billy Towner, "but I'm squeezed almost to death. It's real mean to tease a fellow just because he's sleepy."

"He doesn't know what's happened," muttered Browley. "He fainted as soon as he was hit, like lots of them do. Don't get excited, boy; tell us where it hurts."

"My ribs!" screamed Billy. "You're breaking them. Let go of me!" and the supposed corpse wriggled and kicked until it got out of Browley's arms and upon its feet, where it stood erect, rubbed its eyes, and then indulged in a long yawn.

"You little scoundrel!" exclaimed the Captain, seizing the drummer by both shoulders and shaking him soundly; "why didn't you retire with the rest of us?"

"Retire?" drawled Billy; "when?"

"When the enemy advanced, of course."

"What enemy?"

"The only enemy there is in this part of the country. Didn't you hear the firing?"

"What firing?"

The Captain made an impatient gesture and exclaimed,

"Don't you know enough to wake up when a whole brigade tramples on you?"

"What brigade?"

"Attention, company!" roared the Captain, abruptly; then he marched his men back to the breastwork.

As soon as arms were stacked and ranks broken, old Browley seized Billy's arm and said, "See here, little fellow, next time you go to sleep while you're with the picket, just be obliging enough to lie on your side, won't you, and put something under your head for a pillow, instead of sprawling like a dead man? I want you to understand that you've nearly killed me."

"And the rest of us too," muttered the Captain.

## THE ICE KING AT WORK.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

WE have seen how water wears away the land in one place to build it up in another, how it carves channels for itself through the solid rock, and builds up new layers of rock out of the ground-up material, but we have not seen all that water can do. In its solid form, as ice, it has had a great part to perform in world-making.

I am sure you have often read of the wonderful glaciers of Switzerland, where, between the rocky sides of a mountain gorge, the ice seems like a great river flowing downward. Glaciers are found in many countries—everywhere, in fact, where the climate and the formation of the land are both favorable. We hear more of Swiss glaciers only because a larger number of people visit and write about Switzerland than about the other countries where they are to be found. Greenland and Alaska have many glaciers quite as wonderful as those of Switzerland.

A glacier is really what it looks like—a river of ice (Fig. 1); and more than that, it is a moving river. It does not seem possible that anything as solid and as brittle as ice could move in this way through an uneven, rough channel, and fill it as a glacier does.

The beginning or source of the glacier is snow packed tightly in a high mountain valley. As we follow its course it gradually changes into a solid mass of whitish ice, scored all over with cracks and crevices, broken up into great masses and blocks of ice on the surface, and covered often with dirt and stones. Finally we come to a place where the weather is warm enough to melt the ice, and then it flows off as a stream of water.

The glaciers had been for a long time under suspicion of moving, but it was not generally believed till a man named Hugi, in 1827, built a hut upon one of them. Each year it was found that the hut was farther down the gorge.

The fact was proved, and people became interested in finding out more about this movement. A row of stakes was set up in the ice, straight across from side to side of the glacier, and two on each bank to mark the starting point. This row of poles, as it moved, did not remain straight; it bent like a bow in the middle, curving out toward the lower end of the glacier, showing that the middle part moved faster than the edge. This is known to be true of an ordinary river: the water rubbing against the banks and against the bottom of its bed is hindered, and moves more slowly than the water in the middle and on top does.

The glacier ice not only moves where the channel is even and smooth, but in some places where the channel narrows and is bordered by great masses of rock the wide sheet of ice squeezes itself through the narrow gorge, piling itself high in mighty blocks in obedience to the tremendous pressure behind. Of course most of this movement is in summer; the advance of the rows of stakes showed this. There are two very wonderful things to be studied out about this—the *cause* of the movement, and the way it is effected.

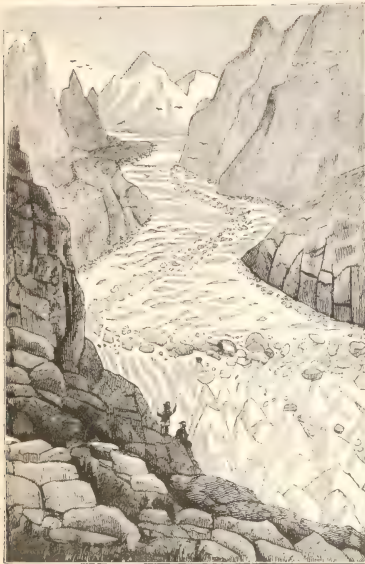


FIG. 1.—A GLACIER

First for the cause: that has to be sought in the high and lonely mountain valleys. Each winter, snow piles itself high on the mountain-top; each summer, this snow is softened and made slushy, but not melted entirely. The soft snow sinks and packs, and is pushed down into the easiest channel. The next winter a new weight of snow is added, making a greater pushing force.

On a cold, clear winter's day you have often picked up a handful of snow and tried to make it into a snow ball, and found that it would not pack; it would crumble up in your hands. By putting a little water on it you can pack it into a hard, partly clear ball.

If moist snow is put in a mould and squeezed, a block of ice the shape of the mould can be made. Your hands cannot press the snow hard enough to make it into ice, but the mould can. Snow is nothing but ice in fine beautiful crystals with air caught in its meshes.

When you squeeze it you press out the air and bring the ice particles near enough together for them to freeze solid. A tiny little bit of water added runs in between the particles of ice and pushes the air out before it, and so helps to make it solid; and when the water too is squeezed out, makes it freeze. Too much is worse than none at all. Each winter's weight of snow lies during the cold weather without doing much, but when the summer warmth begins to soften the snow, it begins to pack, as the moist snow-ball does, and being a little softened, and pressed by the weight above, to push its way down through some valley. It is hindered in its travels, and being pushed behind and hindered in front, it packs tighter and tighter till we find it, farther down in its bed, a mass of ice. The weight is getting greater and greater behind it with each winter's load of snow, and so the ice is forced down, no matter what is in the way, and the valley is finally filled with the moving river of ice.

The ice is not soft like water, or even mud; how, then, can it fit itself to the channel? That has puzzled a great many wise heads before yours. Ice is one of the brittlest things in the world, but it has a quality that we do not often have occasion to notice. It melts easily, but it also freezes easily. Faraday, one of the greatest men of science in our century, and one of the noblest and simplest men of any time, discovered this quality of ice in a very commonplace way. One hot summer's day, in a restaurant, he noticed some bits of ice floating in a dish of water. The ice was melting, and yet every time two pieces touched they froze together. Tyndall, another great scientist, has explained the movement of glaciers by this simple principle. It was he who found that ice could be crushed out of one shape into another, and that the broken bits froze at once together and made a solid lump, as the snow does. Now glacier ice, underneath the surface, is squeezed in a mould made of its bed and banks and the heavy weight of ice above; the moving part of the ice, which fits itself to the channel-mould, is broken and ground up into bits, but these bits, being pressed together again, freeze into the new mould that it is pushed into—that is, the new part of the channel—just as Tyndall's ice, which was first squeezed in a round mould, came out a ball, and being squeezed again in a cup-shaped mould, came out a perfect cup of ice.



FIG. 2.—TRANSPORTATION OF ROCKS BY GLACIERS.





FIG. 3.—ROCK SCRATCHED BY GLACIER  
(From Lyell's "Elements of Geology.")

A glacier moves so slowly that it freezes to fragments of stone in its bed and on its banks, and carries them along with it (Fig. 2), scratching and scoring with them the stones it finds lower down in its channel. Where the end of the glacier melts, these bottom stones are left in a curved heap. When from change of climate the glacier ends farther up the slope than it once did, two lines of stones show where the banks were. (Fig. 1.) In the picture you see a line of stones down through the middle of the glacier. These are where two glaciers have joined, and the stones mark the joined edges. These stones are always worn round by the grinding and rubbing they have received, and are called "muttoned" rocks by the French, because at a distance they look like the round backs of a flock of sheep; they are scratched, too, in straight lines. (Fig. 3.)

These glacier signs are very important in studying what the Ice King has done in bringing the earth to its present state. Long before there were any people to write about

them, the glaciers were writing little scraps of their history and travels on the stones, as the savages did, and this history we can read to-day.

Sometimes may be seen a very curious effect that the stones have upon the ice, which they protect from the melting rays of the sun. Each block of stone rests upon a pillar of ice of its own making. The stone is like the top and the ice pillar like the central column of a table. (Fig. 2.)

Icebergs, you know, are great floating mountains of ice: as only one-eighth of the iceberg is above water, you can guess how immense some of them are. They are really only the snouts of arctic glaciers which have pushed themselves into the sea without melting, and been broken off by the tides and the waves. When an iceberg gets afloat it sometimes comes as far south as Washington before it is broken up and melted. Usually they melt in the sea, and then rocks are deposited at the sea bottom, but sometimes they run aground, and then on the soil of countries far to the southward arctic rocks are dropped. The icebergs and glaciers of the far past have mixed up things very much in this way.

In Greenland no rain falls—only snow; there are no rivers but ice rivers. A large part of the country is covered by a great sheet of ice, nearly half a mile thick, slowly travelling to the sea, and there launching thousands of icebergs.

Strewed all over the northern part of our continent, over mountains, hills, valleys, and plains, is a layer of glacier stones, scratched and "muttoned," different from the rocks below them, showing that once a sheet of ice covered this country as it now covers Greenland. This broke up into separate glaciers, filling the valleys, as the Hudson and the Susquehanna, till it came to a climate warm enough to melt the ice.

As time went, our part of the earth grew warmer. We do not know why; we only know it was so. The glaciers were driven back to the arctic regions. Our country was no longer a wide barren ice field, but was getting slowly ready for the day when God should command it to blossom as the rose and be a home for His children.





RIDING HIS HOBBY.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

HELEN FAIRFAX, GREENSBORO, VIRGINIA.  
WEEK ENDER, 1906.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS:—I have just begun to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and when I saw the letters in the Post-office Box I thought that I would like to write one too. I have two Waterbury wares, and my brother and sisters think that they would like to have one. I am a boy eleven years old, and go to the Brighton Grammar School; it has over three hundred boys. I have only one pet, which is a kitten. I once had two guinea-pigs and a rabbit, but they are dead. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and I recommend it to my school-mates.

HAROLD O. L.

ROBERTA VILIA, TORONTO, CANADA.

Perhaps you would like to know something about me? I am twelve years old, tall and slight, with grey eyes and brown hair. I have two dear little sisters and three brothers: I am the eldest, and the names of the others are Jack (eleven years old), Hal (nine), Archie (seven), Ross (three), and Maggie (eighteen months). I wish I could see you, dear Postmistress, and all the little friends who write to the Post-office Box. I live with my dear grandparents on the top of the highest hill near the beautiful seaport Torquay. As to pets, we have a large cat called Peter, and used to have a dear old colt called Pero, but he got so old that he had to be poisoned. We did not poison him, but gave him to some one else to do it. I go to a very holy school a little farther down this hill, and like my governess very much.

MAY F.

DAVID LEBER, MICHIGAN, ENGLAND.

I am a little girl nine years old—I shall be ten on the fifth of next month. I have two pet chickens. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; I had it given me for getting the first prize at school for conduct and lessons. This is the fifth first prize I have gained since I began going to school.

BERTHA B.

WILLIAM HARRIS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS:—I have been very much interested in reading the letters of you and your correspondents in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. The stories are very good. "Rolf House" especially. I think I ought to be amusing as well as amused. I have not much to say about myself, for I think I am in most respects like other girls. I go to the day school, and am sometimes good and sometimes naughty. I live in the north of England. There are a good many miners about here, and of course there are lots of miners. Some people think miners are poor, but if they were to come to our school and see the neatly dressed pretty girls, I am sure they would think differently. The next time I write I will tell you an anecdote in the Lancashire dialect.

RUEN U.

EPSON, ENGLAND.

DEAR, DEAR POSTMISTRESS:—I am writing to you to say that Spot, our dog, had four puppies, and they all died from cold. Don't you think it was a pity? I wrote this all by myself.

I am your little friend, GEORGEY B.

Yes, I do think it was a pity, and I am very sorry.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS:—Four weeks ago I sprained my ankle, and am on crutches, and will be for

a long time. Mamma, to keep me quiet, bought the new volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and oh, it has made things and me so happy! It is jolly, and mamma says she will get me a magazine every week. Philip says that will be "flip." How do you know what "flip" means? Philip is my brother. We have two pets, a big Newfoundland dog named Sancho, and a snow-white kitten named Kitty. Crab is the cat, and Crab because she runs sideways. She boxes Sancho's ears when he fusses round her, and when she wants anything very much she can stand on her hind legs like a dog. At my school the teacher is called French. My teachers are French ladies or their mother is that's just the same, isn't it? Kitty Crab got lost the other day, and mamma heard her crying and went to the floor in the square central hall upstairs, and we had to send for a man and have the floor taken up. She had gone in at an opening in an old cupboard under the stairs, and run up the wall, wasn't it dreadful? I am telling mamma what to say. She says this is too long, so I am your

LITTLE EDITH.

No, my little lady, I do not know what to say. I can tell me something quite interesting about Sancho, your dog, namely, that when I was about your age I had a dog named Sancho myself.

KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS:—I am twelve years old, and I have just begun to take in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much. I go to a school near Lymington, in Hampshire. The scenery there is most beautiful. I am going to have my mother to take me to see a friend of mine, and my father had been obliged to have him killed, as the dog doctor said he might be going to have hydrophobia. We also had a bear and a cat, and my father had been obliged to have him killed, as the dog doctor said he might be going to have hydrophobia. We also had a bear and a cat, and my father had been obliged to have him killed, as the dog doctor said he might be going to have hydrophobia.

WINIFRED R.

NEWCASTLE, THIR.

I am a boy, but I like to read the receipts as well as any girl. I saw in the last paper that you ask for a receipt for molasses candy, and as I have a splendid receipt, I thought I would write it to you.

Take a cup or a pint of molasses, and nearly a cup or pint of sugar; boil till it is brittle when tried in cold water. When it is hard, and can take a tea-spoonful of soda and put it in your candy before you take it off the stove; stir the soda in thoroughly, and then pour into your pans, which must be well greased. When it is hard enough to handle, pull it till it is an old-gold color, or even a lighter color can be attained by pulling it till it is nearly white. This receipt gives the nicest home-made molasses candy I ever saw or ate.

I am twelve years old, and will be thirteen next summer. I would like to see this in print, and I would also like to hear from those who try my receipt. I must close. Hoping you will consider me one of your boy knights, I am, your loving friend,

E. PALMIST E.

N. E. MONTANA, TENNESSEE.

I sent you some puzzles not long ago, and I was very proud to see them in the Puzzle Box. I am going to school now, and study arithmetic, grammar, Latin, algebra, history of the world, and geography. I am a member of the Y. M. C. A., and I am going to study hard and get the first medal. I board in a private family, very near the school-house. Another girl, about my age, boards there, and one of the always of the family is the Y. M. C. A. are three of us, and a very jolly set we are, too. I keep a journal, and write down all my school papers, to read and laugh over afterwards. I have been keeping it since last May. I come home every Friday evening, and go back again Monday morning. I take music lessons also. I

was fifteen last Christmas Eve. I am very dark, and very plain, and very tall—five feet five inches. Battie B., one of my friends, is taller than I, and very slender. I made a paper-board like the one in "Brightie's Christmas Club." It is very nice and pretty. I made some pictures of the boys at school, and wrote funny names under them. One is very fat, and we wrote "Jumbo" under his; another is very tall, and we wrote "Giraffe" under his. The boys get hold of them, and they are always teasing us about them. I love to read better than anything almost. I like Little Women best. With much love, I remain your constant reader.

D.

Our readers will be interested in the following acknowledgments:

POKESMISTRESS, NEW JERSEY, February 17, 1906.

I have received up to date, for Fairfax Payne, from Mrs. Eugene Pittkin, \$1; Mrs. Duncan, \$1.75; Herbert, \$1; Mrs. Shelton, \$1; Miss Carlin, \$1; Mrs. M. C. M. Chast, \$1; A. E. L., \$1. Total, \$7.75.

The Postmistress for the same has received: From Mary and Helen Beaman, \$3; A Friend, \$1.

For St. Mary's Free Hospital, from Emily T. I. Bush, \$1.

Mrs. Chast promises the Post-office Box a second letter, giving fuller particulars with regard to the chapel at Monroe, North Carolina, to help build which little Fairfax Payne dedicated her golden hair.

WINNERS, LICKS, CONNECTICUT.

I like very much to read the letters in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am a little girl, five years old. I go to school, and study arithmetic, reading, spelling, and writing. We sing every day too, and I like that. For pets, we have three rabbits, five dogs, and two horses, and an owl, two cats, two squirrels, and a bird that will eat sugar from my lips. Don't you think I have a great number of pets? I ride on my horse every summer, and enjoy that very much. I went to the country a few weeks ago; it is a nice place to go to in the summer. We used to live there, and go every summer. There is a mountain near by, and a trout brook runs through the yard, where we sometimes catch trout. There are only two houses near our school, and the ground is covered with snow and the sliding is fine. I have a lovely French doll. My papa gave me a little violin last year on Christmas, and he gives me lessons on it.

LENA B.

WINDSOR, MICHIGAN.

I am twelve years old, and live in the Michigan prairie. This is a wild country, and I like it here. I attend school. Our school-house is surrounded by woods. There is a lumber camp within ten rods of the school-house, where a large number of men come to cut wood. We are building a church here; my papa is the minister. We have a good Sunday-school. It is snowing just now, but it is not very cold here in the woods. In summer the woods are full of wild flowers, and they look very beautiful.

HOWARD R.

VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I have never seen a letter from Vancouver, so I thought I would write one. This is a nice little town, and there are large barracks here, with 500 soldiers and a light battery. I go to the public school, and attend school. I like to go swimming, only the Columbia River is so cold and dangerous. I am sorry we have not had any snow yet. I am a member of the Holy Angels' College. He is thirteen years old. He has a dog called Cap, and we harness him up to a little wagon and have lots of fun. Mamma has a pig named Daisy. I have a pure white cat named Yum-Yum. It rains here nearly all winter. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is very interesting, and we like "Two Arrows" so much. Papa says the drawings of the Indians in that story are very good. I would like to have two goats.

A. E. D.

A FAIRY TRICK.

There was a pretty house in North Wales which stood enclosed in its own grounds. At the back of it was a flower garden, bordered with gooseberry and currant bushes, and a high stone wall, and from that a side gate led into a large extent of waste ground in the front of the house, and there was a big pond in the middle. The boys and girls used to go to the pond, except when the currants and gooseberries were ripe—for they could run such endless races on the uneven ground, and were even allowed to go over the holes in it, if they filled them up before evening.

The boys alluded to were Hugh and Paul McAlpine, and the races. I am sorry to say, were not always run in an amiable way, but they were often in hot pursuance of each other with an intent to inflict bodily hurt; for Hugh was of a somewhat malicious disposition, and Paul of a very unyielding one.

The mother of these boys was dead, and their father loved his eldest son far better than he did





## AN ARROW ESCAPE: A TALE OF A DOG IN AFRICA.



(1.)

**I**T was a gallant sporting man,  
And he was homeward bound,



(2.)

And as he went his leather trunk  
Fell out upon the ground,



(3.)

The which his faithful little dog,  
Who ran behind them, found.



(4.)

The natives of that country were  
A very barbarous race,



(5.)

And when they saw the leather trunk,  
Their arrows fell apace,



(6.)

While Toby—that's the doggie's name—  
Behind it hid his face.



(7.)

It chanced the gallant sporting man,  
Perceiving something wrong,



(8.)

With sailor-boy retraced his steps—  
The way it was not long.



(9.)

The other sailor staid behind,  
And whistled him a song.



(10.)

The sporting man he fired his gun,  
With aspect stern and bold,



(11.)

And then the fierce barbarians  
Perceived they had been "sold."



(12.)

The meeting of the man and dog  
Was touching to behold.



(13.)

A narrow 'scape in truth they had,  
That dog and that valise;



(14.)

And as they sailed for home that day,  
My story now must cease.



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FLYING MOMENTS OF DELIGHT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MACNABB, NEW YORK.

## LIVING LUNCH BASKETS.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

OF course it is not at all surprising that you should carry your lunch with you when you are going to be away from home all day, but think of an animal doing such a thing!

There is the camel, for instance. Everybody knows that it carries its drinking water with it, but it does more; it carries its lunch too. That hump on the camel's back is not a curvature of the spine, as it may seem, but a mass of fatty material. That hump, in fact, is the camel's lunch basket.

When a well-fed, healthy camel starts out on a journey across the desert, its water pouch is full, and its hump is big. When water fails, the camel has only to draw on its reservoir, and when food is wanting, the hump is called upon.

Not that the camel helps itself to bites of its hump. That would be a decidedly uncomfortable way of getting a meal, and very likely the camel would rather go hungry than do that. In some way the hump is gradually absorbed, and for a long time after the camel has been unable to find anything to eat, it can get along very comfortably on what its hump supplies it with. By-and-by, of course, the hump is used up, and then the camel will starve as quickly as any other animal.

A great deal more like a genuine lunch basket is the bag the pelican carries its food in. The pelican is about as ungainly and odd a bird as can be found, and yet is a very interesting one. It has great webbed feet, short legs, big body, huge wings, and an enormous head.

Its head is mostly bill, and on the under part of the bill is a flabby bag made of tough skin. That bag can stretch and stretch until it can hold an incredible quantity of fish, for it is in that bag that the pelican puts the fish it catches for its food. When the bag is full, the pelican rises heavily from the sea, and with broad sweeps of its great wings flaps slowly to the shore, where it alights and prepares to enjoy the meal it has earned. One by one the still living fish are tossed into the air, and come down head first into the wide-opened mouth of the hungry bird.

Then there are some of the South American monkeys which have curious little lunch baskets in their cheeks. Everybody must have seen monkeys stuffing and stuffing food into their mouths until their cheeks were bulged quite out of shape.

It looks as if the greedy little fellows were merely cramming their mouths full. The truth is, many of the monkeys have queer little pockets in their cheeks into which they can stow enough food for a meal. Nor do the full cheeks interfere at all with the chewing of the monkeys any more than if the pockets were outside instead of inside of the mouth.

But there is a little animal called the pouched rat which has an odder way than this of carrying its food. On each side of its face is a pouch which looks very much like a kid glove finger drawn in at one end. These pouches stick straight out from the face, and can be made to hold a large supply of food.

The cow and deer and sheep and other similar animals have still another way of laying in a supply of food. They bite off grass and leaves and swallow them without chewing at all. That food goes into a special stomach, there to stay until it is wanted. When the animal is ready for it, a ball of the food is made up in that first stomach, and sent up into the animal's mouth. That ball is just a mouthful, and the animal can chew it comfortably. After it is chewed and swallowed it goes into the proper stomach, and is digested. Eating in that way is called ruminating.

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROSE HOUSE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"THERE! if my life depended upon it, I couldn't go up that ladder again!"

The speaker was one of a group of girls who had been busy all a certain August afternoon decorating the school-house at Burnham for its annual "teachers' and friends' meeting."

"I'm all tired out," the girl continued, sitting down and regarding her last effort with complacency.

"Where is Rachel Dawson?" said a second voice—that of a slim, active-looking girl of about fourteen, who joined the group with a very earnest and preoccupied manner.

"I think she went up to Mrs. Burton's for something," was the answer; "but Mary Brooks is here."

The name was no sooner spoken than a voice from behind a pile of summer vines and wild flowers said, "Yes, I'm here;" and a tall figure, which I think no one in Ashfield could have recognized as Jo Markham's, came in view, its owner standing up above her work, and looking out upon the other girls with a quiet glance.

In the fourteen months of life at Burnham Jo had altered surprisingly. She had seemed to "shoot up" as Mrs. Dawson said, into a tall girl of sixteen "almost while you looked at her"; but with the childish roundness or plumpness Jo had lost some of her old vigor. The brown tints of her cheeks and hands had given way to a clear-toned healthful white, but the outline of her face was delicate now, making her eyes look darker and more wistful than ever; and in place of the rough masses of hair were smooth brown locks, brushed back as Rachel wore hers, ignorant of "bangs," and coiled neatly at the back, the most recent touch of "girlhood's new beginning grace." Rachel Dawson had insisted upon this, and Jo, conscious of her height, and perhaps of the seriousness of the face which looked at her once a day from her little mirror, yielded, glad to be rid of the long braids of hair she was tired of caring for and wearing down her back.

Jo had never left the Dawsons. During Rachel's illness she had proved so efficient a helper in the little household, the invalid had grown so fond of her quiet, orderly, and active ways that, when she was up and about again, she had decreed that Jo, or "Mary Brooks," was to remain and help them at home, attending Mr. Tone's evening classes, and picking up the sort of millinery and fancy-work for which Mrs. Dawson was famous in Burnham.

In a household of wealthier or idler people Jo might not have prospered, nor have kept her Ashfield story so securely to herself; but good-hearted and "homely," in its best meaning, as the Dawsons were, they had to work hard late and early, so that Jo found plenty of occupation of a healthy kind, which mingled as it was with a sense of security and a pleasant home, where she was treated from the first like one of the family, was the very safest and best thing which could have happened to Jo; and once or twice it had occurred to her that it might not have happened if she had started forth from Ashfield in a different frame of mind—been at heart rebellious, wicked, or only anxious for freedom.

So the home-like, constant activity was good, and the companionship of a cheerful, bright girl of her own age the very best thing possible, while much of the tenderness which was so deep in the girl's heart was lavished on baby Jo. Never was she too tired or busy or down-hearted not to be glad of the child's presence, the feeling of the

\* Begun in No. 324, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

little face pressed against her own, the tiny arms held fast about her neck. Indeed, Mrs. Dawson was given to good-natured complaints that her Jo never would look at any one else if "Mary" was around.

So Jo had put her shoulder well to the wheel, and all influences had worked for good, not the least important of which was the fact of Mrs. Burton's having been interested in her from the first. That lady's son also had been better pleased with Jo than with most of his mother's *protégées*, and at the evening classes he often stopped to have a word or two with the anxious, painstaking, though not over-brilliant scholar, who had learned at last to read and write, and cipher, and keep Mrs. Dawson's store accounts quite accurately. To give all the details of Jo's life at Burnham would be impossible, but they seemed to her, looking back a long time afterward, to have included many things of greater consequence than she had dreamed. The seed Faith had sown and seen spring into life was tended and nourished; the green stem and the first leaflets were waiting for a time of bloom, and Jo had a vague feeling often that something more was going to happen to her.

The Burnham young people had accepted Jo as Rachel Dawson's friend, and always included her in school treats and picnics, teachers' festivals, and the like; but the girl, not used even to such simple "society" of girls and boys of her own age, shrank from anything that demanded of her more than to be a "helper," as she was on this occasion—a great one for Burnham, since people had been invited from far and wide.

"Rachel has the flag we want, Mary," said the first speaker; "do you mind going up to Mrs. Burton's for her?"

"I'll go," answered Jo, readily. She came out from behind the tangle of greenery, and put on her hat and gloves. One strongly characteristic feature of "Jo Markham" remained. To be out on the water, walking up the hills or down in the valley, morning, noon, or night, at any time, in any weather, was still her delight, and much as she enjoyed decorating the long school-room, she was glad of the chance for a breath of fresh air. The August day was very warm. Burnham's main street, although well shaded, had the heavy stillness which makes a summer day, in spite of sweet fragrance and the abundant green, seem oppressive, and Jo walked slowly, wishing that a breeze would come up before evening and cool the air, or else, she thought, the school-house, with so many people in it, would be stifling. She was wondering who were the strangers from a distance who were to come, recalling the different names she had heard, none of which were familiar to her. But the large square house was in view, and just as Jo roused herself from her dreaming she saw that the Burton family carriage had arrived, evidently from the station, with some of the visitors whom the old lady of the house was to entertain overnight.

Jo, somewhat mechanically, stood still, saw the door of the house flung open, and Mrs. Burton standing smiling on the threshold, while her son sprang from the carriage and assisted two ladies to alight.

The smaller and elder of the two came first, and moved toward the house. Jo took little heed of her. All, it seemed to her, of sight, of thought, of heart, and soul, for that moment, was concentrated upon the second figure, as with the step, the uplifted head, the fair sweet glance she knew so well, Jo beheld Faith Emerson pass through the low gateway.

It was the work of but one moment, yet to the girl, standing a few yards distant, with one of her hands leaning heavily upon the railing, the other tightly clinched and down against her side, it seemed as though she had seen and thought and felt what might have occupied half an hour, for in that swift recognition of Faith, Jo had detected a change in her. Beautiful and gracious and lovely she was—she must be always—but the dear face

had grown white and thin, the hand that Jo saw held out to Mrs. Burton, in its dainty white silk mitten, was like a little shadow, and the hoop of pearls was no longer there.

The door closed upon them—closed upon this first actual vision from Jo's past, and the girl stood still in a dazed, bewildered way, conscious of an aching feeling in her heart and a rush of blinding tears to her eyes. What could she do? At first she thought only of the fact that Faith was there—that she was ill—and with it came the impulse to rush in and see her. Indeed, Jo never knew why she hesitated—what dread it was which held her back. Instead of going, as was her custom, to the front door, she hurried around to the kitchen entrance, sent the message to Rachel, and then sped away, her heart beating, her eyes heavy with those sudden though unshed tears, her chief thought being to reach home as soon as possible.

## CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. DAWSON and the children were in the parlor back of the store, and Jo called out from the doorway to her little namesake, who toddled forward at once, eager for "Mary" to take her.

"Why, Mary," said Mrs. Dawson, "you're as white as paper. Well, this is a hot day."

"I'm tired," said Jo, wearily; "but I'd like to take baby upstairs with me; you know I never mind her."

And Jo took the little hand in her own, and together they slowly made the ascent of the stairs.

Jo shared Rachel's room now. She had her own "side," with a little bureau and washing-stand and a special strip of carpet, and one window, a small one with a swinging pane, was always regarded as hers by right. In this room was a low chair, and Jo seated herself, holding little Jo closely in her arms, and resting her head against the side of the window while her thoughts sped on. The little child was tired too, and soon in Jo's comforting arms fell asleep.

For the first time it had flashed upon her mind that perhaps Faith would not understand why she had run away. In the last fourteen months many of Jo's simple points of view had been slowly changing, influenced by the regular home life with its straightforward rules, its very commonplaceness. Whereas "Jo Markham" had no idea whatever that any duty to home could exist in Sailors' Row, "Mary," living day by day in the cheerful, homelike, though simple atmosphere of the Dawson family, had gradually learned to appreciate what the daily duties and obligations of life are, and to think vaguely and with many fluttering fears of going back to Ashfield, where the thought of the jail still came over her with sickening fear, that perhaps she had no right to run away as she did. I speak of all this because in thinking of Jo's story it has always seemed to me that God helped her into the right places so tenderly, so mercifully. Could any two years and a half have included better lessons or better influences?

"Why, Mary," said Rachel, suddenly, coming into the room, "aren't you getting ready to go down to the school-house? You know Mrs. Mason asked us to be prompt there by six o'clock. Mrs. Jones is coming over to be with the children, you know."

"Oh, Rachel," said Jo, lifting her heavy eyes, "I don't think I can go down; perhaps later. I don't feel a bit well."

Rachel was at her friend's side in an instant, her cheery, round face full of compassion.

"You do look white," she said, "and your eyes are as big as saucers. Won't you try and see if a cup of tea helps you? Do put that heavy child down; I should think this hot day was enough without that."

But Jo held her little charge until, Mrs. Dawson and Rachel having gone off in great spirits, though full of sympathy for the one left behind, she was alone. Then,



"SHE NOTED HOW MUCH CLEARER OF COLOR AND THINNER OF FACE SHE WAS."

putting the baby and Rosy to bed, she went down-stairs, where old Mrs. Jones was having a cup of tea, and asking her to "keep an ear" to the children, she put on her hat and went out of the house.

Faith and Miss Grace would, she knew, sit with the party from Mrs. Burton's, and as she had helped set the tables that afternoon, she knew where their places would be—directly at the upper end of the longest table, close to a window, which, on so warm a night as this, would surely be open. So, thought Jo, if she went down there a little later, she could at least be within sight and sound of her beloved friend; and perhaps she herself was so changed Faith would not know her, even if she were in the room helping to wait on the table, as she had promised to do. Jo had taken a critical look at herself in the glass, noted how much clearer of color and thinner of face she was; but she had only the faintest idea of what impression she used to produce on anybody's mind. Looking at her quiet, earnest face, with its frame-work of perfectly smooth hair, and its grave, dark eyes, the girl had asked herself, with a wistful smile, what did "Jo Markham" look like? She felt sure it was not quite like this.

By eight o'clock the supper party would be assembled,

Jo loitered about the beach road while the summer dusk gathered and the evening closed in. The warm, still night was very lovely out-of-doors; but Jo was feverishly eager to see Faith, and as soon as the shadows were close enough she made her way to the school-house, and around to that end where she knew the window opened upon a bit of lawn.

Jo stood still a moment near the open window. She hardly dared go farther; but at last courage came. She knelt down on the soft, dry grass, and keeping in shadow at one side, looked in.

The room presented the appearance customary on such occasions. A large decorated platform at the upper end was deserted now, but would, as Jo knew, soon be occupied by the performers and speakers of the evening. Meanwhile there was animation enough in the scene below. Three long tables were filled to their utmost capacity with the school committees from different neighboring towns, as well as those of Burnham itself—with teachers, friends, visitors, and "sympathizers." Never had Burnham gathered together such a company; but the eyes of one observer sought one face and figure only, and these, with a quick drawing in of her breath, Jo had found.

The long, narrow table reached to the very farthest point of the room, and was drawn as near as possible to the window. At the head

sat Mr. Burton, his broad shoulders almost framed by the lintel, but at his right was Faith; and Jo, crouching in the still, cool darkness outside, feasted her lonely eyes eagerly upon her.

Faith was talking and listening with a look of soft pleasure and interest, and it gave her cheeks their old pretty pink color once again. Jo took in every detail of the dear face, every detail of the dress she wore: the soft white muslins, and ribbons of creamy satin; the little chip bonnet, with its tuft of buttercups and delicate green leaves. How pure and simple and like Faith it all looked! Jo strained her ears to listen for every word that fell from Miss Emerson's lips. After some remarks from Mr. Burton,

"It is too bad," Faith was saying; "I wish I might stay, but, you see, my cousin Bertie is so interested in this trial, as, indeed, every one in Ashfield."

"I think they have taken a long time to find the murderer," said Mrs. Burton. "If it had been in Burnham now, dear Miss Emerson, we wouldn't have left a stone unturned."

And the little old lady laughed quizzically, while her son said, "My mother means she would have taken it in



hand herself. I don't doubt she would have unearthed the real culprit."

"The chief trouble," said Faith's soft voice again, "seems to be that the very witnesses are such a low set it is hard to rely upon them for anything. Still, my cousin Bertie, who is studying law, you know, in Mr. Hogenkamp's office, maintains that he believes this lad, Sandy Martin, is not guilty. But everything is against him. He was seen quarrelling with the young man in the afternoon, and threatening him, and they were also seen together about an hour before the man was murdered. The boy is in a condition of the most abject terror. What goes chiefly against him is that he ran away directly afterward, and has only just now been caught."

"Dear me! dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Burton.

Faith's voice went on:

"You see, the very same night poor young Moxon was murdered there was an attempted robbery at our house, and so the village constables were in a general state of confusion the next day, as one of the men concerned in the robbery was an old offender, and they had been on the lookout for him a long time. He escaped, and was caught again, and died soon afterward. This boy, Sandy Martin, was his son. It was a dreadfully exciting night for Ashfield, I assure you. The Rexfords' yacht was plundered, and the robbery, or attempt, at our house, took place precisely at the hour of the murder."

"What was that?" exclaimed Mrs. Burton, looking toward the window.

A sound had come in suddenly, something like a moan or the spasmodic drawing of a breath; but Jo had shrunk back, away out of hearing or sight, creeping on like some wounded creature until she reached a place where she could sit down in the darkness alone, and there, clasping her arms about her knees, she let her head fall down upon them.

She had thought something would happen; and now it had. And although in the most confused, bewildering fashion, she felt sure that it would take her back to Ashfield to be disgraced forever. The poor child tried vainly to move her lips in prayer, to think how she could avert so terrible an evil, so dark a future as that which seemed to shape itself in hideous forms before her closed and aching eyes. She had crept away because she could not listen to any more; she had heard enough; but she felt that on the morrow she ought to seek out Faith and tell her all.

When she could move she made her way slowly and very wearily back to the store, still thinking and thinking, and trying to feel sure that she need not make herself known while Faith and Miss Grace were here. Oh, if only Faith had mentioned her—Jo; if she could have formed some idea of her former benefactress's feelings about her and her running away! And then poor Jo wondered if she was forgotten.

Mrs. Jones was eager to hear some account of the festivity, and disappointed that Mary Brooks had nothing to tell; but the girl's haggard face was excuse enough for her going directly to bed, where little Jo in the crib at her side was a sort of comfort not unmixed with pain, for as the girl bent over the child she loved so truly a pang shot through her heart. When they "knew all," would they ever speak to her, or let her touch or kiss little Jo again?

Ashfield meant disgrace in Jo's mind, and yet she felt sure that to Ashfield she must go.

Rachel came home late and was soon asleep; but for Jo the hours of the night were long and weary, and before sleep her resolution had come. Early the next day she would go to Mr. Burton's and present herself to Faith. What would the latter say on hearing the story Jo would have to tell?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## RÉNÉ.

## A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY STORY.

BY ESTHER CARR.

## Part III.

THE artist household in the Koey Straat was early in its habits, even among the early-rising Ghenters; and the following morning, their simple breakfast over, Hubert Van Eyck and Peter Van Baerle were already in the studio by six o'clock preparing for the day's work. Margaret, busied with household matters, was not put on her precious diadem and resume her sitting till two or three hours later. Hubert had plenty to work at meanwhile.

Suddenly the door communicating with his brother's workshop burst open, and John Van Eyck rushed into the studio, his face pale with dismay and anger. In his hand he held some fragments of colored glass, and striding up to where Hubert stood, threw them down on the floor at his feet. "Look!" he cried, his voice choking with passion. "Last night's work!"

"What!" Hubert exclaimed, in equal dismay; "broken your precious enamel? But how, brother—how?"

"How, indeed?" John answered. "That is what I have come to discover!" and he looked from Hubert to Peter Van Baerle and to Margaret, who, hearing the crash of the broken glass on the floor, had come from the sitting-room to see what was the matter, and now stood agast at the sight before her and her brother's anger. "You heard my strict orders, Hubert, yesterday, that no one was to go in yonder"—he pointed to the door; "Margaret and Peter heard it also. This studio door is locked every night, and no one has access to it or to the inner room but ourselves. The glass has not broken itself," he went on, with a grim smile. "It requires not to be one of the Wise Men to say that *some one* has broken it—*some one* has destroyed the fruits of my months and months of thought and endeavor."

The inventor's anger was quieting down to sorrow.

"Poor John! poor brother!" Hubert Van Eyck said, patting the other's shoulder affectionately, while the tears stood in his own eyes; and then, as if by mutual consent, both the brothers looked at Peter Van Baerle.

"Monseigneur, at any rate, is safe from suspicion," John said. "He left soon after one o'clock yesterday. He has not been in the house all night."

Could any suspicion attach to the boy at whom they were looking, and whose usually rather stolid face now bore an expression of amazement mixed with sorrow, as he stood with open mouth and honest round eyes staring at his masters, apparently unconscious that any suspicion *could* attach to him. It was not until Hubert, still looking full at him, put the direct question, "Peter, know you aught of this?" that, with a start, he became aware that he was suspected.

"I—I, master!" he exclaimed, and the earnest denial that followed convinced Margaret of his innocence. But the very haste with which it was given, making the boy stammer and grow red, had, alas! rather the contrary effect on her brothers. And yet why should it have been Peter Van Baerle? Or if Peter, then had he broken the enamel only by accident? for a pupil whom John Van Eyck had treated so kindly could never have done it from malice. It had been caused by an act of disobedience, perhaps curiosity. He had disobeyed the order given, and was now afraid to confess it.

"Peter disobey? Peter afraid?" René of Anjou exclaimed, indignantly, when, arriving by-and-by, he was told by Margaret of the misfortune, and found the little household in unusual excitement. "I would answer for Peter with my life!" and quietly taking each of the bro-

thers aside separately, the young Prince strove earnestly to bring the cause of his fellow-pupil, and to convince them how impossible it was, first, that Peter should have disobeyed such strict orders; secondly, that supposing him to have disobeyed, he should not own it.

To a certain extent René succeeded. They knew Peter's character even better than he did, and until now they had trusted him in all things. They were anxious not to believe him in fault, and that has much weight in most judgments. But monseigneur must see that the evidence was strongly against Peter. If he had not destroyed the fruit of all John's labor, who had?

"May it not rather be, dear Master Hubert," René said, lowering his voice and looking over his shoulder as he spoke, "that the Prince of Darkness himself has sent some evil spirit to work this mischief? Does he not know that you and Master John are forever toiling against him; that works such as these"—he pointed to the paintings before him—"are works of light, and turn men's hearts away from him? Oh, believe this to have been through supernatural agency rather than through Peter's fault!"

Hubert smiled sadly. Not that he questioned the possibility of what René suggested, but the evil deed might have been put by Satanias into the heart of Peter Van Baerle just as easily as it could have been caused by the more manifest interference of an evil spirit.

For a day or two matters went on quietly and much as usual in the Van Eyck's house—externally at least. After his first anger and disappointment had subsided, John Van Eyck had set to work at once to repair the harm done; and as his brother encouragingly said, it was, after all, only a temporary disappointment and a matter of time. He had mastered the secret of the enamel, and had no longer difficulties of discovery to contend against. Though he could not show the first-fruits of his labor, the second might be better still. John was less confident. What if no one had broken the glass, and it was the natural result of the chemicals employed, which had not stood the test of fire? Of course he must begin again. John had not served his patient apprenticeship as a discoverer in vain. Had not he and Hubert toiled long and perseveringly together at that oil medium in painting, their discovery of which was to mark an epoch in the history of art?—that oil medium which would set at defiance the damp of these northern climates, and preserve the creations which in the method of painting used at that time ran such risks?

No extra precautions were taken; indeed, there could not be, as the studio door had always been locked at night, and John Van Eyck's workshop could only be reached through the studio, while the windows were too high for the room to be entered through them. Neither was Peter Van Baerle watched by the brothers. They would trust him still, and if a doubt existed as to the accident, he should have the benefit of it. But though outwardly quiet, the peace of the little household had been disturbed. Peter looked gloomy and depressed. Margaret often caught herself looking at him and wondering, though she always reproached herself for the doubt. René of Anjou alone was firm in his unshaken trust in the boy.

But this calm did not last long. One morning when John Van Eyck's second attempt at enamelling on glass was near completion he found, on opening the workshop, that his hidden enemy had been at work again, and had destroyed for the second time the result of his anxious labors.

"I must lose my night's rest, then, it seems," John Van Eyck said, shrugging his shoulders. By this time anger and disappointment had given way to the determination not to be foiled which lies at the root of the character of every real pioneer. "Whoever the secret enemy may be, he will have to be wary to escape me. I shall watch to-night." And as he spoke he looked sternly at Peter Van Baerle. It was absurd to doubt any longer. It *could* be no other than this boy (alas that he should be forced to

think it!), this traitor whom they had treated as their own flesh and blood.

That night and the next—his third attempt recommenced in the workshop—John Van Eyck watched as he had said, watched at the open door between the two rooms, so that he could at the same time command the entire length of the studio. But he watched in vain. Neither Peter nor any one else, human or spiritual, appeared. Once, indeed, his attentive ear caught within, not outside the room, a slight sound, and he listened eagerly, prepared to dart out upon the offender, be he who he might. But it was not repeated, and it had been so slight that it might have been a bat at the window, or the creaking of one of the oak chests in the studio; it might even have been merely the sound of his own loudly beating heart, exaggerated by the silence of the night.

It was Monday, the 11th September, 1420. For only a few days longer was René of Anjou to profit by the lessons of his beloved masters before going back to Bar with the Cardinal. On that day he had spent the afternoon instead of the morning in the studio, and John Van Eyck, "John the Painter," as he was perhaps best known, was now correcting a copy the young Prince had been attempting of Margaret's head, as painted by Hubert in the Virgin of the "Agnus Dei." It had seemed to the little group in the studio that the stir and bustle of the city sounded unusually loud. There was a murmur of voices sometimes raised to angry tones, and a tumult which the ordinary traffic of the day scarce accounted for. And when hurried steps were heard ascending the stairs, and the Abbé de Lagny, agitated out of his usual calm manner, came hastily into the studio, the cause of this disturbance was known.

Evil tidings had come to the Comte de Charolais, and the abbé, being then at the castle, had heard them—tidings of horror, indeed. The Duke of Burgundy, as René knew, had gone to meet Charles the Dauphin at Montereau, and there the Duke had been treacherously murdered, almost at Charles's feet. Of the ten knights who had accompanied the Duke on to the bridge, eight were wounded and taken prisoners, one lay dead, and the Sire de Neufchâtel alone had escaped and brought the news to Philip of Charolais. The whole palace was in terrible commotion and distress, Philip about to take horse at once for Malines and the Hague to advise with the Bishop of Liege and other friends, so that he might at once avenge his father's death.

All this the abbé related to the peaceful workers in the studio with as full particulars as his haste and breathless condition would allow. "The poor Countess Michelle is dreadfully overcome," the abbé went on. "Alas! is she not the Dauphin's sister? Meantime Master John, the Count desires your presence at the castle. He would see you before he sets out."

"And the young Prince?" Hubert said, anxiously, looking from De Lagny to John Van Eyck, who had already started up to leave the house: "has anything been decided about him? I would not alarm him or you, M. l'Abbé, but an extra escort should be sent for him this evening. Our people of Ghent, when they are once aroused—you hear them now?" (the noise without was increasing; bells were tolling from the various churches, feet hurrying into the Place close by; the sound that had lately seemed but a murmur of voices was now becoming an angry roar)—"are not easily quieted. Our little Prince in all reason cannot be suspected. But there is no reason in an angry mob; and his sister is Dauphiness of France."

"I fear nothing," the boy said, haughtily, laying his hand on the little sword at his side.

"Your caution is a right one, Master Hubert," the abbé answered, with a respectful gesture to the boy, "and affects no one's courage. The Cardinal in his anxiety for the Comte de Guise has already thought of this necessary

precaution. He bade me ask you of your courtesy to let the Prince remain here till late in the evening, by which time he trusts the tumult may have ceased. He will then send an escort for him."

But now Margaret Van Eyck hesitatingly drew near, and murmured something to her brother.

"The Blue Chamber, Margaret? Yes; the thought is a good one.—My sister suggests, M. l'Abbé, that if his Eminence would so far honor us as to allow the Count to be our guest for to-night, and he did not disdain to accept our humble hospitality, we have a room ready to receive him."

"And one adjoining it for M. l'Abbé also," Margaret hastened to add, eager for the offer to be accepted. "And this would avoid the necessity for his returning through the streets at all till to-morrow."

"Dear Margaret, good Master Hubert, how delightful!" René cried, jumping about the studio, and clapping his hands in a very unprincely way. "Yes! yes! yes! M. l'Abbé, a capital plan! Say yes at once. I am in great danger of being cut to pieces by the mob; I am afraid of everybody and everything; I do refuse to leave Master Hubert's house to-night. Tell my uncle what a coward I have grown, say anything you like, but let me stay here—do! do! do!" And René, having finished his dance, rushed up to the abbé, and flinging himself down on his knees, threw his arms round M. De Lagny's legs so as very much to imperil the priest's dignity.

The suggestion chimed in very well with the abbé's own opinion, and it seemed a harmless pleasure to accord his pupil, should the Cardinal's consent be obtained. He would therefore accompany John Van Eyck to the castle, and if the Cardinal agreed would return presently with the few necessities that René and he required for the night. (No attendant, René begged—for once let him be free.)

The abbé and John the Painter left the house, Margaret went off to prepare for her distinguished guests, while Hubert Van Eyck settled to work again, René also making a useless attempt at doing so. But he was too much excited to persevere in anything for long, and unable to follow the good example of Peter Van Baerle, who plodded on at his copy, undisturbed by the unusual interruption to the daily habits of the house in the Koey Straat.

The evening was as delightful to the young Prince as he had anticipated. The Cardinal's permission had been obtained, and M. De Lagny had returned to accept the Van Eycks' hospitality, and to tell Hubert that his brother was detained at the castle. For this Hubert was well prepared, for it was not only as a favorite painter that Philip of Charolais regarded John Van Eyck: he was personally fond of his society, and John was the Count's secret councillor on more than one occasion. Now Philip, having set out on his mission of revenge, had commanded John the Painter to remain for the night at the palace, and use his influence to restore quiet among the household.

The evening meal over, Master Hubert and the abbé returned to the studio, which they paced in earnest conversation on the one great topic of the day, the murder of the Duke of Burgundy and the treachery of the Dauphin, who was in the secret of this vengeance of the Duke of Orleans for the share John the Fearless had had years ago in the murder of the Duke's father. And now this fresh assassination!

Meantime, through the open door the fair young figure of Margaret could be seen, seated at the organ that occupied one side of the inner room, while René, kneeling on one knee beside her in an attitude of almost devotion, rested his head on the back of her chair, completely absorbed by the grand sweet tones of the music Margaret played. This picture—framed by the door and excluding the figure of Peter, who was blowing the organ on the





"THE FAIR YOUNG FIGURE OF MARGARET SEATED AT THE ORGAN, AND RENÉ KNEELING BESIDE HER"

further side—caught the artist eye of Hubert, and he paused for a moment and looked at it. Had Margaret not already sat for his Madonna, here was a St. Cecilia ready to his hand!

Then René's clear voice sang one of the chants, the girl playing a few chords in accompaniment, and when the music ceased, music of another sort echoed at intervals through the doorway, the sound of fresh young voices and ringing laughter.

"It is good for him, an evening like this," the abbé said, as he heard René's laugh—"good for him to feel free, like any other boy of his years, and to be with young

people nearer his own age. The Cardinal is an old man, and I—well, I am not a very young one." And it had been good for M. De Lagny too, who had thoroughly enjoyed his talk with Master Hubert. But what neither the painter nor the abbé had overheard was the whispered talk between René and Peter Van Baerle, which had taken place not many minutes before. Indeed, Margaret had not heard it either. But René's eyes, brimful of excitement and importance, might have told the elders, had they been on the alert, that something was in the wind, for even Peter's stolid face showed signs of animation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

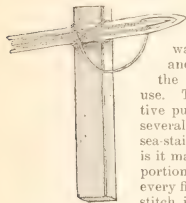


"WHO ARE YOU?"—FROM THE PAINTING BY F. S. CHURCH, N.A., IN THE POSSESSION OF W. T. EVANS, ESQ.



## HOW TO MAKE A TENNIS NET.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.



HERE is a great demand for nets nowadays. They are wanted for tennis and badminton and hammocks, not to mention the miles of seine that fishermen use. They are even used for decorative purposes, and I have lately seen several rooms successfully draped with sea-stained fathoms of old net. How is it made? Well, by far the greater portion is made by machinery, but every fisherman must know the hand-stitch in order to repair rents made by the wear and tear of daily use.

And it is a convenient art for any one to know. Last summer a stray calf played the mischief with Nell's tennis net, and, as I was passing, I saw her trying to tie it together. As she made rather poor patchwork of it, I asked her to let me try, and in ten minutes I had mended it so that twenty feet away you would not know it had been broken. Nell learned the stitch, and is now making a hammock in variegated colors for fancy-work.

The meshes can be made with the fingers alone, but if much work is to be done, a netting-needle and a mesh-stick are necessary. These are shown in the initial letter with which this article begins. The needle is filled by winding the twine around the tine in the eye of the needle, then down one side through the notch at the other end, up the other side, round the tine again, and so on until the needle is full. The mesh-stick may be square or round, or in fact any shape, and eight or ten inches long. For a

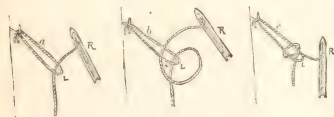


FIG. 1.

mesh measuring one inch and a half on each side, a stick three inches in circumference is necessary. In other words, the mesh is just twice the size of the stick.

The knot is the same for all kinds of netting. It is variously known to sailors as a "fisherman's bend," a "bucket-hitch," or a "sheet-bend."

Now it is very easy, with the tools in hand and the learner looking on, to show how this hitch is made, but it is not so easy to make it plain with nothing but pen and pencil.

Suppose we tie together the ends of a piece of twine of, say, a foot long, and hang it over a hook or a door knob, or anything that will hold it firmly. (See *a*, Fig. 1.)

In this figure *R* and *L* represent the right and left hands. Pass the needle up through the loop *a*, and hold the twine with the thumb of the left hand at *L*. Throw a turn of the twine so that it will rest on and over the left hand and wrist, and over the loop *b*. Then pass the needle up through the space marked *x*. Pull it up and through, and "haul taut" slowly (*c*). The knot will take the form shown, which is the same as that seen in Fig. 2, and only needs tightening to make it firm. A moderate amount of practice will enable one to go through these motions very rapidly and easily.

Such is a single stitch. Now let us see how to make a net, say a tennis net, to begin with. Tighten the knot *c*, Fig. 1, and, holding the mesh-stick in the left hand, lay the twine over the stick, the knot resting just at its edge (Fig. 3). Pass the needle up through the loop, draw the twine tightly around the stick, and then throw the turn over the wrist, and make the same knot as in Fig. 1. Pass the twine once more around the stick, and take still another stitch through the original loop. Now slip the whole affair off from the mesh-stick, and you have two half meshes fast to the original loop. These are marked 1 and 2 in Fig. 4.

Holding the stick as before, make No. 3 in the bight of 2 (bight is the proper term for the end of a loop) just as 1 and 2 were made in the original loop. Then make No. 4 in No. 1. This mesh, numbered 4, is the first complete one made, and forms, in fact, the corner mesh of the net. No. 5 is also made through No. 1, the knots resting one on top of the other.

The rest of the meshes follow in order as numbered, and when a few rows have been made back and forth, the work may be stretched out with the hands, and will be found quite like the real thing.

The operation of taking two stitches through the last mesh of each row is in fact "widening." It is kept up for the entire length of the net on the edge which represents the top. On the other edge, however—the one which is to form the end of the net—it must be changed to narrowing as soon as the full width—three feet—has been reached.

Narrowing is done by passing the needle and taking the stitch through the last two meshes of the preceding row. (Fig. 5.)

When the full length has been made, the narrowing takes place on both edges, and the fourth corner is finished off by taking the stitch through the last two meshes, and tying them fast.

In making the body of the net, care must be taken to narrow or widen at the right edges, and to guard against mistakes it is well to tie in a bit of colored ribbon as a reminder at the top or narrowing edge.

Boys will like to know that scoop-nets are worked in precisely this way. A small square is made at first, and then the work is continued, going round and round the edges of the square, narrowing whenever necessary, but at regular intervals, until the net is done. This is the only kind of net that cannot be made by machinery.

In tying the knots tight, the fingers become chafed unless a glove is worn, or unless, which is the better way, the needle is pointed directly at the knot last tied when the final pull is given. This brings the strain lengthwise of the needle, and as the hand grasps both needle and twine, there is no danger of chafing the skin or breaking the needle.



FIG. 3.

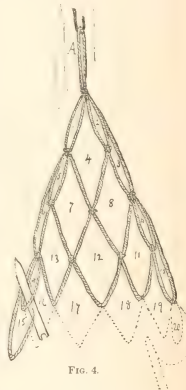


FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

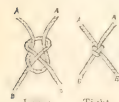


FIG. 2.—A BUCKET-HITCH.

When a new needleful is to be attached, take the usual stitch on top of the last knot made, but be sure and make it particularly firm, and do not cut off the ends too close until the net is finished, and everything sure to hold fast.

I once knew of a netting club where the members—they were all girls—spent several pleasant afternoons making lawn-tennis nets. When they had as many tennis nets as they needed, they set to work at hammocks, and long before the hammocks were ready to be swung they found out that the prettiest and most useful things in the world would be little net-work apron pouches to hold the extra tennis balls when the first "service" should happen to be a good one. These pouches were of colored twine, and made a pretty addition to a tennis costume.

#### A SHIPWRECKED CREW: AN ADVENTURE IN THE EASTERN SEAS.

BY DAVID KER.

"YOU were talking just now of having seen lakes and palm-trees in the desert, which melted away as you came closer to them," said Captain G—, as we paced the quarter-deck together. "Well, I can't say that I have ever seen *that*, but I once saw something just as queer in the tropical seas. It was when I was making my first voyage in command as master of the old *Sea-Queen*, a trading bark that used to run between Liverpool and Singapore in the old sailing-ship days, when steamers were just beginning to be heard of.

"Among my passengers was a young captain in the English army, who was going out to join his regiment. A very pleasant young fellow he was, and capital company on a long voyage like that—always laughing and telling good stories, and quite ready to enjoy a joke even when it went against himself.

"Of course—as always happens when soldiers and sailors get together—we were constantly disputing whether the redcoat or the bluejacket was the better man; and whenever anything went wrong with either of us, the other would say, 'Ah, that's just like a sailor,' or else, 'Soldiers are always doing things like that.' But it was all done in good-humor, and we weren't a bit the worse friends for it.

"Well, one fine evening, when we were almost across the Bay of Bengal, and bowling along with a fair wind right for the Straits of Malacca, I and the passengers were sitting on deck under the awning, and Captain Elliot was telling us how he and his men had once scrambled up a steep ridge in the Himalaya Mountains (with the mist so thick that they could hardly see where they were going), to attack some native tribe or other that had been misbehaving itself.

"We were picking our way along as best we might," said he, "with the cold gray cloud all around us like a wall, when suddenly there loomed up just in front of us the dim outline of a large body of armed men advancing through the mist to attack us. The alarm was given instantly, and we opened fire upon them at once. We had let fly three volleys before we began to notice that they didn't return our fire, and then we discovered that what we had been firing at was simply the *reflection of our own figures upon the mist*, like that thing in Germany that they call the Spectre of the Broken."

"Well," said I, when we had done laughing, "it's just in cases of that sort that we have the advantage of our landsmen. A sailor's eye, now, would have seen through that thing at once."

"Yes," answered the Captain, who was one of those fellows that are never at a loss for an answer, "a sailor's eye *must* be good, for if I may judge by the tales I've heard of sea-serpents and all that, it sometimes sees what don't exist at all."

"And then they all laughed again, and I felt rather foolish.

"Early the next morning I was having a look all round through my glass as usual, when all at once, a good bit away on our starboard bow, I saw something very much like a boat. I took another look, and sure enough, as well as I could make out, it was a small boat with four men in her, seemingly making little or no way through the water, from which I judged that she must have lost her oars, or else that her crew were too weak to work them.

"I must say I rather wished that they had met some other ship than mine; for by going out of our course to help them we should lose our fair wind, and delay ourselves a good deal just when we were in a hurry to reach Singapore. But I wasn't so mean as to think of forsaking the poor fellows just for that, especially as the only land near them was the north end of Sumatra, and you know what a savage place *that* is; so I tacked and stood right for them.

"By this time all the passengers were up alongside of me, staring at the shipwrecked boat with all their eyes; and Captain Elliot had just taken my glass to look at her, when he burst out with a roar of laughter that seemed as if it would shake him all to bits. And well he might; for when I looked through the glass again I saw that my 'shipwrecked boat' was only an old tree, and that the 'four men' were its four branches sticking up.

"How about a sailor's eye now, Captain?" said Elliot. "It seems to me that you didn't exactly see through *that* thing at once. Anyhow, I hope that after this you won't despise us poor soldiers quite so much."

"And you may be sure I didn't."

#### THE DRAWING CLUB.

BY ALICE DONLEVY.

IT was Leonard Lee who proposed it, and Leonard, aided by his three aunts, always succeeded in anything not needing too strong feet, for Leonard was lame.

Like Leonard, Edith and Rosa had taken drawing lessons. The cousins lived near, and spent part of every day together.

"The Drawing Club will give us something different to do," said Edith, when the subject was proposed.

"It will be fun to manage ourselves," said Rosa.

"Whom shall we have in the club?" asked Edith.

"All our friends who can draw," said Leonard.

"We ought to ask Norman," exclaimed Edith. "He is always cutting cats and tigers and lions out of black paper."

"Well, that is drawing. My teacher tells us that any way of expressing form is drawing," said Leonard. "People kept record of battles, before the alphabet was invented, in picture characters. My drawing teacher drummed that into my ear for a year. I will call your attention," he continued, imitating a lady's voice, "to this fact: you draw what you see; you write what you know. This box has four sides, you know. You see two sides; you draw two sides."

"Rosa," said Edith, "do you remember the Picture Day, when we looked at other people's drawings of dogs of different countries and different centuries?"

"Yes," said Rosa. "Let us have a Picture Day for our club."

"Tell Clarita to send that drawing she made last summer of the boat-house to admit her to the club," said Leonard.

"How often shall we meet, Leonard?" asked Rosa.

"The club shall meet Saturday mornings, and we will draw from nature; no copying allowed. Each one must bring paper, pencils, and knife."

"But," said Rosa, "if you ask Clarita to send in a drawing, why not ask everybody?"



ROSA'S LEAF.

"Yes, of course; every one must bring a drawing," said Edith.

"I will write the terms of admission in the invitations, and the admission drawings shall belong to the club; then the club will start life with some property."

Leonard's aunt Ida now looked up from her embroidery. "Will not the size of your room limit the number in your club?"

"Why, we had forgotten about the room; but I think mother would let us have the dining-room. It has a long extension-table, which we could all sit at," said Rosa.

"How many can sit around?" inquired Aunt Ida.

Before they could answer, Dr. Lee, who had heard part of the discussion about the club, came in with two Japanese trays. One was smaller than the other. One held a half-sheet of sand-paper, and the other a file.

"I present the Drawing Club with two pencil-dust holders," said Dr. Lee. "The coarse file will sharpen the wood, the fine file will point the black-lead."

"Oh, uncle, how nice! How did you think of it?" asked Rosa.

"I remembered seeing files used for sharpening pencils in Mr. Nast's studio," said the Doctor. "The cork handle is my own addition. These trays will help to keep your club-room clean."

"We haven't a club-room yet. Rosa proposes our dining-room, but," said Edith, hanging her head, "when the girls from school came to sew for a fair, they left the room in such a mess that mother said she would have no more societies at our house."

"Then I will be your landlord," said Dr. Lee, "on one condition."

"What is it?" they all asked.

"I will tell the club at its first meeting."

Saturday morning came. Dr. Lee's door-bell rang seven times long before nine o'clock. Precisely at nine the ninth member of the club hung his hat in the hall.

"We are to have the back room," said Leonard, "because it has a north window, and the sun will not shine in our eyes while we draw." Leonard knocked at a partly open door.



MARION'S SPRIG.

"Come in." Dr. Lee was standing near one window where all the inside shutters kept out the light. The upper half of the inside shutters of the second window was folded back, letting in the light from the top. The lower half of the shutters was closed. "I am glad to see all my new tenants; for the members of the Drawing Club are my tenants if I am the landlord, and I let the club-room on condition that you leave everything in the room as you found it."

"Those are easy terms, sir," said Norman.

"I hope to see the club fully organized next Saturday. Good-morning."

The Doctor left the room, and the club proceeded to organize itself, the first thing to be settled being the choice of seats. The room was a bedroom, from which the bed had been removed, and it contained, besides the ordinary furniture of such a room, one or two other pieces which the thoughtful "landlord" had foreseen would be useful. Finally it was settled that Marion, Norman's sister, should have the pine table, Rosa a little square one, Clarita (as being a more advanced student than the other girls) the desk, while Norman politely removed the wash-bowl, and made room for Dora at the wash-stand. The rest sat at a long table in the middle of the room.

"Leonard," whispered Edith, "not one has brought rubber. Clarita is the only one who has paper."

"Suppose we draw with pen and ink this morning, then," said Leonard. "I have plenty of smooth paper and some pens, which I take pleasure in presenting to the club."

"Every pen-holder is different in looks, length, and thickness," exclaimed Dora.

"That was Aunt Ida's idea," explained Leonard. "Here's more of her work," pointing to the top of another low book-case. There were nine bottles filled with wet sand; in each stood a sprig of holly leaves. On the mantel stood ten tiny easels, each holding a half-sheet of commercial note-paper. The ruled lines went down, not across. Exactly in the middle of each paper a single sprig of holly was pinned.

"Now," said Leonard, "each choose a sprig to draw."

Norman had been told by Leonard what to do, so he began to cut a holly leaf out of black paper with scissors. Then Leonard placed an easel back of Norman's bottle of holly. The leaves looked sharp against the white paper. While Norman was cutting out his leaf, Leonard took a stick of India ink and rubbed it with water into nine clam shells. Then Norman laid his black paper leaf on the smooth white paper, and drew around it with his pen, making the leaf black with the pen.

"Wait; that scratches," said Leonard, immediately bringing two vases from the top of the book-case, smelling of camphor. "Here is a brush with a tooth-pick handle. That is better for laying the ink on thick."

The brushes were such as druggists sell.

"Can you give every one a brush?" asked Edith.

"Yes; I bought them on purpose," laughed Leonard. "Here, Marion, take the brush to make the back leaf darker."

"Why, time is up, and I haven't finished this one holly leaf," said Edith. "I have only begun."

"Well begun is half done," said Norman, laying down his brush, and the club adjourned until the next Saturday, not having accomplished much in actual drawing, but having at least made a start, and become interested in their work.



CLARITA'S RESULT.



NORMAN'S DRAWING.



EDITH'S SKETCH.



## BABY'S QUIET TIME.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

THE clock on the nursery mantel  
Is ringing a low, sweet chime,  
Its six strokes telling plainly  
It's baby's quiet time.

The big French doll in the play-house  
Is dreaming, I suppose,  
Of the merry times in Paris,  
Of her hair and dainty clothes.

And the woolly lamb, and the lap-dog,  
And the donkey that can bray,  
Are falling asleep by the fire  
In a quiet, peaceful way.

And mamma is telling a story  
Of the bean-stalk Jack did climb,  
And the golden head is nodding,  
For it's baby's quiet time.





winter sports as much as some girls and boys do. Last summer I went with my papa and mamma to Lake Superior; Ashland was the name of the town. It is quite a summer resort, and has many patients and others. I had a very pleasant visit indeed, the people were all so agreeable, and it was such a beautiful place. The hotel looked out on the bay, and from my window I could see the boats as they came in, and the passengers come on the dock. There is an iron dock, where they load iron, which comes from the hills. I was quite a distance away. I should like to go again next summer.

NELL R.

#### A WILD-CAT'S CUNNING.

It was a gloomy wet day in October, with a slight mist rising from the ground—for it had been raining for several days—when four or five of our boys started out for a wild-cat hunt. They had been chosen for our hunting ground was a large bottom covered with cane brake and bushes, and extending from the junction of a small creek called Sugar Creek, through the Buffalo, and divided by a long high ridge, about two miles back. After riding for about half an hour we came to the place where we were to start our hunt. One of the party then started off among the bushes with the dogs, while the rest of us ascended the ridge and rode along slowly, waiting impatiently for the hounds to start a cat. At last we heard a prolonged yelp off to the right, followed by another and another, until the whole pack had joined in. Upon hearing them we immediately rode to a high point some twenty yards farther on, which commanded a view of the bottom below. The trail seemed to be very hot, and we were going round and round it. They did not leave the large thickets into which they had driven the cat. We at once understood the trick: the cat intended to go around several times, and then start suddenly out to the right and make off up the bottom, while the hounds would keep on going round. In anticipation of this we descended the hill and rode on into the bottom. We were off the retreat of Mr. Cat. Sure enough, after a few minutes' waiting, a slight rustling of leaves about thirty yards in front announced his approach, and the next second it bounded into view. We stopped our horses perfectly still, and, as we were among the bushes, the cat didn't see us. After running a few paces he mounted the trunk of an old oak which had been blown up almost to the earth by a storm, and trotted rapidly up to the other end. Here, to our surprise, he stopped, and he seemed to be searching round the end of the log, and crawling back a few feet, he squeezed himself into a small crevice that partly concealed him, and lay still. In the mean time the dogs which the cat had left in the bushes down the river, had understood the trick, and by the time the cat had hidden himself we heard him coming at full gallop. On reaching the crevice they reached the tree trunk; here they paused a moment, and then, one after another, they leaped upon the trunk, running in Indian file up to the cat, where they jumped off. They were completely fooled, as they had thought the wild-cat had jumped off the end of the log. Finally, after running about in a confused manner for some minutes, they started off on the back track. As soon as the dogs had gone about half a mile, the cat jumped down, and would have made off, had not a shot from one of the party changed his course.

T. K.

I am almost sorry he did not escape.

EDNA, NEW YORK.

Santa Claus gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as one of my Christmas presents, and I like it the best of them all, for I have a new book every week. Mamma reads it to me, and I like the story about Jo and the fairy stories best. I have a horse named Daisy, a dog, three cats, and a bird named Sweet. I have a dear little brother three years older than I am, six years.

Your loving friend, EDNA L. R.

NANANEO, B. C.

I live in a small city called Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island. Coal-mining is the principal occupation in this place. My father is a gold miner. He is now up in the Big Bend claims. He and my uncle own quite a number of quartz ledges, and have taken shares in a gold mine. I passed for the High school when I was nine years of age.

W. B.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have never before written a letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I intend to write one now, which I hope you will print. I go to school, and am in the Senior Third Book. It is very cold here; it was fifty degrees below zero this morning. Last Christmas we had a Christmas tree. I have two little brothers and a sister, named Clara, Henry, and Ann. Clara and I are very fond of the tree. We were very busy fixing the tree. There were a lot of ornamental candles, some oranges, and bags of candies on the tree. My little brother Archie got a rattle and a little doll, and I got only one year old. Henry got a wooden horse, a

drum, a little bell on wheels, a horn, and a lot of candies. Clara got a big wax doll, a set of dishes, and a little kitchen with a fire-place in it. Before Christmas Henry and I saved up all our money to buy mamma and papa Christmas presents: papa got two silk handkerchiefs, and mamma a crown fascinator and a plush satchel. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much; my papa has just subscribed for it. This is my own writing, and if you print this I will write another. Good-by.

GEORGE G.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I have taken the paper for over five years, and have never written before, except like *very much*. My favorite authors are Lucy Carter, and I liked William O. Stoddard, Howard Pyle, and Jimmy Brown. I liked "Two Arrows" and "Roll House" very much, and I liked "Jo" and "Fortunio" is going to be nice also. I have two brothers and one sister; their names are Ella, Scott, and Lanham. Lanham is two years old, and the baby and pet; he is my only pet. I love to read, and I read a great deal. I would like some little girl eleven years old (my own age), living in Europe, to write to me and tell about some of the cities there.

MAUD JENKIN,  
1409 Glasgow Avenue.

ST. GEORGE, BRITISH C.

I am a Bermudian boy eight years old. My papa was in the war. He has with General Custler and General Sheridan.

WILLIE M.

UPPER ALTON.

A little boy named Dixon was in the habit of running away one evening his papa was chasing him. They hunted for him everywhere, and everybody in town had heard about his missing. His father and sisters hunted in the streets every place they could think of, and when I read a notice to gypsies in the town at that time, his sisters were afraid they had taken him. At last they met, and agreed that his father had been wrong in thinking he had taken him. At last they thought they would go home, and see if anything had been heard; but just as they got home his aunt found him in an outer shirt fast asleep. There was great rejoicing in the family. The little boy has never run away since.

BLANCHIE VAN B. (aged 11 years).

NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I thought I would write a letter, as my other has not been printed. I am a little girl ten years old. We are having snow about fifteen inches deep. For a pet, I have a dog named Spot. I have lived here all my life. I have a mamma and a papa, and I have been fourteen years ago, and when they came they got a little baby wolf, and when there was a fire in town it would always howl about fifteen minutes before the fire-bells rung, and when I read an Indian it would sit upon its box and howl at him, and scare him away. Afterward, papa got a pet coon, and once when I was in the yard, and when we saw it the dog was bringing it home in his mouth, just as a cat does her kittens, but when he got to the fence he dropped the coon, jumped the fence, and ran away, and I saw him through the fence, but the coon would not come.

Yours truly,

GEORGE D. S. W.

ORLANDO, CALIFORNIA.

My brother takes your delightful magazine, but I assure you I enjoy reading it as much as he does. We live just across the bay from San Francisco, and take a trip there about once a week at least. Our only pets are a dog and a cat, but neither is very satisfactory, for the cat is seldom at home, and the dog is a little too affectionate. We are very fond of the stillness, and have a proper place to keep them. Close to us is a lovely little lake, called Lake Merritt; being salt, it of course never freezes, and as snow is very scarce here, we cannot, I think, have had the good times in winter that our Eastern cousins have. Nevertheless, we are proud of our sunny weather, and I fancy my friends would like to escape from their cold weather, for many of them, especially invalids, spend their winters here.

ELLA G.

CHATEAU BLANC, MONTREAL, FRANCE.

I felt greatly interested in L. S. B.'s letter from Venice, and the description of St. Marco. I was there twelve years ago, and daily, at two o'clock, a thousand pilgrims called by the Equivo, and in the St. Marco's Square, for in Venice a pigeon is never killed; it is considered as sacred. I think Venice a lovely place; so quiet, with only a constant splash of oars to break the stillness. Going in the gondolas is a great enjoyment, and a funeral on the water is a most solemn service. We were in Turin when the Duke of Aosta was crowned. It was a grand day—fireworks, illuminations, etc.—and when we came to England we came through the tunnel, which is under the Alps, and a mile in length. It was a fine time, and it seemed as if daylight would never make its appearance. I was greatly interested with the account of "Jumbo." I have often given him a bun, and my sister has often given him a stick. I feel so sorry his death should have been

such a sad one. I am afraid I am trespassing by writing too long a letter, so will close. Much love to the Postmistress and readers of our journal, young and old, from

A. I. P.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO EASY SQUARES.

- 1.—1. Scent. 2. A native of northern Europe. 3. One time. 4. To stagger.
- 2.—1. A piece of paper 2. A drug. 3. A flower. 4. An animal.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

- 1.—My first is in cake, not in pie.  
My second is in boil, not in fry.  
My third is in wrap, not in cloak.  
My fourth is in tack, not in rope.  
My whole on the map of Ireland is found;  
To find it you'll travel around.

DAISY M. PETTINGREW.

2.—In family, not in crowd.

In August, not in March.

In come, not in go.

In ship, not in boat.

In help, not in harm.

In January, not in September.

In grass, not in hay.

In December, not in July.

I am as useful as a useful can be.

EDDIE D. SCOFIELD.

- 3.—My first is in white and not in black.  
My second is in tiny and not in large.  
My third is in in and not in wine.  
My fourth is in west and not in east.  
My fifth is in year and not in month.  
My sixth is in path and not in road.  
My seventh is in hate and not in love.  
My eighth is in camel and not in dove.  
My whole is a celebrated poem.

ANNA R. B.

- 4.—My first is in bought and also in sold.  
My second is in zinc, but not in gold.  
My third is in bin, but not in wheat.  
My fourth is in sofa, but not in seat.  
My fifth is in tower, but not in love.  
My sixth is in Susie, but not in Kate.  
My whole is something we often eat.

FREDERICK A. CLEVELAND.

No. 3.

BEHEADINGS.

1. I am part of a bird—behead me, and I will restore order. 2. I am a boy's name—behead me, and I am a color. 3. I mean to boast—behead me, and I am a color. 4. I am a girl's name—behead me, and I am a color. 5. I am a fruit—behead me, and I am of use in the kitchen. 6. I am an article of dress—behead me, and I am a usual garden tool. 7. I am a boy's name—behead me, and I signify to change.

FREDERICK A. CLEVELAND.

No. 4.

ELIANS.

1. A snake—cut off my first syllable, and I am imprisoned. 2. A plant—cut off as before, and I am a mass of stone. 3. A bird—cut off one syllable, and I am a preposition. 4. Original—cut off as before, and I am a girl's name. FORAMONTAS.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 329.

- No. 1.—

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| B | O | G |   |   |   |   |
| B | L | U | E | S |   |   |
| M | O | U | R | N | E | R |
| G | E | T |   |   |   |   |
| S | E | T |   |   |   |   |
| T | I | P | R | A | P | A |
| N | T | A | B | O | R | A |
| P | O | L | E | D | O | C |
| R | E | D | E | S | T | S |
| R | M | P | H |   |   |   |
| S | O | L | D | I | E | R |
| P | A | I | N | T |   |   |
| E | A | T |   |   |   |   |
- No. 2.—8 top. W-hat. B-angle. 8-pain. B-rush. 8-age. T-rangle. B-racket. B-ox. Chair. D-ella. W-all. S-nail. S-core, c-core. C-oat. T-rail. T-rail. 8-tool.
- No. 3.—Base-ball.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Allen Robbins, Cozlake City; Edith May Bryant, Pheonahs, De Forest Hills; Felix Mailard, Whitney, Livingston, La Sonambula; Emily Peterson, Rhine, Kistler, Rhine; George McNeely, Alexander, Canby, and R. T. Z.





A COMING PRIMA DONNA.

## A LAUGHING CHORUS.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

OH, such a commotion under the ground  
 When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"  
 Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,  
 Such whispering to and fro!  
 And, "Are you ready?" the Snow-drop asked;  
 "'Tis time to start, you know."  
 "Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;  
 "I'll follow as soon as you go."  
 Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came  
 Of laughter soft and low  
 From the millions of flowers under the ground—  
 Yes, millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,  
 "When I hear the bluebirds sing."  
 "And straight thereafter," Narcissus cried,  
 "My silver and gold I'll bring."  
 "And ere they are dulled," another spoke,  
 "The Hyacinth bells shall ring."  
 And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"  
 And sweet grew the air of spring.  
 Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came  
 Of laughter soft and low

From the millions of flowers  
 under the ground—  
 Yes, millions—beginning to  
 grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things!  
 Through the coldest days,  
 Imprisoned in walls of  
 brown,  
 They never lost heart, though  
 the blast shrieked loud,  
 And the sleet and the hail  
 came down,  
 But patiently each wrought  
 her beautiful dress  
 Or fashioned her beautiful  
 crown,  
 And now they are coming to  
 brighten the world  
 Still shadowed by winter's  
 frown;  
 And well may they cheerily  
 laugh, "Ha! ha!"  
 In a chorus soft and low,  
 The millions of flowers hid  
 under the ground—  
 Yes, millions—beginning to  
 grow.

## THE TAG PUZZLE.

THERE are two things to be done with this puzzle: first make it; then do it. It is very easily made, and more easily done—provided you happen to do it; if not, you may rack your brains for an hour, and then be no nearer to the solution than before.

To make the puzzle, get a patent parcel or baggage tag, made of tough paper, such as expressmen use. In the centre

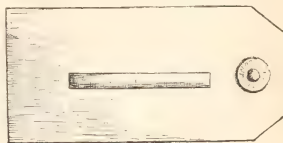


FIG. 1.

of it cut a slot two inches long by three-sixteenths of an inch wide, as shown in Fig. 1. Then take a piece of blue ribbon five and a half inches long by half an inch wide, double it so as to make a loop, and stitch the two ends to the lower end of the tag, taking care to turn in an eighth of an inch of each end, so that the stitches may hold well. This done, procure a piece of yellow cigar ribbon about fourteen inches long; pass one end through the round hole in the upper end of the tag,

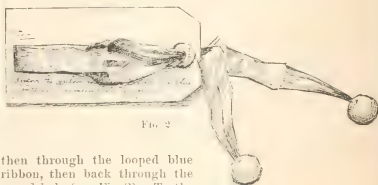


FIG. 2.

then through the looped blue ribbon, then back through the round hole (see Fig. 2). To the two ends of the yellow ribbon sew pearl buttons, or rings, or small coins with holes in them, provided they be too large to pass through the round hole.

The puzzle is now made. The thing to be done is to remove the yellow ribbon from the blue without tearing, breaking, cutting, or otherwise defacing any part of the puzzle.



## GIVING HIM HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

UNCLE CHARLIE: "And he, who is making a terrific noise?" You, Neddie! Didn't you promise to play quiet? When I gave you the nickel? And now—"

NEDDIE: "Yes, Uncle Charlie, and I have been quiet five cents' worth. G'lang!"



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"A GNOME!" RENÉ WHISPERED.—SEE PAGE 310.

## RÉNÉ.

## A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY STORY.

BY ESTHER CARR.

## Part XXX.

THE carillon in the belfry, chiming three-quarters past eleven, echoed through the profound stillness of the night in the artist's house. M. De Lagny, sleeping the sleep of a man with a good conscience—snoring a little, perhaps—heard it not. Neither was Margaret disturbed by the loud clanging of the bells as she lay asleep in her little white-curtained room, dreaming of angels in blue robes, and saints with golden aureoles which were to illuminate her MS. And Hubert, who had determined in his brother's absence to keep faithful watch in the studio over the great object of that brother's interest—alas! good Master Hubert, worn out with the day's work and excitement, with his unusually late conversation with the abbé, had suffered fatigue to overcome his good resolution.

Good Hubert Van Eyck, abandoning himself to reflection in his own room before beginning his night watch, was now sitting in that room, with his head bent forward and resting on his arms, fast asleep, forgetful for the time of any danger to John's work from his mysterious enemy, regardless if the danger came from without, of the risk Philip of Charolais' precious loan, the jewelled diadem, might run from midnight robbers.

As the carillon ceased, the door of the studio in the Van Eyck's house was noiselessly opened by a cautious hand. Then a figure slipped as noiselessly into the room, followed by another, and the door was gently pushed to but not closed. Both figures approached the heavy woollen curtain hanging over the window.

"He is asleep," the foremost of the two said to his companion in a scarcely audible whisper. "I saw him in his room as I passed down the stairs. A better chance for us, Peter. At dear Master Hubert's age, you know, men rarely see spirits from the other world; and we may be useful to-night. This is the very hour—just before midnight. Watch well, Peter, and pray while you watch." And leaving sufficient space to keep the door of the workshop well in view from their post of observation, René of Anjou and Peter Van Baerle vanished behind the curtain, and like two knights-elect, began their vigil.

Five minutes passed, and five minutes more. Perfect silence reigned in the studio, and the two boys remained immovable on their watch. Then a sound so faint as to be scarcely a sound fell upon René's ear, and made his heart beat rapidly. But, René remembered, the noise that John Van Eyck had once, and once only, heard had not been louder than this. It was repeated. Could it be Hubert, roused from his sleep, and coming down to his neglected watch?

No; the sound came from the wide stone fire-place which I have described at one end of the room. A third time René heard it, and then—the moonlight from the upper and uncurtained windows falling full and bright upon the spot—René distinctly saw something move in the great open chimney. He grasped Peter's arm, and Peter, by a significant pressure in return, showed that he too had seen the movement. A foot now distinctly appeared—a leg—then another—and then, without sound, and as lightly as if made of air, a grotesque figure perched on the hearth, which a sudden light, other than the moonlight, illuminated.

"A gnome!" René whispered. The carillon rang out four quarters, and the great belfry clock slowly struck midnight.

The figure so strangely revealed by the mysterious light shining from the chimney, and casting rays far into the room, was, indeed, an exact representation of the gnomes

or earth sprites of the fairy-tales. Not more than four feet in height, its thick body, and the enormous head set by a short neck on its broad shoulders, seemed quite out of proportion with the legs and feet that had first appeared. It was dressed from head to foot in red, and as it stood immovable with the light playing round it, it seemed to the two boys watching from behind the curtain like some fire-spirit that had been suddenly kindled on the hearth.

Motionless it stood, and in a listening attitude, its head a little on one side, and the light falling on its repulsively ugly features, wicked lips, and beady black eyes, till the echo of the last stroke from the belfry had quite died away. Then it descended from the hearth and cautiously, noiselessly, and yet with incredible swiftness, glided across the floor of the studio toward the door of the workshop.

Réné touched Peter again with an imperative gesture. Gnome, fire-spirit, imp of darkness, whatever it might be, there was only one thing for them to do. As noiselessly (they had taken the precaution to come without shoes) and almost as swiftly as the figure itself, the two boys slipped from their concealment and followed it, the light that came from this strange will-o'-the-wisp showing the way through the door of John the Painter's workshop.

Evidently it was not the first time that the misshapen visitant had entered it. Without an instant's hesitation he made for the spot where the precious enamel was laid. The light, as René and Peter now perceived, came from a lantern slung round his waist, which he deposited on a bench near. Then, raising a heavy hammer that hung from his belt above poor John Van Eyck's last work, he paused again to listen. But the blow never fell.

"In the name of the *Agnus Dei*!" René's soul cried: he had not power for spoken words. With a spring forward he grasped the uplifted arm with both hands. It did not melt into air; it was solid, whether human or not, and the arm was endowed with enormous strength. Wrenching itself away from the boy's hold, and quick as lightning, it turned the hammer into a weapon of defence, which in a moment more would have descended with full force on René's head; but Peter Van Baerle, stronger and heavier than the little Prince, had been on the alert, and throwing himself on the ground, clung round the dwarf's legs with such tenacity that in another instant the three figures were all rolling in one confused mass on the floor. So rapid and absorbing had been the attack and defence that the strange scene had been hitherto quite noiseless, but with the fall the spell of silence seemed broken.

"*A moi! à moi!*" René's voice rang out with the well-known battle cry.

"Help! help!—stop thief!" the barghler spirit of Peter Van Baerle shouted out, while inarticulate noises, between hissing and screaming, like the cries of a demoniac, issued from the misshapen throat of the dwarf. Meantime the moving ball of humanity, legs, arms, and heads singularly mixed, rolled on through the doorway and into the middle of the studio, the dwarf exerting all his strength to escape, while the boys clung to him with desperate determination. Then the whole house seemed to wake at one and the same moment. Hurried footsteps sounded down the creaking oaken stairs, doors were flung open. Together, Hubert Van Eyck, rudely awakened from his nap, M. De Lagny, scarcely yet awake, and having hastily clothed himself in a long black cassock, appeared at one door, while Margaret, in flowing white drapery put on with equal haste, stood in the arched doorway of the inner room, holding high above her head a little lamp of antique pattern, whose light flickered on her fair, dishevelled hair.

"For goodness' sake, what is the matter?" and "Avant!" the two men cried at the same moment, bewildered at the extraordinary scene only partially visible in the uncertain light of the room. Then, as Margaret advanced, and the rays from her lamp fell on the strug-

gling group, "The Comte de Guise—Peter!" each cried out, rushing to the rescue.

"We have him! we have him, Master Hubert!" René panted out. "Neither gnome nor fire-spirit; real flesh and blood. Ha! wouldst thou bite? Then take that!" and grasping the dwarf by the collar with one hand, while Peter held him tight, with the flat of his little sword René belabored the dwarf soundly across the back, the pliant, finely tempered steel acting almost as well as an ordinary cane would have done, and with telling effect, to judge from the howls of rage and pain that proceeded from the subject. But with a sudden wrench, and kicking himself free from Peter Van Eyck's grasp, the dwarf at last broke away, and with lightning speed made for the chimney.

"Seize him! seize him, M. l'Abbé!" René cried, as he dashed after him, followed by Peter, who had regained his footing.

"Hans Gulden, Meining's hideous dwarf, as I live!" Hubert Van Eyck exclaimed, as he saw the dwarf's whole figure revealed. "Here, at this time of night! Oh, I begin to understand! Stop him, Peter; let him not escape!"

But though now known not to be supernatural, their nocturnal visitor seemed gifted with almost supernatural powers of movement. Before he could be stopped he had sprung on to the hearth, closely followed by the two boys; but, better acquainted than they with its intricacies, he darted up the dark chimney with incredible celerity, and though René succeeded in grasping one little red leg as it was disappearing, its owner struggled so violently to disengage it that all that remained in the captor's hand was a pointed red shoe—a scrambling noise up the wide chimney telling them that the chase was over and the quarry had escaped.

"Straw! straw! fire the chimney!" the excited boys screamed, furious at their defeat; "bring the imp down again! Oh, Master Hubert, it is he who has done it all; he who has spoiled the enamel before! We caught him at his vile work. Help us to smoke him out."

"Nay, nay," Hubert Van Eyck said, laying his hand on the Prince's arm; "better so, monseigneur, believe me. The dwarf has had a good drubbing, and been well terrified, and we should have had sorry work with him on our hands through the night. I fear me," he added, gravely, and turning to the abbé, "he is but a tool, though a willing one, and spiteful enough to enjoy the dirty task assigned him. At any rate, I saw him plainly enough to identify him, and make his master reckon with me to-morrow morning—as reckon he shall!" Hubert said, in a lower tone, but one of concentrated anger.

"And, besides, we hold the imp's shoe in evidence. I have known for long that my brother was regarded with envy by Meining, and that he has grudged us each discovery in art, every favor shown us by the court; but I did not think envy would have driven him to such lengths of criminal dishonesty, such practical spite. But now, forewarned, forearmed, indeed. Your Highness has put me under a deep obligation to-night," he went on, turning to René, "and in John's name and my own I thank you. And, Peter, my pupil, Master Hubert asks you to forgive us both for the unworthy thought with which we have sinned against you. My boy, will you forgive?" and the artist held out his hand to Peter Van Eyck.

Years afterward, when René was King of Sicily, when he held in his Provençal capital tournaments and courts of the Joyeuse Science, loving art always in the midst of happiness or sorrow—years afterward, when Peter Van Eyck—known in art as Petrus Cristus—followed in the footsteps of the Van Eycks, did the recollection of that night call up a smile—that night of their first vigil, and of the solid and ugly form in which John Van Eyck's evil genius had appeared.

## THE SAILOR'S ODD BOOT.

BY DAVID KER.

There was no smarter frigate than the *Ariadne* in the whole British navy during the old fighting days of Admiral Nelson, and there was no better officer than her stout Captain, Sir Richard Oakley, or, as he was generally called, "Dashing Dick." Strict though he always was, Sir Richard was a great favorite both with his officers and his crew, who were well aware that he never punished any one without good reason. The sailors never forgot how "Dashing Dick" had once torn his own shirt into bandages for the wounded after a hard fight; and if he had taken it into his head to steer right into the middle of a French fleet, there was not a man on board who would not have followed him to the death.

One morning Captain Oakley was pacing the deck as usual, the very picture of an old sailor, when a big "top-man," with a face as brown and hard as the Captain's own, came up and touched his forelock in salute.

"Well, my man, what is it?" asked Sir Richard, recognizing Bill Hawkins, one of his smartest seamen, who had saved his life from the stroke of a French cutlass only a few months before.

"Please your honor, some chap's been and stole a lot o' my things," answered Bill, as hesitatingly as if he had been confessing the theft himself.

Dashing Dick's bold brown face darkened, for a theft aboard *his* ship was something quite new to him.

"Stolen?" echoed he, through his clinched teeth. "Are you quite *sure* of what you say, my lad? It's a very awkward thing, remember, to charge any one of your messmates with being a thief."

But Bill was quite certain that he could not be mistaken. On the eve of their departure from England, a few days before, he had bought himself a new "kit," and had then, as he said, "stowed it away for'ard." Next day several of the smaller articles were missing, and no one seemed to know anything about them.

As the Captain listened, his eyes glowed as they were wont to do when an enemy's ship appeared in the offing. In a trice all hands mustered on deck at the call of the boatswain's whistle, and Sir Richard, bidding them look him full in the face and listen to what he was going to say, addressed them as follows:

"My lads, I'm very sorry to find that there's some one among us mean enough to steal from his messmates—a thing which I could never have expected of British seamen. Now I don't choose to have that sort of thing going on aboard any ship that I command, and I'm going to stop it, once for all. I've got my eye upon the thief at this moment—"

Here he paused, and shot a glance at the wondering crew which (as one of the men said afterward) "seemed to go right through you and out at the other side."

"I hope your honor don't think it's *me*," said a gray-haired cockswain in the front rank.

"Or me," "Or me," echoed several voices at once.

"I don't say it's anybody *yet*," answered the Captain, with a grim emphasis on the last word; "but I *do* say that the thief is looking me full in the face at this moment, and that I am looking at *him*, and he knows it as well as I do."

This, after all, was hardly surprising, inasmuch as the whole ship's company were looking straight at him in obedience to his own orders; but the announcement and the solemn tone in which it was made caused a visible sensation among the crew.

"Now," pursued Dashing Dick, "I'll give him till to-night to bring back what he has taken; but if all the things stolen from William Hawkins are not restored this very night, to-morrow morning the man who stole them shall have the best flogging that I ever gave any man."



When the sun rose next morning, all the missing articles were in their place again, no one knew how.

This detective feat earned for Captain Oakley the unbounded admiration of the simple Jack Tars, some of whom could only explain it by saying that the Captain must have stolen the things *himself*, in order to have a chance of giving his crew a lesson. But apparently the lesson was not altogether effectual, for scarcely had the *Ariadne* been three days at anchor in Portsmouth Harbor, after her cruise up and down the Channel, when a shoemaker, whose shop lay close to the anchorage, came on board with a charge of theft against our friend Bill Hawkins himself!

At this sudden change of the robbed man into the robber, Captain Oakley hardly knew what to think, for he had always had a very high opinion of Bill. However, he repressed his astonishment, and ordered the shoemaker to tell his story.

It was soon told. He had been making a pair of sea boots a few days before, and, having finished one, had just gone to work upon the other, when the completed boot suddenly disappeared, and the shoemaker—a crabbed, suspicious old fellow—set down the theft to one of those very sailors out of whom he made his money.

"Whoever took that boot," muttered he, "knows that the other one's no use by itself, and means to come back presently and buy it cheap, and so make up the pair; but when he *does* come, I'll be ready for him, or my name's not Timothy Tompkins."

Sure enough, three days later, Bill Hawkins, after looking hard at the odd boot in the window, stepped into the shop and called out:

"Hello, my hearty! d'ye sell *odd* boots? How much for that one?"

What more proof could any man want? Mr. Tompkins pounced upon him at once, and brought him before Captain Oakley as the thief.

"Well, Hawkins," asked Sir Richard, "what have you to say to all this?"

"Please your honor," answered Bill, undauntedly, "I didn't take t'other boot, and I don't know nothing about it; and as for that 'un as I wanted to buy, I only meant to give it to my old chum, Sam Stokes, the pensioner."

"But what on earth could he do with *one* boot?"

"Why, your honor, he's only got *one* leg."

Sir Richard glanced toward the shoemaker; but all that could be seen of *him* was the skirt of a coat vanishing like lightning through the doorway.



## What the Grandmothers say.

BY JESSIE McDERMOTT.

Oh, sixty years ago to a day  
Three maidens lived—so the grandmothers say  
In a farm-house under an old elm-tree,  
And they were as busy as maids could be,  
And as fair as busy—the grandmothers say—  
Oh, sixty years ago to a day.

For Molly could spin, and Dolly could bake,  
And Polly had all the butter to make,  
And never an idle moment had they  
To spend with the village girls at play;  
For Molly must spin, and Dolly must bake,  
And Polly had all the butter to make.





"Molly must spin"

Those were good old times—so the grandmothers say—  
Oh, sixty years ago to a day,  
When bread was baked in the proper way,  
And butter was sweet as new-mown hay,  
And yarn was yarn—so the grandmothers say—  
Oh, sixty years ago to a day.



"Polly  
has all  
the butter  
to make"

Now who were these maidens so clever and quick,  
Who never were idle, or naughty, or sick,  
Who were busy and healthy and handsome and gay,  
Oh, sixty years ago to a day?

I think you will not have to go very far  
Before you find who these maidens are:  
*Your* grandmother's one, and *my* grandmother's one,  
And, in fact, every grandmother under the sun  
Was one of the Mollys or Dollys or Pollys  
Who did such wonderful things, they say,  
Oh, sixty years ago to a day.



"Dolly  
must  
bake."

#### SHEEP-HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

"**OVIS AMMON**" is the scientific name of a wild sheep with enormous horns whose home is among the rocky summits of the Himalayas. To hunt and kill these animals, which are agile, surefooted, and watchful to the highest degree, tries the sportsman's skill and endurance very greatly, and is often attended with real peril.

Two English officers not long ago resolved to give themselves a few days at the sheep, and travelled with their cooly servants to a point in the interior of the great range almost at the highest limit of timber growth, where they pitched their camp in a pleasant ravine sheltered from the strong wind that blows every afternoon.

By six o'clock the next morning one of the officers, with his Hindoo hunting companion, or "shikaree," had mounted to the desolate plateau above the trees. Cross-

ing it to some higher ground beyond, the shikaree suddenly pointed straight ahead, where were a herd of five sheep, so near the color of the rocks they were resting among as to be almost indistinguishable. Throwing themselves flat down, the hunters crept back out of sight, and then making a long roundabout climb, succeeded in getting quite near to and above their game on the other side. Peering cautiously around the edge of the little ridge, the officer found the herd still there, but was surprised to see, not two hundred yards away, an old sentinel, who was looking around him very suspiciously, but presently went back to the rest. The hunters were about to advance a little, when a noise in the rear caused them to look back and behold a band of wild horses sniffing and staring at the visitors. An instant later the horses rushed down the slope like a charge of cavalry, whereupon the sheep, catching the alarm, trotted out of sight.

Following quickly to where the herd had disappeared (first taking off his boots to save the noise of tramping over the loose slaty rock), the hunter reached the edge of a cliff, and saw the herd below him, about one hundred and fifty yards away. They were circling about uneasily, and might be off any moment: so picking out one old ram which had splendid horns, the officer let fly at him, aiming right between the shoulders.

The whole herd, crowded close together, flew up the opposite slope and out of sight. The shikaree declared the shot must have been a miss, but when the officer had drawn on his boots and dashed down the slope, he found blood stains on the ground, showing that the bullet had hit. It was a painful climb to the top of the rough, steep slope the sheep had galloped up so nimbly, and on top was another bare plateau, across which the track of the fleeing animals could be traced by occasional drops of blood.

At the other side the plateau fell away into a broad depression surrounded by rocky slopes, and right in the middle of this basin lay the ram, evidently badly wounded, but by no means helpless. Leaving him where he was, the hunters got out their little tea-making apparatus, and devoted about three-quarters of an hour to breakfast.

This over, they arose and prepared to have another shot, but the noise made in descending the stony slope frightened the wary sheep, which hobbled away to a cluster of rocks and hid himself. It was evidently necessary to make a wide *détour* in order to get him, and this meant half an hour of the roughest kind of climbing; but at last, by the greatest care, and disregard of scratches and bruises, they crawled within range. Only the horns of the ram were visible, but the officer took aim at where the shoulders ought to be, and when the smoke cleared away, the horns had gone down.

He proved to be a magnificent fellow, with perfectly coiled horns. Taking his tape, the sportsman began measuring them, when suddenly the old ram sprang up, butted furiously at the shikaree (whom he sent flying on to a heap of stones, where he lay groaning that all his ribs had been smashed in), and made a dash for liberty. As he passed, the Englishman caught one of the horns and held on for a minute, struggling to get out his knife; but before he could do it the ram gave him a dig which doubled him up and sent him on to a pile of sharp rocks about as badly used up as the shikaree.

As soon as he could pick himself up, gather together his watch, rifle, and various scattered belongings, the sportsman ran on in pursuit of his late antagonist, who was not so dead as he looked. He found him standing quite still, and was just about to fire at him again, when Ovis Ammon suddenly pitched forward, "dead as a door-nail."

This chase was long and glorious enough for one day; and by the time they had carried the fine head back to camp as a trophy, both sportsmen were willing to spend the remainder of the evening in rest.

## UNCLE JACK'S HOBBY.

BY GEORGE F. JONES.

UNCLE JACK had come in to dinner, and was telling them how he had bought a steam-engine.

"What do you want an engine for?" said Mrs. Dudley, his sister. "You haven't any railroad to run it on."

"No," said Uncle Jack, "it is a stationary engine."

"Stationary means that it won't go, doesn't it?" said Walter. Walter was a young man in knee-breeches. Mrs. Dudley was his mother. He sat next to her, and Uncle Jack sat on her other hand. Mr. Dudley sat opposite her, and made up the party of four.

Uncle Jack had not finished his soup, so Mr. Dudley answered Walter; and as he thought the question rather a stupid one, he said:

"Don't take for granted, Walter, that your uncle is a fool. Any one who would buy an engine which would not go would be a fool. A stationary engine is one which does not travel round on a track, but it turns a wheel round, and goes, just as a sewing-machine goes. You don't say that a sewing-machine won't go simply because it won't trot into another room by itself. The engine stands in one place, but it does its work."

It was a little hard on Walter to give him such a lecture as this for a remark which was not meant to be ill-natured. Walter was quite taken down, and to reassure him Uncle Jack said:

"Really, Walter, I think you would like to see my engine, it is so compact and simple, and goes so fast and so smoothly."

Then, turning to Mrs. Dudley, he went on: "It is to run our repair shop, you know. The old way was, when we wanted to make any repairs at night in the mill, to turn the water-wheel and all the shafting just to keep one machine going. Now we have this little engine in the machine shop, and all we have to do is to turn on the steam, and there we are."

As he was speaking, he took a card out of his pocket and handed it to his sister. It was a blue card with a picture on it in white.

"There," said he, "that's one of the drawings it was built from. It is the simplest engine I ever saw. Even you and Walter can't have any difficulty in understanding it."

Mrs. Dudley looked at it and sighed. "I never understood any of these things," said she. "I think I am altogether too stupid to understand them. But I hope Walter will understand it," and she passed it on to him.

Walter looked at it hard for a moment, and then passed it on to his father. Mr. Dudley was carving a duck, so he laid the card on the table, and the subject dropped.

After dinner Walter staid in the dining-room. He was still a little grieved by his father's snubbing, and he wanted to comfort himself with a few more grapes. As he was helping himself quietly he saw the blue picture lying by his father's plate.

It suddenly occurred to him that if he could ask his uncle Jack to tell him how the engine worked, he could tell his father, and show him that he really did know something.

So he ate the grapes he had in his hand, and picking up the blue picture, he ran into the parlor. Mrs. Dudley was sitting on one side of the fire with her crochet-needle and a lapful of wool. Mr. Dudley was sitting on the other side reading a newspaper. Uncle Jack was standing with his back to the fire, smoking a cigar.

Walter went up to him slowly. "Really," said he—"really, Uncle Jack, I should like to know how it goes."

Uncle Jack took his cigar out of his mouth and knocked the ashes into the fire, and smiled at Walter.

"I should like to tell you," he said, "but I am afraid that I can't without making you some drawings."

Then he put his cigar back into his mouth, and his hands behind his back, and smiled down on Walter again.

He was a handsome young man, and his smile was good-natured. So Walter said:

"Oh, do tell me. I think I can understand without any drawings."

Uncle Jack took his cigar out of his mouth again and looked at the glowing end of it. Then he put it back, on the other side of his mouth. "You must first clearly understand what the engine is for," he remarked.

"Well," said Walter, "you said it was to run your repair shop, and papa said it was to turn a wheel around."

"The things are practically the same," said Uncle Jack. "Do you know how a sewing-machine is run?"

"Why, yes," said Walter; "you work the treadle up and down, and the needle goes."

"That is a general and somewhat indefinite way of putting it, Walter. You do work the treadle up and down. Do you know what part of the machine the treadle moves?"

"Oh yes," said Walter. "There's a stick fastened at one end to the treadle, and at the other end to the wheel. You work the treadle up and down, and that moves the stick up and down, and that makes the wheel go round."

"That's better," said Uncle Jack, "but a little indefinite still."

"I think it is extremely definite," said Mrs. Dudley, looking up from her crochet. "I never saw as much to a sewing-machine. I put my feet on the treadle, and the needle goes. If it doesn't go, I send for Walter; if he can't mend it, I send for the sewing-machine man; but am profoundly ignorant of the whole process."

"That is because you have never sat on the floor and watched it go," said Walter.

"No," said Mrs. Dudley, "I don't think I ever have."

"I am glad," said Uncle Jack, after he had relighted his cigar, which had gone out during the talk—"I am glad, Walter, that you have sat on the floor and watched the machine go. It shows an inquiring mind. I will, however, suggest that you call the 'stick,' to which you refer, a 'connecting rod.' It connects the treadle with a pin in one of the spokes of the wheel, and—"

"A pin?" said Walter. "Do you mean that sort of peg, stuck into the spoke, that the stick is fastened to? It looks a great deal bigger than a pin."

"They call it a pin," said Uncle Jack, "and it may be almost any size. On locomotive engines they are sometimes five inches thick or more. But we are forgetting the main thread of our talk. Your foot moves the treadle up and down; the treadle moves one end of the connecting rod up and down. The other end tries to go up and down, but it is fastened to this pin. The pin is fast in the wheel, so this end of the rod can't go in a straight line, but it pushes and pulls the wheel, and makes that go round with it."

"Why," said Walter, "our grindstone works something like it. There is a big crank on one side that you turn by hand, but on the other side there's a little crank that has what you call a connecting rod fastened to it, and a treadle something like a sewing-machine. But it is a crank and not a pin stuck into the stone. In our sewing-machine there is a pin."

"It is the same thing in principle," said Uncle Jack. "The pin we are talking about is called the crank-pin, and the spoke and pin form a regular crank. But so far you are only turning that big wheel under the table of the sewing-machine. How does that make the sliding part of the machine go?"

"Oh, I know that," said Walter; "there's a sort of round leather rope that goes round the big wheel and up through the table, and makes a little wheel go round up there. That's what makes the needle go."

"Yes," said Uncle Jack, "that's all right. The leather rope is what we call a belt, and all our machines, down at the shop are run by belts, just as the sewing part of the sewing-machine is run."

"Are the belts like the one on the sewing-machine?"

"Not very much. They are flat, like a regular leather belt, but they answer the same purpose. Now, then, here's rather a hard one. The treadle moves up and down and turns the wheel around; now if you should take off the treadle and lift up one end of the rod and hold it in your hand, do you think you could move the wheel with it?"

"Yes," said Walter; "if I could once start the wheel, I think I could push and pull on the end of the rod, and keep the wheel going."

"Bravo!" said Uncle Jack. "That is just what the engine does. Look here on the picture (Fig. 1). Here is

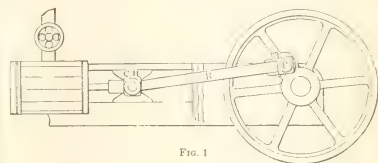


FIG. 1

the wheel, and here is the pin; I'll mark it P. This is the connecting rod; that I'll mark R."

"But what is the funny thing that looks a little like a square cross?" said Walter.

"That," replied his uncle, "I will mark C H; it is the cross-head; it slides between these two lines. You see, the steam pushes it backward and forward, and it moves the rod backward and forward, and the wheel goes round. There is a belt on the wheel, just as there is on the sewing-machine wheel, and that drives the machines in the shop."

After a moment Walter said, "That's all very nice, but how does the steam do it?"

"Did you ever have a squirt, Walter?"

"Yes; it was a beautiful syringe, but"—and here he whispered in his uncle's ear—"they took it away from me at school."

Uncle Jack smiled for a moment. "Did you ever take it apart?" said he.

"Oh yes," replied Walter; "I could unscrew the top, and the handle would come out. There was a round thing about as big as a two-cent piece on the end of the handle, fastened on like a nut."

"As the foot of a goblet is fastened to the stem?"

"Yes, just like that," said Walter. "It fitted in quite close; and when you filled it with water"—and here he whispered again—"I could squirt across the room."

Uncle Jack smiled again, as if he remembered doing something of the kind himself.

"The part that fitted so close you must call a piston,"

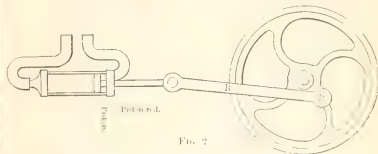


FIG. 2

said he, "and the handle, or the goblet stem, you must call a piston-rod."

"Piston and piston-rod," repeated Walter.

"Now, then," said Uncle Jack, "we are going to make an engine of your squirt, and we are going to keep the water out of it."

"It would have been a good thing for Walter," said Mrs. Dudley, "if he had kept the water out of it."

"I was only trying to get the water out of it," said Walter.

"Now, Walter, if you should put a rubber pipe on the nose of your squirt, and blow into it, what would happen?"

"I never tried," said Walter; "but I suppose, if you blew hard enough, you could blow the piston into the other end of the syringe."

"That's right. Now, if you made a hole in the other end, and fastened a rubber pipe to that?"

"Well, I suppose you could blow the piston and the handle back again, but you'd have to blow hard."

"And suppose you have a big squirt fastened to a chair, and the end of the handle fastened to the connecting rod of your sewing-machine."

"Oh," said Walter, "is that the way it goes?"

"Yes," replied Uncle Jack; "and I must draw a picture of that, or I am afraid you won't understand it." So he drew the picture (Fig. 2) while Walter looked over him.

"Here's your squirt," said he; "and here are the pipes

coming up to where you can blow into them. Here are the piston and the piston-rod; that is the handle of the squirt, you know. On the other end you have the rest of your engine—the wheel with its pin and the connecting rod. Now just fasten this outer end of the connecting rod to the handle of your squirt and begin to blow in, and what will happen?"

"Why, the air will push the piston forward, and that will pull the rod, and that will pull the wheel."

"Yes," said Uncle Jack, "that will pull the wheel half-way round. Then you can blow into the other end, and that will push the piston back, and the wheel will go the rest of the way round, if you get it started right. You see the piston and the piston-rod keep going backward and forward just as the treadle went up and down, and that makes the wheel go, after it has got well started. But I haven't said a word about the valve yet, and that's a most important thing in an engine, and I must go now. Come down to the mill to-morrow at about four o'clock, and I'll show you more about it. Good-by."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"AIN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?"





THE ROSE-CRESTED COCKATOO—SEE PAGE 318.

## THE ROSE-CRESTED COCKATOO, AND HOW TO FEED AND CARE FOR PARROTS.

BY UNCLE JOE.

**T**HIS beautiful and interesting member of the parrot family comes from Australia, whence, indeed, come most of the crested parrots. It is of medium size, and may be easily distinguished from others of its kind by its soft rose-tinted white plumage and remarkable crest, which it can at will raise and project in fan-shaped form over its head or throw back on to its neck. The feathers of the crest are long and pointed, with brilliant crimson at the base, next a band of golden yellow, then a stripe of crimson, the ends being tipped with white. The feathers of the neck, breast, and sides, and under the wings and tail, are deep crimson-colored.

This bird is very fond of being noticed and admired, and will resort to many amusing ways to attract attention. When intruded on by those with whom it is not on familiar terms, as in the case of puss, shown in the accompanying illustration, or when moved by pleasant emotion, he will elevate his crest like a gaudy fan, moving it backward and forward, ruffling his feathers, and dancing on his perch.

Now in regard to poor puss. You need not banish her from the house for fear she should molest the large-sized parrots, for she has a very wholesome respect for Poll's strong beak; and as to the small birds, were it not for puss, rats and mice would be likely to destroy them, notwithstanding the greatest care being taken for their safety.

If you will take the trouble, you can teach a cat to treat birds with distant respect when in their cages by carrying out the following instructions: When you see puss intently watching a bird and moving stealthily toward it, take hold of her with both hands, and let some one else hold the cage in which the bird is; then rub the cat's nose several times briskly on the bars of the cage. A few such lessons will be sufficient to restrain her from meddling with the birds when caged. But if you desire to let the birds loose and allow them to fly around the room, there is but one thing to do, and that is to banish puss entirely.

The parakeets, lorikeets, cockatoos, short-tail or true parrots, macaws, love-birds, and nearly the entire family of parrots, may be taught to repeat words and short sentences, and the more intelligent birds of the various groups seem to have some knowledge of the meaning of many words. They will learn to talk quicker and more plainly if their lesson is given them in a dark room in the evening, leaving them to con it over without interruption until next morning. Parrots learn more easily from children than from adults, the high pitch of young voices being more in accord with the tones natural to these birds.

A foolish as well as false idea is held by some persons that it is necessary to cut or split the tongue of a parrot to enable it to talk. This is not only cruel, but it destroys its power of articulating distinctly. Bird-fanciers and others entertain another idea equally foolish, which is that parrots do not need water to drink. They should have water in moderation once or twice a day, according to the season, the cup being removed in the interval, so that they may not overdrink, and that the water may be fresh and clean. You must also supply them with good clean gravel, which they require for digestion, particularly when fed on seeds.

The food suitable for the cockatoo is the same as that required for parrots generally—hemp and canary seeds, cracked corn, unhulled rice, biscuit or bread soaked in a little water, coffee, or milk. Be careful not to let soft food become sour in the cage. Give occasionally fruits, carrots, nuts, etc.; also hang a red-pepper pod in the cage, and provide the birds with good clean gravel.

Do not leave any poisonous things within the reach of the birds. I once lost a most valuable talking sulphur-

crested cockatoo, which died from eating the phosphorus from some matches that he picked up.

Parrots are hardy birds, and often live to a great age. They should be frequently allowed to bathe in lukewarm water. Too much rich or greasy food will cause at times an irritation of the skin, to ease which the bird will pull out his feathers. When you observe this you must alter the diet, and give fruits, carrots, bananas, oranges, and cooling food generally. For sore or swelled feet, soak in warm water and Castile soap. Do not use metal perches, for they give the birds cramps in their feet. Put a small branch of a tree with bark on in the cage for the bird to bite on, and he won't be likely to cut up his perch.

## BITS OF ADVICE

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

### A GOOD START.

**I** WANT all my nieces and nephews to stop whatever else they may be doing, and listen to me for a few moments, while I talk to them about the importance of a good start. Yes, Charlie and Bertie, Ollie and Mary, I mean you; and it is because you happen to be where you can start well, if only you will, that I shall wait until you are ready to pay attention before I begin. There! I see your bright eyes lifted, and the right listening look on your faces, and I will proceed.

I heard a certain lad—I will not mention names just now—ask the maid one evening, not long ago, to be sure to call him when she should rise in the morning. "I have work to do," he said, "and I must be up an hour earlier than usual." Let me whisper here that sometimes a good start for the day is gained by beginning the night before. For example, it is a much better thing to finish all the school-work—lessons, themes, exercises—before going to bed, than to leave it to the chance of rising an hour earlier than the accustomed time. It makes, you see, the difference between a certainty and an accident.

In the case of my young friend the good start he had counted upon was lost by the fact that the maid forgot his request, and never thought of it until she rang the bell to awaken the rest of the family. Many another boy loses his good start by not getting up when he is called.

I think if young people knew how much needless trouble they give their elders by just this one vexatious habit of going to sleep again after they have been called in the morning, they would turn over a new leaf.

When I have ordered breakfast at an hour much earlier than suits my own convenience, that Mollie and Marty may eat it in comfort, and have plenty of time to set out for school, I am not in the most cheerful of moods if I am obliged at least half a dozen times in the course of an hour to call, "Mollie! Marty!" the call making no impression. It is hardly fair—is it? that if they do not care for making a good start in the day for themselves, they should spoil mine for me.

One thought leads to another. Children, believe me that no day is started well if it begins with cross looks and fretful words. There is a homely proverb about having the black dog on your shoulder, which simply means that you are hateful and horrid and disagreeable. Let us be careful never to be horrid on purpose. Perhaps we cannot help being slow or stupid, but we all can help being peevish and perverse.

In starting out in a new study—Latin or algebra or botany—the rate of your progress will depend greatly upon the thoroughness of your beginning. You would call that man a foolish builder who forgot to look after his foundations, and I am sure it is quite as absurd to build badly in a new study. Get a good start, boys. You will then go on without failing in the end.

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

JO slept late the next morning, and awoke to find the sunlight streaming into her room, and Rachel standing beside her with her breakfast on a tray.

Rachel laughed merrily. "Well, Mary," she exclaimed, "so you have waked up at last! Do you know it is ten o'clock?"

Rachel seated herself on the side of the bed with sparkling eyes.

"Oh, how I wish you had been there last night!" she continued; "it was perfectly delightful. That lovely Miss Emerson from Ashfield was there. Mrs. Burton has talked so much of her I've just been wild to see her, and she came and talked to us girls, oh! so beautifully—told us lots of interesting things. And what do you suppose? She is going to give a large party for us in September. It is all arranged with Mr. Burton: cars to be chartered, and a splendid time all around. Fanny Lee has seen her place at Ashfield; she and her mother once spent the day there, and she says it is a lovely house, and Miss Emerson's own room is fit for a princess. Why, what's the matter, Mary?"

For Jo, feeling faint and trembling, had turned very white.

"Nothing," she answered, trying to look cheerful and interested. "Go on, Rachel; tell me more about Miss Emerson."

"Oh! she is so lovely!" cried Rachel, enthusiastically. "But unfortunately she is very delicate, and in October she is to go South or to Europe for her health. Her old aunt seems rather anxious about her. She sang for us, too. I wish you could have been there, Mary."

Rachel darted away, hearing the store bell ring, and Jo locked her hands together in fresh agony. Oh! the shame and misery and sorrowfulness of it all! Over and over again came back Faith's own words. No one in Ashfield would believe in her; yet she must face them, must see Faith, and submit to whatever punishment or disgrace followed. And they all, as Rachel said, would go to Ashfield and be with Faith, see her, talk to her; while she, Jo, perhaps would be behind prison bars!

Never had the little room she and Rachel shared looked so cosy and home-like to Jo as on this morning; never had the house seemed so cheerful, the store so attractive, Mrs. Dawson so kind, or Rachel's voice, as she sang gayly over her work, so bright and tuneful. Little Jo clung to her skirts as soon as she was down-stairs, and she caught the child in her arms, kissing the little chubby face and soft neck twenty times, while Mrs. Dawson looked up smiling to say, "You'll hev that young one so spoiled, Mary Brooks, the house won't hold her bime-by."

"May I go up street a little while, Mrs. Dawson?" asked Jo; "I want to speak to Mr. Burton."

"Why, yes, of course," was the answer; and as Jo departed she continued to Rachel, "I declare Mr. Burton told me he wanted to see Mary this morning, and I forgot all about it."

Jo walked hurriedly up the village street. The day was lovely after the torrid heat of yesterday, with little soft breezes moving the green leaves above her, rocking the boats that were moored along the narrow stream that divided the town, and touching everything with a sweet sense as of new life and exhilaration. Where house windows stood open, the rooms within looked very cheerful,

and in the very faces of passers-by was something that went to Jo's heart, making the girl wild to cling to this new, bright, peaceful life which had grown so dear to her for months past. For among the Dawsons' class Jo had made friends; she had been cheerful and happy at times, always looking forward to seeing Faith some day, and meanwhile being too young and vigorous not to be at times light-hearted. Her young friends in the evening school, it is true, thought her very quiet and grave, and a great deal too anxious to learn, but at home with bonny, gay-hearted Rachel her voice and step, even her laughter, had gained much of the sweetness and gayety belonging to her years; although her joyousness had always a tinge of something quieter and calmer than Rachel's, yet it shone forth in her eyes and had softened the girl's whole face.

The sense that it was all to be changed now hastened Jo's steps; all the happy, familiar sights and sounds jarred upon her, and she only longed to hurry toward Mr. Burton's house. Her lips trembled as she put the important question to the servant at the door, "Can I see Miss Emerson, please?"

Mr. Dyke Burton was crossing the hall, and on sight of "Mary Brooks," who was a decided favorite of his mother's, he stopped and answered her query.

"Miss Emerson left by an early train this morning," he said, and added, "Come in, Mary, won't you?"

"Left!" cried Jo.

She moved into the large hall and stood still a moment, looking imploringly at the kind-hearted gentleman. "Oh, Mr. Burton," she said, sinking down on the bench near the door, "what am I to do?"

## CHAPTER XIX.

MR. BURTON was accustomed to having the young people of Jo's class in Burnham apply to him for counsel, but he saw at once that in the present case there was something unusual.

"Come into my study, Mary," he said, quickly, and opened the door of the room to which Jo had often gone on pleasant errands, and which she entered now feeling that she was to bid it good-by forever.

Mr. Burton pushed forward a wicker chair, and when Jo sat down he said, in his kindest voice, "What is it, my dear? You seem in trouble."

"Oh, yes, sir," cried Jo; "oh, if only she had staid! I wanted to see Miss Faith, to tell her everything!"

The girl paused, her voice too choked for utterance. Then suddenly she stood up and resolved to tell it all to Mr. Burton. She had learned to feel it not right to act on her own judgment only. She felt that to some one the whole story must be told, and advice asked and given.

"I don't know how to tell you, sir," Jo said, piteously, and standing a little distance from Mr. Burton, who was seated by his table. "I don't know what you will think or say. You may tell me I am not fit to be here. I don't know. But I'm determined to go back to Ashfield; yes, I must. If she had been here it would have been easier. Last night I was outside the window of the school-house. I knew she was there, and I went just to look at her and hear her speak again. Then I heard her telling about the trial that is to be in Ashfield. I know that Sandy Martin, Mr. Burton, and I know he is not the murderer."

There was dead silence in the room for perhaps half a minute.

Jo had no idea of the effect of her words upon Mr. Burton, nor how much of herself she had revealed to him in those few distressed sentences.

At breakfast that morning Faith had said to him that she and Bertie were trying everywhere to find the girl who had been implicated in the robbery—a girl in whom she had taken a great interest, but who, on being released from prison on her bail, had run away.





"I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU, SIR," JO SAID, PITEOUSLY.

Keen man of the world as Mr. Burton was, in a flash he understood that this *protégée* of Miss Emerson and the girl he had known for a year and a half as "Mary Brooks" were one and the same.

"You know?" he exclaimed. "And then you, Mary, are the girl Miss Emerson told me of this morning?"

A wave of scarlet color swept over Jo's white face. She let her head droop, and said, in a choked way, "What did she say, sir? Oh, did she think me very wrong?"

Mr. Burton began to pace the floor. "She spoke very sorrowfully," he answered. "She said she was terribly disappointed in you."

Jo lifted her face, from which all the burning, shameful wave had died now, and looked at Mr. Burton with a gaze the unutterable sadness of which went to his heart.

"I didn't mean her to be," the girl said, in a low tone; "I only meant to save her trouble and bother; and she said no one in all Ashfield would believe in me, or believe what I could tell about that dreadful night. But oh, sir, I see now—I think I've seen for a long time—I was wrong. All I want now is to go back and do whatever is right. I suppose they'll put me in prison again, but what I'll say will be the truth, and I think"—Jo looked earnestly at Mr. Burton—"I think they'll believe what I have to say about Sandy, because, sir, every one in Ashfield or in Sailors' Row knows we never were good friends, and how we used to fight, and how I hated him."

Mr. Burton ceased walking a moment. The confidence in Jo, which had been dashed by what she had said, together with Faith's communication, was beginning to return; but he felt that the case was one which required careful thought, although, no doubt, very speedy action.

"I think, Mary," he said, finally, and sitting down again, "you had better tell me the whole story. Then I shall know what had best be done, and how we can do it."

His tone, the "we" spoken with kindly emphasis, reassured poor Jo. She moved forward, and taking the chair by the table, began her story slowly, and with an evident desire to be accurate and particular as to time and place.

Much she told: first of Faith's goodness and care; something of her life with her old grandfather; and then went on to the principal events, in which Mr. Burton was now specially interested. There was not the slightest effort to make things seem well for herself in any way. As he listened, Mr. Burton became entirely convinced that Jo was telling him only the simple truth, and that with every wish to see her old foe Sandy done common justice.

## CHAPTER XX.

WHEN Jo had finished, and Mr. Burton had cross-questioned her in various ways, the morning was far advanced. To both speaker and listener the time had flown, but never afterward could Jo forget the look of the cheerful study that August day—the sunshine coming in pleasantly; the books, chairs, and tables so cosily arranged; the pictures she had always cared for catching gleams of light or melting under shadows. Outside, the lawn, with its fine cedar-trees dappled over with spots of light and shade, the hum of bees, the occasional sweet note of a robin sounding in her ears while she spoke; and with all was a curious feeling, more like a real sensation than Jo had ever known, that she was to be shut out forever from these sounds and sights of the outside world she loved so well, and the peace-



fulness and content of the home life she had learned to value and care for.

Jo's eyes had wandered toward the sunny picture outside the low French windows, but now she turned them gravely back to Mr. Burton's thoughtful face.

"You say, sir, you don't know what they will do with me?" She asked the question quietly, yet with a note in her young voice that sounded like a sob.

"No, Mary," Mr. Burton answered, in a perplexed way, "I can't tell yet. Whatever is right, I hope; but if you are brave and tell all the truth, you may hope for the best. Now I think you had better remain here while I arrange for our journey to Ashfield. I will make it all right with Mrs. Dawson. We can start by the three-o'clock train."

Jo's heart beat furiously a moment, and then stood still. Must she go without one word of good-by? But she dared not oppose Mr. Burton's plan. When he looked up from his study of the time-table he noticed no change in the wistful, earnest face, the attitude of anxious waiting.

"Best to get there at once," he said. "But you cannot go to Miss Emerson's. She is not strong enough to bear the excitement of an interview before you appear in court. Besides that, it will not do to have any one but Mr. Hogenecamp, who is this Martin's lawyer, know you are there. But I have a friend who I am sure would receive you kindly; she has a small hotel now, a quiet place, where you would be comfortable."

She was to go; Mr. Burton would be with her; she was to go into court, to tell every one who might be there all that she had related this morning, and it would set her old enemy Sandy free, and might close the prison doors upon her. Well, it must be right somehow. It seemed right even if it was cruel. Jo's heart—nay, let me now say her soul—took this in, and it was, I have always thought, her first actual hour of heroism, the first real sign and fragrance of the flower part of the girl's life.

But it appealed to her with no delicate, poetic, or ro-

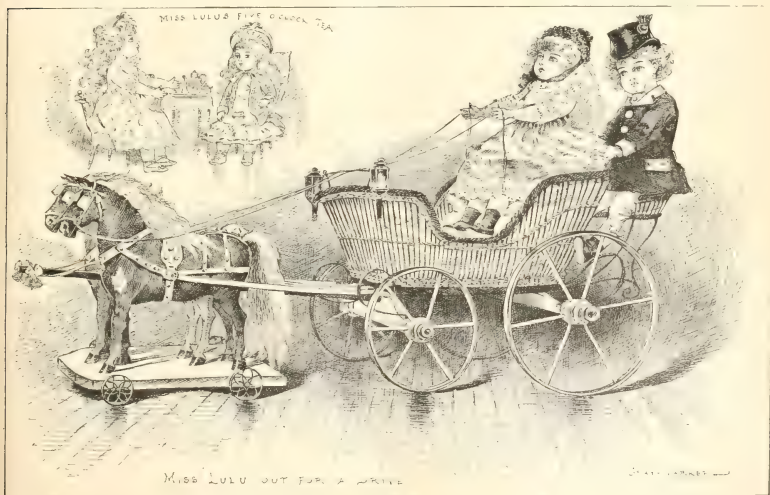
mantic suggestiveness. I doubt if Jo had ever heard of any heroes or heroines or martyrs to any cause. What she had chosen to do was from the very depths and force of that divine part of her, her conscience, which had wakened to tell her what lay before her with the first comprehension of Faith's words that night in the school-house; but I have often thought that in the face of the young girl, white, dry-eyed, and still, which Mr. Burton observed so compassionately that August morning, he might have seen that "shadow of God's messenger" which we are told to look for as if it were a glory.

"If you don't object, Mary," Mr. Burton went on, "I will tell my mother that I have to go with you to Ashfield on business. I assure you she can keep a secret admirably; and as some one must know it, it had better be she. I think it wisest." And seeing Jo's mute look of assent, Mr. Burton went away, returning in a few minutes to say that Mrs. Burton wanted Jo to have a little dinner before they started.

The old lady was subdued and very gentle in manner, kindly pressing all sorts of excellent food upon Jo, who, however, with difficulty made a slight meal. Now that the excitement of telling her story was over, she felt only impatience to be off, and she could not talk, could scarcely hear what was said; she felt even in one sense too lifeless to ask Mr. Burton how he had contrived to "make all right" with the Dawsons.

That he had done so successfully she felt sure, but only when they were on the train, steaming away toward Ashfield, with a terrible pang of separation. She was going—going forever, no doubt—from those dear, dear friends! Oh, was it worth while? Had she been wise to speak, and bring all this upon herself? And then came back to the still simple and childish mind what Mr. Burton had said to her. It would be like "bearing false witness" to go on living with that silence as sinful as speech on her mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]









die letter from and then have only a useful and familiar article?

- (3) Si mon tout vous fait peur,  
Attachez-moi le cou.  
Et vous aurez un aut-maté  
Qui va, ayant ni pied ni patte.

Seek now for a word, and not a thing. It is frequently used, but does not refer to anything that exists.

- (4) Impossible de me trouver,  
Je sais, je crois, te le prouver:  
On peut me comparer au vide.  
Si de me voir ton regard est avide,  
Occupe toi du mot, quant à la chose, non!  
Quand tu cherches en vain tu prononces mon nom.

What is it the wisest book cannot be without, and yet— But there; it is easy enough, for exactly the same play upon the words can be made in English as in French.

- (5) Tout écritain est soumis à ma loi;  
De Schiller eut il le génie;  
Il ne saurait jamais faire un livre sans moi.  
Dans un tout autre sens, lecture, je signifié,  
T'n jeune quidame et qu'on trouve dans les cours,  
Et qui, plein de malice, aime à jouer les tours.

This is rather longer than any of those going before, but not more difficult.

- (6) Je suis avec la reine et la simple bergère;  
Tu devras à la fin du jour;  
Me cherches ainsi qu'un amour.  
Jamais dans l'imité, je lui reste étrangère.  
Le prince en me quittant irait au coin du feu,  
Et sa cour par le même jeu.  
Deviendrait la coquette au succès-tête-tête.  
Étranges changements que mon pouvoir apprête.  
Privé de mon appui l'argent n'est plus métal;  
Le tigre change aussi et devient végétal.

## MARCH AND APRIL.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

**M**ARCH is a boisterous fellow,  
And, undeterred by fear,  
With many pranks proclaims himself  
The tomboy of the year.

Sweet April is his sister;  
Her eyes are often dim.  
Pained by the thought that he is dead,  
She sheds her tears for him.

## A NATURAL CURIOSITY.

**LITTLE BESS** (who is so much accustomed to seeing baby creep that she thinks it his natural mode of travelling). "Oh, mamma, come quick! Baby is standing on his hind-legs."

## PUZZLES FROM PARIS.

**A** LARGE number of our readers are of course studying French, and many of them must be quite familiar with that language. Some, we know, have had French nurses and governesses from babyhood; and, indeed, in the far-off land of France itself **YOUNG PEOPLE** is well known, and is as great a favorite with many little folk as it is among its larger audiences in the great English-speaking countries of America and Great Britain. All who have made any progress in what is called "the court language of Europe" will be delighted with some French enigmas, charades, and word puzzles that we propose to offer them. They are not so difficult as they seem.

## ENIGMES.

Bring out your dictionaries, put on your thinking-caps, and see if you can tell me the name of this renowned captain:

- (1.) Je suis le capitaine de vingt-cinq soldats.  
Sans moi Paris serait pris.

What useful creature is this that helps us write without pencils?

- (2) Cinq voyelles, une consonne  
En Français composent mon nom,  
Et je porte sur ma personne  
De quoi l'écrire sans crayon.

What terrible word shall we take the mid-



"COME BACK, RHODY: FOR PITY'S SAKE, COME BACK! HE'S LOOKING AT YOU."



# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

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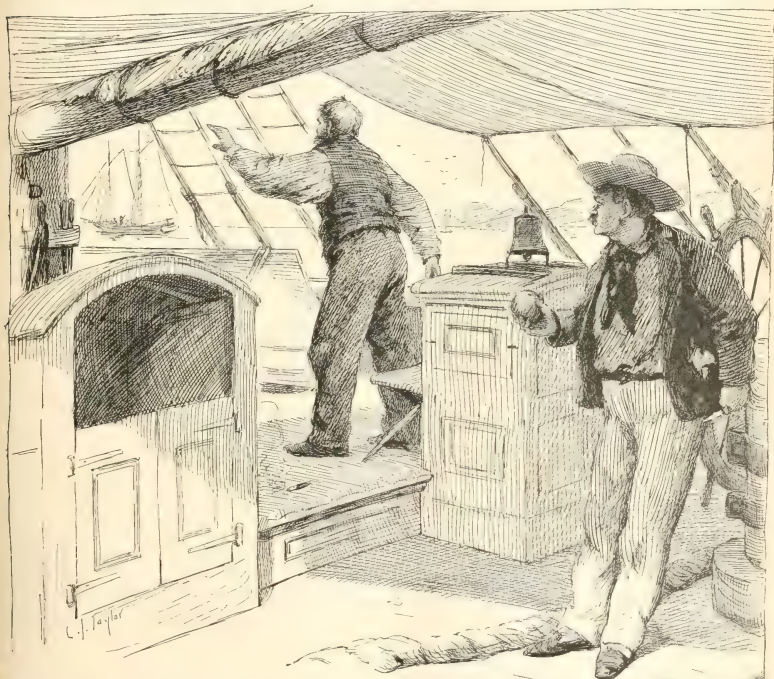
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HIS FIRST CRUISE.—By Frank H. Converse.

Part I.

WHEN Mrs. John Darling finally consented to let her Dan make an experimental voyage to the West Indies with her brother, Captain Zenas Bangs, master of the fruiting brig *Dennis*,

she had a double purpose in view. The principal one, of course, was that the Captain would naturally have a care for Dan's welfare which a stranger would not feel. And the second, that as Captain Bangs was called a rather unpleasant ship-master, her Dan might thereby become cured of his sea-fever.

For though willing to yield her own wishes in the matter if it must be so, Mrs. Darling thought there were already enough sailors in the family. Her father was the oldest quartermaster in the navy; her brother Joe was a coast pilot; Zenas, as we have seen, was master of a brig; and her husband, Captain Darling, had been in the South Pacific trade without once returning home since Dan was eight years old, in which time the boy had shot up into a sturdy young fellow of fifteen, with good principles, considerable natural ability, and an excellent common-school education. And Captain Darling himself was sick of sea-going. "At last I have a prospect of getting a charter for the States," he had written in his last letter from Calcutta, "and if I get home all right, I shall stay for good: I'm tired of living away from my family."

But, as I have said, Mrs. Darling, though wanting to keep Dan ashore if possible, was willing, if it must be so, to sacrifice her own wishes. And so she had consented to the experimental voyage, and with rather more than the usual amount of tears and blessings on the one side, and kisses and promises on the other, Dan left the comforts of home-life for the discomforts of sea-life.

Now Captain Bangs, who was a genuine old sea-dog, stirly and single, with a weather-beaten, puckery face the color of underdone beef, gray hair like a scrubbing-brush, and a perpetual scowl, disliked all boys on general principles, and, from the very first day out, Dan saw that his berth in the *Dennis*'s fore-castle would be anything but a bed of roses. Mind you, Dan was too sensible to look for favoritism on shipboard, and too manly to desire it. But he knew well enough that a boy who shows by his actions that coming to sea means business with him may not only be treated with ordinary civility by the officers without being "favored," but can also be given little chances of learning the nicer points of seamanship without its interfering in the least with his other duties.

Not that Dan was abused, but in common with the rest of the crew he had to stand any amount of harshness, which came, so to speak, second-hand from Captain Bangs through Mr. Dempsey, the chief mate, who was a coarse, loud-voiced Nova Scotian; and what was worse, Dan's uncle didn't seem to care whether he learned the rudiments of a sea education beyond the ordinary knowledge of how to "hand, reef, and steer" or not. When not thus employed, the most of his watch on deck for some four weeks of an uncommonly long passage was passed sitting aloft in a bowline swinging between sea and sky in company with a tar or grease bucket.

But by the time the *Dennis* had fairly entered the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea, Dan had learned to stow the flying-jib or fore-royal unaided, was always first at the weather earling, could pick out the running gear in the darkest night, and took a very good trick at the wheel. Captain Bangs, who could not but help seeing all this, might, had he chosen, have given his nephew an occasional word of encouragement, if not of kindness; but whether it was that his nature was completely soured, or that he had taken a decided dislike to Dan above all other boys, certain it is that he never vouchsafed him the slightest notice, excepting in the way of fault-finding. And when in rounding the outer headland of Kingstown Harbor, in the island of St. Vincent, the set of the current swung the brig's head off a point, Captain Bangs, whose long passage had made him more crusty than ever, soundly boxed Dan's ears as he stood at the wheel, the young fellow felt that *this* was indeed the last feather.

L. P. 100 The spokes with a look more expressive even

than words, Dan marched silently forward to the fore-castle, which he entered without heeding the Captain's angry recall. Ordinarily this would not have been allowable. But Captain Bangs, perhaps thinking he had gone rather too far, let it pass, and in the confusion of coming to anchor Dan was forgotten.

"Send Dan here to set me ashore," called Captain Bangs, who, after the sails were stowed and the decks cleared up, appeared on the quarter in a much-wrinkled go-ashore suit and an inflexible-looking stove-pipe hat.

"E went hashore 'arf an hour since with 'is close-bag in the darky boat as brought hoff the fruit an' wegetables, sir," called 'Enery, the cockney steward, from the galley.

Captain Bangs looked rather disturbed as he was being rowed to the landing by one of the men. "Wimmin are so plaguey unreasonable! I suppose his mother would blame me if—anything happened," he grumbled as he stepped ashore, where subsequent search and inquiry failed to throw any light upon the possible whereabouts of his nephew. For when Dan (whose open departure from the brig was unnoticed in the hubbub of anchoring) was set ashore with his clothes-bag, he did not meet a living individual on his way up from the beach, for the simple reason that it was Kingstown's noonday *siesta*; in other words, Kingstown was dozing in its own shade.

Under a cluster of the palm-trees bordering the main street, which itself follows the immediate curve of the harbor shore, was a large stone tank into which the water, conducted down by pipes from the mountain behind the town, was falling with a cool, refreshing sound—pleasant to the ear when, as on that particular day, the mercury indicated 98° in the shade.

Seating himself on the curb, with his clothes-bag at his feet, Dan, with a feeling of decided relief at his new-found freedom, uttered a pleased exclamation as he began looking about him.

What wonder? The still surface of the harbor reflected with the fidelity of a mirror the encircling gray-green cliffs rising three and four hundred feet in air. Dilapidated stone windmills, overrun with vines and creepers at different intervals along the face of the heights, had all the romantic effect of ruined castles. On the right-hand summit stood a fortress and barracks looking at the distance as though intended for a regiment of toy soldiers.

Overhead was a sky of no less dazzling blue than the outspread waters of the Caribbean Sea. Behind the sleeping town rose the slope of a mountain whose intensity of green verdure blended insensibly into a purple haze toward the summit, making a pronounced background for the cream-tinted flat-roofed houses and buildings which rose gradually above each other a short distance up the incline. The drowsy silence was unbroken save by the occasional monotonous cry of a cake or sweetmeat vendor in the almost deserted street, or the creaking of a heavy bullock cart toiling up the mountain road.

"What a lovely spot to live in!" mused Dan, happily unconscious of the ignorance, superstition, unhealthiness, and general moral and physical uncleanness hidden by the fair exterior. Not that Dan had come ashore with any foolish "runaway" notions in his head; he was far too sensible for that. He had simply resolved not to go back to the States in the *Dennis*, but find a chance in some one of the numerous vessels lying at anchor in the harbor.

"Unless I have to, I don't set foot on board of *you* again," muttered Dan, whose ears still tingled, and with the words, I am sorry to say, he shook his fist rather spitefully in the direction of the distant *Dennis*.

"You not much like those brig, eh?" said a smooth foreign voice so near him that Dan started. Turning about, he met the steady gaze of a pair of very sharp black eyes belonging to an olive-complexioned, middle-aged

man with a heavy mustache (through which a set of even white teeth showed in an agreeable smile), who, sitting on the opposite curb, was rolling a cigarette skilfully between his muscular brown fingers.

"Why, I don't know," stammered Dan, staring with all his might at the stranger's picturesque attire, which did not seem altogether out of keeping with the man himself or his surroundings. For he wore a wide-brimmed Panama, a white shirt with a most elaborately embroidered front, white linen trousers belted with a crimson sash of silk net, low Spanish leather shoes, and scarlet silk stockings, and had a general air of having just stepped off an operative stage.

"Maybe phaps you run away from vessel?" suggested the mysterious unknown, who, having lighted his cigarette, was calmly eying Dan and his clothes bag through the thin clouds of blue smoke breathed through his lips and nostrils.

"No," returned Dan, not caring to enter into particulars; "I've only left her. I want to get a chance to the States in some other vessel; that's all."

"Um!" was the response. And then, after a short pause, in which the speaker seemed to be choosing his words with considerable care, he continued: "My name Capitan Manuel Despardo; my vessel there"—with an airy wave of his muscular fingers toward a handsome eighty-ton schooner painted white, with a bead of black following the graceful curve of her bows—"she boun to-morrow, bime-by, for Bos'n. I want smart 'Merican fellow to make up crew, for dem black mans no good"—pointing disdainfully to a couple of negroes slumbering placidly in the shade—"so s'pose you get good pay, good grub, my schooner *Donna* carry you back home quicker than steamer."

It was the concluding sentence that did the business. "Blessed are the homesick," writes the German poet, "for they shall go home." And all at once it came to Dan that, beautiful beyond compare as were his present surroundings, it was as nothing compared with his mother's front door-yard. He glanced critically at the *Donna*. The days of "the long, low schooner, with raking masts and tapering spars," once familiar to readers of nautical fiction, are past, or Dan might have almost been inclined to question the peaceable calling of the schooner whose symmetrical lines and general appearance rather suggested the privateering or buccaneering vessels of other days.

"Coaster or trader, perhaps," thought Dan, carelessly, and dismissing the subject as of no particular consequence. As long as she was bound to the States, Dan made up his mind at once.

"I'll go. When do you want me aboard, sir?" he said, briefly.

"Oh, bime-by; send 'shore to the quay for you some time 'fore dark," was the reply, given in an easy tone, though inwardly Captain Despardo exulted, as, being tolerably well known in Kingstown, he had always found great difficulty in completing his crew there.

Rising to his feet as he spoke, the *Donna's* commander, putting his fingers to his lips, executed the shrill whistle of the stage outcall who thus summons his trusty followers to his side. In obedience to the signal a heavily built, swarthy-faced fellow, in the universal tow shirt and trousers of the tropics, who had been sitting on the landing stage steps, where the *Donna's* boat was fastened, made his way toward them. Giving him a brief order in a sort of mongrel Spanish, the fellow, after favoring Dan with a stare of unqualified astonishment, picked up the clothes-bag, and placing it upon his head, retreated therewith to the boat.

"Now I sure you come aboard," tranquilly observed Captain Despardo, as Dan looked a little surprised at this cool way of obtaining security, so to speak, for his appearance at the appointed time and place. And tranquilly

lighting another cigarette, the Captain, with a curt *adios*, walked down to the boat, leaving Dan in a state of bewildered doubt as to whether he had not been a trifle hasty in his decision.

But it was rather too late for such reflections, and leaving the watering-place, he strolled listlessly across the street to the shady side, where some few signs of a gradual awakening from the noontide siesta were beginning to show themselves. Yet Kingstown has little of interest for even New England eyes. The one and two story houses were dreary jail-like-looking structures with iron-grated windows and a stable at the end of the spacious hall. The principal articles of traffic in the dingy shops seemed to be for the most part gaudy dress stuffs, cheap jewelry, baker's bread, cigars, and spirituous liquors. The passage along the irregular pavement was disputed by burly negroes in linen drawers, creole dandies in white linen, native soldiers in blue and buttons, droves of burden-bearing coolies, and ladies of color upon whose erect heads were balanced trays of various edibles. The heated air was redolent of the fumes of steaming soup from kettles cooking on charcoal braziers at the edge of the street, at one of which, by an outlay of fourpence ha'penny, Dan succeeded in satisfying the cravings of a very healthy appetite. He reached the landing-stage at sundown, just in time to miss meeting Captain Bangs, who, after an unsuccessful shore search, had been pulled back by the *Dennis*, where, sitting under the quarter-deck awning, with a cigar in his mouth, he was wondering what had become of "the young fool," as he called his missing nephew, and at the same time admiring the graceful proportions of the *Donna*, which, with her anchor at the cathead, and sails hoisted, was just catching the light land breeze as, forging slowly ahead, she passed close under the *Dennis's* quarter.

"Good-by, Captain Bangs," called out one of the crew, stepping to the rail and taking off his coarse straw hat. "I'm going back to the States in the *Donna*. Sailing with a fellow's relations don't pay."

Captain Bangs sprang to his feet. "Going to the States!" he echoed. "Good gracious! Mr. Dempsey, that Despardo has managed to toll Dan aboard his vessel by telling him he's bound to the States. *Dan! Dan!*" he bellowed, running to the rail and gesticulating violently; but the schooner was beyond the reach of his voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## UNCLE JACK'S HOBBY.

BY GEORGE F. JONES.

### Part II.

THE next day Walter rode on his pony down to the river, where his uncle's mill was. It was a little mill, as mills go, where they made flannel. He had been through it once, but he hadn't understood much of it.

He tied his pony at the gate, and went into the office, which was a little building separate from the mill. He found his uncle talking to one of the overseers—a stout man in a white apron.

As Walter entered, his uncle gave him three blue pictures, one of which was the one he had shown him the evening before.

"Sit down for a little while," said he, "and see if you can make anything out of these."

So Walter sat down and looked at the new pictures. Walter saw at once that Fig. 3 was a picture of the same engine, only with the cylinder—this was the syringe part—cut through so that he could see the piston and the piston-rod. Then the connecting rod and pin and wheel were represented just as they had been in the first picture.

The other picture, Fig. 4, he couldn't understand at all till his uncle, who had been watching him, came across





"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE."  
WHAT A VERY GREAT PITY SHE DIDN'T HAVE TWO!

the room and said to him: "That is a sort of map of the engine. It is just as it would look if you cut it through the middle of the cylinder and then looked at it from the top."

Then Walter saw plainly the piston and piston-rod and the connecting rod and the wheel and axle, but he could make nothing of a part marked S C on one side of the cylinder. He could see what looked like curved passages leading into the two ends of the cylinder, and he supposed that it was through them that the steam was blown in. But that was all he could understand.

His uncle was so busy with the overseer, however, that he didn't like to trouble him, and the clerks kept staring at him, which made him feel uncomfortable, so that the time passed very slowly, till at last the overseer went away, and his uncle called him and showed him another picture which he had been drawing himself (Fig. 5). Walter looked at it, and could make out two cylinders, each with a piston and a piston-rod, and the strange thing marked S C, but the piston-rods were broken off, and there were no connecting rods or wheels.

"I thought," said Uncle Jack, "that it wasn't worth while to put in the connecting rod and wheel again. You

have them pretty firmly fixed in your head by this time, haven't you?"

"Oh yes, I think I understand them," said Walter.

"And you understand how the engine will go if only the piston moves back and forward, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Now, then, Walter, you remember about those rubber tubes that we fastened to the ends of the squirt?"

"Yes," said Walter; "you have put them in that picture, marked S W."

"That's right: S W stands for *steam-way*. Here they are made of iron, and you can see how they are curved up around the cylinder, so as to get their ends close together."

"Just as if I wanted to take both the rubber pipes into my mouth at once," said Walter.

"That's just it, my boy. Now you know there is a pipe in your throat that comes up into your mouth, and when you are blowing into one of these pipes you hold a good deal of air in your mouth."

"It comes out of your mouth with a flop when you lift your cheeks," said Walter. "And is this pipe my windpipe?"

"Precisely," said Uncle Jack; "and here it is a steam-pipe coming from the boiler into this iron box on the side of the cylinder. You can see the

pipe with its top broken off in Fig. 3, with a little wheel on it."

"Is the iron box the thing marked South Carolina?" asked Walter.

"S C stands for *steam-chest*," replied Uncle Jack, severely, "and not South Carolina, in this instance. The steam is held in the steam-chest just as you hold the air in your mouth. Now these two steam-ways in the ends of the cylinder both lead from the steam-chest, as you see, and there is a passage between them that leads straight out into the open air. Have you ever, when you have been passing a mill, seen a pipe coming out of the wall or of the roof, and steam puffing out of it?"

"Oh yes," said Walter.

"That's the pipe that leads from the middle passage. You can see the beginning of it in the picture, marked E., and it is called the exhaust."

"But if there are three ways that steam can get out of the steam-chest, and they are all open," remarked Walter, "I should think that the steam would just blow out through the middle hole, and the engine wouldn't go at all."

"So it would," said Uncle Jack, "if they were all open



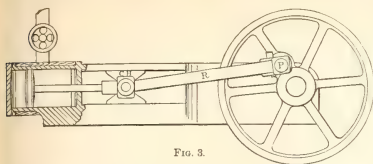


FIG. 3.

at the same time, but they're not. In fact, the valve, about which I spoke to you before, is so fixed that it can shut all the passages up at once; and though you can slide it so that you can open one of these steam-ways into the cylinder at a time, you can never open both of them at once, and you can never let the steam from the steam-chest into the exhaust passage."

"Then the valve is a sort of door," said Walter.

"Yes," said Uncle Jack, "it is a sliding door and a sort of vestibule combined. But, as I said, it will only slide far enough to open one of these steam-ways at once."

"Is the valve in your picture?" asked Walter.

"Yes; it is marked V."

"I see," said Walter. "In this Fig. 5 it is pulled back, so that the steam can come in in front of the piston."

"That's it; when the valve is back, the steam pushes the piston back; then, if you pull the valve forward as it is in Fig. 6, the steam will come in at the back way and push the piston forward again. The valve is always moving back and forth a little ahead of the piston, and the big lumbering piston is always following it. For every little stroke that the valve makes the piston makes a big one."

"Well," said Walter, dubiously, "if the valve is just a door to let the steam in, what is it humped up in the middle for, like a measuring-worm?"

"That is to let the steam out of the cylinder," said Uncle Jack. "If you remember, you are so far only letting steam in with your valve. Now if you didn't let it out again, you would presently have both ends of your cylinder full of steam, and the piston wouldn't know which way to go."

"Besides," said Walter, "you said that the steam came out of the exhaust, and I said I had seen it coming out of pipes on mills."

"That's just where it does go out, and if you'll look carefully at Fig. 5 again, you will see how."

So Walter took the picture.

"The valve is back," said he, slowly, "so the passage in front is open, letting steam in in front of the piston where those arrows are, and moving it back."

"Now where does the steam behind the piston go?" asked Uncle Jack.

"Why, it has got to go out of the back steam-way, I suppose," said Walter. "But the valve is shutting that. Oh no, it isn't; the steam can go right up into the hump on the valve, and come back through the exhaust passage."

"That's just the way," said his uncle; "you have the mystery of the hump now, and you can see how the steam gets into the air. Suppose you put in some more arrows to show just how the steam goes?"

So Walter put in the arrows that you see in the picture.

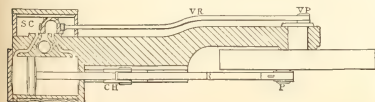


FIG. 4.

"But how does the valve move?" said Walter. "I don't see how you can get at it, all shut up in that box of hot steam."

"Why," said Uncle Jack, "the valve has a valve-rod fastened to it just as the piston has a piston-rod fastened to it. You can see it in Fig. 4, marked V R."

"It is bent," said Walter.

"Yes," said Uncle Jack. "Now this valve-rod is fastened to a valve crank-pin, just as the main rod is fastened to the valve crank-pin; but there is this difference: the piston moves the main rods, and they move the main crank-pin, but the valve crank-pin moves the valve-rod, and that moves the valve."

"I don't quite understand that," said Walter.

"I am trying to say too much at once," said Uncle Jack. "You know how the piston moves the wheel. Now if you'll look at Fig. 4 you'll see that there is a little crank-pin fastened to the other side of the wheel, just as the treadle crank is fastened to the grindstone. It is marked V P."

"So the wheel has two cranks, just as the grindstone has," said Walter; "a big one on one side, and a little one on the other."

"Just so, and this bent valve-rod is fastened to the little crank. Have you ever noticed, Walter, how the treadle seems to go of itself when you turn the big hand crank on the grindstone?"

"Oh yes," said Walter; "the little crank makes it go."

"Now," said Uncle Jack, "it is just the same here. Of course when the engine moves the wheel, this little crank will move the valve, just as the other little crank

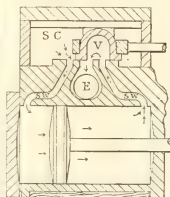


FIG. 5.

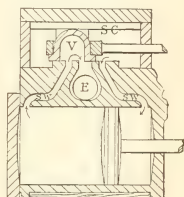


FIG. 6.

moved the treadle. So as long as there is steam in the steam-chest the steam will make the wheel go, and the wheel will make the valve go, and the passages will open and shut like Jack Robinson."

"Do you mean that the engine makes itself go?" said Walter. "And that when it once gets going the piston moves the wheel, and the wheel moves the valve, and then the valve moves the piston, so that it never stops?"

"Oh no," said Uncle Jack; "it doesn't run itself; the steam runs it. All the engine does is to open the door at the right time for the steam to walk in and push the piston."

"Then what does the engineer have to do?" asked Walter.

"He turns the steam on and off with that wheel there is on the steam-pipe in Fig. 3, just as you turn water on and off with a faucet. Then he keeps the engine clean, and oils her up, and that's all. Come down and see her."

So they went across the mill-yard to the repair shop. It was all quiet there except for an apprentice who was at work at a vise, whistling.

He stopped as they came up.

"Where are all the rest of you?" said Uncle Jack.

"They're all up in the weaving-room, putting up one of the new looms."

"All right," said Uncle Jack. "Just start up the engine for us: I want Walter here to see it."

So they crossed over to the other side of the shop. There stood Uncle Jack's hobby, in its bright black and shining steel.

"Start her up," said Uncle Jack, and the apprentice turned on the wheel on the steam-pipe a little at first as the rod came slowly forward, and then slowly back, and then he turned on more and more steam, until the wheel began to spin and the rods to fly.

And Walter stood and watched it, and wished it were he who was allowed to start it and stop it.

## OUT OF THE POPPER.

BY JESSIE W. MORTON.

LUCY HAYES tipped out a popperful of corn just as her mother entered the room.

"How very pretty it is, mother!" she said, offering a heaping handful.

Her mother smiled and nodded. Then she went to the closet and brought Lucy two little packages, one of pink and one of blue sugar. "These were left from the last birthday celebration," she said. "There is not enough left to decorate a cake, but plenty to color pop-corn."

If well done, crystallized pop-corn is as nice as candy. Have your corn well popped, no hard kernels of unpopped corn in it.

Boil a cup of sugar in a third of a cup of water until it strings from the spoon. Drop in a little essence of any kind, and pour it all over the dish of corn, having some one else tossing it about with two forks while you do it. When cool, it should be dry enough to put in candy bags, each bursting, flower-like grain glittering with its sugar coating. The children made a dish of the white corn first; then colored half of the remaining candy with pink sugar, and half with blue, as their mother had suggested; then tossed them all together in a glass platter, and piled it high with glistening red, white, and blue.

"Give me a dozen of your largest ones," said Mrs. Hayes. "My embroidery scissors too, and the sharp penknife in my work-basket. Then bring me your paint-box."

She looked over the handful of pop-corn eagerly tendered her, and selected one with five petals, or branches, as you might call them.

The middle one turned up, and the four others made clumsy little legs to support the rounded top.

Two snips of the scissors, a little trimming of the sharp penknife, and the front of the popped corn looked something like a lamb's head. The legs were made more shapely too, and then a few touches of brown and pink paint made eyes and nose for a very small sheep indeed.

The children shouted, "Mother! how cunning!" and watched with eager interest as she made a dozen more, and set them in a little bunch together.

"You must make great flocks of them, children. It will take more than one rainy day to get enough. Part of you can work at the flock, and the rest must build sheds and pastures of those brown kernels that didn't pop well."

"But how, mother?" exclaimed Lucy. "See, they are as slippery as if they were varnished."

Her mother sent in to the kitchen for some flour and water, and mixed them into a stiff dough.

"This is our mortar," she said, gayly.

On a board she laid out a long, narrow shed with dough, gently pressing in the kernels of corn afterward. A tiny pinch of dough here and there, and the corns irregularly placed, laid endwise, sidewise, on end, and flat, made a very pretty imitation of a stone wall. When finished, it was put into a slow oven until the dough was stiff and hard.

Roofing with pasteboard, with imitation shingles painted on it, and surrounding the open sheds by similar

stone (?) walls to make yards, with pasteboard troughs and gates cut from pasteboard to imitate bars, made the whole thing a very cunning and accurate picture of their father's stock-yards.

The lambs and sheep were not so accurate, of course but they did very well, and furnished amusement and occupation for many hours.

And the corn that was not made into balls, or sheep, or fences, or sheds, or crystallized, or eaten fresh from the popper, they put into the coffee-mill, and after it was ground they moistened it with cream and sweetened it with sugar to make no-cake. Ever eaten any? Try it.

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXI.

THE 21st of August was an exciting day for Ashfield.

No trial had ever interested the place or any of its people so much as that of Sandy or Alexander Martin for the murder of young George Moxon on the night of May 30, fifteen months before.

The murder had no doubt been a cruel and revengeful one, but that was not the main reason for the general desire to bring the murderer to justice. Ashfield "society" would not have been so much interested but for the surrounding circumstances, the other events which had belonged to the same period.

Various small, but, as Mrs. Keith had expressed it, "annoying" robberies had been committed in the town, and the night of the 30th of May was marked first by the murder, then by an attempted robbery at Miss Emerson's house, and the complete plundering of a very fine private yacht whose owners were away, and which for the night had been left in charge of one sailor only.

Naturally enough, the constables of the town and detectives from a larger city were speedily at work; but the most curious part of it all was that the very men who had been most strongly suspected, and who had evidently been ringleaders in the general villainy of the night, could not be found. Job Martin, it is true, was tracked, but only at his death-bed; Ryerson and Tucker were hunted down and imprisoned for as long a term as the nature of any offence proven against them would admit; but the one on whom all suspicion of being the murderer rested, Sandy Martin, had just been discovered in the mining country of Pennsylvania, and was now in Ashfield on trial for his life.

Sandy, of course, had protested his innocence, but at least a dozen witnesses had been called to prove the contrary, and among these facts had been made very clear:

Sandy and young Moxon had been seen together quarrelling on the beach road at half past ten or eleven o'clock; various people testified to having heard the angry words and threats used by Sandy, and added to all this was the fact that the slung-shot used as a weapon by the murderer was proven to have been Martin's—one which he had purchased in Bayberry, the neighboring village, and which he had been heard to say would "make a corpse of some one in Ashfield before he was a week older."

That Sandy was one of a reckless, lawless family also told against him; that he had no friends among the better kind of people in the town was also hard; and when Miss Emerson had—privately, it is true—engaged a lawyer for his defence, she had not dared even admit as much to her aunt, nor to allow, even to herself, that her chief reason for so doing was because she felt almost sure of Sandy's innocence, and surer still that the course of the trial would bring something of her long-lost Jo to light.

For Faith had been convinced for a year past that Jo's flight had something directly to do with the murder. She had not in the least appreciated what the tortures of her twenty-four hours' imprisonment had been to the girl; not in the least understood the terrible impression made by her own parting words upon Jo's already overstrung and excited mind. How astonished, therefore, would she have been had she known that her own chance words at the Burnham festival gave Jo the first knowledge of Sandy's capture, arrest, or supposed crime. Equally surprised would Faith have been to know that on the morning of the 30th, while she and Miss Grace lingered at breakfast discussing the probable result of the trial that day, Jo was not half a mile distant, in the little upstairs sitting-room of good Mrs. Joyce's hotel, waiting for the appearance of Mr. Burton, who was to conduct her to court.

Jo could not have said why she felt so strangely still and silent. She had no doubts of herself. She felt sure she could answer whatever "they" chose to ask her; but for the present, until she had to move or speak, the girl could only keep very still.

"You'd better try and eat a bit more, my dear, I'm thinking," said the kind-hearted Scotch landlady, pouring out a large cup of tea and glancing regretfully at Jo's untasted breakfast. "It won't do you any good to go yonder fasting."

Jo was in the window, with her bonnet and gloves on, all ready for her summons, but she turned to Mrs. Joyce, shaking her head.

"I couldn't eat, thank you, ma'am," she said, quietly; and then continued to watch the sunny street for the first token of Mr. Burton's coming.

"I'm wondering what the creature 'll say in court the day?" said Mrs. Joyce, down-stairs in her own parlor, to her lame daughter, who was her confidante, and so had understood that Mr. Burton brought this "Mary Brooks" as a witness for the defendant in the murder case so exciting to them all. "If she doesn't rouse up, there'll not be much good to be had out of her. There she sits, with those great mournful eyes of hers fixed and so sad-looking! Eh, but she makes me think of somebody, and I can't tell just who it is."

"What like is she, mother?" queried Jeanie Joyce, with much interest.

"Oh, a tall, well-made lassie, about sixteen year old, I should say; fairish, with pretty, glossy brown hair as neatly combed back as you please, and a nice, simple young face. But it's her eyes that puzzle me. I've met their look somewhere before. I'm bound to think it out." And Mrs. Joyce, who was determined to attend this all-important day of the trial, went about the work of her household with a perplexed air. Whose eyes were they?

Mr. Burton had been closeted an hour with Mr. Hogenkamp and Bertie that morning. The evening previous the old lawyer had put Jo through her story, and been convinced, as was Mr. Burton, of the entire truthfulness of what the girl said.

"I believe you are telling the truth, my dear," he had said, as Jo finished.

The young girl looked at him in quiet wonderment.

"Why, what else did I come here for, sir?" she said, softly.

To Jo it seemed strange that any one, even a perfect stranger and a fine gentleman like Mr. Hogenkamp, should suppose she would wish to put herself in such a terrible position if it were not for the sake of truth. But, as I have said, there was nothing "romantic" about Jo; she had no desire to be considered a "heroine."

Bertie Farnham's state of mind, as may well be imagined, was one of great excitement, but it was very hard not to be able to tell Faith at once; but Faith, not ill from any cause that she or the doctor could detect, must not, they all said, have any "shock" or excitement. Dr.

Wrxall, the old physician of Ashfield, as he looked at the sweet young face with its gradually fading bloom, its deepening lines, and ever-growing tenderness and softness, would shake his head, recalling the mother who had died when Faith was a baby; and the elderly people of Ashfield said among themselves that Faith never had been vigorous, never really strong, forgetting the many seasons when her step had been lightest and freest among Ashfield maidens, her voice gayest, her laughter that of healthiest, happiest youth.

No, it was to be broken quietly to Faith after the trial was over—told her in a careful way. Meanwhile, no one of the three people who knew of Jo's presence in Ashfield suspected for one instant what was really likeliest to happen—that quietly and from some secluded part of the court-room Faith would be a spectator of the summing up of a trial in which she had so keen an interest.

So Faith and Jo really set out unconsciously to meet each other at the same hour.

Mr. Burton came for Jo in a carriage, and as they were driven to the court-room he gave her a few words of general advice as to what she ought to do and say; but Mr. Hogenkamp and Bertie had both urged that the girl be left to give her testimony in her own way; and that Mr. Burton's most impressive remarks fell rather short of their purpose was proved by the way in which Jo turned and asked, seriously, "Will she be there, sir—Miss Faith, I mean?" showing that this seemed to her of more importance than almost anything else; but the fact was that Jo would have wished to spare Faith's beholding her public disgrace.

The usual crowd had collected about the court-house, and Jo, had she thought of such a thing, would have recognized some of her old friends among them, but she saw or heard nothing clearly—all seemed in a sort of maze until she found herself in a room adjoining the court, and some one, it seemed to be Mr. Bertie Farnham, speaking to her.

"You mustn't be frightened, Jo," he was saying, his honest young face full of compassion. "You are to wait here, you know, until you are called in for your turn."

"Yes, Mr. Bertie," said Jo, quietly.

She took the seat they gave her, folded her hands, and waited.

The shuffling in of the crowd, the sounds that told of the opening of the court, the monotonous voices of the officials, reached Jo, as she sat there, like the voices and sounds of a dream. Then at last Mr. Hogenkamp's clerk and Bertie appeared. Jo rose at once to her feet, knowing instinctively that her time had come.

In another moment she found herself being almost lifted into the witness-box, where for one instant she stood still, looking about her in a stony, terrified way. The faces of the crowd seemed swaying back and forth. The judge and jury, the lawyers and clerks and reporters, all seemed blending in a sort of mist, out of which Jo, trying to steady her gaze, gradually made out the yellow locks and freckled face of her old foe, Sandy—the lad whose life she had come here to save—who would doubtless jeer at her on her way to prison on the morrow.

One awful moment of a sort of despair came over her as she met his sullen though panic-stricken gaze. What might have followed, Jo used to wonder later, had it not been that almost at the same moment her glance shifted, seemed to drift across the sea of faces, to meet one look—an earnest, joyous, solemn look—straight from Faith's eyes into her own.

## CHAPTER XXII.

FAITH and her aunt had found themselves compelled to take rather prominent seats among the audience in the court-room at Ashfield; but several ladies of the town were there, for young Moxon had once been an interest-



"YOU'D BETTER TRY AND EAT A BIT MORE, MY DEAR."

ing boy to many good people in the place, and, moreover, the trial was of consequence, because it had brought to light various of the small robberies which had been puzzling the community for a long time previous to the famous 30th of May.

Mrs. Keith fondly hoped to recover—how she did not know—a long-lost enamel brooch with her great-aunt's hair in the back of it; and Bertie Farnham, anxious to have Jo's return create the proper sort of excitement, had assured her the day before she ought to be present. Also this ingenious youth had impressed the fact upon the Barkers, Applebys, and Colvilles, so that when Faith and Miss Grace entered, many of their North Street neighbors greeted them with that mixture of solemnity and disapproval which they considered fitting for such an occasion.

Mrs. Keith leaned across Kitty Barker to whisper to Faith,

"Bertie Farnham says there is to be a new witness from Burnham, a very interesting one, too, a young girl who has something special to tell."

Faith smiled and nodded in reply. Then followed the usual opening of the case, the examination of some final witnesses for the prosecution, during which time Sandy's wretched countenance grew more and more dejected.

It would have been hard not to pity him, in spite of his misguided youth, his defiant, careless conduct. Brought to trial for his life, the lad was completely stunned and terrified, and for the first time in his remembrance a sense of disgrace had come over him, which, mingled with the

fear of the scaffold, had wrought a change in every line of the boy's dull face. From the first he had no hope, for the fact that the "pleece" had actually caught him, that he was on trial for murder, that his record in Ashfield was so poor a one, was enough to convince one of his weak mind that every one was bent on hanging him, and there "wasn't no one as ud say a good word."

He had thought of Jo, but he knew that she too had escaped from Ashfield, and he rejoiced in the fact, for that she would do anything to help him out of trouble never once had occurred to his mind. Such generosity, and from a girl, he could not have understood. Had Sandy forgotten that, with all her rough, wild ways, Jo Markham had always been the "champion" of Sailors' Row? When had the distressed or imposed upon, be it child or dog or even half-starved cat, come to her in vain? And the childish days of Sailors' Row were past; the "new witness" who stood so still and white in the little box, gazing fixedly at poor Sandy, was another being.

Bertie had tried to give Faith a quiet word of preparation, as soon as he had perceived her between Kitty Barker and her aunt, but it had only bewildered her; then had followed the preliminary of introducing a new witness. Straining her gaze, Faith saw the little side door opened, and a tall girl come in at Mr. Burton's side; but a moment had gone by before she fully understood that the neatly clad, young figure, the fair, thin face and large dark eyes, belonged to no other than her long-lost Jo.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





## MORNING-GLORY MUSIC.—BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

OUR dainty little Gypsy,  
The dearest household pet  
That ever in the household chain  
Was like a jewel set.  
To her pet, Madam Pussy,  
Oft prattles by the hour,  
And thus I heard her thoughts about  
The morning-glory's flower.

"Hush, pussy—hush and listen!  
The fairies to and fro  
Are dancing on the dewy grass  
When morning-glories blow;  
They trip along the trellis,  
And pipe the sweetest things,  
And flit from airy bell to bell  
With shining, gauzy wings.

"If you'd be serious, Kitty,

I'd let you go with me,

And then, if you were very good,

A fairy you might see.

We'd peep into the trumpets—

I'd hold you up myself—

And wouldn't it be fun to find

A cunning little elf?

"But, puss—my naughty puss—"

She strokes the velvet fur,

And smiles as puss returns her love

With such a gentle purr.

"Now just be sober, pussy:

If you should spring away,

You'd frighten all the fairy troop

For ever and a day.

"And when the wind is stirring

So softly from the south,

We'd never hear the music from

Each morning-glory's mouth;

The tiny, tiny trumpets,

We'd never hear them blow;

And that would be a dreadful thing,

My pussy—don't you know?"

Thus plays the childish fancy;

The morning-glory's light

Is on the sweet coquettish face,

So arch, so coyly bright.

God bless our little Gypsy!—

The dearest household pet

That ever in the household chain

Was like a jewel set.

Among the morning-glories

The merry footsteps stray,

Herself a morning-glory

As beautiful as they;

So made for smiles and kisses,

We write her sweet pet name,

And wreath her flowers around her,

A picture in a frame.

## MARBLES AS PLAYED IN NEW YORK.

A TEXAS boy wrote to the editor of the New York *Sun* recently asking him to be so kind as to print in his paper the rules for playing marbles, and the following article on the various games played by New York city boys is what the *Sun* printed in accordance with the Texas boy's request:

"In playing the bull ring, a ring three feet in diameter is made on level ground. The marbles are grouped in the centre of the ring, or put in a small hole about two inches in diameter by one and a half deep. The player shoots from the edge of the ring, and is allowed to shoot as long as he knocks a marble out without sending his own marble over the line. If his shooter goes over the line, the next player takes his turn, and so on through the game.

"The Yank or Yankee game is also a favorite. It is played in a ring about a foot in diameter. Straight lines are drawn, quartering the ring. If there are two players, one marble is placed on the right and one on the left hand side of the ring. If a number of players take part in the game, the marbles are placed on the ring and cross lines. A mark is made about a dozen feet from the ring. The first player knuckles down at the mark and shoots. If he happens to knock out a marble, he shoots again, and so on until he misses, in each case shooting from the position which his marble has assumed. If there is a good opportunity, when the second player shoots he tries to hit the first

player's marble. If he succeeds, he takes all the marbles the first player has knocked out of the ring. If he hits the first player's marble a second time, he puts the player out of the game. He then shoots for marbles in the ring, taking care not to leave his marble near the line or tie, so as to give the next player a chance to hit it. A player must always shoot across the ring on his first shot, and should keep his marble as far away from the other players' marbles as possible, so as to force them to a long shot. The other players are equally as wary, as neither wants to be forced from the game. They lay for each other until one ventures a shot. The game is thus played until only one player is left, unless all the staked marbles are knocked from the ring. The players combine against the one who has knocked the most marbles from the ring, and he, hard pressed, frequently bribes one of his antagonists to knock the last staked marble from the ring, thus insuring all that he has won. The game sometimes lasts an hour or more. Each player may win the marbles and lose them again before it closes. The player who gets put out first is the last shot in the ensuing game, and the one who gets put out second is next to the last, and so on.

"A game called the 'stand-up ring' is played with a ring two feet in diameter, and about half a foot from a house or fence. The marbles being placed in the centre, a mark is made about ten feet away, from which the players stand and shoot. They always stand up, and hold their shooters about two inches below the right eye. A player continues to shoot as long as he succeeds in knocking the marbles out.

"The Paterson or Fat game is played similar to the Yankee game, only a player is not put out when his shooter is hit.

"Another game, called 'mig-in-a-hole,' is played with three holes about three feet apart, and so small that if a marble is shot with great force it will roll out of the hole. The player, in taking his first shot, knuckles down at the edge of the end hole and shoots for the middle hole. If he goes into the middle hole, he is allowed to take a span the length of his hand on the opposite side of the hole, and to shoot from the span. He shoots for the next hole, and so on until he misses. Then the next player shoots. If he goes in the centre hole, and the next player's shooter is near enough, he takes a span and shoots at his marble. If the marble is hit, he is allowed to place his own marble in the next hole. If they are playing for marbles, he wins one whenever he hits the other's shooter. He then takes a span from where his marble lies, and shoots back for the centre hole. If he misses this, the next player takes his turn, with better or worse luck, as the case may be. The idea of the game is to get 'king' first, which is done by going backward and forward in the holes three times. The player who does this first is made king of all the holes, and when any of the players miss going into a hole, the king is allowed to take one foot and a span from the first hole, two feet and a span from the second hole, and three feet and a span from the third hole before shooting at the other marbles. Sometimes he knocks them from fifteen to twenty feet from the hole. It is hard for the unlucky player to get near the hole again, as the king hits him every time he falls to make it. Another player may shoot and miss, and receive the same punishment. The game lasts until all are kings, or until it breaks up in a fight.

"Another game is known as 'followings.' The first player throws his marble in the street, and the second player shoots at it. If he hits it, he gets a marble and has another shot, and so on through the game.

"The 'bridge' is played nowadays more than any other game. In place of a ring a thin piece of wood is used. It is about a foot long and two and a half inches wide, with a handle at one end. Several square holes are cut in the lower edge of the stick, and numbered from one up, according to the number of holes. A player knuckles down several feet away from the bridge, and attempts to shoot through the holes. If he succeeds, he gets as many marbles as the number of the hole his marble passes through calls for; if he misses, he loses his marble.

"No matter what the game may be, these words are always heard: 'Hisn's,' 'Roundin's,' 'Cleanin's,' 'Knucklin's,' 'Fen everything's,' 'Fen grinin's,' 'Fen swipin's,' 'Fen punchin's,' 'Fen dubb's,' 'Trib's' and 'Fen babyin's'.

"A new game has recently been imported from France. Two players will contribute an equal number of marbles, anywhere from ten to fifty. These are taken by one of the players and thrown at a hole, which is usually a half-circle in the ground, against a house or fence. When the player throws the marbles he cries, 'Head!' meaning that an even number of the marbles will stay in the hole. If he is right, he takes all the marbles, but if wrong, the other player gets them all."



BY HOWARD PYLE.

THERE were three brothers who went out into the world to seek their fortunes. The two elder lads were smart fellows enough; as for Peterkin, why, nobody thought much of him.

By-and-by they came to a great black forest, where hunger met them, and that was the worse for them, for there was nothing at all to eat. After a while, what should they come across but a little gray hare caught in a snare? Then, if anybody was glad, it was the two elder brothers.

But Peterkin had a soft heart in his breast. Said he, "It would be a pity to take its life, even though our stomachs do grumble a bit."

So he begged, and begged, and begged, until at last the two others said that they would let the little gray hare go free if Peterkin would give them the two pennies that he had in his pocket. Well, Peterkin let them have the pennies, and they let the hare go, and glad enough it was to get away, I can tell you.

"See, Peterkin," said the hare, "you shall lose nothing by this. When you are in difficulty, whistle on your fingers, thus, and perhaps help will come to you." Then it thumped its feet on the ground, and away it scampered.

So by-and-by they came to the town, and there Peterkin's brothers went to a good inn, for they had the money. As for Peterkin, he had to go and sleep in the straw, for one cannot spend money and have it both. So the brothers were eating broth with meat in it, and Peterkin went with nothing.

"I wonder," said he, "if the little gray hare can help me now?" So he whistled on his fingers just as it had told him. Then who should come hopping along but the little gray hare itself. "What do you want, Peterkin?" it said.

"I should like," said Peterkin, "to have something to eat."

"Nothing easier than that," said the little gray hare; and before one could wink twice, a fine feast fit for a king was spread out before him, and he fell to as though he had not eaten a bite for seven years. After that he slept like a flat stone, for one can sleep well, even in the straw, if one only has a good supper within one.

When the next morning had come, the two elder brothers bought them each a good new coat with brass buttons. But Peterkin knew a way out of that. Back of the house he went, and there he blew on his fingers.

"What will you have?" said the little gray hare.

"I should like," said Peterkin, "to have a fine new suit of clothes."

"Oh, that is an easy thing enough," said the little gray hare, and there lay the finest suit of clothes that Peterkin had ever seen. So he dressed himself in his fine clothes, and you may guess how his brothers opened their eyes when they saw him.

Off they went to the King's house, and the King looked at Peterkin, and thought that he had never seen such fine clothes. Did they want service? Well, the oldest brother might tend the pigs; the second might look after the cows. As for Peterkin, he was so spruce and neat he might stay in the house and open the door when folks knocked: that is what his fine clothes did for him.

So Peterkin had the soft feathers in that nest.

Well, one day who should come to the King but the two elder brothers. There was a giant over yonder, they said, who had a gray goose that laid a golden egg every day of her life. Now Peterkin had said that he could get the gray goose whenever the King wanted it. This tickled the King's ears; so off he sent for Peterkin, and Peterkin came.

Hui! how Peterkin opened his eyes when he heard what the King wanted. But it was of no use for him to talk; the King wanted the gray goose, and Peterkin would have to get it. If he brought the gray goose, he should have two bags of gold money; if he did not bring it, he should have a good whipping.

"Perhaps," said Peterkin to himself, "the little gray hare can help me." So he blew a turn or two on his fingers, and the little gray hare came hopping and skipping up to him.

See! the King wanted him to get a gray goose, and Peterkin knew no more about it than a red herring.

Oh, well, just let Peterkin go to the King and ask for three barrels of soft pitch, a bag of barleycorn, and a pot of good tallow, and then they would see what could be done.

Well, the King let him have all that he wanted, and then the little gray hare took Peterkin and the three barrels of soft pitch and the bag of barleycorn and the pot of good tallow on its back, and off it went.

After a while they came to a river, and then the little gray hare said, "Brother Pike, Brother Pike, here are folks would like to cross the wide river."

Then up came a river pike, and on his back he took Peterkin and the little gray hare and the three barrels of pitch and the sack of barleycorn and the pot of good tallow, and away he went till he had brought them from this side to that.



Then Peterkin took the barrels of soft pitch and made a wide pathway of it. After that he smeared his feet all over with the tallow, so that he stuck to the soft pitch no more than water sticks to a cabbage leaf. When he had done this he shouldered his bag of barley-corn and went up to the giant's castle. He hunted around until he had found where the gray goose was; then he scattered the barley-corn all about, and when the gray goose saw that, it came and began to eat the grains as fast as it could gobble. But Peterkin did not give it much time for this, for he caught it up and off he went as fast as he could scamper. Then the gray goose flapped its wings and began squalling: "Master! master! Here I am! here I am! It is Peterkin who has me!"

Out ran the giant with his great iron club, and after Peterkin he came as fast as he could lay foot to the ground. But Peterkin ran over the pitch road as easily as though it were made of good stones, because his boots were smeared with tallow. As for the giant, he stuck to it as a fly sticks to butter.

Then the hare took Peterkin up on its back, and when it had come to the river the pike took them on its back, and away they went till they came to the other side.

So the King got the gray goose, and was as glad as could be. And Peterkin got the bags of gold, and was glad also. And now it was Peterkin here and Peterkin there, till Peterkin's brothers were as sour as bad beer over the matter.

So one day they came to the King and said that the giant had a silver bell, and every time that the bell was rung a good

dinner was spread ready for the eating. Now Peterkin was saying that he could get that bell for the King just as easily as he had gotten the gray goose. At this the King sent for Peterkin to come to him, and Peterkin came.

See, now, the King would like Peterkin to get that bell for him, for he wanted it.

Peterkin talked, and talked, and talked; he had never said anything of the kind. But it was no use; he only wasted his breath: the King wanted the silver bell, and the King must have it. If Peterkin brought it, he should have half of the kingdom to rule over; if he did not bring it, he should have his ears clipped, so there was an end of that talk.

Off Peterkin went and blew on his fingers, and up came the little gray hare.

"Well," said the little gray hare, "and what is the trouble with us now?"

Why, the King was wanting a little silver bell over at the giant's house, and he had to go and get it for him; that was the trouble with Peterkin.

Well, all that was wanted was a little wad of tow, and that was not much. So Peterkin got the wad of tow, and then he sat him on the little gray hare's back, and away they went till the wind whistled behind his ears. When they came to the river, the little gray hare called on the pike, and up it came and carried them over as it had done before. By-and-by they came to the giant's house, and this time the giant was away from home.

Peterkin climbed into the window and hunted till he had found the little silver bell. He wrapped the tow







around the clapper, and away he scampered to the little gray hare. He mounted on its back, and off they went till the wind whistled behind his ears.

Dear! dear! but the King was glad to get the silver bell; for to Peterkin, he was a great man now, for he ruled over half of the kingdom.

But now the two elder brothers were less pleased than ever before; and the upshot of the matter was that they went to the King for the third time. Peterkin had been bragging and talking again. This time he had said that the giant over yonder had a sword of such a kind that it gave more light in the dark than fourteen candles, and that he could get the sword as easily as he had gotten the gray goose and the little silver bell.

After that nothing would satisfy the King but for Peterkin to go and get that same sword. If he could bring it to him, he might have the Princess for his wife; if he came back empty-handed, he should have a good thong of skin cut off of his back from top to bottom. That was what the King said.

So there was nothing for it but for Peterkin to whistle on his fingers for the little gray hare once more.

This time Peterkin must borrow one of the Princess's dresses and her golden comb. So Peterkin went to the King and said that he must have the dress and the comb, and the King let him have them. Then he mounted on the little gray hare, and—whisk!—away they went as fast as before.

Well, they crossed the river, and came to the giant's house once more. There Peterkin dressed himself in the Princess's dress, and combed his hair with her golden comb. And as he combed his hair it grew longer and longer, and the end of the matter was that he looked for all the world like as fine and strapping a lass as ever you saw. Then he went up to the giant's house and knocked at the door. The giant was in this time, and he came and opened the door himself.

Perhaps the pretty lass would come in and sit down for a bit, he said.

Oh yes; that suited Peterkin. So in he came, and then he and the giant sat down to supper together. After they had eaten as much as they could, the giant laid his head in Peterkin's lap, and Peterkin combed his hair until he fell fast asleep. Then Peterkin rose up softly and took down the sword of light from the wall. After that he went out on tiptoes, and mounted the little gray hare, and away they went till the chips flew behind them.

By-and-by the giant opened his eyes, and saw that Peterkin was gone, and what was more, his sword of light was gone also. Then what a rage he was in! Off he went after Peterkin and the little gray hare, seven miles at a step. But he was just a little too late, though there was no room to spare between Peterkin and him.

"Is that you, Peterkin?" said he.

"Yes, it is I," said Peterkin.

"And have you stolen my sword of light and my little silver bell and my gray goose?" said the giant.

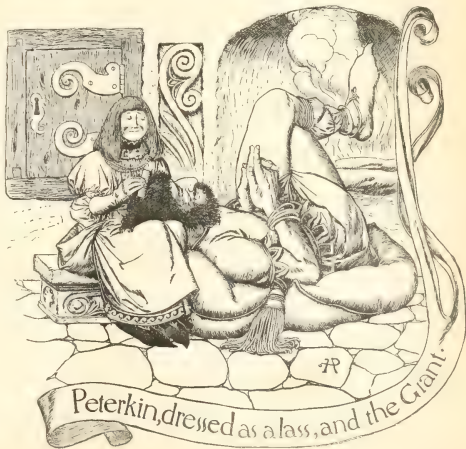
Yes, Peterkin had done that.

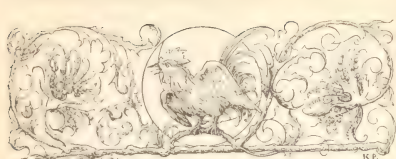
"And what would you do if you were me and I were you?" said the giant.

"I would drink the river dry, and follow after," said Peterkin.

"That is good," said the giant. So he laid himself down and drank, and drank, and drank until he drank so much that he burst with a great noise, and there was an end of him.

The King was so pleased with the sword of light that it seemed as though he could not look at it and talk about it enough. As for Peterkin, he got the Princess for his wife, and that pleased him also, you may be sure. The Princess was pleased too, for Peterkin was a good smart tight bit of a lad, and that is what the girls like. So it was that everybody was pleased except the two elder brothers, who looked as sour as green gooseberries. But now Peterkin was an apple that hung too high for them to reach, and so they had to let him alone.





## Two O'clock.

The Black Cock crowed;  
The Moon was bright;  
The Red Cock answered  
Through the night.

Big Gretchen, sleeping,  
Turned in bed,  
And tossed her arms  
Above her head.

The old Hound stretched,  
And breathing deep,  
He settled down  
Again to sleep.

### OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

PORT SEANING, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am boy ten years old. I live on a "dairy ranch," three miles from the fort and thirty-five miles from the Indian agency of the Mes, Apache Indians. We sometimes see some of them when they go to the fort or come here to sell baskets made of "soap-weed" or pines. There are four or five companies of soldiers at the fort, and they occasionally go out on an expedition if the Indians are restless and troublesome. Only the cavalry go out; the infantry stay at the fort. It is a pretty place, about one hundred miles from the railroad, but we have a daily mail, and there is a telegraph line, so we do not feel so far away, though it is a long stage ride. I have an Indian pony, on which I ride after our cows, taking my dog with me, and we have fine fun. Sometimes I see coyotes or other animals. I have no neighbor boys (there are some at the fort), but two sisters and a brother keep company; one sister and the brother are twins, four years old. I used to live in Denver, Colorado. I get HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in our Sunday mail. WINNIE F. C.

PORTSMOUTH, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We are two little girls eleven years old. We go to school together, and are great friends. We live near the Giant's Causeway, and have been there a great many times. A great number of people come to Portrush in the summer, but it is very dull in the winter. There are some islands lying about three miles from the land, which are called the Skerries and are the highest of the Hebrides of Scotland and Donegal Mountains. A steamer was wrecked on the two which are sand-banks near the mountains. One day in the summer, at ten o'clock, we drove through the glens of Antrim to Cushendall, where we had lunch, and when we had finished we again proceeded on our journey to Carnlogh, where we had tea at a hotel. We then went up to see Garrontower, which is a beautiful place and was built by Lord Londonderry. After we had looked through a few of the rooms we started for home, and arrived at half past nine. We had a very pleasant drive. KATIE D. and MAGGIE S.

FLATBUSH, ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK.

I am eight years old. I attend both day and Sunday school in the summer; I study reading,

off, and saw them break these fields into smaller canals. Then the men push them to a man near the elevator, called the feeder; then the cakes are carried up by the elevators into the different rooms, where the men store it. Uncle Frank, one of the State Senators, sends me this paper, and I like it very much; I can hardly wait from one week until the next. This is the third year my uncle has taken it for me. My sister reads *St. Nicholas*.

SADIE F. H.

St. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.

I am a little boy nine years old. I go to school, and study reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, language, and spelling. My sister is writing this letter for me, as I do not write very well. I had this paper as one of my presents, and my sister took it last year. I hope my letter will be printed, as I never wrote to you before. Although I am so young, I have never written two years, as I do not see very well without them. A good many people call me Professor. Don't you get tired of getting so many letters?

Not at all; especially when they are written so legibly as yours, little Professor.

CLAREMONT, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

I send you a valentine, and I hope you will put my letter in the box. I have such a kind goodness, she never scolds me except when I am a naughty girl. I am doing this letter all by myself. I am seven years old, and I shall be glad if any of the little girls will write to me. My auntie likes the letters in your paper to me, and she has short tales, that I like very much. With much love from LAURA.

I am sure your goodness very seldom scolds you. Thank you for the valentine. I am a girl who wishes to write to Laura, so may I send her letter, with a five-cent stamp upon it, enclosed in one to the Postmistress, which will complete the address and forward it.

FLATBUSH, ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My little brother has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me a year, and now he has had the first volume bound, and is very proud of it. Should you ever come to Sheffield, I do not think you would be very charmed with the town. We have very nice buildings, and not many places of public amusement. The

parish church is a fine old place, but it has been so many times restored that not very much of the older part remains. The executioner of Charles I. is supposed to be buried here. We have also the prison where Mary Queen of Scots was confined during part of her imprisonment, and a great part of the town is built on what used to be the park in her time. Ruskin's celebrated museum is just out of Sheffield, and to get there is a very nice walk. Do not you think it would be very nice if we had a reading club, so that every member might have to read an instructive book for a given time every day?

R. M. G. W.

To read a little in some instructive book every day would be a good exercise for you all, and I think might be managed without a club, which would be rather too large if composed of all the correspondents and their friends.

MATTON, BRIDGE, DORSETSHIRE, ENGLAND.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. My brother takes it, and he lets me read it. I have a little baby sister, who was born on the 5th of November. I have a little kitten, and my brother has a rabbit. My eldest sister teaches me, and she is very good at geography, arithmetic, and French, etc. I am nine years old. One of my sisters and a brother are writing to you. I have three sisters and two brothers. I would like to see my mother and father, but only just begun to take it this Christmas, but on Christmas my brother had last year's volume, bound. BETTY C.

LA FEMME, DUVAL, DEPT. ARIENNE, FRANCE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a boy eleven and a half years old. I study my lessons at home, but perhaps I shall go to school next summer. My home is in London, but we were away nearly two years. I hope you will print my letter, as it is the first I have written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much, and I have only just begun to take it this Christmas, but on Christmas my brother had last year's volume, bound. BETTY C.

### BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Slowly and softly the snow came down,  
The beautiful, beautiful snow,  
To wrap the earth in a pure white gown,  
Came the beautiful, beautiful snow.  
Faster and thicker, like an angel it came,  
Wrapt in the purest of white;  
Silent and gentle, like a dream from stain—  
Oh, 'twas a charming sight!  
Still faster, still thicker, more lovely to me,  
Came the beautiful, beautiful snow,  
'Till the scene was one charming to see,  
Made by the beautiful snow.  
Then thicker and faster still it came,  
'Till it gently slackened its race;  
Then finally stopped—to gain  
Breath, as if running a race.  
Then the earth lay robed in her whiteness—  
The whiteness of beautiful snow—  
And the sun and moon in brightness,  
To gleam on the beautiful snow.  
Emblem of purity, stainless and white,  
Oh that my heart were but so!  
Spotless from sin, from wickedness' stain,  
Like the beautiful, beautiful snow!

ETHEL HARRIS.

### A LITTLE RUNAWAY.

"Yes, I must go away, because papa and mamma are too poor to keep me. Of course they must not know till after I am gone, and then of course they will miss me. If they knew I was gone, they would let me stay. Oh, how I wish such fun to run away, as Uncle Frank did! I must go away before mamma gets up." Flora Graham was ten years old, and I lived a few miles from the village of T— It was between four and five in the morning when Flora woke up and was thinking this. So she sprang out of bed and dressed as quickly as possible, got her little basket, and started off like "Uncle Frank," of whom she had heard. Flora ran on and on until she came to the village and then she was very hungry, and began to think about mamma's nice breakfast, when a lady said:

"Here, little girl, take this message down to that house on the corner, please, and I will pay you."

"Yes, ma'am," cried Flora. The lady gave her a silver piece for doing the errand, and this filled her basket with bread and fruit. Then she thought, "Oh, if mamma and papa could only know I was gone again." So she turned her steps, as she thought, homeward, and travelled on and on till the afternoon; then she sat down. "Oh, how I wish to go home," she thought. "I'll just keep on till I get home, that's what I will do." So she started on once more. Presently she saw a gentleman com-

"Oh, how late it is! What shall I do?" Then she cried, bravely, "I'll just keep on till I get home, that's what I will do." So she started on once more. Presently she saw a gentleman com-

ing toward her. He laid his hand kindly on her shoulder, and said:

"My little girl, what is the matter, and what is your name?"

Flora looked up, and said, "I am lost, and my name is Flora Graham."

There is no room for the remainder of Edith's pretty little story, which concluded very happily in her finding her uncle, and his caring for her, buying her a pretty doll, and taking her safely home.

All the same, she was a naughty girl, and deserved to be punished for running away, and making her poor mother anxious.

ROCKING, TORQUAY, ENGLAND.

In reading a book about birds I came across an anecdote which interested me very much, and I thought perhaps it might please the readers of Our Post-office Box.

On the Cheshire side of the mouth of the river Deurne a ridge of three small rocky islands, and at the southern extremity, at a somewhat greater distance, forming the termination of the ridge, stands a little island called the "Old Man." The passage between these rocks and the mainland is extremely dry. At this time it is therefore a resort of duck-shooters who cared to take more than a single shot. They took possession of a sort of excavated bowl, where, under cover of a few stones piled together, they waited until high tide, when, if they were fortunate, a floating flock of sea-fowl might drift within reach of a shot. On one of the expeditions a duck-shooter met with a perilous adventure. Mounted on his hand patters, he was traversing one of the numerous ooze plains, and being intent only on his game, suddenly found the water rising with the tide. His retreat was cut off; he was surrounded with the flowing sea, and death stared him in the face. In this desperate situation an idea struck him which might be the means of his preservation. He observed that a small portion of the mud desert was higher than the rest, and hastening toward it, he fixed the stock of his long gun into the ooze, resolving to hold fast by it as a prop to secure himself against the buffeting of the waves, which had already reached his feet, hoping that even if he could not endure the cold and the immersion, his body would be kept afloat by those of his friends who might venture out to seek him; for the tide, he had reason to suppose, would only reach his waist. Unfortunately he had not taken into account the state of the ooze, which not only brought the waters up more rapidly than usual, but also added to their height. After having first felt the cold and chilly water rise to his knees, he next found it covering his feet, then bathing him knee-deep, then advancing beyond his waist, he was horror-struck at finding that, instead of receding, it stood upright around him and reached his shoulders. The spray burst over his head. On another minute's rise or fall of the tide his life depended. In this awful moment of suspense, on looking downward, he thought he saw the uppermost button of his waistcoat beginning to appear. At length hopes gave rise to certainty, and after another minute's waiting the height of the tide was over, and now on the ebb. This welcome promise cheered his drooping spirits, though chilled with cold and almost fainting, and acting like a cordial, enabled him to endure the remaining hours of his fearful imprisonment.

SHARROW, SHREFFORD, ENGLAND.

I am ten years old, and go to school, and I study history, grammar, scripture, geography, arithmetic, writing, and drawing. I have four sisters and two brothers. We keep two mice (their names are Gonsky and Downy), and two cats (two cats (the latter are named Sandy and Spink)).

PAUL E. W.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. As I am in bed with rheumatism, and it is a very bad wet day, I thought I would write to you. I think the new serial story, "Jo's Opportunity," is lovely, and I only wish that it came out oftener than once a week. I can hardly wait till Wednesday evening for this lovely paper to come home. I want to know so much what Jo is going to do, and I am so sorry for her. I hope it will arrive very soon. I am very fond of reading. My favorite books are *A Little Country Girl*, by Susan Cookes, *The Gypsy Breyton Books*, by Phelps and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by Mrs. Stowe. I have two bound volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am never tired of reading them.

MARGARETTA W. H.

In reading over the letters in this delightful paper, I see some of the little house-keepers want a *real good* receipt for molasses candy. As I have one which is much liked, I will send it to you. If the Little House-keepers try it, will they please write and tell me how they succeed? I will watch in the Post-office Box for their letters. I would much like to know the dear Postmistress, for I think she must be lovely, she

writes such sweet things in the Post-office Box to her readers. I hope she will accept much love from me.

RECIPE FOR MOLASSES CANDY.—Three cups of molasses, one and three-quarter tablespoonsful of vinegar, eight lumps of sugar, and butter three-quarters the size of an egg. As it begins to boil, if the sugar does not melt, push it down with a spoon. This, if hard when dropped in cold water, is to be discarded. If possible, before it comes really cold. Then pull it out into a long string, and cut into little pieces. *Do not twist* while pulling, or too soon becomes hard and brittle.

Yours devotedly,  
FANSY.

The Postmistress returns your affectionate greeting most cordially.

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I send a copy of a letter which a Chinaman wrote us, and which, will, I think, interest some of the little people who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Tom is a poor man who earns his living by washing. He washed for us three years, and in that time I learned to take good care of him and to respect him. A little more than a year ago he went home to China for a visit. We sent him a letter while there by another Chinaman who was going to the same place. He tried to answer it in Hong Kong, but he had no pens, and found it very hard to make the letters with a camel's-hair pencil, which is what the Chinese use in forming their characters; but when he got to San Francisco he wrote as usual. The handwriting is beautiful, but the spelling is sometimes a little peculiar. All the mistakes are in words which he could not see. One hour, Sunday nights, when a kind lady taught him and some other Chinamen. I wonder how many of our little readers would do so well as Tom if they had but one hour of school in a week, and even that not regularly.

JULIA A. S.

Here is Tom's letter:

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, January 10, 1886.

Mrs. Mrs. S. and Mr. M. I would like to write a letter to you, and tell you all about it, since I went back to China, but I am not study long, not spell and write very well, how can I do it, but I try best I can. I received your letter, and I saw it in the Hong Kong, he give it to me. I am read the letter very well and very glad to hear from you. On your letter I did not write, but I will write a few words, and two China letter on envelope, do you get it. I am very sorry Mrs. S. she name not well, but I hope she be back to some Hot Spring, she arms and leg all well. God will bless her, for she was very kind. I not able to write in any more. I will close no this time, if you get this letter I hope you will answer. Wish you happy new year and well. Good-by.

Your friend,  
TOM.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

I live in Edinburgh, but we spent this winter in Bournemouth. In the south of England we have a little black terrier dog called Ben, which I love very much. I hope my letter will be printed, as I have never written to you before. Good-by.

C. H. L.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have just begun to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I enjoy "Jo's Opportunity" immensely, but it sometimes stops in the most exciting places, and you can hardly wait for the next number. Last night, at about eleven, I woke up with a start, and a strange feeling came over me; then I could hear my little brother crying in the next room. I jumped up and ran in there to see what was the matter, and found his head was under the pillow. When I pulled him out and asked him what was the matter, he said burglars had tried to get in the room, and were scratching at the door. As soon as I went in the hall I felt something jump on me. Of course I thought I was going to be killed, and gave a yell. Then out came my brother Gulon he is fifteen, and just the age to think he can do anything, and running into my little brother's room, he found it was only our dog Prince, who wished to get in, and had scratched at the door. I fear I shall nevermore have peace, for Gulon is so afraid of the dog, that "Poor little Gulon" was she frightened?" I tell him, "I fancy you would have been frightened if you had gone out in the dark hall and felt Prince come against you with all his claws." I am sure.

GLADYS C. (13 years old).

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

REBUSING.

1. Behead spotted, and leave a fruit. 2. Behead lion, and leave a liquid. 3. Behead a tree, and leave to exist. 4. Behead a circular motion, and leave a useful instrument; again, and leave a

preposition. 5. Behead hearty, and leave a strong liquor. 6. Behead a precious stone, and leave a door.

KATIE WARD.

No. 2

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. Relating to birth. 4. A sailor. 5. A letter. 6. A verb. 7. In rose. 8. A witch. 9. To involve. 4. A jewel. 5. In love. MATT MERRY.

No. 3.

SQUARE.

1. The spleen. 2. Notion. 3. A character in Shakespeare. 4. A weed. MATT MERRY.

No. 4.

ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in snow, but not in flake. My second is in choose, but not in take. My third is in hold, but not in keep. My fourth is in scold, but not in sleep. My fifth is in orange, but not in date. My sixth is in Lillie, but not in Kate. My whole is a place that had children hate.

2.—In slum, but not in play.

In fan, not in floor.

In plant, not in grow.

In urn, not in dish.

In bud, not in flower.

In paper, not in book.

My whole is a river of Europe.

KATIE SMITH.

No. 5.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 8 letters, and am a city in Japan. My 2, 5, 7, 8, to make request. My 1, 4, 3 is a horse. My 6, 5, 1, 3 is to utter musical sounds. My 6, 1 is an article. HELENE W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 331.

No. 1. M C A T  
N T I E  
T E  
No. 2. A I R C A T S S L E D  
A L D E A R E A L A M E  
I D E A T E A R E M A  
R E A D S A R K L E A D

No. 3.—Two little kittens, one stormy night. Began to quarrel, and then to fight; One had a mouse and the other had none, And that was the way the quarrel begun.

The answers to enigmas on page 334. No. 333, are: 1. Lettre A. Without me Paris would be taken. 2. Oiseau. 3. Monster. 4. Rien. 5. Page. 6. The letter R.

ANSWER TO TAG PUZZLE.



Pull the yellow ribbon until the loop of the blue one has followed it through the hole in the tag, and then detach the yellow ribbon.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Francis Maudslayi, Katie Thorne, Cockade City, Mamie Klotz, Fred Demmick, Helen W. Gardner, Dimple Dodd, Nocturna, Lillie G. Law, Winifred Livingston, O. Montgomery, Flora and Hattie, Lina Beach, Michael Pinner, Fred W. Demmick, Ethel Betts, Maud Miller, Hamilton E. Fala, Rose M. Benson, L. L. Hamilton, May Harper, Gerrie Littlejohn, Theodore Rice, Phil Rawson, Jennie Fox, Jerome Pentrice, Lulu Bates, and Annie and Aggie.





## MAMMA'S SPECS.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

**T**RY my glasses, Baby, would you,  
While the morning bath yet lingers?  
You could see me better, could you?  
Break the cord, you mischief, would you,  
Pulling with impatient fingers?

There! your bonny brow up-  
turning.

On the daintiest of noses  
Put them. What a look of  
learning!

For that dimpled face upturning  
Its cherubic smiles and roses!

Peep with starry glances through  
them,

Laugh and kick and crow  
with pleasure.

Do you take so kindly to them?  
Looks the sunshine brighter  
through them?

Am I fairer, too, my treasure?

Ah! you think it most amusing,  
Wearing glasses; don't you,  
Baby?

When their aid there's no re-  
fusing,

Then, my pet, this game, amus-  
ing,

Will not be so funny, maybe.

## PUZZLES FROM PARIS.

**L**AST week we amused our-  
selves with some French  
enigmas. This time we will  
try charades. I wonder who  
can tell just what the distinc-  
tion is? An enigma is a word  
puzzle the answer to which is  
contained in a single word or  
thought; a charade is a word  
puzzle in which each syllable  
contains an enigma. This seems  
much more difficult when we  
think of the foreign language  
in which we are working. Yet  
I fancy many wise little heads  
will guess the following char-  
ades with very little trouble.

## CHARADES.

Whoever can make a nice  
salad will guess this:

(1.) Quand mon premier est mon  
dernier.  
Il a le goût de mon entier.

What patriotic symbol is this?

(2.) Mon premier sert à vêtir;  
Mon dernier à vous rafraîchir;  
Mon tout souvent conduit à la victoire  
Celui qui suit le chemin de la gloire.

Of this let boys who want to go to sea beware:

(3.) On a vu mon premier flanquer des citadelles;  
Mon dernier est un bon gîteau;  
Sur mer les vents du nord au pilote rebelles  
Font souvent mon entier.

Whoever loves pet birds will guess this:

(4.) Mon second est deux fois en terre;  
Mon premier est un bon gîteau;  
Mon troisième est dans la rivière;  
Et mon tout est un tendre oiseau.

Here is a lesson for some great statesman of the future:

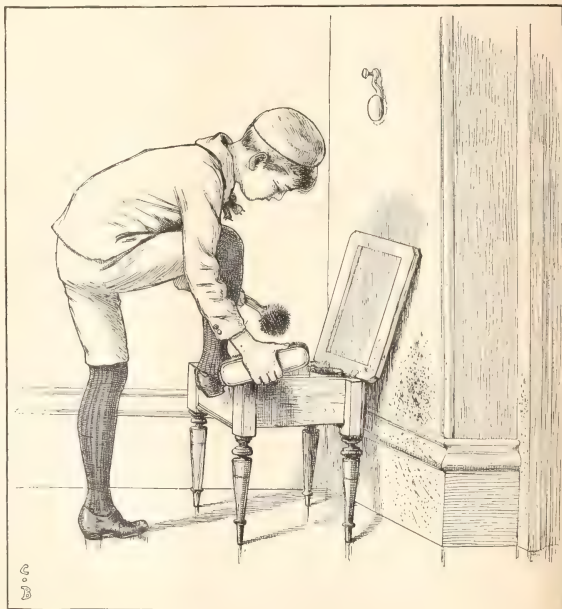
(5.) Il est rare qu'en politique  
De sincérité l'on se pique.  
Souvent aussi dans mon entier  
L'orateur qui fait mon premier  
En même temps fait mon dernier.

One of our future major-generals will guess this:

(6.) Mon entier pour le militaire  
Est un effet d'équipement;  
On voit dans mon premier  
Plus d'un vaisseau de guerre;  
Dans mon second la femme serre  
Son mouchoir et son argent.

Here is an opportunity for some wise mathematical head who  
shall bring all nations to use the same weights and measures:

(7.) Avant qu'on fit en France l'invention  
Du système décimal  
Le fruitier mesurait le charbon  
Au moyen de mon total;  
Le stère du nouveau système  
Mesure aujourd'hui mon premier,  
Et le décimètre lui même  
Doit remplacer mon dernier.



YOU CAN'T TELL HIM ANYTHING.

"Always use plenty of water, or the blacking won't stick."



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"SEESAW!—MARGERY 'DAW!"

## THAT DISREPUTABLE CAT.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

NOBODY knew where he came from, and certainly nobody invited him to come. He walked into the dining-room one summer evening through the open window, and flapping one mangled ear, or rather the fragment of an ear, which remained a silent witness of many a hard-fought battle, he surveyed the family calmly, and, curling up on the sofa, went to sleep.

"Look at that disreputable cat!" exclaimed mother, and the entire family joined in a chorus of "Scat!" But he did not "scat"; he simply opened his remaining eye, winked good-naturedly, and went to sleep again. His impudence was so cool, so determined, that we were speechless, and he was allowed to remain until we had finished dinner, when father said to Tom: "Take that disreputable cat out into the back yard and give him something to eat and let him go."

But the disreputable cat had no idea of going. He had come to stay. When the servant opened the door in the morning, he walked calmly in and took up his place on the sofa, where we found him when we assembled at the breakfast table. As the various members of the family entered the room, his catship was treated to a shower of "scats" and exclamations which would have disconcerted a less self-possessed cat. But it had not the slightest effect upon him; he simply yawned, winked blandly with his single eye, and went to sleep again. The fact that he was unwelcome, or that his general appearance was not such as to warrant an enthusiastic reception into a respectable family circle, never seemed to strike him, or, if it did, he did not mind. He hung around the house for a day or two, until one morning mother gazed at him, asleep on the sofa, and exclaimed, in despair:

"What are we going to do with that disreputable cat?"

"What is he going to do with us; you'd better say," replied father, sarcastically. "He's taken possession."

"But he looks so much like a tramp," objected mother, faintly.

"He does look like a hard case," replied father, laughing. And there the subject was dropped.

The cat had won by his impudence; and from that day he was recognized as a humble member of the family. We tried to christen him, and called him Tom until our own Tom objected, then it was Mose and Rough and Tramp and half a dozen other appropriate names, all of which he accepted with the same easy philosophy which distinguished all his actions.

But, after all, we found it easier to refer to him as "that disreputable cat"—a title which he recognized by blinking his lone eye and pricking up the fragment of ear in a most ridiculous fashion. He grew fat and healthy, but no amount of prosperity, of good dinners, and comfortable naps could restore his lost eye or ragged ear; he only looked more like a tramp. He never seemed to have any desire to be petted, though he endured stroking from members of the family, blinking in a half-contemptuous way at any evidence of kindness on our part. He slept most of the time; in fact, I never saw a cat which spent so much of its life in dreamy repose.

He would dream too, and often surprised the family by suddenly starting up from the sofa with most unearthly howls, and then calmly turning over to sleep again. Prosperity, however, developed two annoying traits of character in "that disreputable cat." One was a most decided objection to being put out in the yard at night (and he would quietly sneak off and hide in the most unheard-of places when bed-time came); the other was a most intense hatred of any one outside of our own family. When visitors came, he would arch his back, fluff out his tail, and spit and growl at them, and several times it was with the greatest difficulty that he was restrained from flying at them.

Beggars were his especial aversion, or, in fact, any one who did not come up to his standard of elegance of attire. This trait was sometimes funny, but oftener annoying, and we daily debated plans for getting rid of him.

Finally, one afternoon when we could stand it no longer, Tom and I bundled him into a basket, took him far out beyond the Park, and let him loose. He gave us one reproachful look from his single eye as he jumped from the basket, and sped across the fields, and we returned home feeling triumphant, but somewhat guilty.

As we went in to dinner the cook said, "Master Tom, I thought you tuck that cat away this afternoon?"

"We did," replied Tom, shortly.

"Well, I think it was about an hour before you got home that I saw him shoot in through the back door and up the stairs."

A search was made. No sign of the cat was found, and it was decided that cook must be mistaken.

That night, about twelve o'clock, a slight noise was heard upstairs, followed by a most unearthly yowling, mingled with muttered oaths. Father, Tom, and I appeared in the hall at the same moment, and saw a man dashing down-stairs, about six steps at a time, with "that disreputable cat" clinging tightly to his shoulders, scratching and spitting and growling with all his strength. He was nearly at the bottom, when he gave a yell of pain and fell. We ran down, secured him, called for the police, and had him taken to the station-house. The next day, in court, he explained how he had effected his entrance through the scuttle, and was softly descending the attic stairs, when something suddenly landed on his shoulders with a horrible yell, and began to make vicious scratches at his eyes. He was trying to escape, when we caught him. The cat had bitten through his ear, and the pain caused him to stumble and fall.

That night the "disreputable cat" was asleep, as usual, on the sofa in the dining-room, and took all our expressions of gratitude with his old philosophical indifference. From that time, however, no thought of getting rid of him was ever expressed. He is getting older and fatter and lazier now, but not a bit more respectable in appearance. Despite a good home and all the comforts the most luxurious cat could desire, he preserves his tramp-like appearance and air of cool impudence. He will never be anything but "that disreputable cat."

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLY HOCSE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

EVERY eye was fixed upon the girl as she stood there, with that mute appeal in her gaze, which, however, no one understood as coming from her fear that she would not be believed; but only Faith's eyes met hers with recognition.

The questioning began. What was her name?

Jo faltered an instant, but said, in a low, clear voice, "Josephine Mary Brooke."

"How old?"

"Sixteen last month, sir; born in Bayberry. Father was in the United States navy; both parents dead" (in answer to questions).

She was to state, if she pleased, her knowledge of the events of the 30th of May, 187—.

The color flamed into Jo's face for an instant, deep as the very heart of a damask rose, and as quickly faded.

leaving the girl whiter than before; but her voice, low as it was, faltering sometimes, and with that suppressed note of a sob in it once or twice, went on, reaching every listener: her eyes gradually drifting—as they all remembered later—for the most part away from Faith, away from the audience, judge, and jury, toward the open window, beyond which was a stretch of the lovely country and the line of the shining summer sea.

"Miss Emerson knows, I think, sir," Jo said, looking for a moment at the lawyer who had questioned her, "that I went to her school a long time, and she was very good to me, and I was sick once for five weeks, I think, at her house. So I knew all the ways of the house; that is, where her rooms were, you know."

"I was up there one day—it must have been that 30th of May you were talking about, sir—and I was with Miss Faith in a little hall where she had shelves for different things. I had been helping her put labels on some jars. We were talking, and I remember—for a second Jo's glance sought Faith's, resting there while she smiled faintly—"she said I was very small for my age. I was working at the window-sash at the time, and I said it seemed very loose."

"Did any one interrupt your conversation?"

Mr. Hogenecamp put this question.

"Yes, sir; Mary, the cook, came and talked about the dinner party. I don't remember much more of that day, except that we put flowers in the dining-room, and I saw Miss Faith dressed for the party."

Jo paused, with a slight quiver of her lip.

"At what hour do you think you left the house?"

The lawyer put the question very gently.

"It was about six o'clock, I think, sir, for I know I met some of the mill-hands going home. I met George Moxon."

The very mention of the name sent a thrill through the whole court-room.

"I met him at the corner of the bridge."

"How did he seem?"

"He was in a bad temper, I thought. He stopped me and asked me if I knew where Sandy Martin or his father were. I said I didn't. I remember his saying he'd find Sandy before night. I was in a hurry, and I went right on. Shall I tell you, please, just as I did Mr. Burton?"

"Go right on; tell all that you remember from that point until the next morning."

Jo steadied herself, putting one hand on the railing before her, and then went on.

"When I got home I glanced in the window, and saw three men at the table talking. My grandfather was in his own chair by the fire. I knew the men; they were Ryerson and Tucker and Job Martin. I knew they couldn't mean any good. I can't remember just what I heard them say; it was something about 'to-night being the best for the game.' I slipped around to the back of the house until they went away, and then I went in, and asked grandfather what he let them come there for. He put me off, but said something about Miss Emerson having fine jewelry and silver and such like, and somehow it frightened me. I felt almost sure harm was meant. I was upstairs in my room all the evening. I heard the men come back, and they talked a great deal, and I heard them ask if grandfather thought I'd 'help the job along,' and he said no—he knew I wouldn't. Then he said he'd go upstairs and see if I was asleep. I got in under the clothes, for I was afraid if he found me up something dreadful would happen. He came to the door and looked in. I kept my eyes shut, and—and prayed he wouldn't catch me or beat me. He went down, after looking in for a minute; and then, I don't know how it was, I turned sick and faint, like I used to get up at Miss Emerson's. Seemed as if I must have fallen asleep or something."

"When I did rouse up it was a great deal later. The

men had gone and come back again. I knew they meant mischief for Miss Emerson, for I'd heard words about the party going on there. I watched out of the window in my room, and when I saw them all stealing out of the house I slipped down and out of the door, and I crept after them."

Jo paused again. It seemed to her as though she was once more speeding along in the darkness of that long-ago summer's night; once more trembling as she shrunk into a doorway, or watched the three figures stealthily walking on ahead of her.

"They went up the old beach road," Jo continued, "and I followed as near as I dared. Just before they reached the corner where the road goes down the cliff, one of the men stood still. It was Job Martin. I was afraid he was going to turn back, but he only stood still while the others went slowly on. I hung back, afraid of Job's seeing me. Then I saw he was waiting for some one. It was a bright night, and where I stood I could see everything plainly. I saw George Moxon and Sandy Martin come up the cliff together."

The silence in the court-room was such that the sound of Jo's voice seemed to grow more and more distinct. The sunshine outside and the distant echoes from the street, the shadows flickering from a maple-tree near the window at one end of the room, all seemed fixed afterward upon Faith's mind as belonging to just that moment; and when she thought of it there seemed to her something solemn in the face and figure of the girl who was making this anxious silence; for all of Jo's heart and soul seemed to come into her voice and eyes as she went on, only striving to make her story believed and to save Sandy's life.

"Sandy spoke to his father. I could not hear all that he said, but he spoke of some yacht, and Job answered, angrily, I think, he hadn't anything to do with it. I distinctly heard Moxon say, 'You're bent on other game,' and Job seemed to draw him one side to whisper. They went down the cliff together."

"And Sandy Martin?"

"Sandy stood still a moment, and then joined the others. I knew, from what I heard them say later, that Job had told him to tell them to wait at the cross-roads for him."

"Did they wait?"

"I think they may have waited two minutes—not more."

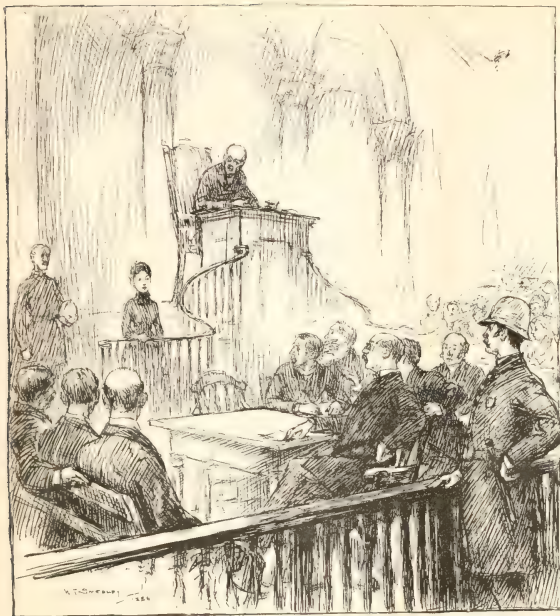
"Did anything happen?"

"I thought I heard low voices below the cliff, and I ran on a little way. I thought I could get around by the side road ahead of the men and alarm the house, but as I was turning off, my foot caught in something, and I fell. The men saw me. It took about a minute for me to get up again, and—I don't know how it came into my head, but I thought all of a sudden of a plan."

Jo looked at Faith, and quickly away again.

"I remembered the loose window in the hall. I tried to speak in the roughest way, like they were used to with me, and I said I could help 'em into the house a better way than they had thought of."

Any one watching the prisoner's face would have seen, by the way it lighted from time to time, that his memory confirmed every statement Jo made; but the eyes of the two rarely met. Jo went on, a little hurriedly: "I thought if I got into the house, you see, any sort of way, I could rush and alarm every one at once; so I went on, and kept pretending to be friendly. I was friendly even to Sandy." The color came and went again in Jo's white cheeks. "Every one knew how I fought with him; we were never good friends; every one in the Row knew that. I told them of the window, and I said if they'd help me in I could unfasten the side door. I remember I laughed, and said it was a good thing after all I was so little of my age. We were near the orchard gate then, and once in a while



"EVERY EYE WAS FIXED UPON THE GIRL AS SHE STOOD THERE."

Sandy spoke to me or I to him. Once, I know, he said it was a mean job, and he wouldn't have anything to do with it, if he was me. I remember what he said particularly," continued Jo, looking intently at Mr. Hogencamp's anxious, kindly face, "because it made me feel so horrible even to seem to be doing anything mean or to hurt her. I said to Sandy, why didn't he give it up, and he said he would only be was afraid of his father. I remember he said he had tried to get off, but he daren't show his face to his father if he did; but he declared he wouldn't touch a thing once we were in the house."

As Jo spoke, it was strange to all the rest to see the face of her old enemy grow pale and red, and soften in a way that, had she seen it, would have helped her; but, as I have said, Jo rarely looked at him. But if any one doubted her words, they had the confirmation straight before their eyes in the changes passing across Sandy's haggard countenance.

"When we got to the window," Jo went on, hurriedly, "they easily opened it. I was in great haste to be in; but we were startled by the striking of the stable clock."

There was a pause, a breathless silence for an instant, until Mr. Hogencamp said, bending eagerly forward, "What hour did it strike?"

"One o'clock; I remember it was just one stroke."

"And then?"

"The next thing I remember is Ryerson lifting me in the window, and seeing Peters come in the door at the end of the passage."

Jo waited. She knew well enough that the main point of her evidence in Sandy's favor had been given. While the lawyers talked together, while a low murmur of comment, suggestion, exclamation, etc., went around the courtroom, she sat down in the chair placed for her and rested her head upon her hand. She wondered, in a dreary sort of way, what was to come next. They knew, she supposed, how no one of those who had crowded around her that night would allow her to speak—how she had been hurried off to jail. Was it necessary for her to tell the rest?

Jo raised her eyes, and, looking for the first time to the left of the courtroom, met an unexpected sight.

Mrs. Dawson and Rachel and Mrs. Burton sat together—anxiety, interest, on all three faces; so far no horror or contempt of her. But oh, now came the worst of all. Must she go on, and be to these dear friends disgraced forever?

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"WHERE, then," said the voice of Mr. Hogencamp, bringing Jo back to her task again—"where did you last see Alexander Martin?"

"He was by the window among the men, but he had disappeared before they took me away. I believe no one at Miss Emerson's knew he had been there."

"Do you remember giving him anything to hold for you?"

Jo reflected. "As I was being lifted in," she said, slowly, "I think the handkerchief I had tied around my ankle, where I hurt it, came off. I think I remember Sandy's picking it up."

"Describe it."

Jo did so. The lawyers exchanged glances.

"Exactly as he describes it," assented one of the jurymen, who had been listening with great enjoyment and interest to Jo's story.

"He was gone," Jo went on, in answer to a cross-examining question. "I never saw him since until to-day."

"I believe"—this from the State lawyer—"I believe you spent the next day in jail?"

Jo spoke clearly, but in a low voice. "Yes, sir. She came—Miss Emerson. I told her I never meant to harm her. I told her how it was." There was a silence; then Jo said: "She promised to believe me, but said no one else in all Ashfield would."

"And so, when Miss Emerson obtained your release, you ran away?"

Jo could not lift her eyes. She said, "Yes, sir." And then added: "I knew I'd only bother and vex her. I couldn't stay and be in jail, and know I'd never meant to hurt her; but that every one would laugh at her and



bother her for being good to me." The dark sad eyes of the girl were raised now. They seemed to hold burning tears, though none fell on her white cheeks. "I couldn't do it. I thought it would be better to go away where she'd never, never need to know."

"And did you hear nothing of Moxon being murdered?"  
 "No, sir. The day they let me out of jail I didn't stir from the house. That night I ran away."

Again came one of the pauses during which sounds and sights grew painfully bewildering. Had Jo understood the case, known more than that the main point at issue was the proof that Sandy Martin, and not his father, was with the burglars at one o'clock that night, she would have understood that they were all favorably impressed, and discussing what should be done next; that a general air of relief pervaded the court-room; that some one had leaned over and whispered a word in Sandy's ear which made the young man's rough face kindle with joy. But to Jo it all seemed only a painful waiting for some sort of sentence to be pronounced upon herself.

It was something of a relief when she was told to leave the box, when some one led her out into the next room.

She went instinctively to the window, sat down, and being left alone for a moment, crossed her arms upon the sill and leaned her head wearily upon them. All that she cared for now, it seemed to her, was to be taken away soon,

to have it all over, to know the worst. But her head ached; her eyes were tired with the confusion of faces, the glare of the sun, the holding back those hot tears which hung upon her eyelids, now were all but falling down her cheeks.

When she was summoned back for a slight further cross-examination she saw at once that Faith and Miss Grace had disappeared, and it was harder to speak without the protecting sense of her nearness; but the fact was that the day had proven almost too much for Faith. When Jo was dismissed the first time, Miss Emerson had been called upon for such testimony as she could give which would confirm Jo's story, but immediately afterward Dr. Wraxall had ordered her home.

The time of waiting seemed endless to Faith. Bertie had promised to bring her the earliest news of the verdict, which, it was supposed, would be given without difficulty that day; but the afternoon was well advanced before Faith, lying on the sofa in the library, heard her cousin's step, quick, elastic, impatient. Almost before he entered she knew what he had to say.

"Not guilty, Faith!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "And oh, isn't it fine? As you said once, our Jo did it."

And Bertie turned away toward the window, half ashamed of the tears that sprang into his eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



DING-DONG BELLS.

## PARLOR PARTERRES.

BY GEORGE A. BARTLETT.

VERY enjoyable performances can be prepared without trouble in any room, and with the simple materials which any house can furnish, and they will give as much pleasure in their preparation as in their performance if some one directs them who has taste and skill in such matters. Many a cold or stormy day may be thus turned into sunshine for the little ones, who can easily carry out for themselves the simple directions that I shall give below.

The costumes and furniture will be described with each scene, and nothing will be called for which cannot easily be obtained with little trouble or expense.

### THE FLOWERY BANK.

This lovely scene represents a green bank covered with bright flowers through which the laughing faces of little children are peeping. It is made by placing across the back of the room a large dining-table with a box on it at the middle, and a second box upon the centre of the first. Little girls stand upon the table and boxes in a row, which will of course be higher in the centre than at the sides. Two strips of wood are sawed just long enough to reach

the ceiling, and a curtain of green cambric is tacked upon them across the room between the table and the audience. As many little girls as possible crowd together on the floor and upon the table, kneeling, standing, or lying down. Holes are cut through the cambric, through every one of which a child's face is thrust, and around it petals or flowers are painted or sewed, of cloth or paper, from which they can be cut very easily, as the roughest imitation will produce a very fine effect. Sunflowers, roses, or any large flowers are best for this purpose, and the closer they can be placed together the better. A little taste in color will enable children to blend them effectively, and where a space occurs the outlines of leaves can be drawn in chalk in imitation of any common leaf. The tables and boxes are placed as close behind the green curtain as possible.

### DING-DONG BELLS.

A row of bells are seen, the heads of which are those of little girls, who sing and march about, forming a very funny as well as a pretty performance. They may be of graduated heights if convenient, and of any number from three to seven. The songs may be found in any collection of nursery airs, or may be of a more serious nature, according to the taste of the singers. The bells are made

very easily by first making two rings of wire, one about two and a half and the other three and a half feet in diameter, which may be varied to suit the heights of the children. The smaller ring hangs from the shoulders of the child, the arms being held close to the sides; the other ring hangs from her belt by four cords. A cover of bronze or dark green cambric is cut in gores to form the sides of the bell. The tones of the bells may be made outside by striking a bar of steel, or by a glass globe which is struck by a sock covered with cloth. These costumes are also very useful for a fancy-dress party, or any occasion where a quaint disguise is desired.

#### HONOR TO ART.

Three girls, dressed in white cheese-cloth arranged with baby waists and clinging skirts, are bearing upon their shoulders a marble bust. Two of the bearers stand with faces toward the front, and the third stands between them a little in advance, with her face turned over her right shoulder. The bust is personated by a young lady whose head and shoulders alone are visible above the round board which she holds on her forearms and the flat of her hands turned upward. This board must be light, and covered with white cloth on top, and have a piece of dark cloth tacked on the front edge long enough to touch the floor and hide the young lady who stands behind it on a box high enough to make the board seem to rest on the shoulders of the bearers. This board has a hole on the back edge large enough to fit around the shoulders of the bust when the arms are held close to the body. The shoulders of the lady who personates the bust are draped in plain folds of white cloth, her face is chalked white, and her hair covered with white cotton wadding, with coils and braids of the same material. A dark curtain or door behind the bust adds to the effect, which is very fine and easy to produce.

"Zephyrs bright on breezy wing  
Change chill winter into spring."

A table across the room is first covered with green cambric, over which a fur-lined cloak or a fur robe is thrown to hide the green. Upon this throne a figure stands draped in a long cloak, the head covered with a felt hat, and snow made of cotton batting is plentifully scattered over the throne and its occupant, who stands leaning on a staff, his long hair and flowing beard (which are both fastened to the hat) being made of yarn or flax. Four little girls, each dressed in tarlatan muslin of various colors, enter, one from each corner, and circle around him, blowing with all their might long trumpets of card-board covered with silver paper. Soon Winter melts away, and in his place a little girl is seen dressed in white muslin adorned with pink roses. Winter's cloak and hat being thrown off together, fall behind the table, the cover of which is at the same moment pulled off in front by a boy who has been concealed under it, and who draws it beneath the green as quickly as possible. The little girl upon the table strikes an attitude, bending forward and pointing upward with her right hand, in which she holds a lily, which was fastened in her belt. Then the four Zephyrs advance and kneel in homage.

#### HIS FIRST CRUISE.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

#### PART XX.

THE *Donna*, with everything set and drawing, was heading well out to the open sea before Dan Darling had much opportunity of looking about him.

Two or three things rather out of the ordinary caught his attention at once. The schooner herself, which was in ballast, appeared of much broader beam and lighter draught than he had supposed. Through the open hatch he caught a glimpse of a great mass of rigging of all sizes

and kinds lying on the ballast below—immense purchase blocks and heavy ground-tackle, hawsers and mooring chains in endless variety. Instead of the ordinary ship's boat, the *Donna* carried two long, sharp whale-boats—one slung at the stern davits, the other upturned on the main-deck.

"And thirteen—fourteen men," he mused, glancing at the motley dark-skinned crew of hardy-looking French and Spanish creoles who were grouped here and there, gesticulating and chattering in a peculiar *patois*, while one or two of them would turn their restless black eyes in his own direction from time to time.

Supper was duly announced by a gigantic negro cook, and Dan was not long in joining the port watch, into which he had been chosen, as they gathered about the windlass in the soft on-coming twilight, every man being provided with the sailor's tea equipments of tin pan, pot, and spoon. There was the usual coffee, sweetened with molasses, and a large wooden kid containing an *olla podrida* of beans, salt fish, Chili peppers, yam, plantain, garlic, and sweet oil stewed together into one savory whole. Dan was too hungry to be critical, and the relish with which he ate his own share of the repast seemed to please his new shipmates, who smiled approvingly as he helped himself to a second portion.

"Say, Juan," said Dan to the young creole sitting next him, "what is the *Donna*—a trading vessel?"

The creole stared, shrugged his shoulders, and without replying, repeated the question in his own language to the others. More staring and shoulder-shrugging, followed by a general laugh.

"*Quien sabe?*" (who knows?) was Juan's characteristic answer.

But old Matteo, a scarred sailor with a fiercely twisted gray mustache, was more communicative. "No; no coasting. *Et Donna* what you 'Merican call 'wrecker'," he briefly explained, to Dan's excessive surprise and alarm.

And yet it was possible that Captain Desparado might have business in the States, for all that. He surely could not have lied to him so coolly. But when, on the following morning, Dan took his first wheel from eight to ten, a glance at the compass not only dispelled his lingering hopes, but deepened his feeling of alarm. S.S.E. was hardly the course for the Florida capes; yet the *Donna*, close-hauled on the wind, was thus heading, and Dan looked up inquiringly into the face of Captain Desparado, whose gay attire of the previous day had been laid aside for a flaming red shirt, dingy duck trousers held in place by a sailor's belt, with knife and sheath attachment, a dilapidated slouch hat, no stockings, and faded carpet slippers.

"No talk; watch you steering!" growled the Captain, who had evidently laid aside his smooth shore manners with his fine clothes. And Dan was obliged to choke back his words, which, after all, would avail nothing. Here he was, and here he must stay till the *Donna* put into port, and then—

But unfortunately the days drifted by, and there were no signs that the vessel was seeking a port of destination. With a lookout kept continually aloft, Captain Desparado sailed the swift-winged *Donna* hither and thither over the blue of the Spanish main, very much as his possible ancestor, Captain Brand, of the freebooting schooner *Centipede*, had done something like half a century before.

Fair weather or foul, apart from the necessary duties of taking in, making, or trimming sail, the *Donna's* crew led a listless, idle life. They lay about deck, or in their berths below, smoked, slept, played cards, or squabbled at their pleasure, unchecked by the officers, who during the day took turns with a powerful glass in the topmast cross-trees.

Some twenty-five miles from Six-pound Key light lies a small, low group of coral keys, called Los Palmas, presumably from the fact that a solitary palm-tree on the larger of the group is a notable landmark for navigators

in that vicinity. Inside, or to the westward, the water shoals from five fathoms to breaking reefs; outside, a deep-sea lead can scarce find bottom.

The sun was hiding its flaming face in a cloud study of purple and old gold as the *Donna*, with the dropped peaks of her sails swaying leisurely in the declining sea-breeze, lay hove to, gently rising and falling on the long, lazy swells, a cable's length or so distant from Los Palmas. Several of the crew, among whom was Dan, stood idly at the rail, watching with evident interest three of their number who, having landed from the whale-boat on the largest of the group, were standing together under the tall palm-tree, into the leafy top of which a fourth had ascended by the aid of a pair of climbing irons, and was attaching a block through which a line was rove to the end of a broken spar projecting arm-like from among the broad leaves. Having brought the end of the line down with him, a large signal lantern, with a red glass front and powerful radiator at the back, was lighted and run aloft, where, moved by a clock-work arrangement in the base, it began very slowly and deliberately to turn round and round.

"For signaling some vessel, eh, Matteo?" carelessly asked Dan, with a vague hope that in some way it might please a nautic to port.

"Sig—nalize! Oh si, *Americano*; certain," replied Matteo, with a short cough, as the four men returned with the boat, which was left towing astern, and the *Donna*, with her sails flattened down, was put off on the port tack, while Captain Desparto, who had been aloft nearly all the afternoon watching the upper sails of a square-rigger bound to the northward and westward, slowly descended, and went below for another look at the chart.

The short tropical twilight gave place to a soft darkness, against which overhead the stars glistened like diamonds against a background of bluish-black velvet. Astern, the dull red glow of the signal lantern alternately appeared and disappeared, and as Dan took the wheel at eight bells the thought suddenly occurred to him that it would be both natural and easy for a vessel to mistake it for the red revolving light on Six-pound Shot Keys; and with this thought came another, which made him turn suddenly pale and catch his breath at the mere supposition.

But ridiculing himself for his folly, he turned his attention to his duty, which really, with the smooth sea and light southerly breeze, the *Donna* needed only the merest touch of a spoke now and then to keep her on her course.

Ricardo, the mate, nervously chewing at the end of an unlighted cigar, stood with Captain Desparto staring intently over the quarter rail into the darkness, neither of them speaking for a long time. Suddenly, with a muttered exclamation, he brought his hand down heavily on the Captain's shoulder.

"She is trapped—by the bones of St. Anthony, *Capitan*!" he exclaimed, exultantly; and as with a muttered response in Spanish Captain Desparto hurried forward, followed by the mate, Dan, across whose mind flashed the possible meaning of the exclamation, quickly turned his eyes in the direction indicated. Broad on the starboard beam of the schooner, which was heading about E.S.E., two tiny pencil points of light—the one green and the other red—appeared against the background of darkness. Then all was plain to the quick-witted young New-Englander.

"The square-rigger we saw at sundown," he said, under his breath, as he glanced back at the compass, "and running straight for the shoals inside that false light."

"Keep full there!" interrupted the deep voice of Desparto, who, with the entire schooner's company, was standing on the main-deck intently watching the approaching sail.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the reply, as, pushing the wheel up a spoke or two, Dan proceeded with a fast-beating heart to act upon a sudden thought which had come to him like an inspiration. Slipping his feet out of his shoes, he

stepped softly to the taffrail, where, grasping the painter of the towing boat, he lowered himself over the stern and slid down into the boat itself with inconceivable rapidity. Cutting the line with his sheath-knife, Dan, as the boat drifted astern in the shadowy gloom, shipped the rudder, stepped the light mast, shook out the sail, which set with an ordinary sprit, and springing lightly into the stern sheets, trimmed aft the sheet, seized the tiller, and in another moment the boat was standing off on the opposite tack in such a way that a few short tacks would enable Dan to intercept the coming vessel if—

Out of the darkness sounded a hubbub of voices, followed by the slatting of sails, some angrily shouted commands, and a moment or two later a great splash in the water, as though the remaining whale-boat had been picked up bodily and tossed over the side. Then came the noisy ejaculations of the men, and the clattering of oars in the rowlocks. For one brief moment, as he listened to it all, and heard the exulting yell which a little later followed, as probably they caught sight of the whale-boat's sail, Dan's heart sank within him.

But the Yankee boy was fertile in expedient. "They haven't caught me yet," he muttered between his teeth, as, putting up the helm and slacking the sheet a bit, he let the boat's head fall off till she had the wind abeam, when, setting the tiller in its notch, he slipped noiselessly over the gunwale, and as the boat went dancing off unguided, Dan, in his linen shirt and trousers only, struck boldly out for the bark, which was now near enough for him to make out her rig.

Five minutes of easy swimming brought Dan alongside, and as her progress was slow, the sea smooth, and the bark deep in the water, he easily caught one of the mizzen chain-plates, and, assisted by the upward "send" of the swell, Dan lifted himself into the mizzen channels, from whence he sprang into the quarter gangway, dripping like a young sea-god, and panting for breath.

"Mermaid come aboard, sir," said Jerry Allen, the helmsman, in a matter-of-fact voice to the tall, gray-bearded captain, who, with a rather puzzled expression on his face, was watching the slowly revolving light, now a couple of points on the weather bow.

But before the master of the bark, who wheeled suddenly round, could speak, Dan, recovering his wind, exclaimed, excitedly,

"That's—a—false—light—sir—the wrecking schooner—"

"Ah," interrupted the Captain, sharply, though with no outward show of excitement—not being given that way—"Jerry, hand over your wheel quick—keep her off N.N.E." Springing to the break of the quarter, he continued, in the same breath:

"All hands to starboard braces! Mr. Martin, slack away to port, fore and aft! Round in *lively*, lads—LIVE-ly! Well that—well all! Belay!"

It being the dog-watch nearly all hands were on deck, and as the bark's head fell off, the yards were swung like magic, but before the rattle of blocks and creaking of truss-arms had died away, Mr. Martin, who *was* excitable, sprang into the fore rigging.

"Hard up! hard up!" he yelled—just one moment too late! The schooner *Donna*, whose boats had just come alongside, was lying without side lights directly in the changed course of the deep-loaded bark, which struck her a glancing blow, or the schooner would have been cut to the water's edge.

"Cra-a-a-ck!" and one of the boats was smashed like an egg-shell. "C-r-r-r-rash!" and the schooner's bowsprit snapped inside the cap like a pipe-stem, and with another crash down came the foretopmast, gaff topsail and gear hanging in hopeless wreck, while the bark's fore-yard, poking through the *Donna's* foresail, tore it into shreds.

For some twenty minutes or so the dire confusion attendant upon a collision at sea, even under the most fa-





"DAN STOOD STARING AT AN OIL-PAINTING OF A PLEASANT-FACED LADY."

vorable conditions of wind and weather, ensued. On board the *Donna* was a perfect chaos, as every one was giving orders at once. But on board the bark braces and running gear were let go, men ran out on the yards, systematic orders were given, and the two vessels began to swing slowly apart. An inquiry from the quarter as to whether the schooner wanted assistance was met with a surly, not to say savage, negative from Captain Desperdo, to whom Dan called out politely from the quarter:

"*Adios, Capitan*; guess you won't make much out of *this* cruise"; to which Captain Desperdo, banging his hat madly down on deck, yelled back something that sounded very savage, though fortunately it was in Spanish, and in another moment the *Donna* was swallowed up in the darkness.

"It's the wrecking schooner that hung out the light, sir," Dan explained, as, obeying a sign from the tall Captain, he followed him down into the cabin, where, while the latter, without answering, began to pull out some dry things from the slop chest for the still dripping newcomer, Dan, with eyes as big as gooseberries, stood staring at an oil-painting of a pleasant-faced lady screwed against the wall of the cabin.

"Good gracious!" said Dan, half aloud, "that's mother!"

The Captain, hearing the exclamation, but not distinguishing the words, rose to his feet, with a couple of shirts and a pair of trousers over his arm, and seeing Dan's astonished gaze fixed on the picture as he stood staring at it with parted lips, he observed quietly, by way of explanation:

"My wife. Native artist in Calcutta copied it from a photograph. Nice picture, eh, youngster?"

If Dan had yielded to impulse, I should here have to record that "throwing himself upon the breast of the astonished Captain, he exclaimed, in a voice choked with sobs, 'Father, oh, father!'" etc. But suddenly recalling the coolness and self-possession so important to the seafarer, Dan pulled himself bravely together and nodded.

"Exactly so, sir," he said, steadying his voice with a tremendous effort; "and it's my mother too, for I'm—"

"Dan!" interrupted Captain Darling, dropping the clothes on the floor and himself into the nearest chair. And then, forgetting himself for a moment, two tears as large as marrowfat peas rolled down his weather-beaten face.

Surely there is no life like that of the seafarer for strange coincidences. When, some fourteen days later, the bark *Gladys*, Darling master, arrived safely in Boston from Calcutta *via* the Windward Passage, with a cargo valued at over a hundred thousand dollars, the first man to step on board was Captain Zenas Bangs, who, while shaking hands with Captain Darling, uttered a fervent "Thank the Lord!" (for the first time in his life), as Dan suddenly bobbed up through the after-companionway, like the ghost in *Hamlet*. And Dan concluded the story of his adventures by remarking to Captain Bangs:

"On the whole, Uncle Zen, sailing with a fellow's relations *does* pay."

For very much to Mrs. Darling's disappointment, her husband, who himself proposes to retire from a seafaring life, thinks it better that Dan should follow the calling for which he seems so well adapted; and when the *Gladys* again sails, Dan goes with her.





A SCAMPER ACROSS COUNTRY.—DRAWN BY A. C. COMBOLD.—SEE PAGE 320.

## IN THE SADDLE.

BY COLONEL THEODORE A. DODGE, U.S.A.

## Part I.

I CANNOT remember the time when I was first put upon a horse. At six or seven years old, when riding became an every-day duty, I was already familiar with what a big horse felt like between my tiny legs. I lived with my grandfather, a clergyman, near Lake Winnepesaukee. Twice a day the mail had to be fetched from the post-office, a mile and a half from the parsonage. Old Prudence was a Morgan mare, worthy her name when between the thills of the old-fashioned shay, but keenly conscious of her pedigree if you but showed her the veriest tip of a birch twig. She knew her duty well when the venerable pastor gathered up the reins and spoke to her in his gentle voice. But I fancy she relished not less the companionship of his livelier grandson. I used to climb into the manger and sit and fondle her, and tell her my dearest secrets by the hour together; and many's the apple Prue and I went halves in. I quite believed that she could climb the apple-tree I often reached by standing on her back, if she but tried; it is certain that she would rear up to reach the coveted fruit I held down from above, sometimes till she stood all but perpendicular. She would follow me anywhere, and I used to wake up in the night and wish I could cuddle up to Prue. For the dear old mare had comforted me many a time and oft, and floods of my salt tears have trickled down her nose when I sought relief from boyish tribulations by laying my cheek against her broad and kindly face.

From the manger it was, too, that I always took off her halter and bridled her; then she would follow me out to the wood-shed, where a convenient girder enabled me to mount. Upward from the parsonage ran the pretty road a little stretch; then the brow of the hill concealed us. Prue knew that till then she must be sedate, lest the master's eye should see her unclerical pranks. But no sooner there than she forgot her years, if she was really old—as I doubt—and a lively enough scamper we had of it till within sight of the rambling village store, whose owner was everything from postmaster to justice of the peace. I have always believed that my secure seat is traceable to old Prudence's bareback lessons. Other instructors than horses—and horse books I have never had.

In the South boys learn to ride, and girls too, bareback and without even a bridle. A mere stick to guide the horse with, and equilibrium often as clever as a rope-dancer's suffice. Most Southern boys and girls would laugh at the idea of *learning* how to ride. They never know how or when they learn. It is part of their lives.

The first advice an old horseman can give you boys is to learn bareback. The best as well as the most artistic seat on a horse in the world is shown in the procession on the frieze of the Parthenon, sculptured more than two thousand years ago, when every man rode bareback.

An old English huntsman's advice to his young master, just taking his first lessons in fox-hunting, condenses into its blunt phrase all the science of riding. "'Ands and 'eels low, 'ead and 'eart 'igh, Master Fred, and you'll soon ride like 't' old squire, rest his soul!'" Now if you have ever ridden bareback, you will remember that though at first you may want to clasp your horse with your heels, you soon find out that comfort and safety make you settle down in a sort of loose way, and let the leg below the knee hang naturally, and that if your horse sblies or jumps, you grip him, not with the heels, but with the knee and the upper part of the calf; to do which best

you have to get your heels well down. And this is not because you have stirrups to keep your feet in place, but because it is the natural way to get a stout hold. This bareback seat is the one for you to learn and stick to. The less you forget of it when you get into the saddle, the better rider you will be. This is the old huntsman's "'eels low."

When you feel entirely at home on your bareback mount, you should use a doubled up blanket and surcingle for a few weeks, and later on a saddle with the *stirrups taken out*. You will think that it is a mighty slippery business at first, this sitting on a pig-skin saddle, but after a day or two it will grow to be natural enough. Don't put in your stirrups too soon—not until you can ride at every gait, and rise to a trot with perfect comfort, without them. It is better to sit down to your trot for many weeks before you begin to rise to it. It settles you into your seat, *i. e.*, gets you close to the horse. When you put your stirrups in, let them be long enough not to alter this seat, with heels well down and the ball of the foot in the iron. Sit in the middle of your saddle. Only a steeple-chaser needs a very long seat.

I always like to see a boy in a saddle without leathers. I can see a capital horseman growing. For his position is natural and unconstrained, and not stiff, like the young swell who thinks he needs no such teaching. A boy may learn to ride by beginning with a full rig, and he may not. But I never knew a brave boy who did not make a good horseman if he learned my way. Besides, this is the one way to learn to hold on only by the thighs and knees. There is nothing so unhorsemanlike as to hold on by the lower part of the leg, and show daylight under the knees. Remember this. "'Eels low," then, means an easy, secure seat close to the horse. This should never be altered, except in rising to a trot.

Now as to the "'ands low." To stick to a horse is only half the battle. You must make the horse subject to your will. The first rule in doing this is patience. Never lose your temper with a horse; or if you lose it, never let him know it. The next rule is patience. Be sure your horse understands what you want before you expect him to do it. The third rule is patience. If your horse is awkward or blunders, don't scold; try again. Strong and nervous as a horse is, he is one of the most affectionate of animals. Gain his affection, and he will do anything and everything you want him to do. He must get a clear idea of what you want, but when he does get it, he will do it always and at once, and will take pleasure and pride in doing it. But you might as well try to mop back the Atlantic as to force him. The tricks many horses have almost always come from loss of patience and attempts at force.

Of course I cannot tell you much of how to train a horse. You will learn that when you are older. You have probably been given a well-broken pony or small horse to ride. Suppose we call him Don. If you cannot have a pony, you can learn on any horse. And a big one has some decided advantages over a little one. Don, I have no doubt, knows how to walk, trot, and canter at will.

When you feel perfectly at home on Don's back, so that you do not hold on by the reins in the least degree, you have learned the first lesson, and can come to the next one—how to manage him. But you must bear in mind that you will never be a horseman if your seat is not strong and secure at any gait with the reins lying on his neck. You ought to ride at first with a snaffle-bit and single rein. Perhaps Don pulls on your hands. This is unfortunate, because it is apt to get you in the habit of pulling on his mouth, and you may grow to be a "three-legged rider." A soft-mouthed pony is much better for you to learn on.

There are two ways for you to guide Don. One is to

hold a rein in each hand, using them just as you do in driving. This is very simple. You can also learn to do this with the reins in one hand, turning the wrist to draw either rein. The other way is to teach Don to guide by the neck. This is what the cavalrman does, because he must keep his right arm for his sword. If Don knows both ways, you can ride with one or both hands, as you like. Still it is well to use both hands a good deal, because this keeps your shoulders square. But don't pull Don's head too far round to turn him. Teach him to mind a slight pull, and keep your hands close enough together to shorten rein readily.

The place for your hands is just above the pommel of the saddle. Only by keeping your hands low can you possibly control Don to advantage. If you throw up your hands when he starts or plays, you will lose control of him. Always remember this—your hands must be light and low.

There are two other means of guiding Don—the voice and the legs. If you accustom Don to listen to your voice, he will get very fond of it, and pay a great deal of heed to you. I discuss all manner of knotty points with my Patroclus and Diomed and Penelope. They are capital listeners, and very helpful. You have no idea how much Don will understand. If he shies or is playful, talk to and laugh at him. Never strike him in anger. He will learn to be much more safe and companionable by kindness. I assume, of course, that Don is a lively little fellow. There are some ponies who have no more life than pigs. But you might as well expect to become a bold rider astride the saw-horse.

Your legs can be made of more use than your hands in guiding your pony. Your seat only requires your leg down to the knee; and if your leg hangs easily below the knee, you can use that part of it to guide and control Don. I will tell you how by-and-by.

"Ands low," then, means not only that you must keep your hands well down, and not pull on Don's mouth for your support, but that you must try to keep control of him without allowing him to pull on you; and use your voice and legs besides.

"Ead 'igh" means that you must neither lean forward, nor back, nor one-sided, but sit straight in your saddle, without being stiff. A man who is stiff can never ride. You must sit as easily as if in a chair, and not let your grip disturb the close seat you learned bareback. Your backbone must be erect, but not rigid. Your arms must hang quite naturally, and your whole position must be so easy that you can lean back far enough almost to lie upon the horse, or can move sidewise or forward on the waist, with perfect ease. You should be able to put either leg up in front of you on the pommel, and, in fact, do anything you could do in a chair. "Ead 'igh" means perfect ease, security, and confidence in the saddle.

Last, but all-important, is the "eart 'igh." No coward ever rode well. You may be timid for a day or two if you have never been on a horse. But you will soon find that riding is easy and natural. And unless you are quite fearless, you may be sure that Don will know it, and never obey you. Of course any boy can mount a pony who is perfectly quiet, and ride a few miles without falling off. But to become a horseman a boy must feel sure that he is stronger and more able than his pony, and can manage him and make him do anything within reason. Then he will learn fast. If he is timid he will never learn. And remember that it is not the bragging, bullying, fighting boy who is always brave. I have been where true courage came to the fore, and have more often found it in the quiet, steady, and often small and pale-faced boy than in the swashbuckler. Such a lad was Ulysses S. Grant, and he was a famous horseman from his youth up, as well as one of the most truly brave of men.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## IN THE ORCHARD.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

O ROBIN in the cherry-tree,  
I hear you carolling your glee.  
The platform where you lightly tread  
Is lighted up with cherries red,  
And there you sing among the boughs,  
Like Patti at the opera-house.

Who is the hero in your play  
To whom you sing in such a way?  
And why are you so gayly dressed,  
With scarlet ribbons on your breast?  
And is your lover good and true?  
And does he always sing to you?

Your orchestra are winds that blow  
Their blossom notes to me below,  
And all the trembling leaves are throngs  
Of people clapping for your songs.  
I wonder if you like it when  
I clap for you to sing again.

## GETTING RID OF AN OFFICE-SEEKER.

BY DAVID KER.

"YOU seem to have a curious way of doing business in Russia, Pavel Petrovitch" (Paul, son of Peter), said I to my travelling companion, looking up from the *Moskovskiya Nyedomosti* (*Moscow News*). "Listen here: "Official Accuracy. A lady attached to the Moscow opera, wishing to go abroad, recently called upon M. Basistoff to obtain the necessary permit. The official magnate received her very politely, and asked for her written petition. "I have none," she cried; "I never knew that it was useful." "Not useful, madam? why, nothing can be done without it." "What am I to do, then?" "Nothing easier—just take a sheet of paper, and write as I dictate." The petition was written, signed, and folded. "And now," said he, "you have only to deliver it." "To whom?" "To me, of course," replied the bureaucrat, with a pitying smile at her ignorance. Then, putting on his spectacles, he carefully read over his own composition, endorsed and filed it, and then, turning to the impatient *artiste*, said, with a low bow, "Madam, I have read your petition, and deeply regret being obliged to tell you that I cannot grant it."

"Well," said the Russian, laughing, "it strikes me that I've heard of public business being transacted rather slowly even in England. Somebody told me once of a lawsuit there between two ladies for the right of bringing up an infant, and by the time it was decided the infant was a Captain in the Guards. But talking of Basistoff, did you ever hear how he once got rid of an office-seeker?"

"No."

"Well, it's worth hearing. He had been terribly bothered by a knavish-looking man with red hair, who came every day to ask for some place or other; and it didn't take long for a sharp fellow like Basistoff to guess that the porter must have been bribed to let this creature in. So one day he said, in passing,

"Misha [Mike], what a good-hearted fellow you must be to admit that red-haired man as you do?"

"Why so, your Excellency?" faltered the dismayed porter.

"Why, don't you know that he wants me to dismiss you and make *him* porter in your place?"

"The next time the office-seeker appeared, he got the soundest thrashing that the porter's full strength could inflict, and Basistoff listened to his yells with a smile of quiet happiness."



## THE DRAWING CLUB.

BY ALICE DONLEY.

II.



OR Saturday meetings the club confined itself to drawing single leaves without stems, from the calla, begonia, Chinese primrose, and geranium plant that grew in Dr. Lee's bow-window.

Norman was very anxious to draw a small bunch of ivy that had rooted in a bottle of water. So he kept on drawing ivy leaves, and following Aunt Ida's advice, he never drew the same leaf twice. He had attempted to cut out the ivy's portrait in black paper, but had always found that the slender stems were torn before the larger leaves could be cut out, so he made up his mind to stick to drawing ivy leaves.

He had bought with his own spending money some white ink, a bottle of black American drawing ink, and a sable brush, and had practised every day making the veins of the ivy leaf on black paper with white ink. These "black and whites" he had brought to the club meeting, and every member had given an opinion.

At the sixth Saturday meeting Norman said,

"Leonard, I think I know the ivy leaf by heart, but I wish you would help me to draw the bottle."

"Very well," said Leonard. "You will want my T square to measure with."

"I see you can draw the straight neck of the bottle," said Edith, "but how will you manage with the bowl part of the bottle?"

"I shall use my compass for that," said Leonard, "and if I had not a compass I could take a plate and draw around that."

"The top of a teacup would be nearer the size," said Edith. "If you'll wait, I'll ask Aunt Ida for one."

"It seems to me," said Marion, "that as we are drawing from nature, we ought not to measure, but draw by the eye. Do you think measuring is fair?"

"Why not?" demanded Norman, indignantly.

"Well, measuring seems to me like cheating," returned poor Marion, who could see that the opinion of the club was against her.

"You don't call it cheating when the clerk in a store measures the ribbon he sells you," said Rosa.

"Well, he might give you short measure, you know," said one of the sisters, whereat the club laughed.

"The whole point of the thing is this," said Leonard, who was a little fond of laying down the law, it must be confessed: "if you do it for the purpose of deceiving anybody, it is cheating;

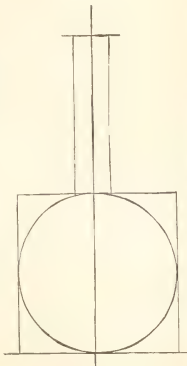


FIG. 1

but no one expects you to draw perfect circles without a guide of some sort, any more than you are expected to scale a high wall without a ladder. The compass or teacup is just a ladder, that's all."

"Well, then, here comes Edith with the ladder," said Norman, as that young lady entered with a teacup, which was none the less pretty because it had lost its handle.

Leonard selected a soft pencil with a sharp point, and drew a circle with an unbroken line. Then he laid his T square so that its two sides touched the circle at two points, and drew two straight lines by the side of the square, making a right angle. Rosa asked to be allowed to help, so the square and pencil were handed to her, and she placed the square so that one of its sides was exactly on the short drawn line, and drew the third line. The fourth was added by Norman, and the square was completed. The club had learned one thing at least, namely, that in order to rule correctly with a T square, the edge of the square must be close to a straight line.

Another thing they learned, and that was that a "guiding line" should be drawn in the centre of the paper for other measuring lines to be drawn from it, because, as one of the members remarked, paper is not always cut straight.

The important business of the T square and the guiding line having been made clear, Clarita attempted to draw a square, and succeeded in making one at least as perfect as the joint production of Leonard, Rosa, and Norman.

"That's very good, Clarita," said Marion, when her friend had finished; "but if the circle had not been drawn first, you would not have known how large to make your square."

"I always use little scraps of paper to measure by," said Clarita; "it saves so much rubbing out on the final drawing."

This reminded one of the quiet sisters of her rubber, which she produced from the finger of an old glove, a bit of carefulness which Leonard praised, because, as he said, it kept the rubber clean and dry.

"Before you rub out any of the lines, I want to draw the neck of the bottle," said Clarita; and laying the T square on the paper so that its thick part was against the base-line, she drew a line from the upper line of the square. Then the question arose as to the length of the neck. Dora declared that it was as long as the height of the square, and Marion was equally certain that it was not, while Norman just



FIG. 2—NORMAN'S IVY



FIG. 3—CLARITA'S BEST



escaped committing himself when he remarked that the bottle was "built on the giraffe plan."

"If all the members of the club have made their guesses, we will measure it," said Leonard, and this he did with a knitting-needle, dropping it into the bottle.

Norman took the drawing of the straight lines and circle—the scaffolding, as it were, of the bottle he was to draw—and carefully drew the outline, in doing which he had to trust to his eye to a great extent. When the outline was finished, he filled in the bowl and neck of the bottle with his brush and black ink, and waited for the ink to dry before beginning to draw the tiny roots in white ink. Very pretty the tiny rootlets looked in the transparent bottle, spreading out like the veins of a leaf, and twining in the water as gracefully as the stems do in the air.

"After all," remarked Marion, as they watched them, "roots are only underground stems."

"I vote that we draw roots next time," said Clarita.

Leonard, who had left the room, now returned, and called Norman to the door, and they both went out.

"I know," said Edith, as the other girls looked curiously after the retreating boys, and then at one another. "Leonard has gone to his room for his black-board and easel. He got them for one of his birthday presents."

Presently the two boys returned with the black-board and its belongings, and Leonard said:

"I think I heard Clarita say she wanted to draw roots. Now if Edith will ask Aunt Ida for a beet, and if a beet is good enough for Clarita, we will get to work."

"Will this do?" cried Edith, returning a minute later with a good round beet.

"The very thing," said Leonard, approvingly.

Clarita was not new to the work before her. Her drawing teacher at school made a great deal of use of black-board drawing, and the girl was one of the cleverest of her younger pupils. It was Leonard's account of this that suggested to Aunt Ida the present of the black-board.

Clarita took the T square, and drew a square, the inside of which she made white with chalk. Next she drew the tapering end of the beet. "I leave the black-board as a background," she explained.

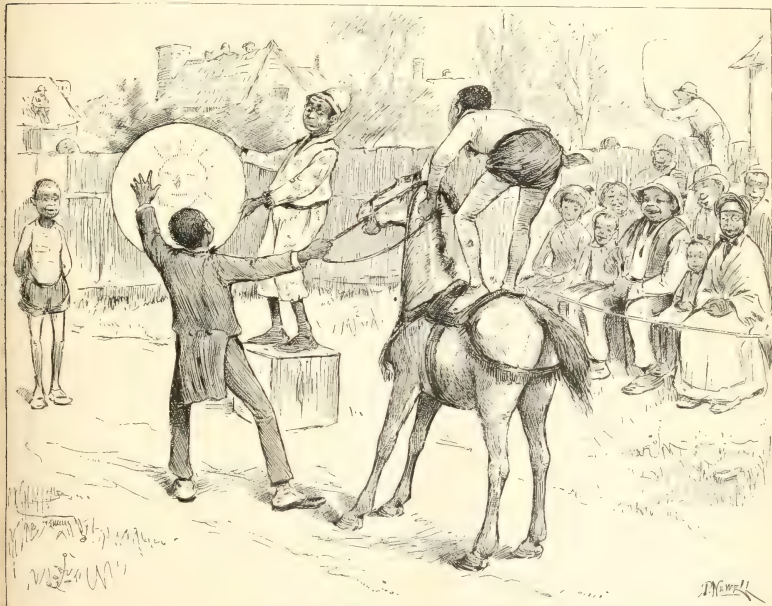
"But how shall you show the tiny roots?" asked some one.

"I'll show you soon," replied the girl, and taking a sponge, she wiped out a crescent-shaped space on the board.

"That is the shade," said Leonard, who was honestly pleased with the intelligent manner in which Clarita had gone to work. "Now for the little roots."

The young artist handled a fine-pointed crayon with such skill and delicacy that the little rootlets soon began to stand out strong and distinct on the black ground, as you see them in the illustration, and each member of the club seemed as much delighted with the result as if it had been his or her own work.

"I think this has been the best meeting yet," said Norman, when, soon afterward, the club broke up. "We had some fun with that old T square, and we have seen how Clarita can make beets grow on black-boards."



HOME TALENT IN CROWTOWN.

RIDING-MASTER. "Hey, dar, Cooper! tu'n de hoop roun' on t'udder side; he's skeered at de picter, I guess. Whoa-er, yo' ole mule, yo! Whaz de matter wid yo'?"  
 VOICES FROM THE AUDIENCE. "Blin'fo! him!" etc.



## Three O'clock.

**The Rooms were cold, the Hearth was grey;  
Asleep in the ashes the Kobold lay.  
The Board Floor creaked,  
The Grey Mouse squeaked,  
And the Kobold dreamed its ear he tweaked.**

**He wrinkled up  
His Forehead and Nose,  
And smiled in his sleep,  
And curled his Toes.**



### A NEW SERIAL.

In the next number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be printed the first chapter of a serial story, entitled:

## SILENT PETE;

OR, THE STOWAWAYS.

By the Author of "Toby Tyler," "Tim and Tip,"  
"Raising the Pearl," etc.

This story will be found to be fully equal in interest to the best of this popular author's previous works, so lifelike are the characters and so sympathetically is the moving tale related of the adventures of the young hero and his no less heroic companion. The scene opens in New Orleans, from which city it is soon transferred to the brig *Clio*, thence in due course, and after many adventures, to the streets of New York City.

The illustrations will be drawn by Mr. W. P. SNYDER.

### OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MANY of the children who read the Post-office Box have visited the beautiful Japanese village which was for some time in New York, and has now been removed to another city. I think they will be interested in a little girl's bright description of the odd and pretty things she saw when it was exhibited in San Francisco. The thousands of little people who have not been visitors of the clever Oriental workmen will be equally delighted with this contribution:

### OUR VISIT TO THE JAPANESE EXHIBITION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

This exhibition represents a Japanese village. In which each workman is employed at his own

After buying our tickets, we passed through a large doorway, and saw in front of us the "Fine Art Exhibition." There were some beautiful cabinets and carvings there, and one particularly beautiful fire-screen, made of black lacquer and ornamented with mother-of-pearl designs.

Passing on, we saw that the hall had platforms all around, on which the Japanese were working. At one side of each platform were the queer braided straw slippers which the Japanese wear,

which they take off before going on the platform. The Japanese have no chairs in their every-day life, so they sit on their feet, which are covered with queer mitten-like footings.

On the first platform was a carpenter's shop, where the workmen were making a cabinet. Instead of pushing the plane forward, as our carpenters do, they pull it back, and the shavings look like silk, so thin are they. The queer tools the Japanese use are hung on the sides, on nails.

On the next platform were the bronze finishers, who take the bronzes from the casting and clean and color them. Next came the bronze modeller. First he took a clay vase and covered it with wax which he kept in a basin of water over the coals in a furnace. Then he patiently made the ornament of the same kind of wax and put them on the vase. When he had finished ornamenting it, the vase was covered with clay, all the crevices in the wax being filled, until the whole looked like a large lump of clay. When the clay was hard enough to handle, the lump was held over a fire and turned until the wax was melted. Then the molten bronze was poured in the hollow where the wax had been. When the bronze had cooled, the outer clay was broken off the lump, clay dug out, and there was the bronze vase, ready to be given to the bronze finishers.

On the next platform were the men who paint the beautiful Satsuma ware, which was formerly used only by the Mikado and the nobility. The ware or saucer is first gilded, and then, with a fine brush, painted on it a beautiful design. The name the Otta decorators. They painted so rapidly that they seemed to take no pains, but nothing was spoiled, and all the pictures, when finished, looked as if they had been painted with the greatest care.

Passing on, we saw the potter, with his delicately balanced wheel, which he kept whirling by means of a stick. First he took a large lump of clay and put it on the middle of his wheel. Then, after whirling the wheel, he drew up some of the clay from the side of the wheel and, with his fingers, and cut the vase off the lump with a thread, and put it on a board by his side. On Saturdays these vases were given to the children who watched him make them.

We had now arrived at the end of the hall, and on a platform higher than the rest we saw a pretty Japanese tea-house. To go to the door we were met by a pretty little Japanese woman with a lacquer tray in her hand, on which were some cups of tea. The cups had no handle, and were held in it, and tasted like green tea.

Down the middle of the hall we saw the process of making the Japanese silk. There was an old man weaving. His wife, a pretty little woman, was near him, with their cunning baby in her arms. I had taken some marigolds with me, which the Japanese seem very fond of. I gave each one or two flowers. When I gave the baby one, he smiled and tried to put it in his mouth.

On the large end of the hall were the Satsuma painters, and then some silk embroiderers. The silk was held in frames, and the men pushed the needle in and out in a very queer manner, it seemed to me. Next came the Shippo or cloisonné manufacturers. First, on a copper vase one of the men drew a design; then another spread a kind of liquid over it; and then another drew the lines of the design; another placed the colors on the vase and put it in a furnace, where it was burnt. Then it was polished, and put on a stand to be admired.

On the next platform were the Bishu porcelain decorators; next the screen-makers, the tailor, and the barber. The latter does not stay in any one place, but comes to the customers. Here we may wish it, and dresses their hair. Here we found we had reached the "Fine Art Exhibition"

again. At this end of the hall was the panorama of the famous places in Japan. Among the pictures was one of Fuji-Yama, the sacred mountain of Japan.

When we went out, we felt as if we had been in another country, and I would not strange to see any but Japanese faces in the streets.

—LORETTA FOTE.

HENRIK: NAVA MARINA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—As I have never yet seen a letter from Hungary in our dear paper, I think I will write to you. Till now I have nearly always been in winter in Vienna, as papa and mamma had also a house there, and only in summer we were in the country. In my dear place, called Nagy Appony. This winter we all remained here, and I as well as my brothers and sisters find it very amusing. We are now three boys and three girls. My eldest brother is twelve, and I am eleven, and the youngest of my brothers is a darling baby of one year. He was born on New-year's Day, isn't it? I have a large doll, but I do not play with it much. I want to tell you about the library. My grandfather built it. There are 24,000 books in it, and galleries, and paintings, where we run up and down—that is great fun. My younger brother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; I like it very much too, and my favorite is "Toby Tyler." Two grown-ups read my letter is getting too long, but as I have still many things to tell you, I shall soon write again, if you will kindly permit me.

—THERESA A.

The little brother was a very charming New-year's gift. We shall be pleased to hear again from you.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My mamma laughs very much at the comic pictures in the paper. I must tell you the last summer holiday was spent at Aberfoyle, the land of Rob Roy. There are some beautiful lochs in the neighborhood of Aberfoyle. I live in the central part of Glasgow. I study at the school reading, grammar, English, physics, sewing, writing, drawing, and singing. I am doing some plain needle-work for an industrial exhibition which is to be held in Edinburgh.

—ANNE D. (aged nine years).

For little Fairfax Payne's chapel fund the following contributions have been received: Previously reported, \$16 75; Mrs. A. M. Hunter, \$10.00; Maudie A. Saunders, \$5.00; Susan E. Ray, Pennsylvania, \$1 25; Mrs. Blake, \$1; Mr. McCutcheon, 30 cents; Dr. Fendle, \$1; total amount received, \$30. S. M. CHATFIELD, Englewood, New Jersey.

HAMPSHIRE, JENNIE, MIDDLETOWN, ENGLAND.

This is the first time I have had the pleasure of writing a letter to you, and I hope you will be able to find a corner for it. I have taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for one year and a half. I like it very much. I read the letters every week, and like them very much. The stories also I like very much indeed. I am twelve at home with my two brothers. I learn arithmetic, reading, history, grammar, geography, and am just starting in algebra. I have four pigeons, and they are so tame that they will eat out of his hands, and my mamma's also; we let them fly about in the open air, and they come back at night to their house, which is always open. I am twelve years old, and a little English boy. Dear Postmistress, can I write another letter and tell you about our dog?

—LADY E.

You may certainly write again. I should like to hear about your dog.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have just begun to take this beautiful paper, and I like it very much. I have a brother twelve years old and a little sister seven. I live in the suburbs of Nashville, and have a large shady yard. We have a big dog, a baby one at the end of a long porch, for Josephine and her little friends; a rope one in a noble old poplar, for the boys; and a wooden one fastened to the trunk of an old cedar, with iron bolts, and not a rope about it, the seat so wide that three little girls can easily sit in it. We have lots of fun in the summer playing all the outdoor games. Then I have a large tea-set, and we have tea parties under the trees. Mother says it is a pretty sight to see us and our little friends. Our little cousin, Mina, lives at home. We have a real little school, and I try to learn all I can, for I lost time last year because I had weak eyes. I have to recite some of the lessons. I have a cousin, Mina, next. I have just learned Alice Cary's "Order for a Picture." I read a great deal, and have read all of Mark Twain's books. I like "The Lone Ranger" and a great many more. I am very proud of being a double cousin of Charles Egbert Craddock. I mean to write some day too. I have a doll named Alice, and I have a doll named Forstie in Little Men, a safe, a set of furniture, and everything complete for doll-house-keeping. Sister and I have seventeen dolls; she has forty

ture too. But I prefer a good book to them all. Sister has started her garden by planting onions. She sows sunflowers and sweet-peas, and a few other things, including a lettuce that is summer-bird's song. For fear I tire you I will close, asking some of the girls who wish a correspondent to write to me and name my pen.

LESLIE BRYAN MARNEY.

Nashville, Tennessee.

Care of Cherry & Morrow Co.

RECEIVED, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My papa gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present. I am eight years old, and go to school. I read, write, and spell. I have a little brother, and a little sister three years old. We have a cat; her name is Returrah. Papa and mamma read my paper more than I do. Please print it, for it is the first I ever wrote. BETTIE G.

ST. JOHNS, NEW BRUNSWICK.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—A kind friend sends me this paper, and I like it very much; she lives in Lowell, and has a little boy named Gordon. He is two days older than I am, and I was ten last May; his godfather was the great general, and Gordon says he is going to be a hero when I am. I have no pets, as you see, all the boys and girls have who write to you. I have never been strong, but I have a nice little room all fitted up for a church, with a prayer-desk and a lectern, and a table with the cross on it. My sister worked one pretty cover, and it looks just like a real church. She made me a suit, and I have matins and evensong as often as I can. Some day I am going to be a missionary. I always read your paper very soon, and send it to the Home or Indian children. When they read it, they all like it very much, and miss it when it does not come. Two of the Indian boys were at our house once with their missionary. When they were well behaved, and the Indians read very well. They had only been one of the words two years. One boy wrote such a funny little note to my sister, and said, "Send your photographer." He is learning to be a missionary, and is going to teach his own people. I would like to see the boys and girls who write to you, and send these poor children any spare books or magazines, or papers with pictures in them; they are so thankful to get them. The boys' names are Shingwauk, and the girls' are Wauke. They are supported by kind people who take an interest in these poor Indians. Many Sunday-schools support one boy or girl, and I am sure Reverend E. B. Wilson, Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. Now I will say good-by. Your little friend, RALPH.

HUGHES, L. S. MORGAN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I live in Houghton, near the copper mines. I am six years old, and I am just learning to read and write. I have three brothers and one sister. For pets, I have two alligators, two kitties, five birds, and one dog. Two of my brothers are in college at Beloit, Wisconsin. My sister has gone to visit at the Calumet Mine, and we feel very lonely. We had a good time at the fair here, where we were with our aunts and toboggans. With much love, DAISY G.

# A STORY OF THREE LITTLE FAYS.

In a lovely wood, a long time ago, there lived three little fays, whose names were Fay, Gay, and Hay. Fay was the eldest, and she used to play all sorts of tricks on every creature he met; Gay was a very merry little chap, and loved dancing better than anything else; Hay, who was the youngest, was a very serious boy, and much smaller than they were, but he had a kinder heart, and when he saw people in distress he used to help them all he could, and try to make them happy again. Although Hay was very good-natured to his brothers, they used to tease him and call him names, such as Tiny, Little Fellow, Stumpy, and say all kinds of unkind things to him, merely because he was smaller than they were. Little Hay did not mind them some times, but at others it made him very angry. One day after they had been teasing more than usual, and had been calling him Stumpy before some chaffinches, he lost his temper. "Go right away from you, that I will," he said.

"Do!" replied Fay. "Go to live with our friend the raven; I am sure he will be very glad to see you." (Now you must know that Fay could not have said a more insulting thing, as a fay dislikes a raven very much, and would be glad to help them out of his life.) "I will go now, and never come back any more," said Hay, and he ran off, leaving his brothers rather astonished that their words had taken so much effect upon him. He ran a good way without stopping, until at last, quite out of breath, he threw himself down on the ground, and began to sob. "Why should they be so unkind to me?" he sighed. "I can't help being small. Never mind; I will not go back any more. I wonder where I am?" he

went on. "I have never been in this part of the wood before. I must have run a long way. What is this?" he exclaimed, and he saw a low kind of a white fell upon his ears—"something in pain, I am sure."

So saying, he sprang up, and began peering about him. After looking for some time, he at length espied a black rabbit caught in a trap, and very nearly dead.

"Poor little Bunny!" he said; and pulling with all his might at the spring of the trap, he managed to get the rabbit out. Then filling his little cap with water from a tiny stream close by, he began to lick its face.

After a little while she revived enough to thank him. "I shall never forget the service you have rendered me, all my life, and I will try to repay your kindness." She soon afterward hopped off into the wood.

Hay sat a little longer, then got up and went on. Thus he wandered for several days, doing deeds of kindness wherever he felt, helping every creature that was in trouble, and being loved by all around him.

One night, as he was fast asleep, he felt something touch him. Waking up, he saw a bright light just in front of him; suddenly it grew brighter still, and he saw the Fairy Queen, surrounded by her fairies.

She smiled graciously at him, and said: "Little Hay, I have for a long time been watching you, and have been very pleased at the way you have done your brothers' taunts and have helped my subjects when they have been in distress. Come, therefore, with me, and you shall have my little page, and go with me wherever I go."

Little Hay was at first so surprised that he could not speak; at last, falling at the Queen's feet, he began to thank her.

"Up," said the Queen; "we must be going to my palace!" and taking Hay by the hand, she made him sit beside her in her chariot. So they drew away, and were soon out of sight.

The Queen changed Hay's name, and called him Pinky, which was at that time a very honorable name of the fairy court, and as he grew up, always with the Queen, he lived as long as she did, and, for all I know, he may be living now.

As for Fay and Gay, Fay was killed by a fall from a tree, and all the inhabitants of the forest were very glad. Gay went on dancing all day long, and night too, in spite of all his friends could say, until one morning they found only his little red cap where the night before he had been dancing. After they had inquired about him for some time and could get no news of him, they came to the conclusion that he had danced himself away. And so he had! A. E. R.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little girl about nine years old. I live in smoky Pittsburgh, but my papa says the natural gas that we use will soon make it a much cleaner city. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and enjoy reading it very much. I have a little sister three years old; her name is Laina, and we have nice dogs together, and playing with our pets. We have a little pug-dog, a poll-parrot, a canary-bird, and a donkey. FLOESSIE E. W.

LAST SPRING there came to the Postmistress one day a budget of letters from a school-room in Plainfield, Pennsylvania, the kind teacher having selected the best from those written by her class, and sent them for publication. This year the class decided again, as one of its weekly exercises, to write to the Postmistress, and this time all the letters were good. First of all was one, and do the little writers credit, but all cannot be published, I have thought a good way would be to gather the class around me, and have a little talk with them, here in this corner. They may, if they choose, fancy that we have drawn a screen around my arm-chair, and that they are on footstools and rugs at my feet, as cosy and quiet snug as possible. And first of all, I send you dear J. H. Y., not sign your Christian name in full, for I confess I would like to know whether you are Johnny or Jennie. I think you must have fine times playing by the creek.—Nathaniel B. has gone regularly to school the winter through, and enjoyed it.—Little M. F. is a girl of good character, and if I only has my eyes and ears, herself, very much, coaxing, and is always sorry when she reaches the foot of the hill. "Flying Moments of Pleasure" must have delighted her.

Rosa V. C. likes *Minimam's* stuff. I wonder if Rosa V. C. is the seat-mate of Anna M. F. One of these girls has dark and the other has blue eyes, and the little bird that is Rachel B., who sits with Rosa, and that they share in both work and play.—Harry B., Charles O., and H. B. Y. have written very agreeable letters.—Nora B. H., Grace K., and G. H. E. have also done well.—Does G. stand for Gertrude, Gustavus, Grace, or George? Initials are very confusing, my dears.—Mary E. S.

tells about her callally, and W. H. E. (Willie or Winifred) is taken to school every day in the wagon by papa—I am much obliged to these dear friends, and to their teacher. I shall be glad to hear from them again at some other time. There are many little school-rooms into which I would dearly love to peep if I could.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A CRUCIOX WORD.

A word of five letters.  
Whee!..it will agree  
On man, woman, or child  
None loveth to see.

But if you behold it,  
This word by the good;  
I think that it's counted  
A kind of a hood.

And if you curtail it,  
It surely will float—  
A word of four letters,  
Which maketh a boat.

Take the first two letters  
Away from the word  
And no doubt you will see  
The name of a bird.

Both behead and curtail it,  
And then you will find  
An animal useful  
And gentle as a kind

P. L. BLATCHFORD.

No. 2.

VERY EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. A month. 2. A unit. 3. A word of affirmation.  
B. S. GIBSON, JUN.

2.—1. To dry leather. 2. Devoured. 3. A boy's name.  
BESSIE C.

No. 3.

TWO EASY ENIGMAS.

1.—In short, not in long.  
In cold, not in son.  
In look, not in seen.  
In king, not in queen.  
My whole you have heard  
As the name of a bird.

MAY L. HAMMER.

2.—In John, but not in Kit.  
In Japh, but not in Hit.  
In why, but not in kin.  
Whole is a bird by night and day;  
Tell me his name ere he flies away.

A SUBSCRIBER.

No. 4.

BRIRED CITIES.

1. Did you ever meet a handkerchief? 2. We brought home a pretty fern in a lovely vase. 3. There are some sweet water-lilies in the parlor. 4. She went home rested. 5. The water looked very deep. 6. She is reading in her room. 7. I tried to carry Rachel across East Street. 8. The trees were all banyans. 9. She gave Helen a lovely basket of flowers. 10. We saw the dove and killed. 11. The sale mentioned was large. 12. At the request of Mrs. Sprague, I ordered the cake. GRACE.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 332.

No. 1.—O D O R C A R D  
D A N E A L O E  
O N C E R O S E  
R E E L D E E R

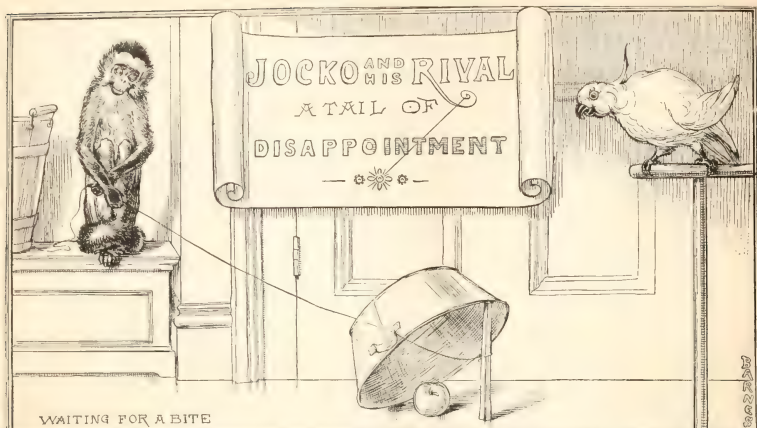
No. 2.—Cork. Mudrae. Hiawatha. Onions.

No. 3.—Claw. Feet. Bag. Speed. Orange. Shoe. Walter.

No. 4.—Ser-pent. Sham-rock. Rob-in. Pri-mary.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Robert H. Miller, Geo. Decker, B. S. Gibson, Jun. Adelle and Edward Claffin, Nellie J. Battelle, Willie Green, R. O. Quinn, Cordelia City, Charlotte C. Ketcham, Nagisora, James McNider, Mary Howard, Horace J. Jones, J. Kapp, Mary and Helen Granger, Willie C. Hunter, George F. Springer, George B. O'Brien, Amanda T., C. J. Montgomery, Elmer Holloway, Ellie, Ellie and Harry Moody, Reynolds L. Nicholson, May L. Hammer, Walter Saunders, Bill Badale, Gertrude, and Herbert Holmes, Zele B. Anna L. B. C. Miner Bailey, Willie S. Kimball, Charles L. M. Keehan, Willie D. Davis, Carrie Shelley, Bessie C., and Eleanor Blaker.







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"FINGERING THE STRINGS WITH A TOUCH SO LIGHT AS TO BE ALMOST A CARESS."—SEE "SILENT PETE," PAGE 30.

## SILENT PETE; OR, THE STOWAWAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TODY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

#### JERRY'S PLANS.

"WELL, what's the use of hanging round here? Pete allows that we could make more money if we were in a bigger city, and he's about right. Somehow it seems as if the folks don't want to hear music; but if they do, there ain't any danger of fellows being loaded down with too much money for playing."

"But where are you going? It costs something to travel round like regular nobs, and if you can't earn enough for your living, what will you do?"

"Look here, Felix Dompaigne, did you ever see any fellows that thought Jerry Hicks couldn't take care of himself, and Pete too, if there was any need for it?"

"No, Jerry, I never did; but, you see, living here is one thing, and starting off to try to get North is another. Supposing you should get 'way up to New York, what could you do with Silent Pete? Why, the boys there would just about tease him to death when they saw him mooning round with that fiddle he calls Sweetness, and not even saying a word to anybody when one of his fits of playing comes on to him."

"Where do you suppose I'd be if any fellows should try to pick on Pete? Do you remember what happened to Nigger Jim when he did that same thing last winter?"

"Yes; but you might run across some fellows that you couldn't lay out as easy as you did him."

"It's got to be a mighty tough fellow that could rough it into Pete very long if I was anywhere around. Just move off a little ways, so's he won't hear us. There, stand behind this lamp-post, and I'll tell you all about it. You see, Pete he's getting awful lonesome and homesick like, and that's why I'm going to start North. I thought he'd kinder forget about his father being drowned and his mother dying; but it seems as if the longer ago it was, the worse he feels. He's got some folks up in New York, and he thinks he can find 'em if he's there."

"Suppose he does find 'em, and then gives you the shake, what'll you do 'way off where you don't know nobody?"

"He's got the right to shake me if he wants to; that's nobody's business but his. You see, his mother was so good to me that time I was sick that when she died I said I'd look out for Pete, and I'll do it—don't you forget that! There ain't a better fellow in New Orleans than poor little Silent Pete. You see, the reason why he don't talk very much is that he's keeping up such an awful thinking all the time that he don't have any chance to speak. All he wants is just to fiddle, and when we're round nights, he playing and I trying to sing, he enjoys himself even if we don't get any money. I tell you what it is, Felix Dompaigne, if you can find anybody who's got as much music in his whole body as Pete's got in his little finger, you let me know, and I'll—I'll—well, I'll give you my share of the St. Charles Hotel."

The speakers were Jerry Hicks and Felix Dompaigne, and they were standing near the corner of Canal and Royal streets, in the city of New Orleans. The two were old friends—that is to say, they had been acquainted nearly a year, and when it was rumored that Jerry Hicks was about to take a trip North in company with Silent Pete, the little, quiet fellow who played on the violin in the streets while Jerry sang, Felix at once left his fruit stand in the care of a friend, and started out to learn the truth or falsity of the report.

Perhaps none of the boys except Jerry knew that the little street musician whom they called Silent Pete claimed

the name of Peter Marquand. They all knew, however, that Pete had formerly lived in New York; that shortly after his parents came to New Orleans, four years previously, his father, while working on a vessel at Algiers, had fallen overboard and been drowned, and that his mother had died of yellow fever nearly a year before this conversation between Jerry and Felix had been held. The boys were also aware that the citizens spoke of Pete as a wonderfully good performer on the violin; but they had no very great appreciation of his powers, since they knew that Pete's music drew more praise than pennies, even from his admirers.

"Well," said Felix, after a moment's silence, "Jerry, if you've made up your mind to take Pete on a voyage for his health, I suppose that settles it; but I reckon that you'll wish you was back before you get very far."

"Perhaps I shall," replied Jerry, as he looked around again to satisfy himself that Pete could not hear him; "but I'll be showing that I was willing to try. You see," he added, as his voice sank to a most confidential whisper, "Pete's mind don't run on anything else but getting up North—I mean when he ain't playing on Sweetness—and I'll get him there if I can. I won't say that I'd think of such a thing if it wasn't for him, for I never was in any other place than this city, except, of course, across to Algiers or out to the Lake, and between you and me I don't think much of New York; but Pete is just set on it, and he's going if I can get him there."

"When will you start?"

"I don't know. I'll look round to-day, and if I see half a chance we'll skip."

"Well, I'm sorry you're leaving, Jerry, but I won't say anything about it, because you'll do just as you want to, I suppose. If you can, I wish you'd let me know when you start; but if you can't, and I don't see you again, you know that if you get busted and can get back, I'm the one that will help you just as much as I know how."

"I'm sure of that, Felix, and perhaps I'll have to ask you to stake me some day, but I think now that I'll get along all right."

Meanwhile Pete, a slender, delicate-looking lad, hardly more than twelve years old, whose flaxen hair hung nearly to his shoulders, and whose large brown eyes had a preoccupied look in them that was almost painful to see, sat on a box fingering the strings of his violin with a touch so light as to be almost a caress. He paid no attention to two little colored boys who were busily engaged in alternately making faces at him, and darting around the corner whenever it appeared as if Jerry might see them; but with Sweetness pressed very close to him, he seemed to be unconscious even of the noise and bustle everywhere around him.

It was not until fully ten minutes after the fruit merchant had left him that Jerry aroused himself to the full importance of the work he had before him.

"You stay here till I come back, Pete," he said, as he approached the little musician, and then he hurried away in the direction of the levee.

Little Pete remained silent and motionless, save as his fingers moved softly over the strings of his violin, his thoughts wandering away to the far-off city of the North, his heart hungry to meet those who had loved the parents he had lost, while now and then a half-suppressed sob told of the pain of utter loneliness. The negro boys, emboldened by Jerry's absence, pressed nearer to the little fellow, whose quiet ways alone made him the object of their mirth, and played the most extraordinary antics expressive of derision, directly in front of him, without attracting his attention.

Jerry, meanwhile, had gone directly toward the water front of the city, as if carrying out some plan he had formed immediately after Felix had left him. He walked down Canal Street to the levee, turned abruptly to the

left, and continued on toward the French Market, until a large square of canvas hoisted to the mast of a small brig caused him to come to a full stop. On this canvas had been painted in black letters the words

**CLIO,  
FOR NEW YORK.**

Jerry, who had always been an interested spectator of the business done along the levees, knew from this notice that the vessel before him was, after the fashion of the advertisements he had often read, "the fast, able, and stanch brig *Clio*," and that she was ready to take such freight as might be offered for New York—a method of getting a cargo which would render the time of her departure very uncertain.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have hesitated about going on board, for he knew from past and painful experience that neither the officers nor the crew of vessels were very anxious to receive calls from boys. But on this occasion he felt reasonably certain of being allowed on deck, even though he was not very warmly received, and he clambered on board in what he thought was a business-like way.

"Well, what do you want?" asked a gruff voice, before his head was fairly above the rail of the vessel.

"Are you the Captain?" and Jerry was undecided whether he should conclude his business while he was in such a position that he could easily jump on shore again, or if he should venture boldly over the rail.

"Yes, I'm the captain—of the galley," the man added, with a laugh; "and I reckon that's as much of a captain as you want to see."

"Oh, you're the cook, are you?" and all Jerry's assurance returned, now that he knew to whom he was speaking. "Well, I want to see the Captain of the brig."

"He's at Baton Rouge; but if you'll please to step into the cabin, General, I'll send a messenger after him. You won't have to wait more than a couple of days."

"I suppose it would 'most break his heart if he didn't see me," replied Jerry, with a grin, as he assumed an easy position on the vessel's rail; "but the Mayor never would forgive me if I should stay here so long. I only dropped round to see about hiring this 'ere craft to take me and my pardner up to New York."

"You'd better make some arrangement for a steamer, you had, for this brig is altogether too small for such a swell as you. Now tell me what's wanted, you young monkey, or I'll knock you into the water."

The captain of the galley was evidently in no mood for further banter, and recognizing this fact, Jerry swung himself over the rail in such a manner as to enable him to beat a hasty retreat in case the cook should lose his temper.

"This is just what's wanted, and if you'd try to help a fellow, you can't think how much good you'd be doing."

Then Jerry told the cook about Pete, where he wanted to go, and, in fact, all the particulars concerning him, concluding by saying: "Now you see how it is, and if I could only get a chance for him to go to New York, I'd be willing to do any kind of work to pay for his going, and I'd give up all the money I could raise."

"And how much might that be?"

"Well, I'm 'most sure I could scrape up three dollars, for I know Felix and the rest of the fellows would do what they could to help us."

"Three dollars! Why, that wouldn't pay for the salt you'd eat."

"I'd get along without salt. Here, now," Jerry added, as he perched himself on the rail once more, "I'll agree not to eat anything if the Captain will take us, and let Pete have what he wants. That wouldn't be very much, either, for he don't eat scarcely nothing at all. See here, now, he 'ain't had any dinner yet, so you'd think he ought to make a good square meal; but you just let me bring him down

here and show you how much he does eat. Why, a slice of bread is a regular Christmas dinner for him, and three dollars would keep him in grub till next Fourth of July."

The cook did not seem to think that an exhibition of Pete's feebleness in the way of eating would be any inducement to take him as a passenger on the *Clio*, and he said, after a short pause:

"It's too bad you— Can he fiddle pretty good?"

"Fiddle? Why, he can play all around anybody you ever saw. To look at him you wouldn't think he amounted to very much; but you set him down once, without saying a word to him, and if he don't waltz around a fiddle better'n men fourteen times his size could, then I don't want a cent."

"I allers like to have somebody on board that can fiddle, and I reckon you could be a right smart lot of help to me in the galley; but, you see, Captain Sproul won't take passengers at any price, and you might just as well butt your head agin the foremast as to ask him."

"Is he ugly?"

"Bless you, no; he's just like a Southdown lamb when he's on board. He's too easy for his own good, he is; but all the same he won't take you, and I know, for I've sailed with him off and on for the last ten years, to say nothing of our being brought up in the same town."

"See here, now," and Jerry leaped from the rail to the deck, looking around cautiously to make sure that no one was near, "I could help you an awful sight if I was on this vessel."

"Of course you could, if you know anything about cooking."

"I'd make out eating better'n I would cooking, I suppose; but it wouldn't take me very long to break in, and I'll tell you what I'll do: you show me and Pete a chance on board here where we can hide, and after the vessel has started I'll come out and take any kind of a licking the Captain wants to give me."

"It wouldn't do no way."

"Why not? After we're on board he can't help himself, and I'm willing to stand anything if I can only get Pete to New York. I've heard of fellows who got off in vessels that way."

"So have I; but no good ever comes to a stowaway, and I wouldn't help you do anything of the kind."

"Say, just let me bring Pete down here, so's you can hear him fiddle once. And look here!"—Jerry stepped very close to the cook as he added, in a whisper, "I'll give you the three dollars if you'll hide us on board so's we can go in the vessel."

"I don't want your money, and I tell you honest that I'd like to have you on board, 'cause I've allers been egging the Captain on to hire a boy; but it's no use for you to talk to me."

"Now suppose you was a poor little fellow like Pete, and was down here without any place to sleep in sometimes, and pretty near all the time without half enough to eat, and you had folks in New York that would fix you up nice if you could only find 'em, wouldn't you think I was kinder rough on you if I wouldn't help you to hide on this vessel?"

"But I 'ain't got any business to help stowaways."

"And supposing you felt bad all the time 'cause your father was drowned and your mother was dead, wouldn't you think it was tough if you couldn't even get a chance to work a passage up to the place where you could find your own folks?"

"Why don't you talk to some of the steam-boat men?"

"They won't listen to me at all. I tried yesterday, and I couldn't even get on board to talk to anybody."

"But you might find some captain who would be glad to have you go with him."

"Yes, and I might find a hundred dollars; but I don't reckon I shall. Now all you've got to do is just to let me





"DOGGIE, YOU MUST WAIT FOR THE SECOND TABLE."

know when to sneak on board, and I'll do all the rest. Nobody won't know you had anything to do with it, and it'll pay you when you see how tickled poor little Pete'll be to have a chance to find his folks. If you'd been in a big city all alone, and your father and mother had died, and—"

"Hold your tongue, will you? I'll toss you over the rail if you don't shut up!" And the cook walked toward the galley, trying to act as if he was in a towering rage.

"Will you help us to hide?" insisted Jerry.

"The Captain will just about break every bone in your body when he finds you."

"He may knock me around as much as he wants to if I can only get Pete to New York."

"Then come down here to-morrow night about seven o'clock, and I'll stow you two away. But remember," he added, as he shook his fist in Jerry's face, "if you let on to anybody that I had anything to do with bringing you on board, I'll smash you all up, and then I'll—I'll boil you like I would a piece of salt beef."

As he finished speaking, the cook darted into the galley, closing the door behind him, and Jerry wisely concluded that it would be better not to attempt to thank him for the promised assistance; so he ran at full speed to tell the joyful news to the little musician.

"We're going to New York to-morrow, Pete!" he said, excitedly, as he rushed up to his friend.

"Are you sure?" asked Pete, as he turned quickly, his face lighting up as with a flood of great joy.

"Of course I am. I've got it settled, and if we don't travel

like nobs, Pete, we'll get there all the same. I would 'a hired three state-rooms for you on one of the big steamers, but the Captain and I couldn't exactly agree; so we'll try our luck on a brig I found, and if you don't have everything nice, you can't have it much worse than it's been here sometimes."

Pete looked at his friend in silence, as if it was difficult for him to understand that his dearest wish was to be gratified, and when he did realize it all he laid his hand affectionately on Jerry's rather dirty cheek, while a great sob of joy prevented him from speaking.

"We're going to stow away in a brig," explained Jerry, "and we've got to be on board at seven o'clock to-morrow night. The cook of the vessel is going to help us, and I'll fix it all right with the Captain after we get to sea. We'll go to New York, old man, and after we've found your folks I'll sell my bonds, and people will think we're a couple of sugar-planters come up North to see the sights."

"You won't get yourself into trouble for the sake of helpin' me to New York, will you, Jerry?"

"Of course not. What ever made you think of such a thing? The Captain'll be awful glad when he finds that we're on board; but I'll go

on deck before you do, 'cause he might be tickled to death if he found out all at once that we was both with him."

"I know what you mean, Jerry," said Pete, in a low tone, "and I know what may happen when the Captain sees us. I shall go on deck when you do."

"See here, Pete," cried Jerry, almost fiercely, "didn't you agree allers to do just what I told you?"

"Yes; but I didn't mean it when things were what they may be on the vessel."

"You've got nothing to do with talking to the Captain, and if you don't promise me now that you won't go on deck till I tell you, I'll take a rope with me and tie you down so's you can't even wink. Then you'll have to stay below, and be making a lot of trouble for me besides."

"But if the Captain is angry when he finds that we've stowed away, I can't let you go alone to meet him."

"That's just what you've got to do," was the reply, "or I'll tie you down, as true as my name's Jerry Hicks."

"But, Jerry—"

"Now, Pete, promise me that you'll do as I tell you. Be a good fellow, and give me your word."

"I don't like to, Jerry; but I will if you say so, though it seems as if I'd be a coward. But if he should beat you, I'd come on deck, anyway."

"Well, I tell you what you can do. If he wipes the deck with me, and you see that I'm coming all to pieces, you can fetch a broom to sweep me up into some kind of shape; but that's all. Now come on, and let's tell Felix about it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## EASTER-EGG NOVELTIES.

BY ADELIA B. BEARD.

"In marble walls as white as milk,  
Behind a curtain soft as silk,  
Within a crystal fountain clear,  
A golden apple doth appear.  
There is no door to this stronghold,  
Yet thieves break through and steal the gold."

LONG ago, when children's toys were simpler than they now are, and our young people were less exacting, the colored eggs dyed with logwood were hailed with delight at Easter-tide; but nowadays, however, something more elaborate is required, and novelties are demanded by the young as well as the old. It is to help supply this demand that these Easter novelties made of egg-shells are now in-

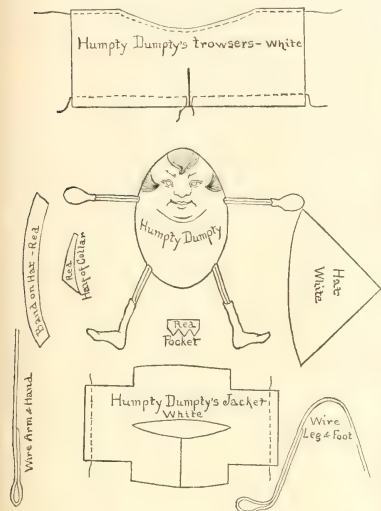


FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM OF HUMPTY DUMPTY.

roduced. They are simple in their construction, and, as may be seen by the sketches, are comical little creatures when completed.

Let us begin with Humpty Dumpty, who may with ease sit upon any wall; and should he, like the Humpty Dumpty of old, get a great fall, all the King's horses and all the King's men could not put this Humpty Dumpty together again.

The diagram (Fig. 1) shows the frame of this little fellow and how it is joined together. A large egg should be chosen; and when the contents have been blown from the shell—which is done by boring a small hole in each end of the shell with a needle, placing one end to the lips, and blowing steadily until the egg has all run through the hole at the other end—four holes must be pricked in the shell for the arms and legs to pass through, as shown in the diagram. These limbs are made of rather fine bonnet wire, the piece used for the arms being about eight inches long. The hand is made by bending up one end of the wire as in diagram, and with softened beeswax covering the loop thus formed. When one hand has been finished off in this way, the other end of the wire, still straight,

should be passed through one of the holes near the small end of the shell and out through the one opposite, then bent up into a hand and arm in the same manner as described.

The wire for the legs and feet must be ten inches long. The diagram shows how it is bent to form the feet. On this frame wax can easily be modelled to look like a foot; a coating of red paint will add to the appearance, as red boots look well with the costume to be worn. The wire for the legs should be bent in a curve in the middle (see diagram) before it is passed through the shell. Again, as with the hands, one foot must be finished and the legs fastened on before the other foot can be made.

The figure of Humpty Dumpty being thus prepared, his face must be painted; water-colors are the best for this purpose. The jollier the expression of his face, the funnier the little man will look.

Patterns for trousers, jacket, and hat are shown in the diagrams. The trousers should be cut from white cotton cloth two and a half inches long and six inches wide. A slit an inch and a half long cut in the middle separates the legs of the trousers, which must, of course, be sewed up. Dotted lines at top and bottom show where a gathering thread should be run, the bottom gathers forming ruffles around the ankles. White should also be used for the jacket, cutting it three and a half inches long and five inches wide. The shape of the jacket may be seen in the diagram, dotted lines showing where the sleeves are to be gathered around the wrist. Collar and pockets of red—the patterns of which are given—finish the little garment. A white hat four inches around the brim and two inches high is decorated with a band of red, which should be sewed on the edge and turned up.

When dressing Humpty Dumpty fasten his garments on to his body here and there with glue, which will hold them securely in place. The hat also should be glued to his head, as it is difficult otherwise to keep it on.



FIG. 2.—HUMPTY DUMPTY COMPLETE.

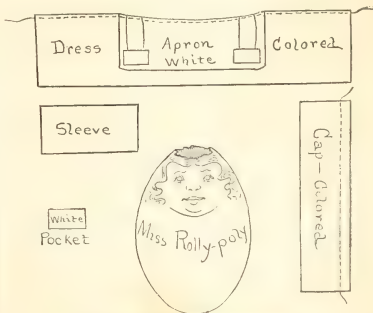


FIG. 3.—DIAGRAM OF MISS POLLY-POLY.



Fig. 4—Miss ROLLY-POLY COMPLETE.

Little Miss Rolly-poly, who decidedly refuses to lie down, always retaining an upright posture, no matter in what position she is placed, is made in the following manner: After the contents have been blown from the shell, the hole in the small end is enlarged gradually until it is about a half-inch in diameter; the shell is then placed in an upright position (a box with a hole cut in it just

large enough to hold the egg firmly makes a good stand), and melted sealing-wax is poured in; on

top of this melted lead is poured, all the while care being taken to keep the shell perfectly steady, that the weight may fall exactly in the centre and make a perfect balance. A small quantity of lead is sufficient for the purpose, as the shell is so very light.

Miss Rolly-poly requires no limbs; when her babyish face is painted she is ready for her costume. The dress is simply made of a strip of colored cloth, and is two inches long and seven inches wide. The white apron is fastened to the

to work. No incubator is needed to hatch this bird, as only the shell is used, the contents having been disposed of in the manner before described. We commence the formation of the little owl by making two holes near the large end of the shell in the position shown in Fig. 5. By looking at the next diagram the manner of making the feet and legs may be seen. A short piece of wire is bent in the shape given, and is wrapped on to the longer wire with strong thread, thus forming three toes, which are quite enough for a bird that will never walk. One foot made, the wire is passed through the shell, having first been bent into a curve, as in the description of Humpty Dumpty. When the last foot has been fastened on, the wire should be pushed back into the shell, allowing but little of the legs to show. The wings are cut by the pattern given, and are painted to resemble feathers as much as possible. Brown is the best color to use. By the diagram may be seen how the head and body are painted.

### BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

#### COMPANIONS.

A BOY is known by the company he keeps. You are judged by your associates, for the very good reason that people usually select for their friends those who are in sympathy with themselves.

If suspicion in a school trouble of any sort falls upon a lad or a set of lads, you may be certain that they have been companions in mischief. Wrong-doing is much like a snow-ball rolling down-hill: it gathers size and momentum as it goes. If a bad boy could always keep good company, few persons would credit him with badness. But a bad boy would be ill at ease among the good, and so you seldom find him in their society.

May your Aunt Marjorie explain that she is not one of those tiresome people who never have patience with fun, and who consider high spirits and merriment out of place? Indeed, no. When there is a frolic going on, count me in, if you please. Under the head of badness, I include the meanness which makes a boy tell a lie rather than own that he has been in the wrong; the malice which prompts him to play a practical joke, and the lack of principle which borrows and does not return.

There are diseases which are contagious, that is, communicated by the touch. We are very careful not to put ourselves in their way. The worst disease in the world which affects only the body is, however, to be preferred to a wrong condition of the soul, and the best way to keep out of that is to choose good companions and avoid bad ones.

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLY HORSE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

FAITH sat up, tremulous and excited. "Oh, Bertie," she said, softly, "where is she? I do so want to see her!"

The lad came forward at once. "And so you shall, dear," he answered, "very soon. Let me tell you first all that happened. Have you had anything to eat?" Bertie of late had made himself general manager of the household where Faith's needs were concerned. "Now, if I send your tea in here, will you take it comfortably? and I'll tell you all about it."

Faith assented. Very soon a cosy little tray was spread

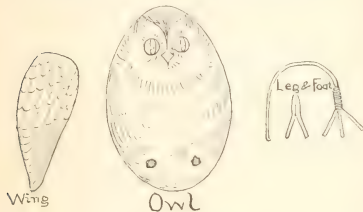


Fig. 5.—DIAGRAM OF OWL.

dress as shown in the diagram. Sleeves are made of pieces of the dress material about one inch long and one and a half inches wide. They are rolled up and fastened with needle and thread, then sewed on to the dress in the position shown in the diagram. Pockets are made for the apron, and the ends of the sleeves tucked in them, which makes it appear as though the hands were hidden in the pockets. The cap is made of the same material, or of a color harmonizing with the dress, is four inches around the brim, and one inch high; it is sewed together at the two ends, and gathered into a pompon on top, as is shown by the dotted lines in the diagram (Fig. 3). A little glue should also be used to fasten this dolly's dress and cap on.

To turn a hen's egg into an owl has not before, I imagine, been thought possible, yet it is easy enough, and requires but a very short time to accomplish this transformation when one knows just how to go



Fig. 6—OWL COMPLETE.

before her, and Bertie, sometimes sitting down, sometimes pacing the floor slowly, told the story.

The Dawsons and Mrs. Burton had been telegraphed for early in the day, and after Jo's final cross-examination Mrs. Dawson gave her testimony.

"I wish you could have heard it, Faith," said the boy, smiling at the recollection. "It was almost impossible to keep her to the point, she was so anxious to praise Jo. She related how they met; how Jo nursed her daughter—she pointed Miss Rachel out to the jury, and they nearly overwhelmed the poor girl—and how Mary Brooks, as she kept calling her, was the smartest, tidest worker she'd ever known, and the best girl with the children. As for her own Jo, the baby, it was fretting itself sick for her now. Well, the upshot of it was that Mrs. Dawson impressed the jury very finely, but Mr. Burton, in his quiet, forcible way, did more. He told of Jo's coming to him of her own accord, and offering to testify on Sandy's behalf; and he added what I never had suspected." Bertie smiled thoughtfully.

"What?" queried Faith.

"Why, that Jo was fully convinced that by giving her testimony she ran the risk of being thrown at once into prison herself for running away. He brought it all in so that it wouldn't be objected to as testimony, but I assure you that it told well, for no girl would run such a risk unless for a good cause; and, as she said herself, every one knew Sandy and she were not friends."

"And where was Jo all this time?"

"She had asked to be allowed to go out into the ante-room again; and do you know, Faith, I don't think the girl has the least idea what she is to do now. I never saw anything so humble and gentle as she seems. Those Dawsons must be capital sort of people," the boy added, breaking off suddenly.

Faith's eyes were shining. "I just want to see them," she answered. And then: "But, Bertie, if Jo hadn't, as you once said, the real grin in her, she never would have found and made such friends; and only think, if she had not done so well, tried so hard, and been so worthy, her testimony now would have gone for nothing, and Jo would have lost forever her great opportunity. I've often thought we all have just one really great opportunity in our lives to take or miss or to lose."

"Or perhaps not see at all," said Bertie, in a low tone.

"Perhaps; but I think if we make ourselves ready, as poor Jo unconsciously was doing all that year at Burnham, we shall not lose sight of opportunities when they come. God keeps them waiting, I fancy, Bertie, for our ready moments. He lets us have the will and the desire to prepare ourselves, so that we, poor things, may get all the merit possible. Ah, Bertie"—Faith, lying back among her pillows, put her arms up, clapping her hands above her head and looking over to the tall, boyish figure in the window—"do you know what I have thought lately?"

Bertie's face was turned swiftly toward Faith; the boy had learned of late to note every change, every hint of meaning in Faith's voice, words, or looks. So seldom, however, would she speak of herself that he caught eagerly at any suggestion of a mood that was likely to be personal.

"I think," she went on, with her softest smile, "my opportunity is nearly ready. I am not quite fit for it, though, just yet."

"What, Faith?" Bertie was startled by something in her voice and eyes.

"I think I know what it is to be, Bertie dear. Perhaps I ought not to trouble you with my fancies, but Jo was the beginning of it. I wonder if she will help me at the end?"

"Faith!" cried the boy, passionately. He knew now what she meant. Oh, were they all blind? did none of them see the feet of God's messenger coming slowly but surely? And she, in her gentle, girlish heart and soul,

she had felt the "fragrance of the winged ones," as they came. She had known it, and was striving to be patient, to be ready.

"Faith!" cried Bertie. He knelt down by his cousin's side, and Faith stroked the curly, boyish locks as tenderly as though he were a child, instead of a lad only two years younger than herself.

"Don't talk and look like that! You mustn't! Opportunities, indeed." He lifted his eyes with a show of indignation in them. "Why, your whole life is full of them, and you're always ready."

But Faith only smiled and shook her head. "The real one is coming, Bertie," she answered. "There, now; don't be dismal any more. I want to see Jo."

Bertie rose to his feet. "Jo is here, Faith," he said, quietly; "they made me promise not to bring her in for half an hour."

"Oh, go quickly," cried Faith. She rose, stood still in the centre of the room, her heart beating with pleasure while Bertie was gone.

And so it chanced that Jo came back to Faith to find her almost as she remembered her last, standing in her beautiful room, the late sunshine of a summer evening falling about her, touching her white gown, her soft brown hair, her tranquil smile, and seeming to linger in the little cross shining at her neck.

But, oh, how really different was this tall, grave-eyed girl, Jo Markham!

Faith went forward swiftly with outstretched hands—with eyes lighted through a mist of tears—with happy, parted lips.

"Jo," she cried, tremulously. She took the girl tenderly in her arms, and held her closely for a moment. "Oh, Jo dear," she said, softly, "thank God for it all! I am so happy! so glad!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

PERHAPS it will be hard for any one to understand how entirely Jo believed that she would be immediately sent back to prison; but even when Bertie took her up to North Street she concluded that by some one's kind interference she was allowed that much freedom, but that probably the next day would see her behind those dreadful doors again. The impression many people, brought up as Jo had been, had of the mercilessness of the law was made more striking in her case by her own and Sandy Martin's experience; so, as she drove through Ashfield to North Street by Bertie's side, it was hard for her to respond to his cheerful, satisfied mood. She knew she had done right; she felt sure Faith would think so, but it was difficult to have the lad's good spirits, or even be specially glad to know that Sandy had been completely overcome by what his ancient foe had done for him.

When Bertie fully realized Jo's frame of mind he determined that Faith should have the pleasure of undeceiving her. Jo could bear a little more misery for the sake of the peace that was to come.

Miss Grace welcomed the girl cordially. Her doubts of Jo had begun to melt on the first sight of Jo's neat, altered appearance, the steadfast simplicity of her young face, and as her story progressed the good old lady had been filled with dismay and remorse for her own part in Jo's too prompt imprisonment; so, while Bertie went to Faith, Aunt Justina took Jo up into her own sitting-room, where they both grew friendly over a talk in which Jo's life at the Dawsons' was the chief topic.

Mrs. Burton's good-will and interest in Jo was another open-sesame to Miss Grace's heart, and Jo was really an interesting person now—no longer rude, or ragged, or rebellious—a quiet figure, neatly dressed, sitting quite properly on one end of Aunt Justina's best plush-covered lounge, and speaking in a well-modulated if rather timid voice. A little bad grammar more or less, a slight dulness



"AND SO YOU SHALL, DEAR," BERTIE ANSWERED, "VERY SOON."

about catching all Miss Grace's suggestions, made really very little difference. "Mary Brooke" was on the whole quite a commendable young person, and Miss Justina was just revolving in her mind a plan for sending her to an excellent institution, of which she was patroness, when Faith's summons came.

Half an hour later Faith and Jo were still alone in the library, Jo talking for the most part; her thoughts set free now by what Faith had told her.

"Then they won't send me back, Miss Faith?" Jo had said, in startled surprise. Faith took time and gentlest words to reassure her on this point, and gradually it was impressed fully on Jo's mind.

Words came freely after a little while. Jo felt the comfort of being able to say all that she had kept pent up within her heart and mind so long, and Faith's sympathy was all she needed to draw her on.

At last Bertie appeared; and following him the Burtons, mother and son, who had been invited to tea, Bertie having in his character of master of ceremonies promised that Jo should go back to the hotel for supper with the rest of the Burnham party.

By this time Mrs. Joyce had discovered whose eyes Jo's were like, and had entered into a confidential talk with Mrs. Dawson about Jo's mother, whom she had known well.

"Just the smartest, bonniest lass you ever saw," Mrs. Joyce said to her guests while they waited Jo's coming. "Well do I mind the day of her wedding. I lived in Bayberry then; my man was in the provision business and I had dress-making, and this other Josephine Mary—Markham, her name was—was my best hand. Young Brooke was quite the gentleman. His people, some of

them, are out in Bayberry now. I shouldn't wonder if they could be made to take notice of the girl. Poor dear!"

And much more would have ensued had not Jo just then appeared, still rather timid and shy, but with a happy look on her face as she greeted her old friends heartily.

Rachel could not ask or say enough; Mrs. Dawson was equally talkative and interested; the Joyces felt they had a distinguished guest, and altogether the supper-table, set in the landlady's own parlor, presented a very cheerful picture when, about nine o'clock, Bertie looked in upon them to say his cousin wanted Jo to come to North Street for the night.

"And this is Mrs. Dawson, I suppose, and Miss Rachel?" the lad said, in his friendly way, shaking hands with the visitors. "My cousin wants very much to have you stay over to-morrow and spend the day with her. She is not strong, you know," Bertie added, with quick gravity, "and so she thought unless you could stay all day there wouldn't be a chance for her to see enough of you, for she has to rest a great deal."

"Eh! poor young lady," said Mrs. Joyce, when the Dawsons had expressed their ready satisfaction and thanks, "it's failing fast enough she is, Master Bertie!"

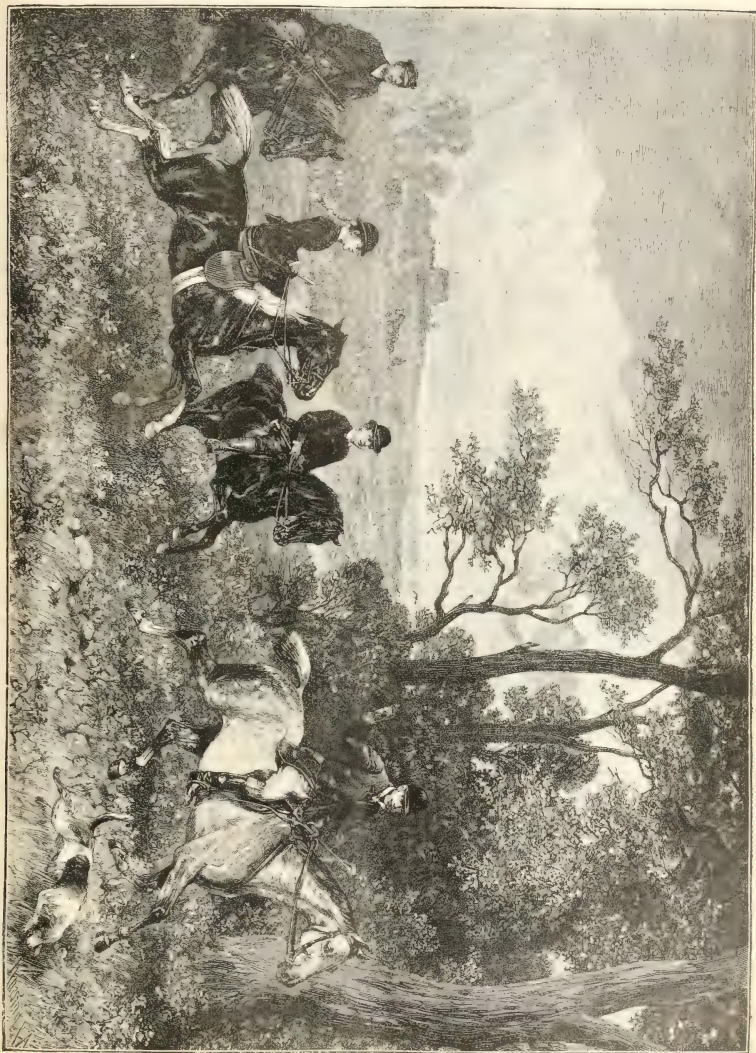
The look of quick pain that came into the boy's face was not unobserved by Jo.

When they were out walking along the country road toward North Street, she said, earnestly, "Mr. Bertie, is she so very bad—is she?" Jo could not finish her sentence.

Bertie stood still a moment and looked at Jo in the moonlight. "Jo," he said, "we must value every hour with her, I believe." The lad turned away. "God wants her. I believe she is going away very soon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





A DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.—SEE ARTICLE "IN THE SADDLE," PAGE 368.

## IN THE SADDLE.

BY COLONEL THEODORE A. DODGE, U.S.A.

## Part XX.

AND now let us suppose that you have got a good firm seat and light hands, and that you can ride along the road at a walk, trot, and canter, and feel as much at home as if you were on foot. The next thing Don and you may learn is to jump a fence cleverly. Have you never felt a desire to leap over into a field and gallop along the soft turf? I've no doubt you have been sorry that you could not do so, and have thought it a very great feat. But it is not hard at all. Any one can easily learn to sit a clever jumper over a fence or brook. The difficulty lies in teaching the horse to jump willingly and handily. Would you like to teach Don? In the country this is simple enough. In the city it may not be easy to get a good place to practise in. The way to begin is to find a fallen log, or a gate of which you can let down the bars until it is only eighteen or twenty inches high. Then walk Don up to it, and encourage him to step over it often and quietly, until he gets in the habit of lifting up his feet quickly and promptly when he reaches it. Always coax him; never strike him. Keep a little sugar or salt or a bit of apple in your pocket for him, and give him a taste after he goes over. This will make him like to do it. By-and-by Don will find when he walks briskly up to the obstacle that it is easier to rise with both his forefeet and hop over it than to lift up each so high. As soon as he does this, be sure to pat and reward him, for this is the great step gained, after which it is only a matter of practice and patience, raising the height by slow degrees, to make him jump two feet and a half or three feet. When he can do this, he does as well as any pony need. At the instant of jumping give him his head; don't pull on him. But when he lands, take hold of his mouth a trifle, so that he shall not stumble.

Now about yourself. You will be learning at the same time. When Don begins to rise at his leap, do you lean back, settle down in your seat, and hold on with all the legs you have, *except your heels*. As you hold on remember your bareback seat, but throw your feet to the rear a bit, so as not to lose your stirrups, which should be "home," *i. e.*, under the small of the foot. If you are going to leap much, you may shorten your leathers a hole or two. Some people may tell you to lean forward as Don rises, and then back when he leaps. But don't you try it. Lean back. You may save yourself a "cropper."

When Don walks up to the bar and takes it cleverly, and you sit it without going out of the saddle, trot him up to it. Many horses jump best from a trot, and many bold riders always trot up to timber, while they gallop up to a hedge or a ditch. Later you can canter Don up to the bar, so that he may be familiar with his work at all gaits. By these means, and by rewarding Don whenever he has jumped nicely, he and you will both grow to be fond of it. But do you never strike him at a jump. Many of the best horses have been so discouraged by a cut with the whip when they were trying to do their best that they have lost all courage, and refuse to leap even small obstacles. Don will get to love praise very much. Blows will accomplish nothing. Don't keep on making Don leap till he is tired. You want him to like it, not to weary him with it. You can by these means both learn to leap well.

I told you before that you could use your legs to guide Don. Many hundred books have been written on this subject, from Xenophon down, but I must tell you in so few words that you will get only a very slight idea of it. Suppose you had spurs on your heels, and should gently and quietly touch Don with one of them while holding the reins so that he will not move forward. What will he do? Why, move away from the spur by stepping side-

wise with his hind-feet. Now if you did it with the other heel, he would step away from that one. All well-trained horses are thus taught to move their croup, or hind-quarters, away from the spur or heel, and after a while a horse will get so sensitive that the least movement of the heel toward his side suffices to make him do this. It is just as important to make a horse shift his croup to either side as to make him shift his forehead. And it is the horse who does so well that is most easily guided. You can see that if you want to turn a corner to the left, you can do it by moving Don's head to the left, or by swinging his croup round to the right, for either will give him the new direction. And it looks very stupid to have to pull a horse's head 'way round to one side to make him turn a corner.

This use of the croup helps in many other ways besides, which I cannot now explain to you. But you will wonder when I tell you that horses may be trained even to do such extraordinary things as to trot and gallop and jump fences backward. Not that there is any great use in doing these feats, but teaching them makes a horse and rider obedient and skilful.

Now there is another use of the legs. If you quietly bring both your heels near Don's sides, he will be apt to move his hind-legs a little more under him than usual, so as to start forward; and if the bit restrains him, and his mouth is soft, so that he arches his neck and clamps his bit, he will be what horsemen call "collected," or, as it were, balanced. In this position he will be much more ready to perform what you desire than if he is in a sprawling one, which is always stiff.

From this you can see that the best use of spurs is not to make a horse go or to punish him, but to guide and control him. A well-trained horse almost never needs punishment. Only in a race are whips and spurs needed to push a horse. And a celebrated jockey once advised another to throw his whip over the fence if he wanted to win a race. A generous horse who understands his rider needs no whip.

You may wonder why a horse should be taught all these things. Why not let him move as nature prompts him? you may ask. A horse that is free can manage his own weight very handily himself. But put a man on his back, and he requires instruction how to manage himself and his burden, under the control of the rider, to the best advantage. Suppose you yourself should try to run and jump with fifteen or twenty pounds on your back; you would quickly understand what a man's weight adds to a horse's duty.

Now in order to teach Don to move his croup, you will have to be very patient, and teach him only one side step at a time, caressing him every time he has responded to your spur, and making him enjoy the learning as much as you do the teaching. When he has been well taught he will be able to move his hind-quarters in a complete circle about his forefeet, which should remain a fixed pivot, and his fore-quarters around, with his hind-feet as pivot. But he knows enough for your purpose if he will thus shift two or three steps quickly. And by using your heel and bit both, you see that you can teach him to walk sideways, or what riders call traverse.

When you have mastered all I have told you, Don will not only be a much better pony, but you will be quite a promising young horseman, anxious to learn more about equestrianism as an art. I have scarcely told you its A B C. The rest you can learn when you are older. There is just as much to learn in equitation as there is in music or painting, and no art is more pleasant to study. There is as much difference between a fine rider and a man who only sticks to a horse and makes him turn to right or left or jump fences as there is between Mother Goose and Milton.

And now a word to the girls. You may think that a girl cannot do as much as a boy, but she can. In the

South girls often ride bareback, sitting somewhat as they would in a side-saddle, and using a stick to guide the horse. But I presume that a girl here must begin on a saddle. It will be well for you to remember that a girl's seat on a properly fitting saddle is just as firm and secure as a boy's. Some of the boldest leapers in England are women. And while leaping is not necessarily evidence of fine horsemanship, it requires a strong seat, courage, and discretion. Your saddle ought to have the leaping horn, which curves over the left knee. Without it you have to depend too much on balancing. Your left foot wants to be in the stirrup at such a length as that you can, by slightly raising the heel, hold it hard against this horn, while the right leg presses on the other. You ought to hold the left knee well against the saddle, and be able, like a boy, to swing the leg, from the knee down, easily to and fro, though it should generally hang straight. The right leg should hang equally straight and close to the saddle over its horn; and if you lower the heel of this leg, you get a better grip. The saddle may be too big, but must not be too small. You must feel free to move your body in all directions, and sit just as easily and comfortably as a boy. If your saddle is on firm, you are as safe as possible.

Everything I have said to the boys applies to you. Be particular to sit square. This is all-important. You need to have some one occasionally watch you from behind to tell you whether you sit upright and in the middle of your saddle, particularly when rising to a trot. A girl who leans over to the left or sits too much to the right runs the risk of her saddle turning and of getting her pony's back sore. Keep your shoulders square, and let your arms hang naturally. Rise to a trot squarely; don't wriggle. It is more important for you to ride with two hands than for a boy, so as to keep your hands low, but it is also well to learn to use one hand only. You can use your whip in place of a boy's right leg, and if your seat is good and your skirts not too long, you can use your left leg as well as he.

A boy's seat is nearer the horse than a girl's, but it is no stronger. A girl can leap as well as any boy, but she wants to be more careful, because if she falls her skirts may catch and embarrass her. For this reason a girl had better not try to leap more than two-feet-and-a-half obstacles, and her pony should be trained not to rush after he has cleared the obstacle. The best way to do this is to pull up your pony, and give him a bit of sugar now and then after he has jumped well. This will lead him to expect it, and make him apt to stop if anything happens.

Learn how your saddle should be put on, and see yourself that it is firm, before you mount, and more than once during every ride. Feel now and then that your girths are tight.

Boys can dress any way. A girl will be most comfortable if she will wear a boy's under-clothes and socks and trousers under her riding dress. Long stockings are apt to make folds under the right knee. My own little girls of twelve and fourteen have such summer and winter suits for riding, and find them altogether the best. They have been brought up to ride by just the rules I have given you, and either can ride Penelope, who is a high-strung sixteen-hand thorough-bred, over a full-size hurdle or wide ditch as bravely as their brother. The old huntsman's "Ands and 'els low, 'eal and 'eart 'igh," covers the ground for girls as well as boys.

All the gaits, walk, trot, canter, and gallop, will be easy to you long before you are perfect in what I have told you. Remember your seat, always close unless rising to a trot, and then close as may be; your hands, always light and low; your head keeping your body erect and lithe, and your heart in the right spot. And I have found that girls, though they have not generally the kind of bravery that a boy has, as a rule possess that which will make them confident and skilful in the saddle.



## MR. THOMPSON AND THE MOSQUITOES.

BY ALLAN FORMAN

OTHER afternoon an odd-looking person entered my office. The figure and general appearance was Mr. Thompson's, but the face was one mass of red blotches, swollen and almost unrecognizable. I stared at him a moment before I could determine who it was. He bore the scrutiny with bad grace, and exclaimed, "Well, what's the matter now? Didn't you ever see me before?"

"Not when you looked as you do now," I replied. "What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I haven't been doing anything. I went out in Jersey to spend Sunday and have a good time, that's all," answered Mr. Thompson.

"Mosquitoes?" I inquired.

Mr. Thompson nodded.

"Tell me about it," I urged.

At first Mr. Thompson was very reluctant, but after some persuasion he consented.

Mr. Thompson had a day or two on his hands which he did not exactly know what to do with, so he concluded to spend them at a quiet little village among the Jersey hills.

"They told me that there were no mosquitoes and no malaria," he remarked, plaintively, as he swallowed a quinine pill; "and look at me now."

All went well until Saturday evening, when the little hotel was invaded by a party of roistering young clerks from New York, who were bent upon having a good time. They sat up all the evening with a bright light burning in their room, and the windows open. The result was that the room was speedily filled with mosquitoes. The hungry insects feasted for a while upon the convivial young men, and then, flying out through the transom, entered Mr. Thompson's room in the same manner. After buzzing around Mr. Thompson's head for some time, they seated themselves in a row on the foot-board of the bed and began to sing.

"You have no idea how dreadful it was," said poor Mr. Thompson, shuddering at the remembrance of the scene. "It was bad enough while they contented themselves with pulling the clothes off the bed and biting me through two blankets and throwing my shoes at each other."

"What?" I exclaimed; "the mosquitoes?"

"These were Jersey mosquitoes," replied Mr. Thompson. "But when they began to sing 'We won't go home till morning,' I could stand it no longer. I threw my pillow at them, and they all flew away, and I sank back exhausted."

It is my private opinion that at this juncture Mr. Thompson went to sleep; but he insists that he only lay for a few minutes, and was falling into a doze, when he heard them coming back more noisy than before.

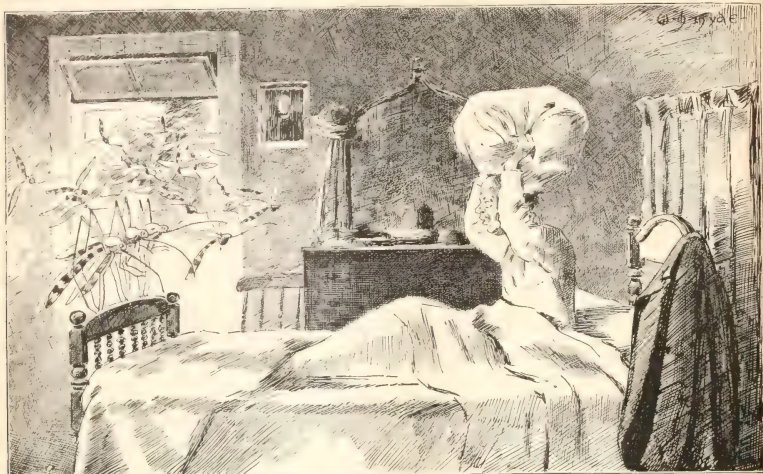
"He threw that pillow at us; let's throttle him," exclaimed one, angrily.

"No, no; let's bite him," urged a second.

"That's so," they all cried in chorus. And before Mr. Thompson could do anything they were buzzing around his ears and making vicious thrusts at every uncovered part of his body. After a time, however, they seemed to get tired, and sat on the foot-board of the bed again to rest.

Mr. Thompson was relieved, and soon began to breathe gently through his nose. That's what he says; you and I would call it snoring.





"I THREW MY PILLOW AT THEM."

"Just listen to him!" remarked one of the mosquitoes. "He's talking."

"Yes; and he hasn't a bad voice," commented another. "More like a frog than one of us, though," said a third.

"He may be a very decent fellow, for all that," suggested a fourth.

"I am—I am," interrupted Mr. Thompson, who was anxious to obtain the favor of the little pests in the hope that they would cease bothering him.

"What did you throw the pillow at us for, then?" demanded the first, angrily.

"Well, you were annoying me so," said Mr. Thompson. "Of course we were," answered the mosquito. "If you were a mosquito you'd annoy people. It's our nature."

"Oh, I'm sure I should not," asserted Mr. Thompson. "Try it and see," said the mosquito, with a sarcastic buzz.

Mr. Thompson says that he never knew how it came about, but before he knew it he was floating around in the air over the bed, making a tremendous humming, and finally he settled down on the foot of the bed.

"Well, how do you like it?" inquired the mosquito.

"It's jolly," exclaimed Mr. Thompson, enthusiastically; "but I'm awfully hungry."

"We'll go into the next room and get something to eat," said the mosquito, and, in accordance with the suggestion, Mr. Thompson followed his new-found friends out over the transom and into the next room. Here they buzzed around the room, and Mr. Thompson pleads guilty to a malicious joy in humming around the heads of the young men and annoying them in every possible way. He says that he has no idea how long they remained there, but finally growing tired, they returned to his room and settled down on the foot of his bed again to rest.

"Where did you come from?" queried Mr. Thompson, as he gave a last flutter to his wings and drew one long cobwebby leg up under him with a hum of satisfaction.

"Oh, we were blown up from the flats on the breeze," replied the mosquito. "We were born down in the marshes—hatched, I should say."

"How long do you live?" pursued Mr. Thompson.

"That depends upon the kind of luck we have," replied the mosquito, sadly. "Our cousins the gnats live only one day, but we are sometimes a week old before we die."

"And plenty long enough, too," muttered Mr. Thompson. Luckily the mosquito did not hear him, and it continued, after a pause:

"We don't have half a chance here, we are so small and so few. In some parts of South America we are so plentiful that swarms of us have been known to kill horses and cattle. But we are a large family, and have relations all over the world. We all belong to the *Culex* family, and gnats, midges, and gallinippers are our first cousins."

"Yes?" said Mr. Thompson, trying to appear interested. "Oh yes," said the mosquito. "I'll tell you what I'll do—you seem like a good fellow; and to-morrow night I'll bring up a swarm of my cousins the gnats and a lot of jolly mosquitoes, and we'll make a night of it."

"If you do I'll put up a net!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson. "Oh, you will, will you?" hummed the mosquitoes, angrily, in chorus, and forthwith began a simultaneous attack upon poor Mr. Thompson. He says he has no idea how it came about, but he suddenly found himself in bed again, and vigorously fighting the mosquitoes which were swarming around his head. But no matter how hard he slapped, they kept coming, until he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. When he awoke in the morning his face was so swollen that he could hardly open his eyes, and he made a rapid escape from that mosquito-haunted locality.

When Mr. Thompson had finished telling the story, he looked at me sharply to see if I believed him. I suppose my face must have shown that I regarded his story with distrust, for he said, in an offended tone, "I suppose you think I dreamed it, eh?"

"Well," I ventured, mildly. "Oh yes; well; well!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson, in high dudgeon. "Well, I suppose I did not talk to the mosquito; and well, I suppose I didn't get the malaria; and well, I suppose I dreamed this face. WELL!" and Mr. Thompson bolted out of the room, slamming the door hard behind him.



# An Easter Song



Words by MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

*With spirit.*

Music by F. J. HATTON.

*In moderate time.*

*f* *p* *cresc.*

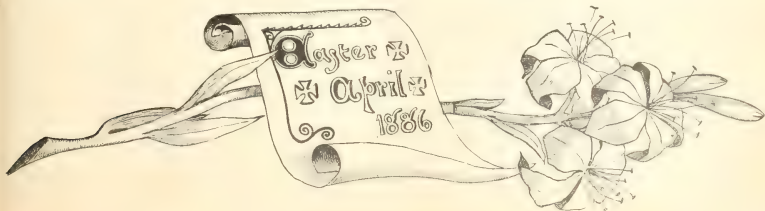
1. Lit - tle chil - dren, far and wide, Sing of Christ, the Cru - ci - fied, Lo! the stone is  
 2. Though the night was chill and long, Greet the dawn with hap - py song; All the gold - en  
 3. Though the win - ter's gloom was drear, On the earth the flowers ap - pear; Shed - ding o - dours  
 4. Christ has ris - en, they shall rise Who have van - ished from our eyes; Grief - ing hearts, be

*Symphony can be repeated after last verse.*

*A little faster. Joyfully.*

rolled a - way; Christ has conquered death to - day. Glo - ry! Al - le - lu - ia sing, Glo - ry to the ris - en King!  
 East a - flame, Thrills to rapt - ure at His Name. Glo - ry! etc.  
 pure and sweet, See, the lil - ies kiss His feet. Glo - ry! etc.  
 glad to - day; Lo! the stone is rolled a - way. Glo - ry! etc.

*f* *f* *f*



K.K.P.  
It des.

## Four O'clock.

I do not play with snakes. The Indians are civilized. The Pueblos, not the savages. Apaches—come to our place very often to sell fruit and pottery. They laugh when they look at us blue-eyed children. I have two brothers and three sisters. We call the baby Rosebud and she is the sweetest flower in the mountains. In summer the mountains are covered with wild flowers of all kinds. My grandpapa taught me the names of many. There are about forty different kinds of cactuses, and the flowers are very fine. The beautiful yucca grows everywhere; there the verbena, the scarlet lily, Phlox drummondii, lily-of-the-valley, and many, many, and many other small flowers literally carpet the ground.

Our house stands in the middle of an evergreen grove. A great deal of mistle-gate grows on these trees. Last summer I went with papapa and grandpapa to visit the ruins of an old Indian pueblo not far from our place; papa said it was inhabited by a race of people long before Columbus discovered America. This is called a new country, but I think it must be very old; don't you? The Rio Grande Valley is a rich fruit and garden country, but we have

no gardens in the mountains. Papa says the nights are too cold. But there are great herds of sheep. Our goats are Nanny and Nanny's names are Ned and Brownie. I like horses best of all pets, and love to ride and drive. We have a pretty little cow named Daisy and a white calf named Lily, two goats named Nanny and Nanny's doggie Tom, and a lot of fine chickens. My own dear dog Dixie is dead; he was a water spaniel. We have no school; we send our uncles and aunts in the States send us many beautiful books, papers, and pictures, and we have learned to read and enjoy them so much.

Do you allow us to write to you very often? and would you like to have me tell you more about this beautiful, sunny, far-away country?

JOSEPH M. B.

Write again, and if there is room I shall be glad to insert your letter.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

This is the story an old clock told me as it stood in my father's dining-room and slowly ticked the minutes away:

I was made in 1736, at Salem, England. My maker was a short, fat, merry old man, who, when I was finished, put his hands on his sides and looked at me with pride. The next day I was carefully packed in a large box, my brass face eagerly looking at all that went on. I was taken in a wagon to a large vessel that was lying in her port on the Thames. After a month's voyage we arrived at New York, and I saw many people looking at me through the slats. I found out afterward that they were Dutch—New York was then a Dutch city. I was placed on a wagon and driven for many days along roads none too good. We came at last to Philadelphia, where I was taken to the corner of a neat little store kept by a Quaker. About a week after my arrival a gentleman and his little wife came into the store, looking for a tall clock. They selected me in preference to three others, and I was at once sent home and set up in the cosy sitting-room, where I reigned for ten years undisturbed. One day my master came hurrying into the room with a newspaper and a very excited face. "Mary," he said, "Well, William," said my mistress. "Why, what has the matter?" "I have just read that the king is dead," said my master. "The king shall know all." Then he sat down and read to her the account of the "Boston Tea Party," and all the rest of that story which you have heard of so often. Now I had a very great liking to the American people, and fully sympathized with them in their love of liberty. My life went quietly on after this for about thirty years, when a man with a gun and America free. One day I heard crying and

sobbing, and heard, to my sorrow, that my master was dead. My mistress lived only about six months after his death, and I went to a young lady, friend of my late owners. She was a young American, and I lived with her for thirty-five years. Her children regarded me with curiosity and distrust. In time I was passed on to the youngest, who had me only ten years, when she died, leaving me upon the mercy of the "wide, wide world." I fell into the hands of an entire stranger, who was a gentle and kind-hearted, a large family of children. He much admired my fine brass works. His children liked to see my will, and they would go round; they would knock the door and see the large weights and long pendulum. I lived here for twenty years. At last my master died, leaving me to the youngest son. He grew tired of me in a year and sold me to a young couple who wanted a handsome old clock. (I flatter myself that I am handsome.) Well, they have sent me home, and I have lived with them for a long time. About fifteen years after my purchase my owners went abroad, and sold me to a worthy Philadelphia man. He lived just out of the city, and had a pleasant house and a nice old house-keeper. I was much admired by his friends, and he grew very proud of me. I lived with him for fourteen years, when a young man, who was a friend of his, came to be his partner in life. I made the third in his family. For four years I graced his parlor, and then he sold me to a young man, who was a friend of his. He was your father, and I am very happy to be in the family for years. I hope I shall continue in the family for years.

This is the story the old clock told me.

BESSIE B.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I live on Washington Street, and the State is building a new Capitol only a few blocks distant. It will be a beautiful Capitol, and will cost \$1,000,000. The architect came from Chicago, and though we have some very good ones here, and quite a number of fine residences and beautiful churches. I went to a Sabbath-school picnic last year at Stone Mountain. It is a huge peak of solid rock three thousand feet in height, and six or seven miles in circumference; it is about fourteen miles from the city. Atlanta has fifty thousand inhabitants.

EMMA LUT. G.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

The following letters from Detroit were enclosed in a very pleasant one from the teacher of the little writers. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is used in her school as a reader, and these letters were prepared as a composition exercise:

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I live in a very pleasant part of this city, which used to be called Springwells. I live on Indiana Avenue in a two-story front house. In the summer time, when it is so warm in the centre of the city, it is very pleasant where I live, because there are so many trees around. Just in front of our house there are two large elm-trees, which reach above it, and in different parts of the yard there are peach, pear, apple, maple, and hickory nut trees. And in the back of the yard there is a small rock called the "devil's club," which I will describe.

This tree grows to a considerable height, and one of its branches, of which there are very few, almost straight. The tree is covered with thorns, some of which are almost a quarter of an inch in length. In the spring, small, limber branches, like the stem of a leaf, begin to grow out. On these are clusters of queer blossoms, which change into little purple berries, which soon fall. Then there are still smaller branches, which are like the stem of a leaf, and they grow leaves grow. In the fall the leaves turn yellow, and when they fall the small branches fall also. One day I was walking in the yard, and before you can see that I need never be lonesome. We have chickens, cats, pigeons, rabbits, a dog, a horse, and a cow.

VIRGINIA S.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I have read many pleasant stories and letters from your paper. I live in the western part of the city of the name of the same name; it is called the "City of the Straits."

I am in the B Eighth class. I study arithmetic, grammar, and spelling, and I am very good at spelling. The name of our school is the Webster. The A Eighth class is the highest in it.

I have three sisters and one brother. My brother is in the navy at Newport, Rhode Island; he went there last June. He likes it very well. He is said to be one of the best buglers on the ship. He is going to Europe at any time. If he goes, he will go on the *Vandalia*, as bugler.

We have very pleasant times here. I may write again.

SUSANNE L. LITTON.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have four sisters. Last summer we gathered up nuts, and sold them, and got Harper's Young People for ourselves. We like it very much. Mamma says

he Air grew chill, the Sky was grey;  
The Black Cock crowed, and far away  
Another answered, In a dream  
The Kobold drank thick clotted Cream,  
And chased Roast-Goose. He woke and  
And turned upon his other side (sighed).

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

I wish to make a final acknowledgment of receipts for Monroe chapel up to date: Ladies' Miss. Society of Newtonville, Massachusetts, \$17; Miss. Josephine Bulard, \$2; Mrs. Ernst, \$1; Minnie and Sossie, \$1.50; Mrs. Edward Savage, \$1; Otto Savage, 50 cents; Ella and R. Gulnac, \$1; M. Farlin, \$1; Mrs. Diana Jones, \$2; through Postmaster, \$2.35. Previously acknowledged, \$30.30. Total, \$63.30.

I have to thank the many young readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for their generous interest in this cause, and the mothers and fathers who have assisted them to give substantial expression to that interest; also to the many people of many denominations who, knowing and recognizing a noble cause, have put aside sect to feel as one. I am sure that the good Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians who have their own flourishing places of worship in Monroe will feel proud of their brethren in this northern land who have so uselessly helped to give a church service to a small but earnest band of God's people. I have, through the generosity of Mr. Lamb, been able to buy at my New York house a beautiful service for communion, and it is to be engraved as a "free will offering from Fairfax Furne," and presented, I hope on Easter-Sunday. With many thanks, I am sincerely yours,  
S. McIL CHATER.

MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

I was born in Pennsylvania, April 10, 1876. My cousin Paul, who lives in New York, sent me a year's subscription to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. He asked me to write to you. I never went to school; my papa and mamma teach me. I have lived in this wild mountain country for five years. I wonder how much the boys and girls know of a bright, beautiful part of our Uncle Sam's big farm. We live in the Magdalena Mountains, and the high peaks look like frosted cakes six months of the year. One mountain has a picture of a very handsome lady, and is named Lady Magdalena; another looks like a gigantic elephant, and is called Elephant. The mountains are covered with evergreen trees, and contain large deposits of silver, gold, and lead. When we first came to this place I was once playing near a large stone pile and my little dog Dixie. A large rattlesnake was lying near by, and as I had never seen a snake before, I went up to it. The snake jumped at me, and I suppose would have bitten me had not Dixie caught it and jerked it away. A man working near by came and killed it. Since then







UNTIMELY AFFECTION.

## PUZZLES FROM PARIS.

THIS time we will try an exercise that is a little more difficult than those we have already given. Our puzzle-solvers have by this time, no doubt, discovered that the French, like the English, when they want a new word to explain something, are very apt to borrow it from the Greek or the Latin language. Now our new puzzles are called "logogriphs," and this word comes from *logos*, the Greek for "word," and *griphos*, the Greek for "net." That is it exactly. Each of these logogriphs is answered by a word which, like a net, contains others, that may be found by leaving out or adding a letter or so, or by changing the place of one. By way of helping our puzzlers we would say that the word *piéd*, which they would usually translate as "foot," is used by our French puzzle-makers as an equivalent for "letter."

## LOGOGRIPHS.

(1.)

Avec cinq piéd s'élècle, et sur quatre je tue.

(2.)

Sur six piéd s'enferme un précieux métal : Sans queue et sans mon chef je suis un animal.

(3.)

Sur quatre piéd, lecteur, je suis un chasseur. Retranche moi le chef et je deviens ta mère.

(4.)

Sur quatre piéd j'ai quelquefois deux piéd. Cinq, six, sept, souvent huit, souvent douze piéd : Queue à bas—ni pattes, ni piéd.

(5.)  
Sur neuf piéd je suis nécessaire  
Pour construire un bâtiment ;  
Sans cœur je suis une rivière,  
Ou le nom d'un département.

(6.)  
Cinq lettres forment mon total.  
Je suis un instrument de verre ;  
Ma queue à bas et je puis faire  
Sur quatre piéd un animal.

(7.)  
De mes six piéd la justice  
Se sert contre le maliniteur ;  
Sur cinq piéd, chère lectrice,  
Je suis une douce liqueur.

## THE SICK DOLLY.

BY THOMAS O. CONANT.

MAMMA, Dolly's dawn to s'leep,  
An' I wis' oo'd twy to keep  
Vewy, vewy still;  
For if s'e s'uld wake, I fink  
It would make her ill.

Dolly's been so sick, oo know,  
For ch doctor tol' me so—  
Vewy sick indeed;  
An' s'e's dot a poulitice on,  
So s'e wouldn' bleed.

Dolly's had a pain—so bad,  
Oh, it made me dwefful sad,  
An' I almos' cwied.  
Mamma dear, what *could* I do  
If my Dolly died?

Now s'e's wokened up, I fink,  
'Tause her eyes bedin to wink.  
Dolly, tum wite here,  
An' I'll wock oo in my arms.  
Is oo better, dear?

Mamma, Dolly's almos' well,  
An' I's gladder 'n I tan tell.  
S'pos'n' s'e had died?  
S'pose if Dolly had been me,  
Wouldn't oo have cwied?



APRIL FOOL.



# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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## SILENT PETE; OR, THE STOWAWAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TORY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

### CHAPTER II. "STOWING AWAY."

**F**ELIX was very busy when Pete and Jerry called at the fruit stand to tell him of their intended departure. He had just made a sale of five oranges, and the question

of disposing of ten cents' worth of bananas only depended upon his willingness to give fourteen instead of twelve for that amount of money.

After his two visitors had waited some moments for an opportunity to speak with him privately, Felix effected the sale by giving his customer twelve good bananas and two that looked rather the worse for having reposed so long on the stand.

"Well, fellows, what's up now?" he said at last.

"We're going to-morrow, Felix," said Jerry, in a low whisper.

"What?" and the first moment was attractive how—"you don't mean to say that you've got it fixed already?"

"I'll tell you the whole story; but you mustn't even think about it when anybody's round, 'cause if the fellow what's helping us should know I'd let on that he was doing anything, it would be good-by for us."

Then Jerry told Felix of his interview with the cook of the good brig *Clio*, concluding his story by saying, as he moved away from Pete to be certain that the little musician could not overhear him:

"I'll allow that the Captain will kick up awful rough when he finds that we're on board; but I'll show myself first, and take what he's got to give before he sees Pete."

"I wouldn't do it," whispered Felix, warningly. "Don't you remember what a time Italian Joe had when he stowed away in that fruit schooner? You don't know nothing about the Captain of the brig, and you might get pretty near killed."

"I can't help it, Felix. I don't reckon that the Captain will be any too glad to see me; but I'd stand a good deal for the sake of getting poor little Pete where his friends are. But don't you let on to him that the Captain is likely to make it hot for me, 'cause I've just been having a lively time to get him to promise that he wouldn't go on deck when I did."

If Jerry had had the least doubt but that the one great hope in Pete's mind was to get to New York, where he might try to find his friends, that doubt would have been dispelled whenever he looked in the boy's face, which was radiant with joy. Never since his parents died had Pete appeared to be so happy, and Jerry was even in higher spirits than he, as he saw the wonderful change in his friend, all of which had been brought about by him.

"Look at him," Jerry whispered to Felix, when on the following day the two boys called at the fruit stand according to agreement; "he's so tickled that he don't hardly know what his name is, and I tell you, Felix, when I look at him, it seems like I'd have the nerve to stow away on twenty vessels."

Felix shook his head despondently. "I'm awful sorry you're going, Jerry; but I won't talk about it, 'cause I know it wouldn't do any good. Here's some oranges and things for you to eat while you're stowed away."

Felix gave his friend a large package of fruit, and then, after bidding both good-by, he said, with a mysterious wink at Jerry, "Be careful of yourself, now."

There could be no question but that he referred to Jerry's meeting with the Captain of the *Clio*; and his friend so understood it, for he returned the wink, nodded toward Pete, snapped his fingers, and shouted, as he and Pete started down Canal Street, "Good-by, old man; I'll see you again sometime."

Pete had Sweetness, his beloved violin, wrapped carefully in old newspapers; other than that, his personal effects were quite as limited as Jerry's. As they walked slowly down the street, and then picked their way along the levees, among the huge bales of cotton, bags of cottonseed, and barrels of sugar, past the steamers of all sizes and odd shapes, he was mentally saying good-by to everything he saw, and trying to hide the moisture that would come into his eyes.

"There she is! There's the brig!" Jerry cried, just as Pete had begun to fear that the vessel had sailed without them. "Now you can stay here, and I'll snoop round to find out if the cook is on deck."

Leaving the little musician crouching behind a bale of cotton, as if fearing that if he were seen his purpose would be suspected, Jerry darted from one pile of freight to another, until he was where he could command a good view of the brig. He was not long in making up his mind that it would be safe for them to advance, and he

said, as he ran back to where he had left his friend, "Come on, Pete, and step out lively, for the only trouble we'll likely have is to get stowed away. I can't see anybody on deck but the cook, and he acts as if he was watching for us."

Pete did not need any urging, and the idlers on the levee saw two very small boys, each with a bundle, running at full speed toward the brig *Clio*, looking over their shoulders every now and then, much as if they feared that the entire police force of the city of New Orleans was at their heels.

"We've come," said Jerry, in a hoarse whisper, as he clambered up the side of the vessel.

The cook was standing near the capstan, and must have heard the information given, but he did not even look around.

"Shin up here, Pete," whispered Jerry. "That's the cook; but I suppose he don't speak 'cause he don't want to let on how glad he is that we've come."

Jerry did not lose any time. Dropping his bundle of fruit on deck, he clambered inboard; then, leaning over, he helped Pete up the somewhat difficult ascent; but yet the cook made no sign that he had either seen or heard them.

"Look here," said Jerry, as he went up to the man, almost fearing that he had repented of his promise, "we're going to New York with you, you know. Now I don't want to fuss about having a big state-room, or to make trouble about sending our breakfasts in to us, so if you'll show us a place where we can hide, we'll get below pretty quick."

"I suppose you know where the fore-peak is, don't you?" asked the man, persistently keeping his head turned as if to avoid seeing either of the boys.

"It's right in the bow of the vessel, ain't it?"

"Yes, and you'll find a place in the fore-castle where you can crawl through. If you'll take my advice, you'll get below mighty quick. All hands 'll be aboard pretty soon, for the tug will hook on to us before sunrise to-morrow morning."

"All right," replied Jerry. "You needn't check our baggage; if we want anything, we can ring the bell."

Then Pete's protector pushed him toward the dark, ill-smelling fore-castle, and the two boys had hardly disappeared when the cook, coming near the companion-way, called out, "Have you got anything to eat?"

"We've got enough for a couple of days," answered Jerry. "You see, we're kind o' taking this voyage for our health, and the doctor wouldn't like it if we should stuff ourselves too much."

"Have you got some matches?"

"We didn't bring any was ones; but if you want a few of the common kind, I can give 'em to you."

"Then light one, or you'll be breaking your precious necks. Don't come up for twenty-four hours at least, and when you do come, look out for squalls."

Jerry would have made some reply if at that moment the cook had not closed the companion-way suddenly, as if one of the officers of the vessel was in sight, and the boys stepped softly in order that they might not betray their whereabouts. After he had lighted a match, Jerry saw that one of the boards which divided the fore-castle from the extreme bow of the vessel was loose, and, by the light of another match, soon saw the place where the captain of the galley proposed they should stow themselves away.

It was simply a dark hole, large enough for half a dozen boys to have hidden in, but so littered with ropes, boxes, and barrels as to make it a decidedly uncomfortable place in which to spend even an hour. To add to its discomforts, the odor of the bilge-water, combined with that of general mustiness, was so great as to be almost overpowering until the boys grew accustomed to it.

"I wouldn't wonder if they've got some rooms up at the

St. Charles's Hotel that are nicer than this; but, you see, we shouldn't be on our way to New York if we was there; so we're better off here."

"I was afraid it would be a good deal worse than this," said Pete.

"Was you now, really?" asked Jerry, immensely relieved to know that his friend was not down-hearted. "Anyhow, I wish we'd brought a candle so's we could see the things around us. If we only had stuff enough to eat we needn't show ourselves to the Captain until after we got to New York."

"Haven't we enough?" asked Pete, quickly, for he was anticipating something terrible in the way of punishment when the Captain of the brig should see them.

"Well, I reckon there's what would last you on a voyage to Chiney; but I can't make three square meals out of a banana, so I'm afraid I should run kind o' short by to-morrow night. I'll light some more matches, and we'll put your fiddle where it won't get hurt. I suppose the vessel will rock some when we get out to sea, and we must fix up all we can now."

It was not an easy matter for Pete to decide where he would leave Sweetness. He wanted to hold it in his arms, to be certain that it would not be injured; but Jerry insisted that if a storm should arise—one such as he had heard of—it would be impossible to so guard the violin as to keep it from being broken. Pete finally placed his beloved instrument high up on a coil of rope, where Jerry was positive it would be safe, and crouched again in his corner with a sigh. If he could have spent the time playing—"making Sweetness talk," as he expressed it—the hours would not have seemed so long, nor the fore-peak so dark; but, of course, anything of that kind was out of the question.

"The only thing to do," said Jerry, cheerfully, as he seated himself in something near a comfortable position, and made an attack on the fruit, "is to get as much of a good time as we can. It can't take forever to go to New York; and no matter what kind of a captain runs on this vessel, it won't be so very long before we'll be there. The cook said the skipper was just like a Southdown lamb; but I don't seem to know what kind of a lamb that is."

"Suppose he should make us go on shore?"

"How can he when we get out to sea?"

"But we do go near Key West when we come out of the Gulf of Mexico, for I've heard the fellows say that the steamboats stop there."

"Crickety, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Jerry, rising quickly, and hitting his head with a resounding thump against the timbers above.

"Did you hurt yourself?" asked Pete, sympathetically.

"I wouldn't want to say I hadn't," replied Jerry, as he rubbed his head vigorously. "It's lucky I didn't get up a little harder, or I'd gone right through the deck, and then there would have been a row. You see, it kind o' startled me when I thought that we might have to go ashore before the voyage was ended."

"It would be worse than not having started at all," said Pete, in a low tone.

"Oh, no, it wouldn't," was the cheery reply. "We will be nearer New York, and if we can't walk, we can try this same dodge on some other vessel. But what's the use of talking about that? It'll be all right when I see the Captain, and then you can sit up on deck fiddling just as much as you want to. We're bound for New York, old man, and that's where we're going, so pitch into Felix's present, and then we'll go to sleep. For we got one night's lodging at any rate, and I go in for making the most of even that. It's kind o' lucky, after all, that we're poor, Pete."

"Why?"

"Cause, you see, fellows that have all the money they want can't feel good when they get such a place as this to

sleep in. Here we are where it don't make any difference whether it rains or not, where the policemen ain't very likely to turn us out, and where we can sleep just as long as we want to."

When Pete awakened and heard the wash and swirl of the water against the bow of the brig, it was some moments before he could understand where he was; but when he did realize it, he shook his companion into wakefulness, as he shouted: "Oh, Jerry, we have started—really started for New York."

"Well, I reckon we have," said Master Hicks, as he leisurely raised himself to a sitting posture, taking good care not to hit his head again; "you didn't think we'd started for Chiney, did you?"

"Do you suppose we've got out to sea yet?"

"I reckon not. The tug is still towing us most likely. There ain't any trouble but what you'll know when we do get to sea, for this brig will be standing on her bowsprit about half the time."

Pete would have been perfectly contented now to remain idly listening to the gurgling of the water, since it told that they were really on their journey; but Jerry was not as modest in his desires. First of all he insisted that they should have breakfast, and after the simple meal was finished, he explored as well as possible the "state-room," as he called it.

It was not an easy matter to grope around the confined space in the darkness, and his stock of matches was now so small that he did not think it prudent to use any simply for purposes of exploration, therefore it was some time before he had satisfied himself regarding the size of their hiding-place.

"It's large enough," he said at length, as he seated himself by Pete's side; "but it wouldn't do to try to squeeze more'n forty boys in here, 'cause there wouldn't be first-class quarters for 'em all. It'll be kind o' lively for us if the vessel pitches so much as to send these boxes and things rolling around, 'cause we wouldn't have much of a chance to dodge."

A noise from the fore-castle at that moment warned the stowaways that some of the crew were there, and Jerry lowered his voice to a whisper lest he should be overheard, and the voyage came suddenly to an end by their being sent back to New Orleans on the tug.

As the hours wore on matters were not quite as monotonous as during the earlier portion of the day. The vessel, which had been gliding through the water with apparently no more motion than if she had been at the dock, began to move about in a manner that puzzled Jerry greatly. First it would seem as if the brig was trying to stand upright on her rudder, and then the bow would go down so low that the boys would be thrown violently against the coils of rope, while the timbers creaked and groaned as if they were being wrenched apart by some giant hand.

"I tell you what it is, Pete," said Jerry, as he was thrown against his companion harder than usual, "it's lucky for us that this place is so small, or we'd be rolling around like marbles."

"What do you think is the matter?" asked Pete, who was beginning to grow alarmed.

"It must be a big storm like Italian Joe told about, only this is worse'n anything he ever saw, I'm certain."

As a matter of fact, the vessel was simply pitching on the waves of the Gulf, with the sun shining brightly, and not even the suspicion of a cloud in the sky. When the boys were the most alarmed the tug had cast off the towing hawsers, and the *Clio* heeled over to the breeze, as her sails were set, until Jerry believed there was great danger that she would turn completely over. Understanding, however, that Pete was even more frightened than himself, he said, with a feeble attempt at his usual careless manner:

"We've got to be shook up just about so much before



we can get to New York, I suppose; but—gracious! what was that?"

The brig was plunging into the seas at what seemed a terrible rate of speed, and the exclamation was forced from Jerry's lips as she struck a wave with such a heavy blow that it seemed certain she must have run against a rock.

"Do you suppose she'll sink, Jerry?" Pete asked, in a trembling voice.

For the first time since he had known him, Jerry made no attempt to cheer his friend. Never before had the valiant Jerry felt so really sick and uncomfortable, and his only reply to Pete's question was a groan. It was not until after both the boys had spent a decidedly disagreeable hour, during which time they felt convinced that the vessel would be wrecked, and that they were dying, that Pete said, with a moan:

"I wish we had tried to go on the cars."

"If you'd said so before I'd rather bought a whole train than to be thrown 'round this way," replied Jerry, and then he relapsed into uncomfortable silence once more.

Another hour went by, and then Jerry said, in a tone of desperation, as he struggled to gain a foothold on the uneven floor of their hiding-place:

"I can't stand it any longer, Pete; I've got to go out on deck."

"You mustn't, Jerry! you mustn't! The Captain will just about kill you, I'm afraid," cried Pete, in an agony of apprehension, forgetting for the moment his own sufferings.

"I can't help it, Pete; I've got to go up, and just as soon as I can fix things I'll come back for you. It don't make any difference what he does to me, 'cause he can't make it any worse'n being here. I don't suppose he'll any more'n kill me, and I'll die, sure, if I stay here much longer."

Pete was too sick to make any very decided objection, and Jerry started for the deck, hardly caring, in his desperation, what the Captain might do or say.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SHOW.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

For course he went to grammar-school every day in New York city, and his father was a policeman. These two facts about the boy are curious, because if the policeman had not gone to a particular place in town, and seen the strangest thing in the world, we might never have heard

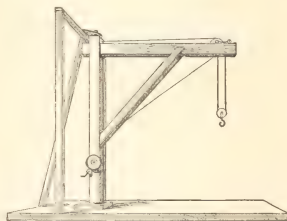
about the boy, the school-marm, and the carved owl. It happened in the most natural way possible. The officer went on duty at the station-house, and the Sergeant directed him to go to Cosmopolitan Hall. There he was to stay during the evening to see that the world behaved itself in a gentlemanly manner. He started out to find the hall, and wondered what could be going on—a circus, or a dog show, or something else. He had not heard a word about the affair before, and when he reached the place he was a truly astonished policeman. "Children's Industrial Exhibition," that was the sign at the door.

The moment he entered the brightly lighted hall he thought it was a church fair; then he didn't know what to think. There were, indeed, plenty of children in the

place, and several hundred "grown-ups," but they were all so busy looking at the wonderful things to be seen that the room was as quiet as a picture-gallery. There was nothing for a dutiful policeman to do; so he began to look at the show, and the more he looked the more he thought about the boy and the carved owl at home. Everywhere in the hall were rows on rows of tables; everywhere were shelves, and all loaded and covered with the greatest variety of curious and beautiful things. There were pictures and drawings, dolls' dresses, toys, models of boats and machines of all kinds; furniture, statues of dogs and foxes, beautiful brass-work, and handsome things made in iron, embroideries, and—well, there didn't seem to be any end to the strange and curious objects exhibited. Seeing a pretty lady wearing a badge, he asked her what it really meant. Was it true that all these things were made by children?



CHILD'S FROCK.



CRANE.

It was true. This was a young folks' exhibition, the first large exhibition, representing work done by children in many different schools in a dozen different States, ever given in the country.

"And could any boy in New York bring his work to the exhibition to show what he could do? And the medals, too, could a New York boy get one?"

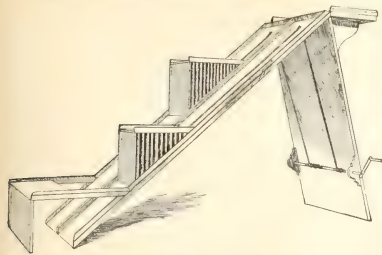
That was true also. Round and round the great room went the officer, thinking of the boy and the carved owl. If his boy had only known of this exhibition, he might have shown that beautiful carved owl. Why had not the school-marm told him about it? She must have known all about it, and she never told the scholars that they might take part in this boys' and girls' exhibition.

So far this story about the officer, the boy, the school-marm, and the owl is true. It really happened; and perhaps there is more, but as the policeman went home, and never came back, nobody knew what happened next. The exhibition was open for a week, and if you had been there you would have seen the most



BRIC-A-BRAC STAND.

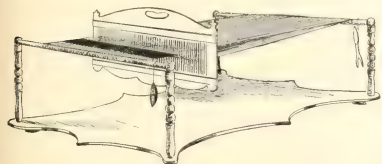




INCLINED PLANE.

curious sight in the world. When you enter the door, of course you buy a catalogue giving the name of every young child, young man, and young woman, from the youngest Kindergartener up to the young work man and woman of the trade schools and art societies, the name and age of every one who made anything for the exhibition. Think of it! According to the book, over seventy schools are represented here, and here is work of nearly four thousand young people and children who can make things with their hands.

Look at this model of a suspension-bridge—foundations,

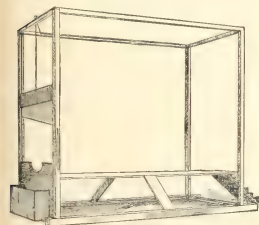


LOOM.

towers, cables, roadway, and all—made by the young master mechanics and engineers of the Gramercy Park Tool-house.

And what is this?—A whole tableful of models. See for yourself. The pictures show some of them. A real working elevator or inclined railroad, copied from the real railroad over in Hoboken. Then here's a working crane, with blocks and tackle all complete, just as you can see it in any stone-quarry. Here's an odd thing for a boy to make. He must be a Frenchman, for he has made a model of a guillotine that has an unpleasant way of letting fall its sharp knife with a bang.

Here is something more sensible—a model loom, with the cloth in it, and all the yarns in place. Why, any fellow could learn the business of weaving from such a working model as this. Furniture too, made by Master Louis Wassell, aged thirteen. It is a bric-à-brac stand, and our young cabinet-

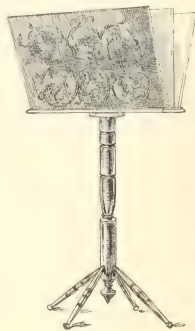


GUILLOTINE.

maker made it all himself, fitted the drawers, and stained and varnished the whole complete. The model of a loom was made by Master Muehlenthal, and both of these boys are pupils in the Hebrew Technical Institute of New York. The miniature guillotine was made by David W. Benedict, and the inclined railroad by Everett L. Thompson, both boys attending the East One-hundred-and-fifteenth Street Public School, New York. There is also a music-stand, made by Fred A. Wood, aged fourteen.

We must not think all the things are made by boys. Look at the picture of a child's dress. How is that for young dress makers less than ten years of age? Little Miss Augusta Stein and Katie Hebold are step-sisters, and both attend the sewing-school of the Wilson Mission in New York. Augusta cut and fitted it, and Katie did the sewing. Could you do that, my young lady? What do you think of such work as that? Isn't it better than to be able to conjugate Latin verbs, or give the names of the Kings of France?

The initial picture shows what Master Joseph Condon, of Pelham, can do in the way of wood-carving. It is no wonder he took the gold medal for such fine work. To picture it all would fill every page, and to tell of every one who did something for the exhibition would fill a book of a hundred pages. The tables and screens were like a museum. Sewing! There were wonderful embroideries and dress trimmings by girls in Germany; hundreds of garments cut and made by girls in the public schools of New Haven and Philadelphia. As for carpentry, it seemed as if the boys were all young masters of the art of making things. Here is the work of boys who can handle a file, and make rough cast iron look as beautiful as silver.



MUSIC PORTFOLIO.

These young folks can work, can make things both useful and beautiful, and the exhibition was to show how much a boy or girl can do if he or she is rightly trained. This exhibition is the first of the kind, but it is not by any means the last. More are to come. There will be others in New York, and perhaps in the very town where you live. What can you do? what can you show? Shall you be ready to try for a medal with a carved owl or something else just as beautiful? Harper's young people can use their hands as well as other folks' young people, and this curious Children's Industrial Exhibition is the beginning of a new kind of school that will be as delightful as play and as instructive as anything now in the school-books.



SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

## A PUZZLED TIGER. A STORY OF BRITISH INDIA.

BY DAVID KER.

TWO men sat under a clump of palm-trees on the bank of a small river in upper Bengal eating their tiffin (lunch) with the appetite of men who had been all morning in the open air. One of them, a tall, weather-tanned, black-mustached fellow, was evidently an English officer. His companion, who was a good deal smaller and slighter than himself, did not look much like either a fighter or a hunter; but the almost superstitious reverence paid him by the Hindoo servants showed that he *must* be a great man in some way.

In fact, there were few more famous scientists or more adventurous travellers than Professor Anneroyd, Fellow of the British Royal Geographical Society, President of the Calcutta Antiquarian Club, Honorary Member of the Russian Imperial Association of Scientific Research, with other titles too many to name. There was hardly a corner of the earth, however remote or dangerous, into which he had not thrust his little bald head and gold-rimmed spectacles; and people who saw him for the first time, after having heard of his exploits, were greatly startled to see, instead of the big bearded, sun-burned fellow whom they expected, a slender, pale-faced little man, who looked as if he would be knocked up or knocked down by the first mishap that befell him.

In the centre of an open space just behind the two picnickers stood a large looking-glass, which the Professor had just been using in one of his experiments; and at this the native attendants were looking and pointing excitedly, although keeping their distance from it all the while as carefully as if it had been a packet of dynamite.

"See those fellows!" laughed Major Hampton, as he finished his second plate of cold chicken. "I'll be bound they all take you for a magician of the very first class. Just now I overheard two of them having a discussion about what you could be trying to do. One would have it that you were trying to bring down fire from heaven, and the other was just as positive that you were at work to discover a buried treasure."

"So I am," chuckled the Professor, cutting himself a slice of bread, "but it's a treasure of knowledge, not of money. However, this can't be much fun for *you*, my dear Major; and it's too bad of me to keep you here all day doing nothing, just for *my* convenience. Couldn't you find a wild beast or two to amuse yourself with while I'm at work?"

"No such luck," replied Hampton, shaking his head. "This bit along the river here used to be a famous cover for the big game; but since they began to cut away the jungle you can't get a decent tiger here for love or money."

The words were scarcely uttered when, as if on purpose to give the lie to them, the native servants, who had been enjoying their long pipes in the cool shade of the trees that flanked the clearing, suddenly sprang up and fled in every direction with shrill screams of terror. Mingling with their outcries came a deep, hoarse roar, which the hardest sportsman never hears quite unmoved—the cry of a hungry tiger on the track of his prey.

"Up into that banyan-tree for your life, Anneroyd!" shouted Hampton, leaping to his feet, "for that fellow means business, and no mistake."

Up flew the Professor as nimbly as a monkey, and the next instant Major Hampton was beside him. But even in that moment of deadly peril the veteran sportsman had found time to catch up his double-barrelled rifle and ammunition-pouch.

Hitherto the flight of the Hindoos and the fearful sound that accompanied it had been the only signs of the terrible creature's presence. But the Major's keen eyes soon de-

tected a stirring among the bushes, and then a great flat head and fiery eye gliding forth from them.

"Isn't he a splendid fellow?" whispered Hampton, as coolly as if he were looking at the beast through the bars of a cage in a menagerie. "He seems to be in want of a lesson, though, and I'm going to give him one."

But he had hardly loaded one barrel of his rifle when he suddenly broke into a fit of laughter so violent as almost to shake him off his perch. And well he might. The tiger was indeed about to get a lesson, but such a one as neither he nor his two enemies had foreseen in the least.

The tall mirror was still standing in the middle of the clearing, just as the coolies (native porters) had left it; and the tiger, coming out right in front of it, saw (as he thought) another tiger advancing against him open-mouthed. His very whiskers bristled with rage at this defiance, and with a savage growl he drew back for a decisive spring. But in doing so he moved beyond the line of reflection, and instantly the other tiger disappeared as if he had never been.

This was evidently something quite new to the "royal Bengal." He stopped short, stared blankly around him, drooped his tail, and altogether looked so utterly bewildered and foolish that the two watchers almost burst their sides with laughing at him.

"Well," gasped the Major, "if this isn't the best fun I've seen since I came out, my name's not Dick Hampton."

Meanwhile the tiger seemed to have made up his mind that the puzzle lay in the mysterious looking-glass, and that it was his duty to examine it more closely. He crept cautiously toward it, and of course the *other* tiger reappeared at once. Now for it! With one tremendous bound he was close upon his enemy; but the shock of his leap overturned the mirror, and the phantom tiger vanished once more.

This second disappearance was quite too much for the nerves of the "jungle king." With a low whine of dismay he turned sharp round, and was about to make off, when Major Hampton, who had no notion of losing his game so easily, levelled his rifle and fired. The sting of the bullet in his flank changed the tiger's fear to fury, and with a roar like thunder it darted toward the tree whence the shot had come; but instantly the second barrel sent its charge home, and the monster rolled over into the jungle grass, a harmless heap of black and yellow fur.

## A SISTER'S SACRIFICE.

BY MAY HUSTWAYTE (AGED FIFTEEN YEARS).

"I SAY, May, if you had any feeling for a fellow you would put away your book and listen to me. What ever is the use of sisters unless they are always ready to wait on their brothers, and especially on the only holiday we get in the week—so, there!"

Having delivered himself of this speech, Leonard threw himself on the sofa with a very discontented expression on his face, and began watching some flies buzzing round and round on the ceiling.

Their father, Colonel Doughty, was an officer in a regiment which had been for many years stationed in India. Leonard had a dim remembrance of his mother, but she had unfortunately died when Mabel was only four years old. When Leonard was about ten and Mabel eight, their father thought they ought to be sent away from the hot climate of India. So he made arrangements with his only sister (who lived in the south of England) for them to stay with her until he retired from the army. On the ship that was to take them to England there was a sorrowful parting between the father and his children. "Leonard, my boy," said Colonel Doughty, "there will be many temptations in a large school; but remember, whatever troubles

you get into, speak the truth, although you may be punished for it. Mind how you choose your companions; and, lastly, take care of little Mabel, and often talk to her about her mother. And you, little one," he said, turning to Mabel, "help auntie, and always be a good girl, that you may grow up like your mother; and if either of you goes wrong you must help each other."

There was no time for any further words, as the bell rang for all friends to leave the vessel. "Good-by, my children, and remember," were the last words they heard. Their father was gone, the ship was moving, and for the first time in their lives they felt lonely.

After a calm voyage the two children landed at Portsmouth, where they were met by Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, their uncle and aunt. There was a happy greeting and many questions asked on either side. The children were glad when they reached their new home, for they were very tired after their long journey. Mrs. Saunders was kind and gentle with them, so that they soon grew to love their new home.

Mabel and Leonard had been living with their uncle and aunt about five years when our story begins. Leonard still went to the grammar school, and Mab had a governess in the house.

"I say, Mab," said Leonard, who had grown tired of watching the flies on the ceiling, "do come; you have read quite enough."

"All right; I'm coming, Len, but let me finish this chapter first."

"Now that always is the way with girls," began Master Leonard, as if he had experienced it.

This had the desired effect, for much as Mabel loved her books, she could not bear to be like other girls, as Len was always telling her she was.

"Well, I am ready, and you said last night, Len, you had something to tell me."

"Oh, bother!" returned her brother. "Well, if you won't go and tell Aunt Nelly, I will tell you, because you always help, Mab." And the boy's eyes filled with tears as he thought of his father and the last words he had heard from him.

"I say, Mab, have you any pocket-money?—because I am in a scrape again."

"Oh, Len, and you promised auntie you would keep straight! I have only three shillings left; I spent all the rest for a present for uncle's birthday. But what scrape are you in?"

"Oh, well, it's just this," began Leonard: "You know Barker wanted me to join that supper of theirs; well, it was out of bounds, and the Doctor has threatened to expel any day-scholar found with a boarder outside the school gates, but Barker said I could not withdraw my word, as I had promised on my honor; so I went last night, and Barker told me this morning if the affair was to be kept quiet we should have to bribe the man at the lodge not to tell; and, besides all that, Barker wants me to return the money he lent me, and with the interest it has amounted to four pounds."

After a short silence Mabel promised to help Leonard if he would break off with Barker.

"Now, Len, don't forget, because if papa were to come home and find you in disgrace, it would grieve him so. For you know in his last letter he did say something about coming to England."

"All right, Queen Mab!" said Leonard, gayly.

Mabel soon escaped to her own room to think it over. How could she get the money for Leonard? It must be got somehow. She counted over all her belongings, and then went to turn her drawers out. She could not part with her watch—that would be missed; and she could not part with her mother's ring, for though Mabel had no remembrance of her mother, Leonard had told her how good and gentle she was, so that she revered the small-

est thing that had belonged to her. The only thing left was the gold brooch her father had sent for her last birthday, and what was the brooch when compared to Leonard's disgrace?

At last tea-time came. When Mabel came into the room, her aunt noticed her pale face, but made no remark. They had an unusually silent tea. Her uncle was engaged in reading, and her aunt was busy with her own thoughts. Leonard was absent, but he returned just as they were finishing. He caught sight of Mabel's pale face directly, and shouted out, "Hallo, Mab! what's up? You're like a sheet!"

At the sound of voices Mr. Saunders looked up. "We must not have our queen ill, and especially when I hear whispers of a long-hoped-for meeting, eh?" he said, looking at his niece.

"I am only tired, uncle, and should like to go to bed."

A few minutes after Mab had left the room her brother started up, and rushing upstairs, knocked at Mabel's door.

"Come in," said a little voice. Len was by her side in a minute.

"I say, Mab, don't bother about me if you can't get the money. I shall have finished with Barker when this money is paid."

"But, Len, why are you friends with him?"

"You see, Mab, it is rather hard for a fellow when once he gets wrong. But never mind; I'll turn over a new leaf. Good-night, Queen Mab; don't think any more about it."

About eight o'clock Mabel awoke, and dressed herself, for she meant to perform her errand to-night. Holding the brooch safely in her hand, she opened the door softly, and crept down-stairs as far as the school-room, where she turned in, because she felt sure of being able to get out of the big French window, which was seldom fastened. Once outside, Mabel flew down the road, and never stopped till she had nearly reached the town. She had never thought of the consequences if her errand were discovered; her only thought was to get money, and thus save her brother from public disgrace. A church clock was striking nine as she entered the town. Darkness was coming on, the shops were closing, and the little eyes in the sky were shining brightly. But Mab saw none of these. She looked wildly for a jeweller's shop. Should she try that grocer's over the way? The woman at the counter looked kind. She crossed the road and entered the shop. The woman looked kindly at her, but when she saw what her errand was likely to be (for Mabel had tremblingly begun her request), she gruffly ordered her off, as she was not used to such dealings.

The poor child left the shop with a heavy heart, and looking around, she saw a boy putting up the shutters of a shop on the opposite side. Mabel was deaf to everything but her own thoughts, and as she sprang across the road, did not hear a carriage come rattling along the streets, nor did she hear a shout from the driver, but the people standing by saw a little figure dart across the road, and heard a scream, as the carriage passed over something, and then continued on its rapid course, leaving a motionless figure lying on the road behind.

People poured out of the houses and shops near, and soon a large crowd had gathered; but only one among all those people recognized the pale little face. A kind-looking woman gruffly ordered them to make way for her, as she knew something about the child. She attempted to lift her up, but Mabel groaned so piteously that the woman, turning to a man standing near, said:

"Here, Tom, carry the poor lamb to my house. And you, Bill, run for the nearest doctor."

Shortly after Mabel's accident a carriage stopped before Mr. Saunders's house, and a gentleman sprang out, and rang the bell. The door was hardly opened before he hurried into the house, greatly surprising the servant,



"I WAS NOT IN TIME, LEN. I AM SO SORRY!"

who stood staring at the strange gentleman. Colonel Doughty (for it was no other than Leonard's and Mabel's father) made his way to a room where he heard voices, and opening the door, discovered Mrs. Saunders sitting by the fire, and Leonard at her feet. The boy sprang forward, exclaiming:

"It is my father! I know it is!"

"You are right, my boy, but you have altered so, I should hardly have known you."

After giving his father two or three joyous and bear-like hugs, Leonard rushed upstairs to fetch his sister, when, to his astonishment, he only saw an empty bed. The news soon spread. The house and grounds were searched, but there was no trace of the missing one. Colonel Doughty was calm through the search, but Leonard was nearly wild. There was no rest that night.

Toward morning a shabby-looking man came to the door and asked for Mrs. Saunders. He gave her a handkerchief, which Mrs. Saunders recognized as her niece's. The man was invited in, and soon told his story. A child had been run over, who had been recognized as Mrs. Saunders' niece; she was now at Brown's, the grocer's, in the town. The man offered to be their guide, if they wished.

When they reached the shop door, a woman stood there as if expecting them. She led them into the house, but thought none of them had better see the child until they had seen the doctor. Soon after the doctor came from her room with a very grave face. He turned to the Colonel, and said:

"I suppose you are her father. I will tell you the truth at once. There is no hope."

To see the look of pain and misery on the father's face touched the kind-hearted doctor.

"There is a physician coming down from London this afternoon," he said; "but do not raise your hopes."

As they entered the room they saw a little figure lying on the bed, scarcely resembling the bright-looking Mabel of yesterday. It was touching to see the silent meeting between father and child. Nothing could persuade him to leave Mabel until he had seen the London physician. But the great doctor would not deceive the father, for he knew that even if the child recovered she would always be a cripple.

The day wore away, and toward evening Mabel unclosed her eyes and asked for Len. When he came near her she opened her hand and held out a little parcel. "I was not in time, Len. I am so sorry!" And then her eyes closed.

The doctors returned in the evening, but there was no hope. She might die that night. All gathered around her bed. Len knelt by the side; Colonel Doughty stood by with bowed head.

Suddenly a sweet, quiet voice was heard through the room. "Uncle, don't blame Len; he told me not to bother about him. Good-night, aunty and uncle. Oh, Len, listen to the angels' music. Isn't it lovely? I am so tired! Kiss me, Len, and tell papa, when he comes from India, I tried to be good. I will take your love to mother; and please, Len, break off with Barker. Mother, I am com—" And her eyes closed, and all knew that their little queen was dead.

The days that followed were full of misery for all, especially for her father; but he was even thankful to have been in time to see his child die. All missed her light step through the house, but no one so much as Leonard. Years after, when he was grown up and felt tempted to do anything wrong, a picture of his little sister lying on her death-bed floated before his eyes, and he seemed to hear her saying, "Please, Len, break off with Barker."





## LAMMEN FORT, 1574.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

OVER the billows rushing free,  
Over the stormy, wind-swept sea,  
On to the gates of Leyden town,  
Admiral Boisot's fleet came down.  
Hope to the city whence hope had fled,  
Bread for the famishing, life from the dead.

All night long in Leyden streets  
A whisper was passing: "The foe retreats,  
Haughty and bitter and strong and bold,  
And brave in the might of their shining gold.  
What though we've stood like a moveless rock,  
With the guns on Lammen our plight to mock?  
Not till the ocean for Leyden fought  
Was the hour of our deliverance wrought."

A shivering whisper on Leyden streets:  
"The fort is empty, the foe retreats."  
But men and women, all spent with grief,  
Were slow to believe in the dear relief,  
Till who but a boy, with fearless eyes  
Blue as heaven, should cheerily rise,  
"Here or yonder, I'll go and see,"  
Cried the lad to the people, "Trust to me."  
And presently, sweet as the tints of dawn,  
Pearly and pink, stole softly on,  
And the starving babes, and the gray, gaunt men,  
And the white-faced women crowded. Then  
Clear as a statue against the sky,  
On the topmost tower, where he'd mounted high,  
Every one saw him, the ladde bold,  
His cap torn off from his hair of gold,  
And he waved it madly across the sea,  
And his shout rang out, "We are free, oh, free!"

You want me to tell you the hero's name?  
'Tis lost from the scroll of heedless Fame.  
Only, forever, on history's page,  
To be read by the children from age to age,  
This legend stands: "A lonely boy,  
Waving his cap in excess of joy,  
Climbed to the top of Lammen tower,  
Beheld the foe in the morning hour  
Creeping stealthily, beaten, away  
As the bells rang in the glad new day—  
Ringing, swinging, in spire and steeple,  
Singing the bliss of a happy people  
When the bread of God came over the sea,  
And Leyden the brave was free, was free."

## SOMETHING ABOUT CHICKENS.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE

WHEN the writer was eight years old he spent all his savings on a little white bantam hen. It was a very pretty chicken, but it did not prove to be a very profitable one, for as he was taking it home, it escaped from his hands, and got into a field of standing wheat, and he saw that bantam no more. Bantams, indeed, are not a profitable breed. They are nice as pets, but if you keep chickens only as pets, you must not expect many eggs. If you keep them for profit, you will soon come to like those hens best which lay the most eggs.

As a rule, large fowls are better than small ones. The handsome Dorking lays a good many eggs, and may be counted on to raise at least one brood of chickens in a year. Besides, it is the most valuable of fowls when it is killed and plucked. Leghorns are a very useful breed. They are good layers, and are easily kept. Unlike the Dorkings, they are satisfied with a small space in which to roam, if more is not to be had. They are, perhaps, better as a "stand-by" than any other kind.

If you want something a little more "fancy" and yet profitable, get a few black Hamburgs. They are very handsome, are generous layers, and are good for the table. Neither these nor the Leghorns, however, are sitters, so if you want to raise chickens, you should keep two or three large hens of a common kind that have the

reputation of being good sitters. Then, as a hen cannot distinguish between her own and other eggs, you may take away her own eggs, and set her upon those of your fancy stock. A good authority says: "If you want layers, buy your chickens from a man *who always seems to have eggs in the winter*. The chances are you will then buy the right sort."

Before you buy your fowls, however, you must prepare a place to keep them in. You will require a shed from twenty to thirty feet long, and six feet wide. This is the "run." If it can back against a wall, so much the better. If not, a close wooden wall must be built for the back. The front and one end should be enclosed, either with a fence made with narrow upright slats about two inches apart, or with wire netting, which is better. At one end of the run should be the house. This need not be more than six feet square, and it should be built so as to keep out wind and rain.

The main thing about the house is that it should be kept clean. The floor should be laid smooth and hard with concrete composed of lime, sand, and gravel; and then, on top of this, a layer of lime and sand, without gravel. Such a floor, if carefully laid, will be easily kept clean, and will last for years. Inside the house, about eighteen inches above the floor, make a broad shelf against the rear wall. A few inches higher up fasten a stout bar running from end to end of the house along the middle of the shelf. This is the roost. Under the shelf you may place bricks against the wall to form nests. The shelf over which the chickens roost should be cleaned every day with a scraper (a short-handled hoe), and then sprinkled with clean sand. The floor of the house and of the run should also be swept every day, and every week or so the latter should be dug up a little and raked over.

Most people who live outside of large cities think they know all that is worth knowing about feeding chickens, and they generally say, Why, give them as much corn as they can eat. This is all wrong. Corn is not good except for fattening chickens for market. If you want eggs, give your chickens very little corn, and never give them as much as they can eat of anything. They would be sure to eat too much, and then they would become fat and lay no eggs. The best kinds of grain to feed chickens are wheat, barley, white oats, and buckwheat. Chickens are fond of variety, so it is a good thing to give them these in turn; say a week of each. Then they like a little meat, and a little does them good. The meat scraps of a household will be enough for as many chickens as you are likely to keep. Other scraps, such as potato peelings and the outside leaves and leavings of cabbage and other vegetables, should be chopped and boiled until soft, and they may be given alone or mixed with the "middlings" or "sharps" of flour, which is the coarser kind of flour produced in the grinding. Bran is not good unless mixed with something stronger, such as barley meal or oatmeal. Mixed food of this kind ought to be only just wet enough to be lumpy and not like porridge.

When your chickens will not take the trouble to run for more food, and to fly up for it as you hold it up to throw it, you may be sure they have had as much as is good for them. If you threw more, they would eat it, but every handful after they have enough means fewer eggs. They should have plenty of fresh water, and should not be allowed to drink water that has been standing in the sun until it has become warm.

There are two other things which chickens must have—plenty of dry dust or ashes to dust themselves in (dusting is their way of cleaning themselves), and some lime in some shape or other. Plaster or mortar from the walls of an old building is good, and so are crushed oyster-shells, for oyster-shells are made of lime. Egg-shells also are made of lime, and it is for egg-shells that the hens require it.

## JO'S OPPORTUNITY.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROSE HOUSE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

IT was perhaps as well for Faith as for Jo that when the various plans for the latter's future began to be discussed, and everybody was ready with suggestions and advice, Bertie stepped in to point out to them all, in a quiet, forcible way, that Faith ought to be let alone to do precisely as she liked.

"Can't you see, Aunt Justina," he said, almost angrily, one day, when Miss Grace had been unusually energetic in her counsel, "Faith wants to have Jo quietly to herself just for these days."

"What days, Bertrand?" said his aunt.

But Bertie could say no more. If they all persisted in being blind, then he could do nothing, thought the boy, whose heart was full to the brim of loneliness and the ache of parting with his dearest cousin and companion.

The Dawsons had spent what Rachel called a "royal day" at North Street. Jo was already reinstated in her own little cheerful room upstairs, again in her hall window, and Rachel was delighted to sit there with her friend and hear about that other summer. The big apple-tree, beneath which she had first sat with Faith, seemed to have unexpectedly acquired a sacred character in Jo's eyes, and she hardly liked lingering there with Rachel as they strolled about the grounds; but the gardens and terraces were free to them that bright summer's day, and Jo already knew enough of what Faith designed for her to be able to talk it over with Rachel. For the present she was to remain at North Street.

"I'm to take care of her, Miss Faith says," Jo explained, "and perhaps do some lessons."

Rachel was greatly interested. Her mind, more imaginative than Jo's, already took in visions of a very luxurious and romantic future, wherein Jo would figure as Miss Emerson's heiress or adopted sister, or something equally like the heroine of the romances in the Burnham circulating library. But, happily for Jo, she contemplated no such unreality; happily too, for her, Faith had wiser and kinder plans.

Mr. Burton, Bertie, and she held a long council. The former told them every possible thing he knew of Jo's life in Burnham, and when alone with the kind-hearted friend, Faith spoke freely of her intentions. She wanted very soon to talk of them to Jo—to be able to plan with her for the time when she must be away. Such counsels, Faith felt instinctively, would never be forgotten.

"Let her alone in it," Mr. Burton said one day to the old doctor. "Don't you see how it has taken hold of her; and it's the best thing that could happen to Mary Brooke, or Jo, as you call her."

So Bertie's counsel was allowed to take effect. No one interfered with anything but words of sympathy; and Faith, lying on her sofa, not suffering very much, tranquil and quiet for the most part, made her plans, shaped her legacy, moulded the little corner-stone on which Jo's future could be built.

"My little opportunity!" she said one day to Jo, smiling, and drawing the girl's face down to kiss it—"that's what you are to me, Jo, my dear."

And she told her something of what she and Bertie had said that other evening.

"There are so many things for us to talk about, Jo," she added; "these days seem to go by so soon. I'll tell you what we'll do. Thursday will be the school-day for

Burnham here, won't it? Well, then, do you know I think I'll get Mr. Burton to come up the day before, and we'll have a good talk before the company arrives, and settle everything. I want you to know just how I should like things to be done afterward."

Always thoughtful of others, Faith tried to make her companion used to the final parting; but Jo could not, dared not, face the thought. The look of dumb agony always in her face made Faith half dread to speak of it, yet she felt it best, most tender and most kind, and for her sake Jo tried to listen with patience and silence.

They all knew it now. The slight hold on life which Faith had tried so hard to make firmer seemed to be loosening every day, and the prayer which had been so often in her heart for patience and resignation rarely came now to her lips. He had answered it in his own way. She felt that she had faced her "opportunity," and not let it pass.

It was enough. The twenty years of life, the gayety, the joyousness, the work, the striving after her Master's final precepts, the humility and sweetness, the final crowning act of all, the giving up of life itself, were laid now at His feet, an offering worthy of Him who had placed her here; and those who were near her, day by day, seemed, as they said sometimes to each other, to see the light of all that had been lovely in that life shining in her eyes, or quivering in the smile with which she always greeted them. It was as though some great and unexpected gift had reached her; as though some unearthly yet joyous messenger had left the glory of His coming to light her and those around her while she staid.

Jo rarely left her. If care, if thought, if love could have kept her, Jo would have done it all, but at last it seemed to the girl as though nothing earthly could in any way avail; all that seemed left for her to do was to be patient and to wait.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

FAITH entered heartily into the spirit of the school treat. Not a detail which concerned the comfort or amusement of her guests escaped her thoughts, and every one seemed anxious to assist her one way or another. Her own "children," whom Faith saw now only as rare visitors, were to be present, under Jo and Miss Kitty Barker's special care, and when Mr. Burton came, Faith had a favor to ask of him.

He listened gravely.

"Will it tire you, my dear?" he said, for what Faith wanted then was to have a little talk with Sandy.

The lad, after some further investigations, had been set free, and since then Bertie had found employment for him; but Faith knew that he wanted to go away from Ashfield, and she believed Mr. Burton could suggest a way.

He could, and did.

A first-class boat-builder at Bayberry was ready to take him in, knowing his history, but willing to give the lad a trial, and Sandy had professed himself delighted with the chance.

Jo had never seen Sandy to speak with him since the trial ended, but on this evening Faith sent for her to her own little sitting-room, where the lad, not yet recovered from the effects of the terrible ordeal he had gone through, was sitting quietly by Miss Emerson's sofa.

They had had their talk: Faith had told the boy gravely what she had left in Mr. Burton's power to do for him. If he did well while he remained with the boat-builder he was to be started in business for himself.

Softened and subdued by Faith's words, Sandy met Jo with a quiet, respectful manner.

Jo's hand was quickly outstretched. Sandy took it in his own rough palm, and drew the back of the other hand across his eyes.

"You were—good to me, Jo," he said, huskily. "I didn't thank you—I couldn't right there—but I do now."

\* Begun in No. 324, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"MY LITTLE OPPORTUNITY; THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE TO ME, JO."

And so at Faith's side the feud was forever ended. Sandy's good-by was a hurried one; but when he went out into the lightly falling summer rain the lad flung himself upon the ground, and shook in an agony of silent weeping. So Bertie Farnham, coming up heavy-hearted enough to the house, found him, and did not venture to disturb him, but later remembered it, and knew why it had been.

Faith was very anxious for a bright day, and it came. The Burnham company were assembled by eleven o'clock, but the young hostess of the occasion could only watch them from her sofa in the library, drawn into the big bow-window, when she looked out contentedly and happy at the gayly flitting young people, the animated groups, the attitudes of sociable ease into which the older ones fell. Jo hated to be away from her, yet went hither and thither at her bidding, glad, however, when at seven o'clock all was over, and she and Faith were alone upstairs in the former's room.

A fire was lighted on the hearth, for it had begun to rain again, and the evening was chill. Faith on her sofa, Jo on a low stool in the fire-light, were silent for a while, and then Faith told her what she wanted her to do.

She was to live if she liked at Mr. Burton's, to study, and then— Faith smiled.

"Do you remember, Jo," she said, "what it was you once said long ago you wanted?"

"The training-school, Miss Faith."

"Yes; when you are ready, and if you still care for it, you can learn to be a nurse. Not just to care any sort of way for the sick, Jo, but to be a real nurse—carer of bodies, and souls perhaps; to do all, and with all your heart, that you can, dear."

In a moment Faith spoke again.

"Whatever you take up must be a good work, Jo, and there will always be money enough for you to be able to give some of your time to the sick and needy, to have, perhaps, charge of a little home Mr. Burton is to found for my children."

It was told so simply, and added to by such simple, gentle words of counsel, that it was hard to feel how much it all meant. Afterward they sat together talking for an hour of different things, and finally Faith bade Jo good-night.

Once—Jo was glad of this—she came back to the room without Faith's knowing it, stood in the doorway, and looked in upon her friend. Jane was dozing in her chair by the fire; Faith was still upon her couch, and her eyes were fixed upon the picture of Gethsemane, which she had asked, one day not long before, to have brought down there from the school. The fire-light showed Jo both faces: that of the Master's, heart-stricken, anguished, and alone; that of His child's, peaceful after her toil, waiting for the sound of her name, "spoken from afar."

Faith's hand was resting on the cross at her neck—the cross Jo had promised her always to keep; it

moved slightly; it was folded in the other gently, and with a little sigh. And it was so they found her at daybreak: the earthly tenement deserted, the answer to the Master's summons given, her work ended, her "opportunity" come.

As you turn down Mill Street, in Burnham, and just beyond Mrs. Dawson's comfortable store, a pretty gabled house attracts every one's attention. It is on high ground, with a lawn and gardens, and at the back the most luxurious of orchards and a sort of "romping-ground" for children. Every one in or around Burnham knows the place. "Faith's Cottage" it is called, although the rambling, pretty house deserves, some think, a more dignified name; but it was Jo's wish, when she was installed as head nurse last year, that no change should be made, although wings and a dormitory were added, and room made for twenty more crippled or invalid children.

Young Jo Dawson thinks there is no such home anywhere as the "Cottage," and would, I am inclined to think, break a leg or an arm any day for the sake of having "Aunt Jo," as the children call her, take care of her; but Aunt Jo gives her little namesake all the petting possible, thankful she is not one of her crippled charges.

Everything is bright and fresh and wholesome about Faith's Cottage. Mr. Burton and his mother enjoy many pleasant days there; Bertie Farnham takes his own little daughter Faith over very often to see the place and Aunt Jo and her charges, and the Dawsons are regular visitors; while a tall, stalwart boatman named Martin gives a treat often to those among the little cottagers who can go out in summer weather.

Perhaps it is when Jo feels happiest, when the work Faith left her to do is prospering most surely, that her thoughts are the tenderest of the past. At such moments, almost instinctively, her hands touch the little cross which she wears always, and she tells her children something of the one who led her to meet her first "opportunity."

THE END.



# APRIL & THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Young April sat in the fork of a tree,  
 A wilful girl as all might see,  
 And fond of her wilful way,  
 Now laughing, now crying, now merry,  
 Now sad,  
 Now noisy, now quiet, now angry, she had  
 A hundred whims in a day.  
 "You are late," she trilled in a mocking song,  
 When stately Easter came along,  
 His white cloak floating wide.  
 "I thought you were never coming at all,  
 I've waited until I'm ready to fall."  
 Then she hid her face & cried.

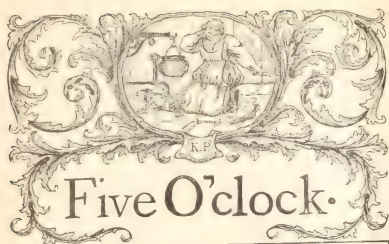
The Holidays, tied in a package neat,  
 Just ready to lay at April's feet,  
 Were under Easter's arm, (years)  
 But he thought, with a sigh how for many  
 She had spoiled these days with her  
 Foolish tears  
 And stolen half their charm.

"Here are the Holidays, April, see."  
 He said as she took them "Try for me  
 To do your very best; (clear)  
 Let the coming week be so bright &  
 That the children may find *my* days this year  
 Fairer than all the rest."

"I'll try," sobbed April beginning to smile  
 When she dimpled & laughed & was sweet  
 For a while  
 As any day in June,  
 And Easter thought with an anxious glance  
 "She *may* be good if nothing should chance  
 To put her out of tune."

But an April promise is not a thing To depend upon, so the poets sing,  
 And Easter I fear will say that his Holidays & the childrens' fun  
 Had as much of rain as they had of sun, Which is apt to be the way.





## Five o'clock.

The sleepy *Maid* comes stumbling down  
The *Stairs*, while buttoning her *Gown*,  
And pokes the fire with a frown.

Up in a rage the *Kobold* flies,  
And blows the *Ashes* in her eyes;  
“*Plague on the Fire!*” poor *Gretchen* cries.

Sol. below

The *Goodman* turned about in *Bed*,  
And from the *Pillow* raised his *Head*  
“*Wife, Wife, its five o'clock!*” he said.

K.P.

### OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

Do not forget, children, that we like to hear about the birds and the pretty ways, the daisies that rival at your homes, and the blooming of the wild flowers. And you who are making little gardens, do you not wish to tell what seeds you have planted, and what crops you intend to cultivate?

CHICAGO, MAY 1891, ENGLAND.

I do not know whether you will care to find room in the Post-office Box for a letter from such a *grown-up* as I am. But at least I should like to add my testimony to the many hundreds you seem to be receiving to the excellency of the little paper. Some time ago, when I was in India, I paid a visit to a brother clergyman living by himself among the hills, and I found that he had been taking in for years for his own amusement and for the amusement of his children, all the *Young People* American magazine volumes. I enjoyed them immensely, and having lived for some years in the maritime provinces of Canada, and visited the States, I was able to explain some expressions and allusions he did not quite understand. On seeing HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE* advertised (being already well acquainted with HARPER'S MAGAZINE), I sent for it, and finding it better in some respects than the very excellent one my friend in India had determined to take it in. When I have read it, which I do with much interest, except the letters of your young friends, I send it off to four nephews, named Arthur, Leonard, Sidney, and Gilbert, and a niece, named Gertrude (not having any youngsters of my own, by whom it is much welcomed). The second of these boys, a little “chappie” about nine years old, and small for his age, has just been accepted into the famous old school called Christ's Hospital, or more commonly, the “Preparatory School.” Some of the young readers would be surprised and amused at the peculiar dress they wear: a long blue cassock, or gown, reaching to the heels, the skirts cut open, lirt with a narrow red leather strap, and fastened with metal buttons and black velvet or all, no hat or cap, in winter or summer! The second is in the heart of London, and the playground is visible from Newgate Street, one of the busiest in the city; so several hundreds of boys may be seen playing, with their cassocks tucked up in a bunch, and their yellow and black legs. The eldest boys are called “Gregrians”; some of them are young men with whiskers. Londoners are quite accustomed to them, and do not take any notice

of them when, on certain days, they have leave to go out. I should like to say a few words about two pets which a couple of boys of the European and Indian Missions School in Bombay, of which I was head master, and one was a *quaque*, a little animal of the wares kind, sometimes called an ichneumon. It is a deadly enemy to snakes, and will attack a cobra with the greatest courage and vigor. It used to be thought that in a fight with a snake it darted from time to time into a hedge to find a particular herb as an antidote to the poison, but it is now known that the agility, the thickness of its fur, and the determination with which it attacks the most vital parts of the snake, are the means by which it secures the victory. It is passionately fond of eggs, and when we used to give the one I speak of an egg, if it could not break it with its teeth, it would get near a wall, and turning its back, with its forepaws fling the egg underneath itself against the wall, and so break it. The owner of this mongoose had a splendid Newfoundland dog (seemingly seen in India), which, while

sleeping one day in the veranda, was bitten by a cobra, and died in a very short time. The other pet was a bird called a myna. It had fallen out of the nest when quite young, and the boy who brought it home used to feed it by chewing grain and putting it into its huge yellow beak. It was always opening its mouth, wide enough, it seemed, as if it wanted to swallow the universe; in fact, it appeared to be all mouth and no throat. Mynas are generally called “Jacob” from claws. Mynas they make, though they can be taught to speak and whistle tunes. When we were having our meals on the veranda, or at times the women would fly down from the trees and perch on my shoulder, or even head, when I was carving, and, watching his chance, pounce upon some tidbit and fly off. At other times he would march up and down the tables, pecking at the boys' plates, and at last made himself so objectionable that I had to have him sent away. But I must not take up any more of your most valuable space, so will sign myself

UNCLE JOHN SMITH 32/3.

I trust “Uncle John” will believe that this charmingly kind letter has given pleasure to a great company of little people, who are glad, for the moment, to be his nieces and nephews, and in their behalf the Postmistress returns her cordial thanks.

### WANTED—COUNTING-OUT RHYMES.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—When I was a boy I lived in New York City and, together with children of about my own age, I used to play “tag,” “tag,” and other games, just as HARPER'S *Young People* do now. When we wanted to start a game and to find out who should be “it,” we stood in a circle, and one of us fingered at each separate word, to pointing with his finger at the name of one of the children in the circle; the boy or girl on whom the finger pointed was “out,” and another boy was “counted out,” and so on until, finally, but two remained; the rhyme was then repeated once more, and the boy or girl was to hide his eyes and be “it.” The rhyme we used most frequently was, as I remember it, like this:

HALLICO, BALICO, WOE, WOE, WOE.

HALLICO, BALICO, WOE, WOE, WOE.

HALLICO, BALICO, WOE, WOE, WOE.

HALLICO, BALICO, WOE, WOE, WOE.

Sometimes the last line was said thus:

“Hallico, balico, woe, woe, woe, woe.”

This is only one of many queer doggerels we used in our games. We have never been able to discover the meaning of the rhymes, nor with

their origin; we learned them and their use from boys and girls a little older than ourselves, as children now continue to do. In New England the following rhyme has been used for a great many years:

“*One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine, seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy-six, seventy-seven, seventy-eight, seventy-nine, eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two, eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-seven, eighty-eight, eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred, one hundred and one, one hundred and two, one hundred and three, one hundred and four, one hundred and five, one hundred and six, one hundred and seven, one hundred and eight, one hundred and nine, one hundred and ten, one hundred and eleven, one hundred and twelve, one hundred and thirteen, one hundred and fourteen, one hundred and fifteen, one hundred and sixteen, one hundred and seventeen, one hundred and eighteen, one hundred and nineteen, one hundred and twenty, one hundred and twenty-one, one hundred and twenty-two, one hundred and twenty-three, one hundred and twenty-four, one hundred and twenty-five, one hundred and twenty-six, one hundred and twenty-seven, one hundred and twenty-eight, one hundred and twenty-nine, one hundred and thirty, one hundred and thirty-one, one hundred and thirty-two, one hundred and thirty-three, one hundred and 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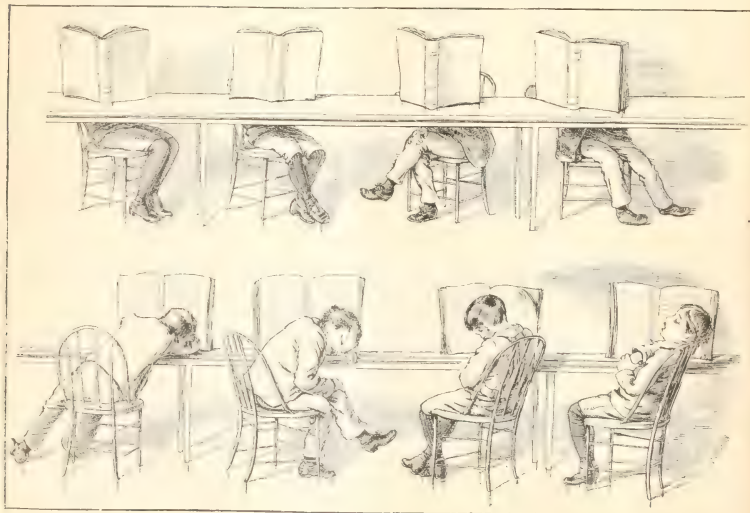
**D**ESDEMONA was the beautiful daughter of a rich Senator of Venice. Being amiable as well as beautiful and rich, she did not lack suitors, and it was a great disappointment to many of the richest and noblest young Venetians of her time when she accepted as her betrothed husband a Moor named Othello.

But though he came of a different race from her own—for Moors are natives of Africa—Othello was in all other respects a

her namesake than the former, for she is indeed a beautiful and gentle creature, and, moreover, she is Italian, as Desdemona was. But the "Othello" of the picture—why, he has nothing but his black face to fit him for the character. The hero of Shakespeare's tragedy was a giant in strength and courage, as a mastiff is among dogs. This little pug would rather go without his dinner than fight, I am sure; and as for his wanting to kill "Desdemona," if that young lady chose to run away "Othello" would never catch her in the wide world.

worthy suitor. He was a gallant soldier, a successful general, and commander-in-chief of the Venetian army. And so the Moor married Desdemona. But they did not live happily ever after. Among Othello's officers was one named Iago—"honest Iago," his chief called him—and this man's hatred of Othello was aroused because Cassio (another officer) was promoted to a high position "over his head," as the saying is. To wreak his mean and cruel vengeance on Othello and Cassio, "honest" Iago told stories about Desdemona, in which Cassio was concerned. Othello's jealousy was inflamed to madness, and before many days the lovely bride of the Moor perished by her husband's hand.

The story of Othello and Desdemona is the subject of one of Shakespeare's most powerful tragedies. It was a humorous fancy in the artist to give the names of the grim Moor and his Venetian bride to the black-faced pug and the delicate white lady-like Italian greyhound in our illustration. The latter more nearly resembles



APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL—A COMEDY IN TWO "SEENS."

AS SEEN FROM THE TEACHER'S DESK AND AS SEEN FROM THE BACK OF THE SCHOOL



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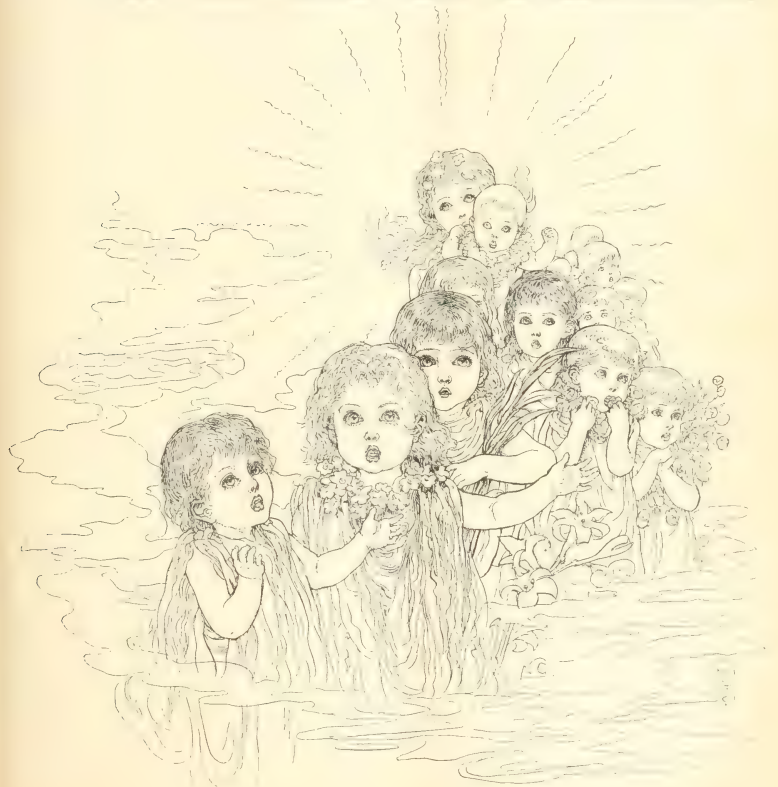
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EASTER PRAISES.—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 330.

## EASTER.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE

HAIL to the spring-time, the wide world adorning!  
 Fair is her countenance, fragrant her breath.  
 Borne on her wings is that wonderful morning  
 When Life in its loveliness triumphs o'er Death.  
 Hark to the voices!  
 All nature rejoices,  
 Kings the glad chorus—  
 O'er mountain and shore.  
 Earth in her glory repeats the sweet story,  
 Love is the conqueror; Death is no more.

Loosed from the fetters wherewith winter bound them,  
 Flowerets are lifting their heads to the sun;  
 Hid 'neath the turf the soft zephyrs found them,  
 And whispered the tale of the victory won.  
 Sweet birds are singing,  
 The glad tidings bringing.  
 Hark how the notes  
 In their melody pour,  
 All the air filling, every heart thrilling!  
 Love is the victor; Death is no more.

Wreaths of white lilies are ranged on the altar,  
 Lilies of Easter in beauty so rare.  
 Israel's King in the height of his glory  
 Was not arrayed like the lilies so fair.  
 Stately and slender,  
 And robed in white splendor,  
 Lifting their heads  
 When the winter is o'er,  
 Smiling at sadness, proclaiming with gladness,  
 Love is the conqueror; Death is no more.

Sweetest of all are the songs of the children,  
 Greeting with rapture the glad Easter-tide!  
 Hark! through the air rings the grand jubilate,  
 Spreading the story so far and so wide.  
 Censers are swinging,  
 Hosannas are ringing,  
 The nations are thronging  
 Their Lord to adore.  
 Winter has vanished, sorrow is banished;  
 Love is the conqueror; Death is no more.

## SILENT PETE; OR, THE STOWAWAYS.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEASEL,'" ETC.

## CHAPTER III.

## ON DECK.

HAD Jerry not been feeling utterly miserable when he staggered from the fore-peak to the fore-castle, he might have hesitated a moment before going on deck. As it was, however, he was too sick to have any fears regarding the reception he might meet with from the Captain. He was growing worse each moment, therefore he ascended the steep, narrow staircase as rapidly as the motion of the brig would permit; but unfortunately he had not chosen his time well, nor did he take any extra precautions to retain his foot-hold after he reached the companion-way.

Therefore it was that the officers on the quarter-deck, the cook near the galley, and the crew forward, were very much surprised at seeing a small, pale-faced boy hurled from the fore-castle companion-way the entire length of the brig, stopping only when he struck the first mate full in the stomach.

Now no man, even though he be the first officer of as large a craft as the *Clio*, can remain upright when quite a heavy boy is thrown at him with great force, and the consequence was that Jerry and the mate rolled down to leeward, both striking the rail with a resounding blow.

The Captain looked bewildered at this sudden appearance of a boy when he had believed there was none on

board; the cook closed the galley door suddenly, as if he did not dare to look at the ruin, of which he was the remote cause, and the crew laughed boisterously at the downfall of the man who was far from being a favorite.

The mate scrambled to his feet and began kicking Jerry industriously, too angry even to be surprised; and while he was thus engaged, another and a smaller boy, but with quite as white a face as the first, came rolling down the deck like an animated ball, striking the mate's foot just as he raised it to kick Jerry for the third time.

Down fell the officer again, while a suppressed but yet shrill squeak from the second boy told that his body had served to break the force of the mate's fall.

Of course this second boy was Pete. When Jerry had left the fore-peak he thought he might venture out as far as the companion-way to see that his friend was not abused, and just as he got there a "green" wave raised the bow of the brig high in the air, causing him to execute exactly the same manœuvre as Jerry had performed.

The Captain turned as if half expecting a shower of boys was about to fall upon the brig; the cook made an almost deafening clatter with his pots and pans, as if he was too busy just at that moment to even peep outside the galley, no matter what might happen, and the man at the wheel joined his companions in a roar of laughter.

When the mate scrambled to his feet for the second time his face was almost purple with rage, and he started toward the two boys, who were lying under the rail, as if he was about to inflict some terrible punishment upon them.

"Stop, Mr. Harding!" cried the Captain, quickly recovering from his apparent bewilderment as he saw the look of anger in the mate's face. "Before you punish them it will be well to know of what they are guilty."

"Of what they are guilty?" repeated the officer, impatiently. "Why, they are stowaways, of course, and I'll teach them how to treat me in a proper manner."

"It can hardly be possible that they wilfully came aft in that fashion; and even though they are stowaways, a man has no right to flog boys as small as they are."

The mate looked at the Captain a moment as if to assure himself that he could trust the evidence of his own ears—that he was not to be allowed to punish those who had upset his body and his dignity at the same time, and then he walked indignantly to the other side of the deck. By this time the cook had plucked up sufficient courage to push open the galley door a few inches in order that he might learn what course the Captain intended to pursue toward the stowaways, and the crew came as far aft as they dared, to see and hear what was going on.

"Well, where did you come from?" asked the Captain, after he had tried in vain two or three times to look angry.

"We come out of that hole there, up near the bow-sprit," replied Jerry, gravely.

"That hole?" repeated the Captain; and then he added, as a positive smile appeared on his face, while the crew made no attempt to check their merriment: "Oh, you stowed away in the fore-peak, did you? How does it happen that you came shooting down aft as you did?"

"Please, sir," said Jerry, piteously, "we couldn't help it. I was coming to tell you about our being on board, when the vessel jumped up and I fell down. I suppose that's the way Pete got here, though he promised me he'd stay down-stairs till after I'd had the flogging."

"Until after you had what flogging?"

"Why, the one that you're going to give me for stowing away," replied Jerry, as he drew poor little sick Pete closer to his side, as if to protect him.

"But didn't you suppose that if I flogged one, I would serve the other in the same way?"

"No, sir, 'cause I was going to tell you about Pete, and ask you to flog me for both. You see, he's a poor little fellow that 'ain't got any father and mother. All his folks are up in New York, and I've been trying for an

\* Begun in No. 336, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

awful while to get him there. He ain't strong enough to be flogged, sir, indeed he ain't, and I can take a double dose just as well as not."

"So he wants to go to New York, does he?" and, strangely enough, the Captain seemed now to be more interested than amused, while even the mate ceased his angry pacing to and fro that he might listen. "Are all your people in New York, too?"

"No, sir; I 'ain't got any anywhere."

"Then what reason have you for making the voyage?"

"What reason have I?" repeated Jerry, in amazement. "Why, what would happen to Pete if I wasn't along to take care of him? I have to look out for him just like I would for a baby, 'cause, you see, the boys all pick on him."

"When did you stow away?"

"Last night, sir."

"And you want me to flog *you* for what both have done, eh?"

"Well, to tell the truth, sir, I can get along just as well as not without any flogging; but if you're going to pay us off that way, I do want you to give it all to me."

During this conversation Pete had not said a word; he had been feeling so sick that he hardly paid any attention to what the Captain said, and standing on deck had made him so much worse that, as Jerry ceased speaking, he half fell, half leaned against the rail, looking so ill that Jerry at once forgot everything else.

"Don't look that way, Pete! What's the matter with you? They shan't do anything to you, 'cause if the Captain says he won't give me all the flogging, we'll go right ashore."

"He's only seasick a bit; that's all," said the Captain, kindly, "and you don't look as if you were much better off. The cook will see to you both, and by morning you'll be howling for breakfast."

"You won't flog him, will you, sir?" begged Jerry, as he tried unsuccessfully to aid Pete to stand upright. "Just look at him now, and see how sick he is; besides, if he was well, there ain't enough of him to satisfy a man who really wants to flog a boy. I won't even yip, no matter how hard you hit me."

"He shan't be hurt, and I will settle with you presently. Here, Abe," he added, calling to the cook, "see to these two youngsters. You've been croaking about wanting a boy to help you, and now you've got two."

The cook, who had not ventured from the galley since the boys had rolled down the deck, now came aft, looking very much relieved in mind. Lifting Pete in his arms as if he had been but an infant, he said to Jerry: "There's a spare bunk in the fore-castle, and you'd both better turn in for a while."

Several of the crew came down to see the stowaways, and took advantage of the time below to smoke their pipes, which was by no means agreeable to the sick boys. The vessel seemed to rear and plunge more violently than before, the foul odors of the fore-castle appeared suddenly to have become stronger, and nowhere, ashore or afloat, could have been found two more thoroughly wretched boys than Silent Pete and Jerry Hicks.

From that time until the next morning no one paid very much attention to the stowaways, who believed themselves to be dangerously ill, and then, very much to their own surprise, they felt almost well. When he awoke, Pete's first thought was one of surprise that he felt so much better bodily, and his second was for the safety of his violin.

"Jerry! Jerry!" he called, awakening his friend after some difficulty. "Do you suppose Sweetness is safe? She has been in there alone all night."

Jerry did not stop to question whether the instrument had suffered from neglect, but leaping from the berth, without feeling any inconvenience whatever from his

stomach, even though the brig was tossing about more wildly than on the day before, he ran into the fore-peak, returning a few moments later with the violin still wrapped in its newspaper covering.

Pete uttered a little glad cry of joy as he found that Sweetness had sustained no damage, even though it had been alone all night, and without thinking that he might disturb the men who were sleeping, he played low, sweet strains of music that seemed to comfort him and delight Jerry. It was while he was thus engaged that the companionway was darkened for an instant, and the voice of the cook was heard calling:

"Below there, you stowaways! The Captain's orders are that you turn out and get something to eat."

Jerry was perfectly willing to obey, for he had just begun to discuss in his own mind the question of whether or no he had better make an attack on what yet remained of the fruit with which Felix had provided them, and even Pete was disposed to leave his violin in order to obey the Captain's commands.

The cook, who was evidently well pleased by the almost ravenous appetites which the boys displayed, watched them attentively, putting additional food into the mess-kid at every opportunity, and urging them to eat, until, had they accepted all his invitations to "fill themselves up," they would have laid the foundation for a very severe attack of indigestion. As it was, Jerry struggled manfully to eat more than he wanted, but finally the time came when he was forced to desist, and he whispered to Pete:

"I've just about stuffed myself, and even if the Captain himself should come along now and tell me to eat another slice of pork, I couldn't do it. But say, Pete, this ain't more'n half as bad as we thought it would be, is it?"

"It wasn't very nice yesterday," replied Pete, in a low tone, "and we don't know yet what the Captain is going to do with us."

"What's that you're whispering about?" asked the cook, who chanced to look out just at that time. "Haven't you had pork enough?"

"Yes, we have," replied Jerry, decidedly, thus preventing the cook from piling the mess-kid high with food once more. "Pete was talking about the Captain. What do you suppose he'll do with us?"

"I reckon he won't more'n kill you," said the cook, with a laugh. "Didn't I tell you he was a reg'lar South-down lamb?"

"That's what you said. But see here; what kind of a lamb is that?"

The cook looked at the boy for a moment, and then, shaking his head sagely, he said, with a very poor attempt at a threatening tone, "You'll find out soon enough."

"Well, I reckon I can stand it," said Jerry, with a sigh of apprehension; and then, as he saw Pete look alarmed, he added, quickly, "Now don't you go to fussing, old man, 'cause the Captain and I'll fix that all right."

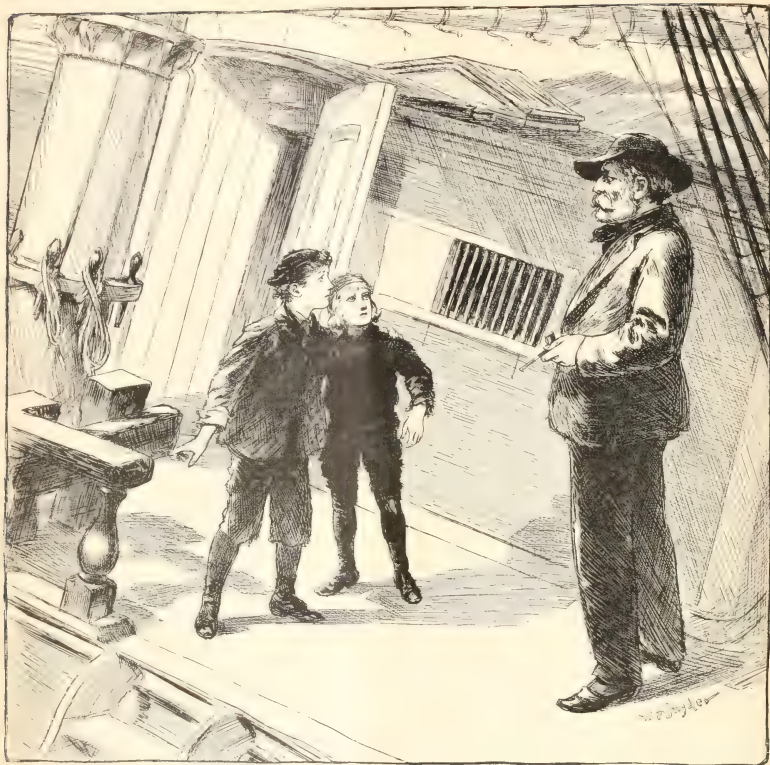
"Is this the boy that can fiddle?" asked the cook, who remembered the boasts Jerry had made regarding his friend's musical abilities.

"I reckon you'll say so when you hear him," replied Jerry. "Pete, you go and get your fiddle, so's to show 'em what you can do when you touch her up once."

Pete did not need a second invitation. In fact, he had at that moment been thinking of Sweetness, and he started to get the violin, while Jerry proceeded to make himself better acquainted with the brig and those in charge of her.

"What's the Captain's name?" he asked of the cook.

"Frank Sproul, and there's mighty few that sails out of New Orleans as can hold a candle to him. The first mate is Sam Harding; he comes from the same town me and the Captain does; but this is his first voyage on the *Clio*, and I reckon it'll be the last, for he and the old man don't hitch up very well together. Jethro Downs is the



"OH, YOU STOWED AWAY IN THE FORE-PEAK, DID YOU?"

second mate, and he's been on the *Clio* three years now; he'll likely go in Sam's place next voyage."

"What's your name?"

"Me? Why, I thought everybody knewed that I'm Abe Green. Abraham, some folks call me; but I'm just Abe. I was named for Uncle Abe Slocum, and he allers used to say as how—"

It was destined that Jerry should not know what Uncle Abe Slocum formerly said, for just then Pete reappeared with Sweetness, and Abe entirely forgot that he had begun to tell a story.

Pete never required urging before he would play, for it was more enjoyment to him to hear the tones of his violin than it could possibly be to the most interested listener, and he seated himself by the galley door on the deck, where he was soon unconscious of everything around him save the voice of Sweetness that came responsive to his lightest touch. The cook was an attentive listener, and, since he could not remain idle because of the necessity of preparing dinner, he moved softly about paring potatoes

or washing kettles in accompaniment to Pete's playing, the most intense satisfaction beaming from every feature. The men who were at work near the galley were careful not to disturb the musician, and from the man at the wheel to the Captain, every one listened to the music made by the little stowaway.

"It's mighty fine," replied Abe, with a long-drawn sigh of satisfaction. "It beats anything I ever heard, and it don't appear to be any trouble for him to do it."

"Trouble!" repeated Jerry, scornfully. "Why, Pete can play with both eyes shut better'n the most of 'em can with spectacles. I tell you what it is, that little fellow has got more music in him than a whole storeful of pianos."

"What are you going to do in New York?"

"Just find his folks; he's been wanting to do that ever since his mother died."

"And when you do find 'em, I suppose you think they'll give you a lift to pay for what you've done for him."

"No, siree, I don't think anything of the sort, and I don't want anything of the sort. If I can find Pete's folks,



I'll leave him with 'em, after I know they'll treat him good, and then I'll get back to New Orleans somehow, for I don't reckon I'll like New York very much."

"What! Didn't you want to leave New Orleans?" asked the cook in surprise.

"Indeed I didn't. You see, I've always lived there, and the fellows know me. I'd rather be there than any place I ever heard of; but Pete had to find his folks, and that's all there was to it."

It is probable that the Captain was thinking of the stowaways, for, a few moments later, he called the boy into the cabin, and as Jerry started to obey, he whispered to the cook:

"I'm going to catch it now; and if he cuts up very rough with me, you keep Pete from getting into any trouble, won't you? There's no knowing what he might try to do if he saw 'em laying it onto me."

"I guess you won't get quite killed," replied Abe, grimly; "but I'll look out for the boy if I see him doing anything that looks like mutiny, for I don't want him to murder us all just to save your back."

Brave as Jerry naturally was, he actually trembled as he left the galley, for he was positive that he would receive a severe flogging at the very least, and there are few boys who can calmly contemplate such an undesirable proceeding. To his great surprise, however, when he entered the cabin he saw no instrument of torture. The Captain was seated at the table with writing materials in front of him, and his voice was far from sounding blood-curdling as he said to Jerry:

"Now, my lad, I want you to tell me why you stowed away, where you live, and all about yourself and the boy who is with you. Tell nothing but the truth, for I shall make it particularly hard for you if you lie to me."

Jerry looked immensely relieved at this mild way of opening the interview, and without any hesitation he told the simple story of himself and Pete, concluding by saying:

"If I could have got the money to pay for our tickets, I wouldn't have stowed away; but we didn't earn much more'n enough to buy us something to eat, though we have got pretty near a dollar and a quarter we can give you. You see, we *had* to come, sir, for poor little Pete's been fussing to get to New York ever since his mother died."

"Do you know where his people live in the city?"

"No, sir; we don't know nothing about it except that they live in New York; but I can find 'em, because I'll keep at it all the time till I do."

"You may stay on the brig," said the Captain, after a pause; "but I don't want you to get the idea that boys can stow away on my vessel and not suffer for it. If you had run away from home, or come on board simply for the fun of making a voyage, I would flog you severely, and then put you ashore at Key West. But if you have told me the truth, I can't say that I blame you very much for what you have done. I will carry you to New York; but I expect that you will do all the work you can while you are on board. Tell the cook I say you are to help him, and see to it that you do enough to pay for what you and Pete eat. That's all."

Jerry was so much surprised at this unexpected termination of the interview, that he could only stammer, "Thank you, sir," and he left the cabin to report to the commander of the galley.

"Well, you're alive yet?" asked Abe, as Jerry came on deck looking quite as astonished as he did happy. "The old man didn't threaten to pickle you, did he?"

"The Captain is just as good as he can be. He's going to let Pete and me stay on board, and I'm to help you. Only think, Pete, he never said a word that was ugly, and all you'll have to do is to fiddle and eat! If this ain't the biggest kind of luck, then I don't know what to call it."

The little musician made no other reply than to lay his hand affectionately on Jerry's cheek, after which he seated himself on the deck again, and drew from Sweetness such a song of thanksgiving without words that even Mr. Harding came near the galley to listen.

"I tell you what it is, old man," said Jerry, while they were eating dinner in the galley, after he had waited on the Captain's table, "we've struck it fat. I just wish Felix could see us now. Why, it'll be a reg'lar picnic for us till we get to New York. Then we'll find your folks, and everything will come out just as nice as pie."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A SUNNY MORNING IN THE PARK.

## DILLY'S EASTER OFFERING.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"WHAT are you going to draw, Dilly?" Chatty Arkwright's little plain face looked thin and sharp with anxiety as she asked the question.

"I've been thinking about drawing Crumple and her new calf, but I haven't quite decided," answered Dilly.

Chatty's face rounded and brightened. "I think you draw cows very nicely," she said. "I— Oh, Dilly, I'm so afraid I sha'n't do well! My uncle says that if I win the prize, he will send me to the city to learn to be a real artist."

It was strange to see Chatty eager and flushed with hope; she was usually so pale and dejected. She was lame, and her uncle, her only relative, was a miserly old man. It was a wonder, everybody said, that she had been allowed to go to the Academy, she was so poorly clothed and scantily fed.

"There are only two or three girls whom I am afraid of," continued Chatty. "Sometimes you do a great deal better than I." Her voice trembled.

"How much she cares!" Dilly said to herself, watching Chatty as she stumped away on her crutch. "I didn't think she had any ambition."

Dilly herself had a great deal of ambition. She was fairly tingling to her finger-tips now with the excitement of the contest for the prize that had been offered to her class in the Cherryfield Academy for the best drawing from nature. It was not only the pleasure of excelling that moved Dilly now, although that was very dear to her heart: she wanted the prize, which was five dollars in money, for a particular purpose. She had overrun her allowance, and been bankrupt ever since Christmas, and had been forced to borrow so much of Sydney, her brother, that it would take almost all her next quarter's allowance to pay him. Sydney was not a pleasant person to borrow of. He was very wise and prudent himself, and always "saved up." He said money burned a hole in Dilly's pocket, and he quoted "Poor Richard" maxims, which were very wise and good, of course, but seemed very personal if you had a sweet tooth that would draw you like a magnet to the candy shop, and if your quarter's allowance *never* could be made to last more than a month. It was a very small allowance, Dilly thought, but Syd said it was large, considering there were nine children, and "it was more than girls needed, anyway, and just see how much Margery saved!"

Margery was fifteen and a half, two years older than Dilly; she had been saving all winter, in spite of Christmas and everything, to give toward the new chancel window that was to be placed in the church. It was expected that the offerings of the coming Easter would amount to enough to buy it. Miss Sylvester, Dilly's Sunday-school teacher, had said that she hoped her pupils would deny themselves, and make their Easter offerings as large as possible. If Dilly didn't get the prize, she wouldn't have a single cent for an Easter offering.

She went to the barn as soon as she reached home to take another survey of old Crumple and her new calf, and make up her mind as to their picturesque possibilities.

She seated herself upon an inverted cask and went to work at once. Crumple was a very obliging model, but the new calf was frisky and would not keep still. He had a queer, scraggy body, set up on four knobby, stilt-like legs. He had no tail to speak of, and seemed to be all ears.

It was a warm afternoon in March, the first spring-like day of the year. The great barn doors were wide open, letting in a flood of sunshine, and the hens and turkeys—regularly let out by Abram, the "hired man," for a Wednesday and Saturday half-holiday—were wandering

in and out, clucking and scratching, their spirits evidently elated by the feeling of spring in the air. The old gobblers spread his wings until they scraped the floor, and strutted majestically before Dilly, as if to show her how much more worthy he was of being put into a picture than old Crumple and her calf, and the pert young bantam rooster was so anxious to bring himself into notice that he perched upon the ladder and persisted in crowing as shrilly as if it were five o'clock in the morning, although his mother and the other matrons loudly clucked scorn at him.

Syd came in, and began to reckon, with a piece of chalk on a barrel-head, the probable expense of keeping three guinea-pigs which had been offered him as pets; they were bewitchingly curly-tailed, and Syd wanted them—he was but a boy, although he had such a prudent mind—but he couldn't make the figures come small enough, and he renounced the guinea-pigs with a great sigh.

"Oh, Syd, I can't draw him, he is so ugly!" said Dilly, laying her pencil down and echoing his sigh.

"He looks somehow as if he didn't all belong together—like dissected animals when you get them mixed up," said Syd, surveying the calf with an unprejudiced air.

"I believe I can draw horses better, anyway," said Dilly. "I wish Beauty's coat hadn't grown up and been sold. There never was a colt like Aladdin, anyway."

"That Laddin of yours? Well, he was fair to middlin' for looks."

They both started at the voice. Josh Haight was coming in at the barn door. He was an awkward, hulking fellow of sixteen, generally considered somewhat "foolish," who lived on "the back road," nearly a mile out of the village. He went about doing odd jobs, and was on familiar terms with everybody.

"But I just wish you could see a colt that we've got to our place a-parsterin' for a city gentleman!" continued Josh.

"Oh, is he very pretty?" cried Dilly, eagerly. "And does he look at all like Beauty? Would you let me draw him?"

"I guess there's more'n you that wants to draw 'im," said Josh, shaking his head with an air of great importance. "But you're always kind o' friendly, an' them's uncommon good cherries you've got in your garden."

"You shall have ever so many when they're ripe, Josh," said Dilly, "if you'll bring the colt over here two or three afternoons. I want to sketch him standing beside Beauty."

"Just say it in quarts an' pecks," said Josh, who, although he was foolish, was still a Yankee.

"Five, six quarts—a peck," said Dilly, impatiently.

"I expect it's worth more'n a peck of cherries to draw 'im, but I'm one that likes to do a favor. You mustn't say nothing about it, 'cause mebbe his owner wouldn't want him drawn. I can't bring him reg'lar, but I'll bring him whenever I can. Them cherries must be black-hearts, you know."

He was a prettier colt than Aladdin. Dilly clapped her hands with delight at the first sight she had of him; and when Josh brought him over, his naturally lively spirits were subdued by the strangeness of his surroundings, so that he stood quietly by Beauty's side, and Beauty turned her head with a motherly look toward him, and they both remained in a delightful position long enough for Dilly to make a rough outline sketch.

It was a graceful and spirited sketch.

"I shall succeed! I shall win the prize!" cried Dilly, whirling staid Margery into a wild waltz, in which the gobbler pursued them, enraged by Dilly's fluttering red sash, and got himself into difficulty with Sancho, the pug puppy, who was also moved to join in the dance, and there was a general uproar in the barn.

But Dilly sobered down again very soon, and worked on her sketch even by lamp-light.

Josh Haight was as good as his word; he was even better; he brought the pony over four times, because on the third occasion the pony's natural spirits overcame his discretion, and Dilly found it undesirable to finish him with his heels in the air.

Dilly's success was even greater than she had anticipated; she had never drawn anything so well before.

It had become fashionable among the girls not to show their drawings, nor to reveal the subjects to each other. There was mystery in the air, and it added to the excitement. Chatty Arkwright was more worn and pale with anxiety every day, and as Dilly put the finishing touches to her picture, Chatty's face would rise before her and chill all her glowing pride. She couldn't keep Chatty out of her thoughts.

The afternoon before the drawings were to be sent in to the judges, Chatty ran out and called Dilly as she was going by. She had her drawing in her hand.

"I must show it to you, Dilly. I want you to tell me honestly whether you think yours is better or not. You can't understand how much difference it makes to me. There doesn't seem to be any chance for me unless I can be an artist."

Dilly took the drawing into her hand. It was a group of horses and a colt—the colt! Josh Haight's colt. There was no mistaking the long delicate limbs and the graceful, spirited arch of the neck.

"Josh Haight let me go over to his pasture and draw them. Isn't the colt a beauty? Josh promised not to let anybody else draw him. Did you draw the cow and calf? Is yours better than mine?"

The drawing was very well done, but it was not so good as her own; the touch was a little timid; it was not so free and spirited as hers.

There was a pause, in which it seemed to Dilly that her heart's beating was choking her.

"You mustn't ask me; I'm not one of the judges," she said at length, with a little forced laugh, and she thrust the drawing back into Chatty's hands and ran away.

When she reached home she shut herself into her room, and took out the unfinished sketch of Crumple and her calf. "It might as well be finished, anyway," she said to herself.

She was a long time the next morning in making preparations to carry her drawing to the Academy, where there was a holiday, and nothing going on but the examination of drawings, which were all to be handed in before ten o'clock. She kept her two drawings on her table, and kept looking at them while she was dressing. Little Theophilus, the youngest of the nine, watched her, with childish wonder at her unusual silence. When she was ready she laid one of the drawings away in a drawer, shutting her lips as tightly together as she shut the drawer, and took the other in her hand.

It was a beautiful April morning. The next Sunday would be Easter, and everything seemed to know it; but Dilly's face was clouded. When she reached the little bridge over Creeping Brook she heard a shouting behind her. Syd was running after her, waving something in his hand. "You're the *carelesstest* girl!" he panted. "If Thoffy hadn't seen you take the wrong picture, you might not have got it there in time."

Dilly's heart beat quickly. It was not too late now to win the prize. But—

"I took the one I meant to," she said. "Oh, Syd!"—her voice broke almost into tears now—"I couldn't bear to win the prize away from Chatty Arkwright; it makes so much difference to her!"

"If that isn't the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of!" exclaimed Syd, with tremendous emphasis. "Hasn't she

had a fair chance? Is it your fault if she can't draw as well as you can? I can tell you that isn't the way things are done in this world."

It was of no use to argue against Syd's worldly wisdom. She wished she had told Margery. Margery "saved up," but she would have understood.

"I have a right to do as I please, and you have no right to interfere," said Dilly, drawing herself up.

Syd looked thoroughly surprised; it was a new thing for Dilly to be self-asserting; and although his face was like a thunder-cloud, he did not try to hinder Dilly, as, after one last look at her pretty drawing, she tore it—lest her resolution should fail—into little bits, and threw the bits over the railing into Creeping Brook.

"You'll never amount to much," said Syd, turning on his heel.

Creeping Brook was not creeping to-day. It felt spring in every one of its drops, and it swirled the precious pieces around, and tossed them gayly along toward the millpond, where the great wheel would suck them down.

Dilly, watching, and choking back the great sob in her throat, did not once think that she had made an Easter offering, but I am sure the Recording Angel did.

Fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, even uncles, aunts, and cousins, flocked to the Academy hall the next Saturday morning to see the drawings and hear the prize awarded.

It was given to "Miss Charlotte Arkwright for a drawing of horses and a colt." Two or three other drawings received "honorable mention." But not even that was accorded to the sketch of Crumple and her calf.

Dilly's father adjusted his glasses and looked at her somewhat severely, and her mother looked disappointed, and Margery sympathetic. Syd scowled fiercely. But Syd would never tell. He saved up his opinions and all the news he heard as carefully as he saved his pennies.

Dilly caught a glimpse of Chatty Arkwright's radiant face, and her heart glowed.

"I'm glad I did it; if I could choose again, I would do the same thing," she said to herself.

It was somewhat worse at Sunday-school the next day. The Superintendent read the names of those whose Easter offerings had helped to pay for the chancel window; all their nine, down to Thoffy, had given something. Syd had made an Easter offering.

Dilly sat, downcast and shamefaced, feeling as if everybody were looking at her. She was sure that her teacher, Miss Sylvester, who was also the teacher of drawing and painting at the Academy, gave her two or three curious glances.

"Do you know," said one of the girls in Dilly's class to another, a few days after, "that Miss Sylvester has sent Dilly Dowden a beautiful Easter card that she painted herself? There are angels' heads on it, and a passion vine, and the text is, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.' She didn't send any other girl a card. I don't understand it."

Dilly didn't understand what that card meant. Could Miss Sylvester know?

Dilly met Josh Haight one day, and asked him if he had ever told anybody that she drew the colt.

"No, never, sure as you're born," said Josh, stoutly, "except, maybe, I did kind o' let it out to Miss Sylvester. She was a-ridin' by, and, says she, 'Is that the colt that Chatty Arkwright drewed?' And, says I, 'She drewed him, but twan't nothin' to the way that the doctor's daughter drewed him; you'd a thought he was goin' to prance right out o' the pastureboard.' Dilly? says she: 'I suspected.' But she didn't say what she suspected. She kind o' looked as if she wanted to cry. I expect she felt bad: 'cause she didn't get a chance to draw 'im. No, I won't tell nobody else, sure's I hope them cherries to get ripe quick. Blackhearts, you know."





"CRUMPLE WAS A VERY OBLIGING MODEL."—SEE "DILLY'S EASTER OFFERING," PAGE 394.





EASTER MORNING IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD.—DRAWN BY ST. JOHN HARPER.—SEE PAGE 398.

## EASTER MORNING IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"FOND of flowers? Did you ever see a child who wasn't?" The pretty nurse, with the soft blue eyes and the merry smile, had her hands full of the sweetest things—violets both blue and white, great red roses, yellow daffodils, branches of geranium, snowy azaleas, spiky carnations, fragrant mignonette, and the loveliest Easter lilies. A basket and a note had just been left at the hospital door—a great basket, with heaps of flowers freshly picked, and sprinkled so that they glistened with dew-drops, and the dearest little note, which simply said: "An Easter offering. From children who have everything they want, to children who have not so much."

"Children who have everything they want!" said the pretty nurse, laughing that sweet low laugh, which was just like music. How her white fingers twinkled as with light swift touches she arranged the flowers in clusters and bouquets just large enough for little thin hands to hold!

"You shall come with me, and see the pleasure of our little ones in these exquisite buds and blossoms," she said. "You know that flowers talk to us when we are sick or sad almost as if they had tongues, and I think they have their own messages for these children, who have never had much joy in their little lives. One never can go through a very poor neighborhood without having a dozen eager little hands stretched out with a plea for a flower if one happens to be wearing a bouquet in her belt, and you know our children are brought to us from very poor homes. Did you never see a ragged girl pick up the flowers a maid has thrown away, rescuing them from the ash barrel, and proudly carrying them off, as if she had found a prize? I have, often."

I went from one little bed to another with my gentle friend, whose whole life is a self-denial for Christ's sake. We went first to the cot which held a brown-faced little Italian girl who goes about with an organ-man and a monkey when she is well, but who had a fall and was run over in the street, so that when she shall walk again it will be with the aid of a crutch. We let her choose, and it was charming to see how pleased she was with a velvety Jacqueminot rose, so brimming over with delicious perfume, and a lovely spray of geranium.

Her neighbor was little English Alice, who has been suffering with rheumatic fever, and has been so patient that she has won every heart. Her desire was for a bunch of violets, and the kind nurse added a few lilies-of-the-valley, because, as she said confidentially to me, "The child looks like a little lily-of-the-valley herself." A German girl, who used to sell matches and horseradish—you know the morning cry, *Horseradish!* with a rising inflection and the emphasis on the last syllable—had been here several weeks, and was just beginning to grow a little stronger; her face lighted up when the nurse gave her a red and a white pink and a sprig or two of mignonette. The little boys were as delighted as the girls with their Easter flowers. They laid them on their pillows, touched them lovingly, and felt better from the moment they received them.

To save pennies from one's own little stock of pocket money, doing without bonbons and nuts; putting a care into the little charity box on the dressing-table, and walking instead of riding to school; performing services for mamma and earning silver pieces to give away—are all bits of self-denial; but the children who chose in this way to buy the Easter flowers for the hospital would have been rewarded had they seen the happiness they conferred.

Possibly you cannot think of a hospital as a cheerful place, and you feel that it would break your heart, if you were ill, to have to go away from home and be nursed by anybody else except your own mamma. On the few occasions when you have been ill, how sweet and tender she has been! caring for you so lovingly, and giving you all

her time, letting the others do without her. It was so charming to have mamma all to yourself, it almost made up for the pain and the bitter medicine. But if I could take you to some children's hospitals which I know all about, and where I like to go, you would change your minds as to any want of cheer. Of course there are many little faces there sharp and drawn with pain, but a hospital is a place for the relief of suffering, and the inmates of its wards are so carefully nursed, and so kindly watched by physicians, that they are always hoping to get better. Hoping and yet fearing, for, strange as it seems, the children sometimes cry when they are well enough to go home to their mothers.

The homes of the very poor are not clean and comfortable, and the children of such parents too often are used to blows and abuse. In the children's ward they hear only gentle words; they are treated with love; and although they suffer, there are many pleasant things done to help them forget the pain. The dolls, the toys, the picture-books, the little tray with the invalid's meal temptingly arranged, the prayers morning and evening in the ward, the ladies who come and sing, and the ladies who come and tell funny stories or read beautiful chapters out of God's word—all these make the hospital heavenly to a child who has lived in one room in a crowded tenement. To such a child a clean white bed of his or her own, the wide, clean hospital aisles, the great windows letting in floods of sunshine, the pictures on the walls, and the growing plants and vines, are all parts of a new life, not forgotten when health returns, and with it the roughness of former days.

The Easter flowers give kind Christian women an opportunity to tell the little children in the hospital that wonderful story which is so familiar to you, the beautiful story of the first Easter morning. Even in this land there are children who hear it for the first time. They open wide eyes, and their cheeks glow, as they hear why it is that at Easter the bells ring so joyously, the grand organs peal, and the children in churches and Sunday-schools unite with choirs in singing anthems because the Lord has risen. Sometimes the pretty nurse, with the clean white cap over her smooth hair, and the snowy apron covering her gray dress, takes a child in her lap, and while two or three others cuddle close against her arms, and lay their faces upon her shoulder, she reads from the Holy Book about the mournful day when Jesus was crucified.

They laid Him in a tomb cut out of a rock, and a great stone was rolled up to the door. On the morning of the third day, very, very early, a mighty angel came from heaven and rolled the stone away; but when the disciples and the women who had loved Him arrived at the place, the Lord was not there; He had risen from the sleep of death, and was walking in the garden among the lilies. Ever since, flowers have been symbols of the resurrection. All through the cold, long winter, when the snow falls, and the rivers are frozen, and the winds blow, like the trumpets of a storm-king calling his forces to battle, the flowers are fast asleep. Spring comes tiptoeing in, and up come the snow-drops, the crocuses, and the jonquils. By-and-by hepatica ventures into the warm corner by the fence, and arbutus stirs under the brown pine needles, the grass grows green on the hill-sides, and the blossoms return to the orchards. As one of our sweetest poets has said:

"God does not give us strange flowers every year.

When the spring winds blow through the pleasant places,  
The same dear things lift up the same old faces;

The violet is here."

I like to think that as the flowers come back each spring to show us there is no death in nature, that life is always conquering death, so Easter is the pledge that for all who love and serve the Lord there is a life that shall never end—a life of joy beyond the grave. And that is why we are so glad when we exclaim, "The Lord has risen!"

## AUTOGRAPHS.

BY CHARLES MERCER HALL.

NEARLY every one has a "hobby," or, as some people call it (rather unfairly, I think), a "craze," for collecting something of little or great value—foreign stamps, birds' eggs, fossils, specimens of ore and rock, relics of various kind, etc.

A "hobby," however, which I have come to think one of the best and most interesting, and for which I threw over everything else long ago, is that of autograph collecting. When one thinks of the millions of people who know how to write, and that no two write exactly alike, it will be seen at once that for this reason a person's handwriting must be characteristic to some extent of the writer. Indeed, a little book was published in London some time ago on the *Philosophy of Handwriting*, in which the author claimed that the character, disposition, and temperament of a person could, generally speaking, be determined by his handwriting, oftentimes from his signature alone. And again, a few lines of the writing of, say, John Adams, ought surely to possess very much more interest to every one than a piece of a chair he once sat in, for in the writing one has not only a piece of the great man's handiwork, but also a visible expression of some of his thoughts or ideas. Therefore an autograph letter is worth several times the value of a mere signature.

Perhaps I can offer a few words of advice to some of my young friends who are interested in this subject. In the first place I must tell them that politeness is absolutely essential. Whenever possible, a stamped envelope, properly addressed, should be enclosed: this rule must always be followed out, for one cannot expect a great and busy man to take the trouble to address the envelopes, nor yet to spend his income on postage-stamps, to oblige unknown admirers. This advice was given me by the mother of the late Bayard Taylor several years ago. The following form is one that might be used to almost any one:

1 CHURCH AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
January 25, 1886.

SIR,—I greatly desire to add your autograph to my collection. If you can spare enough of your valuable time to do so, will you kindly do me the honor of sending me your signature?

Trusting you will pardon the liberty I have taken in troubling you, and hoping to hear from you, I am, sir,

Very respectfully yours,

To —.

A form similar to this has brought me dozens of answers. Some answer by return mail, but I have had to wait in one instance nine months, and in two others over a year, ere I received a reply. So I say be patient, and don't be discouraged, and if after a year has elapsed you have received no reply, write again. Some may advise you not to do this, but I can see no objection, as your first note may have been lost or mislaid. I have had this happen several times, and a second letter has brought me a courteous reply.

If one purposes to collect autographs systematically, it is always well to begin in the right way, and classify them according to profession or rank: Presidents, cabinet officers, Senators, members of Congress, royalty, poets, authors, composers, artists, scientists, explorers, inventors, foreign ministers, clergymen, etc., etc. Then it is well to draw a line somewhere, and not allow the collection to include any and all persons. The autographs of all the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and cabinet officers are valuable, as are most of the Senators, whilst perhaps not fifty of those of the Representatives in Congress are ever worth much more than the paper on which they are written, unless one purposes to get the autographs of each Congress complete. I say this simply as a collector, and with all respect to the honorable gentlemen who serve their country in the lower hall of the Capitol. But if a Representative should introduce a bill or make a speech in Congress which attracts

the attention of the whole land, or win fame through some honorable means, then I would say, get his autograph if you can. In the same way the collector can use his discretion as to State officers and city officials. No one, four years ago, ever dreamt that the Mayor of Buffalo would, a short time later on, hold the highest office in the nation's gift.

An autograph collector, to be successful, should read the papers carefully, know as much as possible about the history and literature of his time and of times gone by, and always have a purpose in writing for a particular autograph, not obtaining it merely for the sake of increasing the size of his collection. If he can give the history of the writer of every autograph he possesses, only think what a vast amount of useful information he can store up in process of time, and what interesting anecdotes might be gathered in connection with this delightful labor.

"Perseverance conquers all things." I began my collection not quite ten years ago with the autographs of two English bishops, Lord Nelson, Lord Stradbroke (the oldest living English peer), Sir R. Philimore and Sir Travers Twiss (two great lawyers). A few months later, on coming to America, I was surprised to find the ease with which I obtained the autograph of President Hayes; and spurred on by what I then considered the greatest success possible, I have gradually increased my collection until it now numbers almost six hundred, and contains the names of some of the greatest people we read of in the events of to-day and of the century gone by.

Among my American autographs are those of fifteen Presidents, eight Vice-Presidents, and forty cabinet Secretaries; and among the others are to be found the names of John Hancock, William Pinckney, Francis Hopkinson, Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, James G. Blaine, Benjamin F. Butler, John C. Calhoun, William H. Seward, General Winfield Scott, General W. S. Hancock, General Sheridan, and the two Shermans, Jefferson Davis, A. J. Dallas, Robert E. Lee, Robert Toombs, Oliver Ellsworth, George F. Edmunds, Captain Eads, Whittier the poet, Mark Twain, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Longfellow, Edison, Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steam-boat, the two Senators Ferry, Captain Gatling, of Gatling gun celebrity, Lieutenant Greely, of arctic fame, Albert Gallatin, Fitz-Greene Halleck, the late Vice-President Hendricks, George W. Cable, W. D. Howells and Marion Harland the novelists, Andrew Johnson, Rufus King, Benson J. Lossing, Generals McClellan, Meade, and Fitz-John Porter, Nast the caricaturist, Oliver Optic, Admirals Goldsborough and Porter, Bishop Quintard of Tennessee (the only Q in my collection), Representative Roosevelt of New York, Charles Sumner, Francis E. Spinner, whose curious signature we see on so many of the United States Treasury notes, Bayard Taylor, James Russell Lowell, E. B. Washburne, Senators Vance and Voorhees (the "tall sycamore of the Wabash"), Eleazer Wheelock, the founder of Dartmouth College, Chief-Justice Waite, and others.

Among my foreign autographs are those of Matthew Arnold, Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian rebel, Abba-Talema, Marcus Stone, Sir John E. Millais, and Sir Frederick Leighton, artists; Generals Wolseley, Graham, Evelyn Wood, Redvers Buller, "Chinese" Gordon, and his brother, Sir Henry W. Gordon, who is Commissary-General of the British army, Napier of Magdala, Ponsonby; Lord Charles Beresford, Captain Sir Lambton Lorraine, R.N., the hero of the *Virginian* episode of many years ago; Robert Browning, John Bright, Monsignor Capel; Cardinals Newman and Manning; Charles Dickens; Lord Randolph Churchill, Adeline Patti, Oscar Wilde; the Orleans princes Henri, Duc d'Aumale, Philippe, Comte de Paris, Jean, Duc de Chartres, and Frederick, Prince de Joinville; and various others of greater or lesser repute.





### AN EASTER FESTIVAL AT WASHINGTON.

WHILE the curious customs belonging to certain seasons in other countries are well known to many of our readers, comparatively few have heard of the egg-rolling carnival that takes place every Easter Monday at the national capital. We evidently have the mother country to thank for the introduction here of egg-rolling, for, as near as the writer can learn, the practice, in all probability, was first brought to Washington by a family from England, in some parts of which country it still exists. Chambers's *Book of Days* says that the custom of distributing the "pace" or "pasche egg," which was once almost universal among Christians, is still observed by children and by the peasantry of Lancashire. Even in Scotland, where the great festivals have for centuries been suppressed, the young people still get their hard-boiled, dyed eggs, which they roll about or throw, and finally eat. So it is quite clear that the custom of egg-rolling, so largely enjoyed by the children of Washington, is by no means of local or even of American origin.

For many years the slopes surrounding the Capitol were used by the children for their Easter sport, but as the trampling by thousands of feet did great injury to the terraces, it was found necessary to forbid it there. Moved possibly by a feeling of sympathy with the many anxious little hearts in the threatened breaking up of their cher-

ished day, President Hayes, hearing of the trouble, caused public notice to be given that there was at least one place where egg-rolling might be enjoyed without restraint, and that was in the White House grounds. The invitation so kindly extended was gladly accepted, and in each succeeding year the grassy mounds near the mansion have been thronged with happy children.

The new ground is in many respects better adapted for the sport than the old. That portion of which the children take possession on Easter Monday is directly in the rear of the White House, and the ground is just uneven enough to cause the eggs to roll easily over the grass. There on every Easter Monday may be seen an army of small men and women,

"Some in rags, and some in tags,  
And some in velvet gowns,"

but always with baskets full of bright-colored hard-boiled eggs. Mothers, elder sisters, or nurses accompany the younger children, carrying baskets containing lunch; for it is an all-day affair, and mightily offended indeed would the little people be were anybody to suggest leaving before sundown.

Though rolling and playing ball with the eggs are the principal amusements of the day, the children do not confine themselves to these alone. There are various little games of their own invention which they play with the eggs, the most popular being one called "picking." Two children knock the smaller ends of their eggs together until one is broken; it then becomes the property of the possessor of the stronger egg, the victor being expected to eat the broken one on the spot. Another sport is to see who can throw an egg the greatest distance. It is safe to say that no one has as yet succeeded in throwing an egg over the Washington Monument.

The eggs do not by any means do all the rolling, however, for the small boys and babies seem to find quite as much fun in rolling themselves down the fresh green slopes as in chasing the eggs.

During the day the children have many visitors. Few residents of Washington who can manage to spare an hour or so fail to visit the grounds, and many hearts are made light by the sight of so many happy little people. Visitors to the capital who are fortunate enough to be in Washington on Easter Monday come to see the sport, and carry away the remembrance of it as one of their pleasantest recollections. Presidents with their families and



THE LAWN IN THE REAR OF THE WHITE HOUSE.





CHILDREN RETURNING FROM THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS ON EASTER MONDAY.

friends are always deeply interested spectators. When there were children at the White House, they used to join the throng in the sports, while the elders viewed the amusing scene from the portico.

The presence of the distinguished tenants of the Executive Mansion is always a source of much gratification to the children. Last year, the day being exceptionally fine, a greater number of children than usual came to the place, and it became necessary to secure the doors of the house to keep inquisitive little folks from overrunning it in their

efforts to see the new President. They proved the stronger power in the end, however, for President Cleveland finally yielded gracefully, and gave a reception in the East Room, to which only children were admitted. The little ones fairly overwhelmed him in their anxiety to shake him by the hand. One bright-eyed little fellow presented the President with an egg, assuring him that he had "plenty more in his basket." Then they left, happy and contented, and greatly impressed with a sense of their own importance.



## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

IDAHO, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I send you a story about my pet pullet. I am the little girl who wrote to you about the Busy Bee Club Christmas before last. Nearly all of our peach-trees are in bloom; we have about one hundred and fifty trees, and had a great many peaches last year. I send you some flowers, and also some cedar wood of these have come out already. Bess and I have fifteen young chickens, and have found from six turkey hens thirty-one turkey eggs; we have to scramble through great many briars and over rocks to get to the turkeys' nests. I have a horse of my own, a saddle blanket that I made myself, a saddle, and a bridle. I like very much to ride, and my mother, my sister, and myself very often go out riding. I am now nine years old, and have made one of my winter dresses, and am going to make all my summer dresses. To-day Bess and I took a box and put some shelves in it, and we use it for a cabinet; we have a piece of lead ore from Colorado, a piece of petrified wood, and a little white piece of stone shaped like an equilateral triangle. There are a great many petrified stones here. Bess and I have a little room of our own. KATE II.

Here is the story:

## THE LIFE OF PULLET GRAY.

When I first came to this world I was a little bit of a thing. I crept under my mother's wings, and there I staid until my other sisters and brothers came out. And then my mother took us out of the nest, and scratched for us and fed us with worms. Every night some little girls came out and caught my mother and her family, and put us in a box and covered us up tight. My mother clucked to us and cuddled us up warmly. We went on growing until we grew to be large hens and roosters. One day my mother said she was going to leave us to scratch for ourselves. Oh, what hard work it was! At night we all went up in a tree, and the wind blew, and we could hardly stay up in the tree. At last one day I got up on a nest and laid a pretty yellow egg. Oh, how pretty it looked, lying there in the sunshine! Every day I lay on my nest, and at last I had laid a great many. Then I wanted to sit. Some little girls caught me and shut me up in a dark place. At last they put me up in my old nest, and put a lot of boards over me. At night they let me off, and I flew up into a tree. The next day I sat, and there I had to stay three long weeks. Then I had nine pretty little pets of my own, and scratched for them, and covered them with my wings. One night two of them froze to death, and one rainy day one more of them died, and so now I have only six. I used to keep them in a tight box, and after a while I took them up in a tree, and now they go about alone, and I am laying eggs again to have some more pretty little chickens.

IDAHO, TEXAS.

As I have not seen anything about Barrie in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I thought I would write to you. Barrie is about sixty-four miles north of the city of Fort Worth. It is at the head of a long, snail-shaped bay, which is about eight and a half miles long, and runs into Lake Simcoe. It is beautifully situated, as it is built on the slope, which is about three-quarters of a mile long, and runs down to the bay, and there is a very nice view of the town from the bay. The Town Council have sent a water-color painting and some very nice views to England, to be shown at the Colonial Exhibition, so if any of the young people go there this summer they can see what a nice place Barrie is. I would like to tell you how we amuse ourselves in this northern country. You may be sure we have lots of sleigh-riding, as the snow comes about the middle of November or the first

week in December, and does not go away until the last of March. We have good skating on the bay, when there is not too much snow, but when there is, we can go to the skating rink. We have good fun ice-boating, but we do not go so fast as they do on the Hudson River; I am going to try and have a new ice boat for next winter, something like the *Scud*, and then I shall be able to go faster, but, now the spring is coming on, I am looking to the fun we have down the lake camping. There is a nice little sail-boat, and there are three boys besides myself who go down the lake for a week or two to a place called Starvation Island, about twenty-six miles from Barrie, which is a nice place for camping; there are good fishing-grounds and good hunting, and it is about one mile from the mainland, so that if we run out of provisions it is not far for more. This is a nice bay for swimming in. Some nights you can see from fifty to one hundred boys in swimming, but we cannot go in off the Esplanade until the last train goes by at 8.45, as the track is on the Esplanade. Last summer a young man swam across the bay, which is about one and one-eighth miles. The government is talking about making a canal, called the Trent Valley, and if made, it will come right into Kempenfelt Bay, and that will make things pretty lively in Barrie. The Town Council have offered a bonus and exemption from taxes for a certain time to any one who will start a manufactory here. Some of the enterprising men of Barrie are trying to get an elevator built, and I think they will do so this summer, so as to have it ready for next winter's use. GEORGE C.

IDAHO, TEXAS.

I am writing to tell Pansy that I tried her candy, and think it is very nice indeed, but it would have been pleasanter if I had had her to help me make it. I would like to have had her try receipt of mine for chocolate caramels, but I cannot find the receipt anywhere; I am so sorry, for I know she would have liked it ever so much. I wrote you a letter once, but it was not printed. I have three brothers and two sisters. One of my brothers is a sailor, and when he was at the south he bought a monkey and a parrot; the monkey was for me, and the parrot for my sister. The former was very tame, and we would let him go sometimes, and he would run up the apple-trees and make a noise. Well, when I was very fond of him, and he of me; he would sit on my shoulder and let me carry him around, and hang that on my finger, and do many other things that I cannot stop to relate. Well, when I came he missed being out, and he hadn't a good enough cage, and if I would let him loose in the house he would eat everything up. Finally we decided to send him to the Zoological gardens of Philadelphia. It was hard for me to give him up, but I thought it was for his good. Polly is living here, and is a very great pet. She is not so wild on mother's shoulder and pull out her hair-pins. Polly's hops, laughs, whistles, and goes like the children. DADE.

I think you did the kindest possible thing for me by not sending him to the "Zoo." It is rather foolish to hear of a splendid receipt for caramels which is mislaid, and I hope you will soon discover the hiding-place, and send it to the little girl who loves it.

FORT BOWELL, CALIFORNIA.

I am eleven years old, and I go to school every day, and I study grammar, geography, spelling, arithmetic, writing, drawing, history, the United States, and Latin root words. In some of these studies I am just beginning, but I expect to know a good deal more about them before the term ends. We are in a gymnasium near the school-house. I can turn a somersault in the air. Papa is teaching me to box with boxing-gloves, and many other things. There is a shooting-gallery on one side

of the gymnasium, and I shoot there sometimes. I have a gun that will shoot twenty-five cartridges, one right after the other. I am out hunting jack-rabbits and sage-hens. REYNOLDS J. B. (an army boy).

FORT BOWELL, CALIFORNIA.

I am eleven years old. I go to school every day, and I study grammar, geography, spelling, arithmetic, writing, drawing, history, the United States. There is a gymnasium close to the school. There are two pairs of rings for the men and one pair for the boys. There are ropes and poles to climb, boxing-gloves, clubs to swing, a trapeze to swing on, and there are parallel poles, a shooting-gallery is attached to the gymnasium. MARK J. L.

MEDIANA, MICHIGAN.

MY DEAR POSTMASTER.—Although I am not one of your younger readers, I enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, especially the illustrations, which grow finer all the time. The interesting "Jo" reminds me of a girl I know, to whom similar things have happened. In fact, the illustrations resemble her. Alice M. M. visited some of the girls to correspond with her, and I have written her a letter, which I hope she will receive. I live in the township of Seneca, in the southern Michigan, and one mile and a half from Medina—a pretty little village situated on the Tiffin, consisting of two hundred inhabitants. The bones of many deer are picked up on the river's banks, and the country about affords lovely subjects for sketching. From the cupola of the school, Indian boys sometimes stand down upon the river. Back of the school grounds, a man, while ploughing, came upon the bones of an Indian. Upon our farm we find many Indian relics, and but a little way off from where there was once the Indians' council grounds. Besides the view of the village from our house, is a good view of the Muskegon River, and by which people visit for fishing. It is joined by two others, and we go there quite often on sketching tours, also a few miles from here, to a large island, Muskegon Island, where the maneto. We never ride in the steamers, but go out in small row-boats, to sketch or listen to "swamp music." The view from the northwestern shore is a great mound, about which are many legends. Now is gone the wigwam's welcome peace-pipe's smoke—all the warriors passed away—but the lake is still there, and the remains. I would like to correspond with a girl of any age over sixteen. SARAH FIELDS (Box 63).

IDAHO, TEXAS.

I am a little boy twelve years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and like it very much. I have three canaries; their names are Oliver Twist, Dick, and Fanny; and to New Orleans last winter, and had a nice time. LYNN S. M.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am thirteen years old, and study music, dancing, shorthand, and Latin. I was in the school exercises. I want to tell you about a festival that I was in, on March 8th, which was composed of ten dances: the Swedish sailor (English), the Normandy Peasant, the Quadrille, the Dutch, the Tyrolean Peasant, the Seven Planets, the Japanese, the Grecian, and the Hungarian. I was in the Swedish dance, and my brother was in the sailor dance. The director gave us so few rehearsals that I was a little nervous as how it would come off, being myself the leader of our group. Well, when the little boy couldn't see why he had to go from his partner, and consequently he had to run across the stage to the place he belonged; this excited the audience. They had a very good time. The boys and girls in the Kermis had a great deal of fun in the rehearsals, especially at the Swedish dance. They had their annual last year, and expect to have one next year.

I am collecting nearly everything, as newspapers, newspaper cuttings, stamps, coins, and numbers of the "Zoo." I would like to correspond with boys and girls all over the world. Correspondence in English and shorthand (Pitman's method). ROBERT VAN DERSTINE.

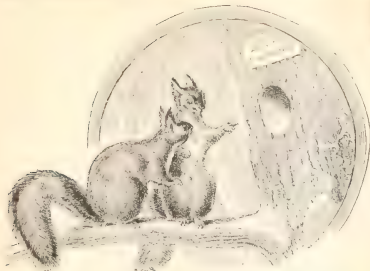
104 LAFAYETTE AVENUE.

IDAHO, TEXAS.

I am very fond of our paper, and I think "Jo's Opportunity" is a very nice story. It is the first of Mrs. Little's stories that I have ever read. I am going to read "Nan." I am very fond of reading and letter-writing, and I am also very fond of crocheting. Mamma and I are making a quilt, and I am also making a quilt. I am never gone to school. Mamma teaches my three sisters and myself at home. I study reading, writing, and arithmetic. I have a book called *Scholar's Companion*, and read history. We were all away last summer at Ocean Beach, New Jersey. I had a rented cottage near Shark River, and had a very nice time. I was very happy, and had such a good time when I was away then that I would like to send some money to the school. I would like to know if you would like to whom? We have a gray horse named Kitty







## HOUSE-HUNTING IN THE WOODS.

"Well, my dear, how do you think that will suit us?"

## THE YELLOW DOG.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

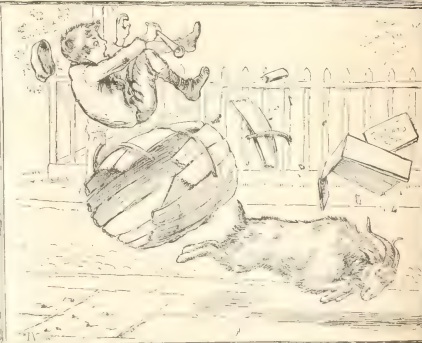
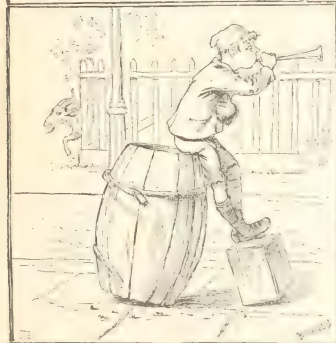
**I** NEVER had a kennel,  
I never owned a name,  
Yet everywhere I wander  
I'm not unknown to fame.

The year round I go tramping  
O'er highway, field, and bog,  
And no one cares about me,  
For I'm a yellow dog.

No nice bell ever tinkled  
About my shaggy neck,  
Nor have I any blanket  
My scanty sides to deck.  
If anything is missing  
When by the farus I jog—  
A fowl or leg of mutton—  
Oh, it's the yellow dog!

I oft in parlor windows  
See pugs and poodles trim;  
They perk their silky ears up,  
And snarl out, "Look at him!"  
For sticks and stones a target,  
As if I were a frog,  
Oh, life is very stirring  
If you're a yellow dog.

So up and down I'm tramping.  
But one thing is my gain:  
As I'm considered worthless,  
I never wear a chain.  
Some kindly hand will feed me  
While carelessly I jog;  
I'm not so black as painted,  
Though I'm a yellow dog.



THE BOY, THE BILLY, AND THE ASH-BOX. A PICTURE FABLE.

MORAL.—IT IS A VERY POOR GAME THAT TWO CAN'T PLAY AT.



HARPER'S  
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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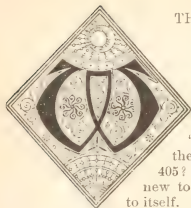
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FOR ADOPTION—SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 408

## THE CARE OF KITTY CAT.

BY LILLIE E. MORGAN.



AS there ever a greater joy than the possession of a "brand-new" kitty cat like the one in the picture on page 405? New every way; new to you, new to the world, and almost new to itself.

I dare say there are not many little girls who have not known this joy, and who do not remember the delightful feeling when papa comes home with something very much alive in his pocket, and says, "I've brought you a kitty cat"; or when auntie sends a basket from the country, the lid of which keeps bobbing up and down in a mysterious sort of way, while from the well-lined inside come long-drawn-out meows. And oh, the delight of opening the basket, and seeing how its frightened little inmate will cling to you! Dolly's and Birdie's noses are quite out of joint now, and kitty wins first place in your heart as she cuddles up close to your breast in perfect fearlessness.

Just as the possession of kitty is a joy to a little girl, so the danger of its having fits, getting thin and weak, or perhaps dying, is her greatest childish grief; and if any one were to tell her that it was her own fault that her pet was dead, it would almost break her heart; and yet, very likely, it would be true, not because she was unkind to it, but because she was too kind.

Probably if pussy had been with her mamma cat she would not have died, because her mamma would not have given her anything but what was good for her to eat, and would have made her take long sleeps. Well, when a cunning little kitten is taken from its mamma cat, and given to a little girl to care for, she takes the place of its mamma, and if she does not know how to take care of it, she is often very cruel even in her effort to be kind to it. But as the rules for caring for it are very simple and very easily remembered, there is no reason why any little girl should ever be a bad mamma to her kitty cat.

The first thing you must do after you get your kitty is to give her a saucer of milk; but you must prepare it for her. Many little girls, and grown-up ones too, are apt to think it must be new milk, or even cream. Now new milk is too strong for a young kitten, and cream is far too rich. The milk should either be skim-milk or half milk and half water, and it must always be boiled, and for the first three months it must be given warm—remember warm, not hot. And remember, also, you must never, under any circumstances, give her cream; it is bad for full-grown cats, and is sure to make a young kitten very sick, and may perhaps kill it.

Just as soon as kitty has taken her milk, she should be allowed to sleep, unless she wants to play; but usually she will go to sleep after eating. Do not wake her up, for it is natural for kittens to sleep nearly all day for the first few weeks after they are born; that is their growing time, and it is almost as bad for it to be wakened from its growing nap to play, or be carried around in your arms and squeezed almost to death, as it would be for your rose-tree if you should pull it out of the ground every little while to look at its roots.

"But I want my kitty to play with me," you will say.

Very good. You also want your baby brother to play with you; but you have to wait until he grows strong enough to do it. So it is with kitty; every day it is growing stronger, and wants less sleep. While it is only a baby cat you must be patient. About sundown it will

waken, even when very young, and want to play; then you can handle it, roll with it, and romp to your heart's content, and it will do you both good, because kitty has had her growing sleep, and it is natural for her to play at that time. If you wait until she wakens naturally from her sleep you will have twice as much fun with her, because she wants to play then.

As kitty grows you will want to give her meat; but do not do it until she is three or four months old—in fact, almost a grown-up cat. Kitty is sharp enough to catch mice if she needs meat, and as that is the kind of meat nature intended her to eat, it will not hurt her; any other kind will make her cross and scratchy, thin and weak.

"But may I give my kitty just a little gravy?"

No, you may not; that is worse for her than the meat; it is too rich, and it has pepper and salt in it, and nature provides pepper for her in the peppergrass which kitty sometimes takes as a medicine, and the milk has all the salt she requires in it.

"May I give her cake and bread, then?"

No; neither cake nor bread—in fact, nothing but milk and water until she is three or four months old, if you want her to be a fine, fat, glossy kitty cat.

When kitty is about two months old you will perhaps want to teach her tricks. For example, if you want her to learn how to jump over your clasped hands, set the saucer of warm milk on the floor, kneel down before it, with kitty by you, clasp your hands, and say, "jump, kitty, jump." Do this before each meal, and do not give her the milk until she does jump, and in a short time she will know the trick perfectly.

After she has finished her meat, kitty will wash her face, and you can teach her very easily now to want to be brushed off also by taking a whisk-broom regularly to sweep her off with. I had a cat which not only came to be swept off after every meal, but would give me no rest if I did not get a cloth and dry him all over if he got wet in the dew or a shower of rain. This same cat I taught to take long walks with me by calling him to come when I went for a ramble; if he got tired, he would lie down in the road and cry to be carried. I spoiled him by carrying the first few times he did it, and never could break him of the habit.

If your kitty should get cross, refuse to play, or take her milk, or lie in her usual warm place, seeking some cooler one, she has fever; if you can take her to the Park, or by running water, she will find the medicine she needs. If not, six drops of aconite in a glass of water will help her wonderfully; set her milk and drinking water out of her way, and give her the medicine regularly every two hours until she seems better; you can easily tell when she is better by her begging for food. But your kitty is not likely to have fits, fever, or weakness if you always remember to let her sleep as much as she wishes for the first three months. For four months at least you must give her nothing but milk and water to eat; be sure the milk has been boiled, and all cream taken off, and be sure it is served warm—not hot. When she is full four months old you can give her a little bit of raw meat once in a while, but no gravies or hot or greasy food, or pepper or salt.

It is not good to confine a kitten to the house all the time. Cats require fresh air, as all other living creatures do, and you should get your kitty into the habit of going out-of-doors for a time every day, and at the same hour every day. If the weather is cold or wet, she will prefer to stay in-doors, but, nevertheless, it is better that she should go out for a short time; and if there is some hay or straw for her to nestle in, she will not be cold even in very cold weather. If she will not go willingly, entice her out with some tidbit of warm food.

Remember these rules, and kitty is sure to grow up strong, glossy, and fat.

## THE EASTER RABBIT.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

THE Easter morn in the Rhine land,  
The German land over the sea,  
And forth in the early dawning  
Come the children, full of glee—  
Fair Lena, and Hilda, and Hensel,  
And wee Max, sturdy and bold—  
Eager to join in the Easter hunt  
For eggs of silver and gold.

For there runneth a sweet old legend,  
That when all the world doth sleep,  
A dear little long-eared rabbit  
From his cosy hole doth creep,  
And brings gay rainbow treasures,  
Which he hides with his tiny paws  
Down deep 'mid the shrubs and flowers,  
Like an Easter Santa Claus.

Then away he flits at the gleaming  
Of the dancing sun's first ray,  
Which bids the children rise and greet  
The Resurrection Day.  
So with carol and shout and laughter  
'Neath the budding trees they pass,  
And seek for the gifts of the rabbit  
In the long lush moss and grass.

And oh, what bright Easter emblems  
Those lowly green nests disclose!  
Eggs like the hues of the sunset,  
Azure, and yellow, and rose.  
While a world of deep awe-struck wonder  
Shines in the little one's eyes  
As they whisper, "No bird could have laid them  
But a bird of Paradise."

## FISHES.

BY SARAH COOPER.

IT is not an easy thing to study the every-day life of fishes. Living as they do in the water, and keeping out of sight, our only hope of observing them is from an occasional glimpse, which gives little opportunity to learn their habits and peculiarities. Preserved specimens are not of much help; they serve, however, to remind us that much of the charm of fishes lies in the grace of their movements, and in the peculiar lustre which plays upon their sides as they glide through the water, but which is soon lost after death.

Fishes are well adapted to swimming. Their shape is such as to move with the least possible friction, and they are further aided by the smooth, slimy coating, which generally consists of scales overlapping each other like tiles on a roof.

Dr. Hartwig says of fishes: "We wisely endeavor to imitate this peculiar form in the construction of our ships, yet the rapidity with which the fastest clipper cleaves the waters is nothing to the velocity of an animal formed to reside in that element. The flight of an arrow is not more rapid than the darting of a tunny, a salmon, or a gilt-head through the water. Every part of the body seems exerted in this despatch; the fins, the tail, and the motion of the whole backbone assist progression; and it is to this admirable flexibility of body, which mocks the efforts of art, that fishes owe the astonishing rapidity of their movements."

On examining the backbone of a fish you will find it to consist of circular vertebrae, which are concave at each end. The space between the vertebrae is filled with a

jelly-like substance, giving great freedom of motion. The ribs are not much curved, and are attached to the spinal column at one end.

The fins are chiefly used to balance the fish in an upright position, while the principal swimming organ is the tail, which is set vertically at the end of the spine, so as to work from side to side.

As the weight of the body is greater than that of the surrounding water, most fishes are supplied with a "swim-



FIG. 1.—SEA-HORSE.  
(From "Hooker's Natural History.")

bladder," which connects with the œsophagus, and which, being filled with air, assists the fish to rise or sink in the water.

Fishes' gills are leaf-like bodies lying in cavities on each side of the neck, and covered by plates called gill-covers; they may often be seen gently moving when a fish is in its native element. You may also notice the gills in fishes that have been arranged on a string for convenience in carrying; in such cases it is customary to put the string through the "gill-slit."

The breathing of fishes we shall find to be a very simple process. All the air they require is contained in the water, which enters freely at the mouth, passes over the gills, and escapes at the gill-slit. The blood, continually circulating through the gills, absorbs oxygen from the water, and becomes purified. This breathing from water resembles the act of swallowing, with the important difference that the water passes to the gills, and not to the stomach.

We sometimes say, when a fish is taken out of the river, that it dies for want of water. Strictly speaking, it would be more correct to say that it dies for want of air. Surround-



FIG. 2.—FLYING-FISH  
(From "Hooker's Natural History.")

ed as it is by air, the fish can make no use of it because it is not mixed with water, and the poor creature flounders and throws itself uneasily about as it slowly suffocates.

Fishes are generally well supplied with teeth, since they grow not only on the upper and lower jaw, but are sometimes found on the tongue and the throat. They have also large eyes without any lids. They have no external ears, yet they evidently notice sounds. Fishermen are aware of this fact, so they carry on their sport in profound



FIG. 3.—NEST OF SUNFISH.

silence, and the boys and girls who accompany them must leave off their fun and laughter until the fishing is over.

Fishes feed upon small mollusks, or upon other fishes, often devouring their own young. The stomach of a fish which we once dissected contained, to the great surprise of the children who were watching, three small fishes and several crabs, which we thought an abundant supply for one meal.

These inoffensive-looking creatures live in continual warfare, first pursuing their prey, and then, in turn, flying from their own enemies. They have probably more to suffer in this way than other animals, for a great many enemies are waiting to pounce upon them, their eggs, and their young ones.

Flying-fishes (Fig. 2) often leap into the air in large companies to escape pursuit, and their blue bodies and silvery wings glisten prettily in the sunlight. Even here they sometimes meet with new dangers from the greedy gulls and other sea-birds, so they find safety neither in the water nor in the air. The large fins of these fishes act like wings, and enable them to take long, low leaps into the air, but they have no power of raising themselves after having once left the water.

The eggs of fishes are tiny affairs, covered with a thin skin, so transparent that the young fish may be seen tumbling about inside for a day or two before it is hatched.

When the baby fishes first leave the egg they swim about for some time with the yolk-bag hanging underneath the body; they take no food during this time, but are nourished by the oily contents of the yolk-bag.

Fishes produce large quantities of eggs, a single cod-re, for instance, having been found to contain nine million eggs. Generally fishes take no care of their eggs or their young ones. There are exceptions, however, to this rule, and some kinds of fishes prepare nests in the bottom of streams, like the sunfish in the picture (Fig. 3), while the stickleback builds a true nest of grass and weeds fastened together with the sticky slime of his own body (Fig. 4). There is a hole entirely through the nest, from one side to the other, that water may constantly flow over the eggs. The male defends the nest bravely, for, strangely enough, among fishes, it falls to the lot of the fathers to build the nest and care for the young ones.

The eggs of the sea-horse (Fig. 1) are well taken care of by the males, which have a pouch in the lower part of their bodies especially for carrying them. The females have no such pouch.

One would scarcely suspect this odd-looking sea-horse, with its long snout, of being a fish. It has a singular habit of twisting its tail round some branch of sea-weed and standing upright in the water, as if watching all that takes place around it. Being a poor swimmer, it often floats with the sea-weed for long distances in this erect position.

Tropical birds and flowers, we know, are brilliant in color; so also are the inhabitants of tropical oceans. We noticed this peculiarity in jelly-fishes and in shells, and the same is true with regard to fishes. Some of the gayest fishes live among the coral reefs. The warm waters in which the coral polyps thrive and spread their flower-like tentacles to the sun are further enlivened by glittering fishes, which glide in and out among the brilliant coral branches, and remind us of the similar fact that dazzling birds hover over the brightest flowers.

We might suppose that these lowly creatures would not pay much regard to beauty in selecting their mates, but, with fishes as with every other species of animal, there are points of difference, which we would probably not notice, but which lead to the selection of certain individuals in preference to others. And it has been observed that many fishes grow brilliant as the season approaches for mating. All members of the trout family, for instance, are arrayed in their brightest colors during spawning-time.

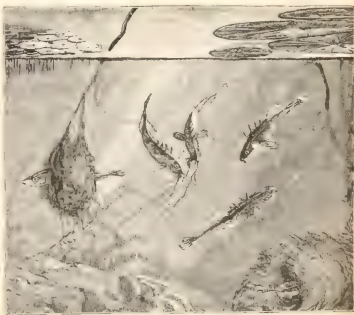


FIG. 4.—NEST OF STICKLEBACK.





"A SLIGHT, STOOPING FIGURE ROSE AND ADVANCED TO MEET HER."

### A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

BY FLORENCE HALLOWELL.

"I'M afraid she'll think it very odd if she isn't invited," Pauline. She lives very near Flora, for I heard her say so, and she must know there's something of the kind on foot."

"She'd be stupid if she didn't, when we've done nothing but whisper for the past week," said Pauline Jennings, with a dark frown on her face; "but as to giving her an invitation, I won't. And if any one else asks her, I'll stay at home—that's all."

"I don't see why you dislike her so much," said Eva Walton, gently.

"Oh, she's so shy and awkward, and then she dresses so abominably! Did you notice that dress she wore yesterday? It was so faded I couldn't tell the original color.

Her father must be as poor as Job's turkey. Now there's no use in your trying to persuade me to ask her to go, Eva, for my mind's made up."

"Then I sha'n't try to change it, of course," said Eva; "but I'm afraid she'll be dreadfully hurt."

"If she is, you won't know it," said Pauline, "for there's only one more day of school, I'm glad to say."

The bell rang, and recess was over. Eva had no time to reply, but all the rest of the afternoon she had a feeling of shame whenever her eyes happened to rest on the stooping, awkward figure of Patty Madden, the only girl in the advanced class who had not been asked to join the surprise party to Flora Graves. Eva did not know Patty very well, and was not especially attracted toward her; but being a warm-hearted, good-tempered girl, she did not like the idea of having Patty slighted and wounded unnecessarily. But of course it would not do to give her

an invitation in the face of Pauline's opposition, for Pauline had been the one to suggest the party, and had worked hard over the arrangements for it. She had thought and talked of little else for a week past, and had baked more cake for the lunch baskets than all the other girls put together. Flora Graves was her "most particular" friend, and she was therefore anxious that the party should be a pronounced success.

She had not seen Flora for several weeks, for Mr. Graves had recently moved his family to a fine farm about four miles from town, and Flora had concluded not to attend school the rest of the term. It was not convenient for her to have the carriage every morning, and she considered the distance too great for her to walk.

Patty, however, thought nothing of the three-mile tramp morning and night, for she had been born and brought up in the country, and was accustomed to out-door exercise. She was sometimes so fortunate as to get a ride on a neighbor's wagon, and occasionally she made her appearance at school in her father's ox-cart; but as a usual thing she came on foot.

In spite of the shyness and reserve which kept her school-mates at a distance, Patty was very fond of the company of young people of her own age, and, as Eva had supposed, was well aware that Pauline was arranging a grand surprise party to some one, and was both wounded and mortified at being the only girl in the grammar class not invited. But she was too proud to show what she felt, and when school was dismissed at four o'clock, and Pauline left the building without even a look in her direction, she gave no sign of the terrible heart-sickness which made her feel just then as if she had not a friend in the world.

"Good-by," she said to Eva, in a pleasant, even tone, as she walked away, her school-bag on her arm; and Eva, watching her out of sight down the quiet country road, wondered why it was that Pauline disliked her so much.

Knox's big express wagon went around at six o'clock, gathering up all those who were to attend the surprise party, and by half past six they were well on their way.

It was a beautiful June evening, the road was good, and the young people all in high spirits. The time passed so rapidly that the wagon was turning in at a big white gate before any one realized that they were anywhere near their destination.

"I've never been here before," said Pauline.

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" cried half a dozen other voices.

"Are you sure this is the place, driver?" asked Eva, appealing to the man on the box.

"Well, I ain't just certain, miss," was the reply, "but I reckon it is."

"Oh, of course this is the place," said Pauline, confidently. "I can tell by the poplar-trees. Flora wrote me that the yard was full of them."

As the wagon rolled up to the house the front door was opened by a tall, shy-looking boy of about seventeen years of age, who retreated in manifest dismay as he saw the merry crowd.

"Surprise!" "Surprise!" cried the boys and girls in chorus, and laughing and talking at the top of their voices, they jumped out of the wagon, and went storming into the hall in a body.

Pauline was the first to reach the parlor door, and as she entered it a slight, stooping figure rose hurriedly from a sofa, dropped a book, and advanced to meet her. It was Patty Madden.

Before Pauline could utter the cry of amazement and chagrin that rose to her lips, the parlor was full of her comrades, and Patty, half laughing and half crying, was saying how pleased she was at the honor done her.

"I feel real mean," she said, frankly, "for I heard there was to be a surprise party, and was dreadfully vexed

because I hadn't been invited. I never dreamed for a moment that you were all coming here. I am real glad, though, and I intend to make you have a first-rate time. Ned can play the violin and Tom can play the banjo, and we'll have a dance in the new barn."

The members of the surprise party exchanged stealthy glances, but no one said anything to undeceive Patty, who rushed off with a radiant face to find some candles, and tell her brothers what she expected of them.

"Why didn't you say something?" asked Eva, turning to Pauline, as the door closed behind Patty. "We were all waiting for you to speak, of course. It is *your* party."

"I *couldn't* say anything," said Pauline, whose face had an unwonted amount of color in it. "Let's make the best of it now we're here. It's too late now to set the matter right."

"Making the best of it" proved very good fun indeed. They danced in the new barn, to the music of the violin and banjo, until they could dance no more. And then Mrs. Madden, who had opened the baskets, invited them all into a great cool room where a most appetizing supper was spread. She had contributed, as Patty's share of the feast, a great bowl of strawberries, which had been picked for market, and two pitchers of delicious thick cream.

"If you always treat us so royally, Patty, we'll be surprising you pretty often," said Tom Parton, who had a weakness for strawberries and cream.

"Come as often as you like," said Patty. "I have enjoyed myself as much as any one. I only wish Flora Graves could have been here; but she went away to-day to spend a week with her grandmother in Utica, as I suppose you all know."

Again the members of the surprise party exchanged stealthy glances, and Tom Parton nudged Pauline, who sat next to him.

Patty drew Pauline to one side for a moment after the good-nights had been said, and the big express wagon was taking on its load again.

"I want to tell you something, Pauline," she said, with shining eyes and a little falter in her voice. "I had very hard thoughts of you to-day. I believed you were leaving me out of this surprise party just to be unkind. Will you forgive me?"

Pauline looked, as she felt, very much ashamed of herself, and she began to realize for the first time what she had lost in neglecting such a bright, sincere girl as Patty Madden.

"It is you who ought to forgive me, Patty," she said. "I haven't treated you very well, I'm afraid. But I mean to be your friend in future if you'll let me."

"If I'll let you!" said Patty; and then the two girls kissed each other, and turned aside to furtively wipe away the tears that had risen to their eyes.

"It was a case of mutual surprise," said Tom Parton, as the big express wagon rolled away a few minutes later. "And it was mighty lucky we *did* make a mistake in the house. Just suppose we'd gone to Flora's! We would have had to turn right around and go home again. As it is, we've had a glorious time, and I think it would be a good idea to surprise Patty every day or two as long as strawberries are in market."

Every one laughed except Pauline, who was strangely silent. She was thinking how cordially Patty had treated her, and how bravely she had confessed the hard thoughts she had cherished.

"I'll make it up to her—if I ever can," thought Pauline, whose repentance was really sincere.

And Patty, happy in the warm friendship which owed its rise to a most fortunate mistake, never knew that the surprise party she had enjoyed so thoroughly had been intended for another.

## SILENT PETE; OR, THE STOWAWAYS.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### AN UNFORTUNATE ENCOUNTER.

IN two days after their first appearance on deck the stowaways had become accustomed to their new mode of life. They had tried so hard to please by performing any task allotted to them, or by seeking to find some work at which they might make themselves useful, that, if Captain Sproul considered the matter at all, he must have thought he was fortunate in having two such industrious boys, even if they had come on board without his knowledge or consent.

There was but one person on board the *Clio* who was not kindly disposed toward the industrious little stowaways, and that was Mr. Samuel Harding, the first mate. He had not forgotten that both the boys had knocked him down when they made their first appearance on deck, and even though such familiarity toward the first officer was unintentional, he had not forgiven them. He was probably so foolish as to also harbor unkindly feelings toward the boys because they had been the unwitting cause of his having received a reprimand from the Captain, at the time when he would have given way to his anger, and while every one else had a kindly word for the stowaways, he never spoke.

"You don't want to pay no kind of attention to him," Abe said to Jerry, after the latter had expressed his regret at having unintentionally displeased the first officer. "Of course Captain Sproul would make everybody treat respectfully and obey the first mate, no matter who he was; but he don't like this one any better'n the rest of us do. Who's Sam Harding, I'd like to know, that he can put on airs just because he's first mate? Why, pretty nigh all of us here were brought up in the same town with him, and we know just what he's worth to a cent. He acts as if he thought he was a better navigator than the Captain; but between me and you he ain't any more fit to sail a vessel than I am."

"But all the same he hates to have Pete and me around," said Jerry, who could find no particular consolation in the arguments the cook was advancing.

"You keep on about your work, and don't pay any attention to him," said Abe, as he stirred the hash vigorously lest it should receive more of a browning than would please Captain Sproul. "Of course, if he tells you to jump, you've got to do it, and pretty lively too; but don't try to fix anything special for him, 'cause it wouldn't do any more good than to coax a cat not to catch mice. You want to look alive now, and get the supper into the cabin, for it's about ready. I guess I'd better help you this time, or you may lose some of it, for the old brig's dancing like a pea in a hot pan."

"I can carry it in all right," insisted Jerry, eager to do as much work as possible. "Pete is waiting to open the cabin door when he sees me coming, so I won't have any trouble."

As he spoke, Jerry took the teapot from the stove and left the galley, darting from one point of vantage to another, until he succeeded, thanks to Pete's aid, in reaching the cabin in safety.

His second trip was disastrous in more ways than one.

Abe had dished up the hash in a large platter which it was impossible for Jerry to carry in one hand; therefore he was obliged to make his way across the deck as best he could, without supporting himself by anything. He left the galley as the vessel rolled, running directly down to

leeward that he might have the shelter of the rail, and this experiment was a successful one until the time when he was obliged to go up the incline of the deck to reach the cabin door. Twice he attempted to do this; but the rolling of the vessel forced him to await a more favorable opportunity.

It was just when the time had come that Jerry thought he should make one bold dash for the door which Pete was holding open, that Mr. Harding started to come around the windward side of the deck-house.

Jerry saw nothing but his burden and the open door, and thought of nothing save getting the food into the cabin intact. As the brig stood on an even keel for an instant, he started at full speed; but Mr. Harding had gained the door a few seconds in advance of him. To continue on was to run directly into the first officer, who made no attempt to get out of the boy's way, although he must have seen him. Jerry tried to stop, but his momentum was great, and, besides, the brig lurched just at that instant, throwing him, hash, platter, and all, directly on to Mr. Harding's back, he being then exactly on the threshold of the door.

Even then Jerry could not stop, but rolled across the deck into the scuppers, and back again to leeward as the vessel pitched, and then Pete rushed to his assistance.

The first officer was in a towering rage. He was covered from head to foot with the rather moist hash, and had only saved himself from being thrown down through his hold on the cabin door. The noise of the wind had prevented Abe from hearing the slight sound that followed the breaking of the platter, and he was in blissful ignorance of the ruin that had befallen his carefully prepared supper. His surprise, therefore, may be imagined when, a few seconds later, on looking out from the galley, he saw Mr. Harding run quickly across the deck to leeward and seize Jerry by the collar, just as Pete was helping him to his feet.

"What do you mean, you young scoundrel?" he cried, as he swung Jerry around that he might seize the bight of a coil of rope that hung from the main rigging. "Don't think I didn't see you waiting until I was where you would have some reason for saying that it was an accident."

"But it was an accident, sir; indeed it was," pleaded Jerry, now thoroughly frightened. "I never saw you at all, sir, until I got close to the door, and then I did my best to stop."

"You lie, you young rascal!" cried the angry man, as he raised the rope's end and brought it down across the boy's back with all the force he could bestow.

Abe stood in the galley door, gazing at this scene of brutality with flashing eyes, but powerless to prevent it. When the Captain is not on deck, the first officer has full authority, and the law calls it by the ugly name of mutiny if any of the crew attempt to resist an officer, or even to restrain him, when he is brutally cruel.

Pete stood by the rail while his only friend was being ill treated, looking as if he had been paralyzed by the sight. He neither spoke nor moved until the mate had whipped Jerry for several moments, and then a sudden change came over him.

"Don't you strike Jerry again!" he cried, in a perfect fury of rage that distorted his features until one would have looked in vain for any resemblance to those of the little musician. "Don't you dare to strike him!"

As he spoke he seized an iron belaying-pin and rushed toward the mate, as if he believed he could aid his friend. It would have been impossible for Pete, small and weak as he was, to have inflicted any injury on the mate, for even the weapon he held was quite as much as he could lift—more than he could raise above his head.

Mr. Harding, however, chose to treat Pete as if he was a dangerous mutineer. Dropping the rope, but still re-

\* Begun in No. 336, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.





"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU YOUNG SCOUNDREL?" HE CRIED.

taining his hold on Jerry's collar, he struck viciously at Pete with his clinched fist, knocking him prostrate, and sending him fully twenty feet along the deck.

Up to this moment Jerry had not made even the slightest show of resistance. He had stood perfectly still, as if he had deserved the treatment he was receiving; but the instant Pete fell, the mate learned what the boy might have done at first had he been so disposed. Twisting himself around, at the expense of the collar of his jacket, which gave way at the first wrench, Jerry fought desperately to hold the man's hands, for he feared that more punishment would be inflicted upon poor little Pete, who was lying on the deck, with Abe bending over him.

"Take that cub into the forksie," Mr. Harding shouted to Abe. "I guess he'll mind his own business in the future."

Jerry hardly knew what was happening around him at that time, so bewildered was he. Half unconsciously he noticed that there were tears on Abe's cheeks as the cook raised the little musician in his arms as tenderly as if he had been an infant, and then it seemed to him as if a cloud had descended upon the brig, for he could see nothing. He heard a voice that sounded as if from afar off say:

"This is only a taste of what you will get in the future if you try any more of your tricks on me."

After that he was conscious of nothing until he felt the shock of water in his face, and opening his eyes, he saw two or three of the sailors near him, one of whom was bathing his head and hands. It was only for a few mo-

ments that he had been senseless, and the appearance of the deck was the same as before the cloud had shut it out from his view. He attempted unsuccessfully to gain his feet, and the man who had been bathing his head said:

"Want to get below, eh? I'll take you there, lad, for it ain't likely you can get around very lively yet awhile. But I've got this to say, mates," he added, as he raised his voice and looked defiantly at Mr. Harding, who was nervously pacing the quarter-deck as if he had not yet recovered from his anger, "and I don't care who hears me: If there's any law ashore, it ought to be served out to them as will beat babies till they can't stand."

"Right you are, Bill," said one of the others, who also spoke in a loud tone, as if desirous that Mr. Harding should hear him; "but I want to say here that I've sailed with Captain Sproul three years and more, and I never saw a man struck on his vessel before, to say nothing of a child."

The mate must have heard these remarks, as the men intended he should, but he made no sign of having done so, and the first speaker carried Jerry below, even though the boy insisted that he could walk unaided.

"Very likely you can, after a fashion, lad, for you don't feel as sore and lame now as you will to-morrow, but I'll carry you down just the same, for there's no telling where your head might lead you if you should try to navigate alone."

Pete was in by no means as bad a condition as Jerry had feared. When the latter was brought into the fore-





AN EASTER OFFERING.

castle, where the watch below were indulging in very uncomplimentary remarks about their first officer, he saw the little musician sitting on a sea-chest, while Abe was putting a bandage on his head.

The cook was in a towering passion. He gave no heed to the fact that all hands were waiting for supper, and that the food intended for the cabin table had been spoiled, but continued to express his opinion of "Sam Harding," as he persisted in speaking of the chief mate.

"When the Captain wants to know why the cabin supper hasn't been served, I'll have the chance to tell him that I had to leave the galley to prevent a baby his beautiful mate had been knocking down from bleeding to death. If that don't stir up Captain Sproul I'm mistaken, and Sam Harding will find things pretty hot for him, or my name ain't Abe Green."

Pete had not spoken from the time the cook had restored him to consciousness, nor did he do so when Jerry was brought into the forecabin; but as soon as the bandage had been adjusted, he got into the berth by Jerry's side, where he lay silent, but convulsed from time to time by dry, choking sobs.

"Now, just look at that!" cried Abe, passionately. "See what Sam Harding can do when he tries, and yet every one of us stood by like bumps on a log while he was a-doing of it."

"That's true, cookee," said the man who had answered to the name of Bill, "and that's all we could do unless we'd called the Captain. It ain't noways a nice thing raising your hand agin one of the officers when you're on the high seas. I don't know how we could 'a acted any different from what we did; but it strikes me that we can do something when once we're ashore. Then I'll go in with any of the rest to give him the same as he served out to the boys, or to see what the law will do for him."

"Give him a dose of law first," suggested one of the men, "and then, if the judge don't do any more than fine him, we can all turn to and give him our ideas of the law, each one on his own account."

"The Captain wants the cook!" shouted a voice from the deck.

"There!" said Abe, in a tone of satisfaction; "I knowed it wouldn't be long before I got some sich word as that, and now we'll see what Captain Sproul has got to say about having Sam Harding a-spending his time flogging babies."

There was no question in the minds of any of the men but that Captain Sproul would receive a highly colored account of the whole affair; and as all hands had sailed in the *Clio* before, they were reasonably certain that Mr. Harding would, in some way, be obliged to answer for that which he had done.

"We'll go on deck, mates, so the first officer can't say we're down here plotting mischief," and the sailor patted Jerry on the head as he turned to leave the forecabin.

"It may be that we sha'n't hear any more about this thing until after we get into port; but then the mate will get pulled up with a short turn, or I'm a marine."

The men went on deck, and the poor little stowaways, sore in heart as well as in body, were left alone to cheer each other as best they might.

"I'd like to kill him!" Jerry whispered, as he put his arm affectionately around Pete. "I could 'a stood it to have him beat me, and I wouldn't 'a said a word; but he ought to be chopped up into little pieces for hitting you."

"That didn't hurt me half as much as it did to see him flogging you, Jerry. It seemed as if I didn't know what to do at first; but afterward, if I could have hit him with that belaying-pin, I'm 'most sure I'd 'a done it. Are you very sore, Jerry?"

"I'm madder than anything else, though I do kinder smart. But don't think about it, Pete. It won't be long

before we get to New York, and after we've found your folks we'll pay him off some way."

Neither of the boys felt much inclination to talk. Pete had a very severe headache, and Jerry was growing more sore and more lame each moment. For a long time they remained silent. Pete still kept his hands on his friend's face, while Jerry had thrown his arm over the little musician's neck, and they were occupying these positions when Captain Sproul entered the forecabin. He stood looking at the boys a moment, as if trying to learn whether they were asleep or awake, and Jerry, who thought the Captain was waiting for him to speak, said:

"Indeed I didn't mean to hit Mr. Harding, sir. I was trying to carry the hash into the cabin, and didn't see him till he got right in the doorway. Then I tried to stop, but couldn't."

"Did you say anything to him?"

"I tried to tell him that I couldn't help it; but he wouldn't believe me."

"What did Pete do?"

"Well, you see, sir, Pete he didn't hardly know what he was about when he saw me getting a flogging, and he tried to strike Mr. Harding with a belaying-pin; but I don't believe he could have hit him very hard."

The Captain made no reply. He unfasted the bandage to look at the cut on Pete's cheek, ordered Jerry to pull off his jacket, when he saw the long marks of the blows, that were swollen and rapidly discoloring, and having finished the examination, he asked, "Is there anything you would like?"

"Nothing but water, sir, and I can get that," replied Jerry, making a motion as if he was about to rise, but was forced to lie down again immediately, because of the increase of pain caused by the movement.

"Lie still, both of you. The cook will soon be here with something for your back, and I will put some sticking-plaster on Pete's cheek. I hope you will feel better in the morning."

"I reckon we shall, sir," replied Jerry, with a feeble attempt at cheerfulness. "I'm almost sure I'll be all right, so I can do my work."

"Don't worry about that," said the Captain, with a kindly smile. "We can get the *Clio* into port even if we don't call on you to do anything more."

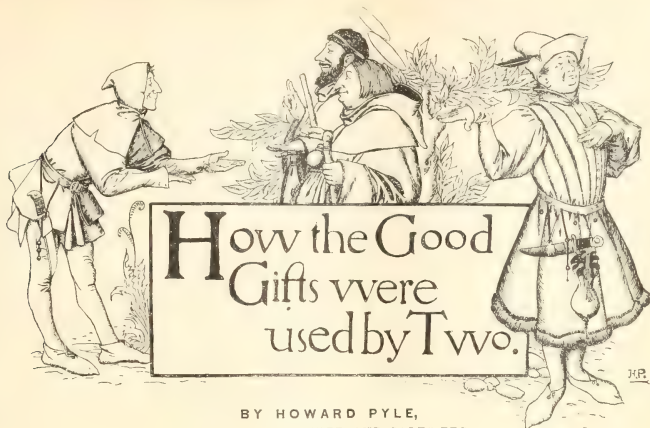
Then he left the forecabin, and while the boys were speculating as to what he meant when he spoke of being able to sail the brig without their assistance, Abe came below. He went to work at once to bathe Jerry's back, shoulders, and arms, and although it was not his custom to remain silent very long at a time, he hardly spoke. Jerry thought at first that he was offended with them, and was about to ask the cause of offence, when the Captain came into the forecabin again. Then Abe's silence was explained; he knew the Captain would follow him, and he had not entered into conversation through fear of being overheard. Captain Sproul fastened the wound on Pete's cheek with sticking-plaster, put on fresh bandages, and after telling Abe what to do for Jerry, went on deck.

"Did he ask you any questions?" whispered the cook, when he and the boys were alone again.

Jerry told him all that had been said during the Captain's first visit, and was about to ask for an explanation of the remark about getting the brig into port without their aid, when Abe said:

"He wanted to know why supper hadn't been sent into the cabin, and I told him the whole thing. He looked hopping mad; but he didn't say anything. After a while I saw him talking with Sam Harding, and I reckon Mister Sam won't bring his dunnage aboard this brig agin—leastways not while Captain Sproul is in command of her. The next time he goes to sea he ought to start in a dory all by himself, for he ain't fit to sail with decent people."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



BY HOWARD PYLE,  
AUTHOR OF "PEPPER AND SALT," ETC.

**T**HIS is the way that this story begins: Once upon a time there was a rich brother and a poor brother, and the one lived across the street from the other. The rich brother had all of the world's gear that was good for him, and more besides; the poor brother had hardly enough to keep soul and body together, yet he was contented with his lot. One day who should come travelling to the town where the rich brother and the poor brother lived but St. Nicholas himself.

Just beside the town gate stood the great house of the rich brother; thither went the saint and knocked at the door, and it was the rich brother himself who came and opened it to him.

Now St. Nicholas had had a long walk of it that day, so that he was quite covered with dust, and looked no better than he should. So when the rich brother heard St. Nicholas ask for a night's lodging at his fine great house, he gaped like a toad in a rain-storm. There was no place for the likes of him in the house, and that was the truth. But yonder was a poor man's house across the street; if he went over there, perhaps he could get a night's lodging and a crust of bread. That was what the rich brother said.

So there was nothing for good St. Nicholas to do but to go across the street to the poor brother's house. Rap! tap! tap! he knocked at the door, and it was the poor brother who came and opened it for him. Was it lodging for the night that St. Nicholas was wanting? Then he should have it and welcome, and the very best that the poor man had in his house besides.

So in came St. Nicholas, and sat himself down behind the stove, where it was good and warm, while the good wife spread before him all that they had in the house—a loaf of brown bread and a crock of cold water from the town fountain.

"And is that all that you have to eat?" said St. Nicholas. Yes; that was all, and the best that they had.

Then maybe the good saint could help them to a better feast than that if they would bring him a bowl and a crock.

You may guess that the poor man's wife was not long in fetching what he wanted. When they were brought, the saint blessed the one and passed his hand over the other. Then he said, "Bowl, be filled!" And what do

you think happened? Why, the bowl began to boil up with a good rich meat pottage until it was full to the brim. Then the saint said, "Bowl, be stilled!" and it stopped making the broth, and there stood as good a feast as man could wish for. Then St. Nicholas said, "Crock, be filled!" and the crock began to bubble up with the purest of crystal water; then he said, "Crock, be stilled!" and there stood as good drink as man ever poured down his throat.

Down they all sat—the saint and the poor man and the poor man's wife—and ate and drank till they could eat and drink no more, and whenever the bowl and the crock grew empty, the one and the other filled itself at the bidding.

The next morning the saint trudged off the way he was going, but he left behind him the bowl and the crock, so that there was no danger of hunger and thirst coming to that house.

One day the rich brother said to his wife, "See, now, fortune seems to be stroking our brother over yonder the right way; I'll just go and see what it all means." So over the street he went, and the upshot of the matter was that, bit by bit, he dragged out the whole story from the poor man. Then nothing would do but he must see the bowl and the crock at work. So the bowl and the crock were brought and set to work, and—hui! how the rich brother opened his eyes when he saw how they made good food and drink of themselves!

Then nothing would do for him but to have that bowl and crock. At first the poor brother said "No," but at last he consented to let him have the two for a hundred dollars, and off he marched.

When the next day had come, the rich brother said to his wife: "Never you mind about the dinner to-day. Go you into the harvest field, and I will see to the dinner." So off went the wife with the harvesters, and the husband staid at home and smoked his pipe all the morning. When noontide had come, he took out the bowl and the crock as fine as you please, and placing them on the table, said, "Bowl, be filled! crock, be filled!" and straightway they began making broth and drink as fast as they could.

In a little while the bowl and the crock were filled, and then they could hold no more, so that the food ran down all over the table and the floor. Then the rich brother





was in a pretty pickle, for he did not know how to bid the bowl and the crock to stop from making what they were making. Out he ran to the poor man's house; and meanwhile the stuff filled the whole room until it could hold no more, and then ran out into the gutters.

"Oh, dear brother," cried the rich man to the poor man, "do tell me what to do, or the whole town will soon be smothered in broth and water."

But no; the poor brother was not to be stirred in such haste; they would have to strike a bit of a bargain first. So the upshot of the matter was that the rich brother had to pay the poor brother another hundred dollars to take the crock and the bowl back again.

As for the poor man, he was well off in the world now, for he had all that he could eat and drink, and a stockingful of money back of the stove besides.

And now St. Christopher was thinking about taking a little journey below. "See, brother," says St. Nicholas to him, "if you chance to be jogging by yonder town, stop at the poor man's house, for there you will have a warm welcome and plenty to eat."

But when St. Christopher came to the town, the rich man's house seemed so much larger and finer than the poor man's house, that he thought he would ask for lodging there.

But it fared the same with him as it had with St. Nicholas. Bang! the door was slammed in his face, and the saint packed off with a flea in his ear.

Over he went to the poor man's house, and there was a warm welcome for him, and good broth and water from the bowl and the crock that St. Nicholas had blessed. After he had supped, he went to bed, where he slept as snug as a mouse in the nest.

Then the good wife said to the husband: "See, now, the poor fellow's shirt is none too good for him to be wearing. I'll just make him another whilst he is sleeping, so that he'll have a decent bit of linen to wear in the morning."

So she brought her best roll of linen out of the closet, and set to work stitching and sewing, and never stopped till she had made the new shirt to the last button. The next morning when the saint awoke, there lay the nice new clean shirt, and he put it on and gave thanks for it.

Before he left the house the poor man took him aside, and emptied the stockingful of silver money on the table, and bade the saint take what he wanted.

After that it was time for the holy man to be jogging, but before he went he said: "See, now, because you have been so kind and so good to a poor traveller, I will give you a blessing, and it shall be that whatever you begin doing this morning you shall continue doing till sunset." So saying, he took up his staff and went his way.

After St. Christopher had gone, the poor man and his wife began talking together as to what would be best for them to be doing all of the day.

"Come," said the good woman, "while we are talking the matter over, I will be folding the linen that is left from making the shirt."

"And I," said the good man, "will be putting the silver away that the holy man has left."

So the wife began folding the linen into a bundle again, and the man began putting away the money that he had offered in charity. That was the first thing they did, and they kept on doing it, so that by the time the evening had come the whole house was full of fine linen, and every tub and bucket about the place was brimming with silver money.







That night who should come over from across the street but the rich brother. Dear heart's sake alive! where did all these fine things come from? That was what he should like to know.

Oh! there was nothing to hide in the matter, and so the poor man told all about what had happened.

So the rich brother made the poor brother promise that if either of the saints came that way again, he should be sent over to his house for a night's lodging, for it was only fair and just that he should have a share of the same cake.

Well, a year and a day passed, and then who should come along that way but both the saints together.

They were willing enough to go to the rich brother's house, though they would rather have staid with the other, and that was the truth.

But you should have seen the feast that was set for the two saints at the rich man's house. I can only say that I never saw the like, and I only wish that I had been there with my legs under the table. After supper they were shown to bed, and before they were fairly asleep the rich man's wife came and took away their old shirts and laid a shirt of fine cambric linen in the place of each. When the next morning had come and the saints were about to take their leave, the rich brother brought out a great bag of golden money, and bade them to stuff what they would of it into their pockets.

Well, all this was as it should be, and before the two saints went on their way they said that they would send the same blessing to him and his wife that they had sent to the other couple—that whatsoever they should begin doing that morning, that they should continue doing until sunset.

After that they put on their hats and took up their staffs, and off they plodded.

Now the rich brother was a very envious man, and was not contented to do only as well as his brother had done; so down he sat back of the stove and began turning the matter over in his mind.

In the mean time the wife said to herself: "See, now, I shall be folding fine cambric linen all day, and the pigs will have to go with nothing to eat. I have no time to waste in feeding them, but I'll just run out and fill their troughs with water."

So out she went with a bucketful of water, and began pouring it into the troughs for the pigs. That was the first thing she did, and after that there was no leaving off, but pour water she must until sunset.

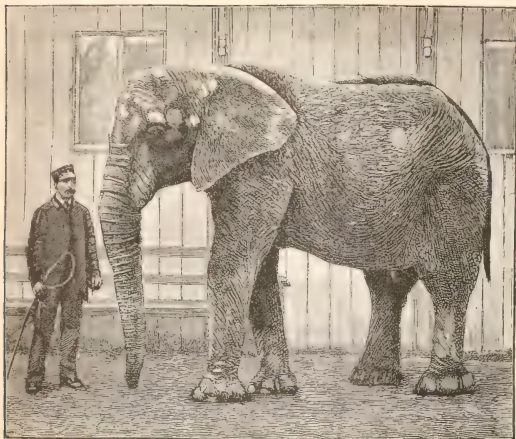
All this while the man sat back of the stove, saying to himself, "Shall I do this? shall I do that?" and answering "no" to himself every time. At last he wondered what his wife was doing, so out he went to find her. Find her he did, for there she was pouring out water for the pigs. Then if anybody was angry, it was the rich man.

He looked around, and there lay a bit of a switch on the ground near by. He picked up the switch and struck the woman across the shoulders with it, and that was the first thing that he began doing. After that he had to keep on doing the same thing until sunset.

They made such a hubbub that the neighbors came to see what was going forward. They looked, and laughed, and went away again, and others came, and there stood the two—the woman pouring water, and the man beating her with the bit of a switch.

When the evening came, and they left off their work, they were so weary that they could hardly stand; and nothing was to show for it but a sore back and a wet sty, for even the blessed saints cannot give wisdom to those who shut their eyes to it, and that is the truth.



THE ELEPHANT "ALICE"—From the *Pictorial World*, London.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SO much interest has been expressed by our little readers in Fairfax Payne and her beautiful gift of golden hair, which has realized so much money that it has paid for a communion service to be used in the church at Monroe, the Postmistress is led to recall former charitable offerings of her little friends.

In St. Mary's Free Hospital, Nos. 407 and 409 West Third-fourth Street, New York, there is a little cot endowed by the readers of the Post-office Box, who in the short period of eighteen months contributed \$3000 for the purpose. Harper's Young People's Cot will always have a little child in it, whose relief from pain will be owed to the generosity of thousands of unknown children.

At Woodside, near Lincolnton, North Carolina, a beautiful little church stands among the pine-trees, and there white children and black are every Sunday taught the truths of the Gospel. The Easter songs and service there will be the sweetest that this church and school were built almost entirely by Harper's Young People.

Let to each despise his gifts:

"Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land."

We hope before long to present our youthful readers with a picture of dear little Fairfax Payne. Although the contribution for the Monroe church is closed, Mrs. Chater is still receiving gifts from those who wish to assist that enterprise, and she will make a second acknowledgment—a supplement to the one she meant to be final—in the next number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

HESTER, NEAR BRIM, NEW MEXICO.

MY LITTLE is Mary Edith W. and she is seventeen and a half. I live with my eldest and my youngest sisters. My sister and I keep a mixed school, and have some very nice little boys who attend it. We liked in writing to you is, can you to kindly give me your opinion on the enclosed letters. I should be very glad to hear from you. Of course I sometimes play on the piano, and sing a few favorite songs, but my other time is passed as described. You are very kind to your little correspondents, and as I am not very big, may I hope for a favorable reply to this? With love and kindest wishes.

MARY E. W.—alias "CHICKET."

I am sorry there is no room to publish any of

the poems, all of which I have read, and which show talent and a gentle fancy. I should advise you to write prose rather than verse, except when you cannot possibly help yourself, and must indulge in a bit of song. If you wish to excel, read the best poetry—Scott and Tennyson and Longfellow—and learn some of your favorite poems by heart. Keep Mrs. Browning on your table, and dip into her sweet, pure pages often. And I shall think the better of you if, with me, you love a tender poetess of the last generation, Mrs. Hemans. She is not the fashion in these days, but her poetry is refined and musical; she loves high themes, and she writes on lovely home subjects. Do you know her "Evening Prayer at a Girls' School," or her "Child amid the Flowers at Play," or "Kindred Hearts"? You no doubt have read them all. Read them again, dear, at the suggestion of your friend the Postmistress.

STREET, GERMANY.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I came over here last September. I have two brothers and one sister. Mamma does not know I am writing this, and I hope you will print it, for I have never written to a magazine before, and it would surprise mamma so to see my letter in print. I do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but my little brother does, and I always read it with a great deal of interest; I think it is the nicest child's paper I ever saw. I am studying German, French, and music, and am going to school when I know enough German. I am very fond of study.

LILLIAN E. S.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

There is to be an exhibition here with an imitation "Old Edinburgh street," which I think will look very pretty. Last year, when I was in London, I took the "inventories," and saw "Old London," or rather one of the streets of old London, which looked very pretty, with its quaintly dressed shop-keepers. In my last letter I told you what I studied, but since then I have taken drawing lessons, which I like very much. We have a dear little Skye terrier called Sulach (which is the Gaelic for Brightness), which, being a puppy, is very mischievous, and when any of us comes near him with the whip in our hands, he begins to cry like a baby, before we touch him. I like him very much, and he looks very nice in his bright red cover.

Be kind to your pet Sulach.

GERTIE.

CHINA, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl eight years old. Like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, especially the letters. I live on a farm out in the country, and can ride horseback and drive horses too, for my

papa keeps a good many. I go to school every day, and read in the Third Reader, and study arithmetic and writing. I have a dog, and we call him Sheep, and he is very good to play with us. I have a little brother, Charley, and a sister, Bertha. We have a little engine for Christmas, and we burn alcohol in it to heat the water in the boiler. I made a visit at my uncle's last summer, and one week we went fishing, and caught lots of fish. I wonder if any of the rest of the boys and girls who read this like to fish? This is my first letter to the Post-office Box, and my mamma is copying it for me.

VERNON B.

HAIRFAX, ENGLAND.

I am a boy ten years of age. I go to school; I study reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, common things, poetry, and spelling. I live on a private place. We have a garden both front and back, and in the back we have a little tree, and it was covered all over with icicles, and it looked so pretty; the icicles were so heavy that they broke a branch off the tree. My pets are three fishes—a gold-fish, a bronze-fish, and a silver-fish—but I am sorry to say that two of them have died.

GEORGEY L.

My love to the next little correspondent, and she shall always be welcome to write:

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

My grandmamma gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE on my birthday, last December. I am never tired of reading it, and think it is a lovely paper. I like "Rolf House," the best of all the stories, and after it comes the Post-office Box. I love to read the letters, and thought I should like to write one myself. My sister and I have formed a club, which we call "The Broomhill Sewing Society," and we make clothes for the poor. Our motto is, "Always do good." We have a funny little Scotch terrier dog, called Queenie. We also have a canary; we had two, but the cat killed one a few weeks ago, so we sent Pussie away. I do hope that you will be able to find a corner in the Post-office Box for this letter, as I want to surprise mother. My sister and I go to a school close by, but as I have not been well lately I only go for drawing and music this term. My brother and I study the violin, and like very much, and I have learned the guitar, so we can have nice duets and trios, my sister accompanying us on the piano.

NELLIE L.

BRANDRETT, VERMONT.

I live in Somerville, but am staying at my uncle's now, in Vermont. I came here in a Pullman car, with its big cushioned chairs. I came with mother and sister, a baby two months old. I have the whooping-cough, and so has the baby. Her name is Bess. I will be able to write soon enough by this time. The Pullman conductor was very kind. When I got out of the car I saw my uncle waiting for us with his team. My mother and uncle went up to the house (there is about a mile and a half from the depot) in a buggy, but I went on a one-horse sled, which Jim, my uncle's dog-man, brought to carry the trunk on. My dog Mac, which was sick, and had been sent up here to get well, saw me coming, and ran as fast as he could to meet me. A few days ago my uncle had a drag-saw to saw some logs. A week ago he tapped his trees, but it snowed and was so cold that the sap did not run well. They gathered it last Saturday, and have boiled it, and have made about a hundred gallons of syrup. In my next letter perhaps I will tell the process of making maple-sugar.

CHARLIE A. C.

This is a very good letter, and I shall depend on your promise to write again.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

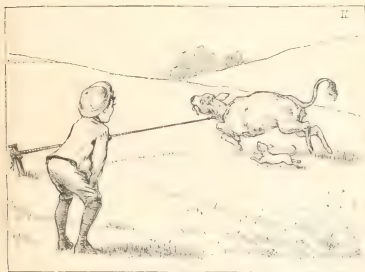
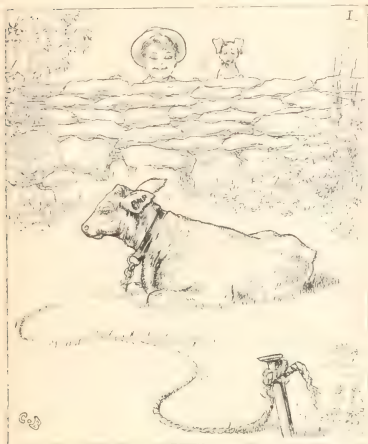
I live far away from the hum and whirl of your great metropolis, in the upper part of South Carolina, at Greenville, called the "Mountain City," as it is situated near the Blue Ridge, a spur of the Allegheny Mountains. The surrounding country is very pretty, with its red hills, and the distant blue of the mountains, but the town itself is small, scattered, and ugly. We have a "building boom," however, and one of the stylish Queens Anne cottages has just been finished. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and St. Nicholas for 1886 were given to me by an uncle, and my brother and sister and I anxiously await the rolling by of the time when these delightful journals are due. We are all very fond of reading, so books are always given to us at Christmas, and on our birthdays. My father is a descendant of Colonel Isaac Hayne, the "Martyr of the Revolution," as he is sometimes called, being his great-great-grandfather. His tragic end has been well described by Henry in his *History of South Carolina*. Paul Hayne, the poet, is also a cousin of mine. My aunt has told me a story concerning her development in his poetical genius, and its revelation to his family. The story is this: A pig being fattened for the table, in the yard, became a great pet with the children, and was so fond of them, and so terrible day when it was killed. So touching were the verses about its untimely end written by the





## THE CIRCUS SEASON.

AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE. IN THREE ACTS.



## TAKE HEED.

BY GATH BRITTLE.

**F**OOT-SORE, hungry, and out of heart,  
A fox and wolf were wearily trotting,  
Devising plans to gain a meal  
At little cost of time in plotting.

At once they spied a mule, who stood  
Out in the meadow calmly thinking,  
His long ears flapping to and fro,  
His sleepy eyes serenely blinking.

"Ha!" whispered Fox, a tricky elf,  
"Dear brother Wolf, as I'm a sinner,  
Here's just what we most sorely need;  
Here's meat for many a hearty dinner."

"What beast it is," said brother Wolf,  
"I fain would learn ere we assail him."  
Said brother Fox, "Your hint is good:  
Suppose you march right up and bail him."

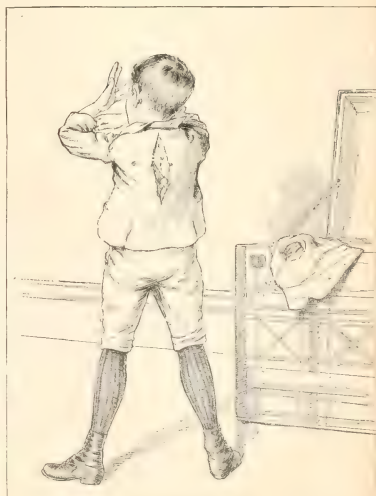
"Friend with the waving ears," said Wolf,  
"We strangers both are glad to greet you.  
I'm Wolf; he's Fox. What is *your* name?  
It is an honor, sir, to meet you."

"My name," said Mule, "is graven deep  
Upon my hinder hoof—the near one;  
You'll laugh when you have spelled it out,  
For it is such a very queer one."

Wolf trotted gayly to the rear.  
Mule raised his foot—to save him trouble—  
Then let it drive. Full ten feet off  
Poor Wolf lay lifeless on the stubble.

## MORAL.

Take not the cunning man's advice;  
A tricky friend you'll always find him.  
And when you interview a mule,  
For safety's sake don't stand behind him.



HE KNEW BETTER

"Mother said I couldn't get it on, but I knew better."



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"LITTLE COQUETTE"—ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH. HEAD FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA. SEE POEM ON PAGE 122.

## LITTLE COQUETTE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HER father's little comforter,  
When trials round him press,  
The magic of her baby ways  
(Cheats life of bitterness)  
All day he toils with hand and brain,  
Of trouble has his share,  
But evening brings him home again,  
And sweet Coquette is there.

"Papa! papa!" the silver tones  
In flute-like sound will fall,  
As comes a rush of flying feet  
Along the stair and hall;  
O, little eager blushing face,  
O, dancing eyes of blue,  
The kisses give the dimples chase,  
Papa's in love with you.

In love with tender clinging arms,  
With winsome look and smile,  
With merry mouth and fearless brow,  
So innocent of guile.  
O, little sweetheart, hold him fast,  
This lover fond and true;  
Your father is your paladin,  
And strong to care for you.

If e'er for him the tempter's art  
Shall spread a gilded lure,  
He'll spurn the evil thing away,  
And keep his spirit pure.  
While though the day bring toil and pain,  
No hour shall weave a snare,  
Till evening bid him home again,  
And sweet Coquette is there.

O, little lovely woman-child,  
Through all the future years  
Be yours the gentle ministry  
To soothe the hurt of tears.  
In changing moods of sun and shower,  
Your father's amulet,  
And his dear love your richest dower,  
Our April maid Coquette.

DON.

BY CAROLINE SINCLAIR.

"HOUP-LA!" came in ringing tones up the cañon, followed by the rush and trampling of many feet upon the sun-dried earth, as a band of thirty or forty horses swept out from under the trees by the arroyo, urged on by Juan, the vaquero, who with voice and swinging lariat kept them in swift mad flight to the corral, and by an open gate leading into the almedral, or almond orchard.

Quickly coiling the lariat, hanging it upon the pommel of the saddle, and dropping the reins upon the horse's neck, Juan dismounted at the gate, and proceeded to close and fasten it, while Don, waiting a second only in quivering restlessness, suddenly plunged away, the tapaderos knocking loudly against his sides, and joined his comrades just as Jollie was about to close the gate.

Instantly there seemed to be an intelligence among the horses that something unusual had occurred, for the whole band huddled in one corner, with Don in their midst, and faced the corral house, into which Juan, white with anger, had disappeared.

Not a word had been spoken. Jollie, the Chinaman, leaned against the bars, ready to act, yet watching the next move.

The horses, with necks craned forward, gave a start backward as Juan appeared with a big "black-snake" whip, an ugly-looking rawhide, and taking his stand in the centre of the corral, called, "Don, come here!" Don, who had watched every movement of his master, looked round upon the other horses in mute appeal, put his nose gravely, gently, to the nose of a big bay near, raised his head, and at the second command from his irate owner, walked proudly out, his head on one side, his large

eyes fixed upon his master's face. He took the cutting, stinging lash, which curled around his flanks relentlessly, until, unable to bear it, he would rush back into the band of crowding, trembling horses. The third time he walked out to punishment his eyes were suffused as if with tears, yet no fear was expressed in his manner, only a grand obedience to the word of command. And when Juan, his anger over, told him to follow him to the corral house, the horse stepped by his side, thrusting his beautiful head into the saddle-room to view his master hang up the whip.

Flinging himself into the saddle, Juan signed to Jollie to open the gate, and riding to the almedral, leisurely opened and shut the big gate, Don standing very quietly where he was halted. His lesson was learned, never to be forgotten.

A pained yet interested witness of this scene, I admired the noble conduct of the horse; he had had no especial training, but was naturally intelligent and affectionate, and would, I am convinced, have fully understood how wrongly he had acted in running away if Juan had been less cruel.

Some years after this, seeing a wonderful exhibition of horses trained to obedience through love and quiet words, I remembered with regret poor Don, subject to the fierce anger of an ignorant man, and I wished that a happier lot had been his.

## THE DESERT FAIRY'S GIFT.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "BOLF HORSE," "JOJO'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

THERE was once upon a time a Queen who had a daughter so beautiful that she was named All-fair, and when the fairies were invited to her christening, they were informed that their very best gifts were expected. Accordingly one after another arrived at the palace so laden that the large gates had to be taken down to make room for the chariots to roll in, and the great court-yard was fairly ablaze with the splendor of the gifts they brought. But the Queen looked forward to the coming of the Desert Fairy most impatiently, for this reason: it was well known that this fairy could bestow a very important gift, and the Queen and her ladies, as they sat in one of the upper rooms, whence they could watch every one coming and going, wondered what it could be, or if the other fairies had left anything to be desired. For one had brought a gold mantle studded with precious stones which would preserve All-fair's health, and always keep wind and rain from her; another, a cap which needed only to be worn to summon any one from any part of the palace into her presence; a third, a ring which required just the least touch to cause the most interesting book to read itself aloud without the bother of having to say "Louder," or "Not so loud," or "Don't go so fast," or any of the things that make listening a bore; while a fourth endowed her with a badge which she just had to pin on over her heart, and she couldn't feel sorry for herself or any one or anything.

Nobody knew where the Desert Fairy lived, so the Queen and her ladies could not tell from which window to watch for her coming. They stationed themselves north, south, east, and west, and every time a little cloud of dust appeared, one of them would call out, "There she is," or, "Here she comes"; but they were wrong, for suddenly a voice exclaimed, right in their midst, "Well, ladies, waiting for me?" And there stood the Desert Fairy, smiling and courtesying, with a great deal of sarcasm in her manner.

The Queen said yes, they were, and promptly summoned all the fairies and the ladies and gentlemen and people of the court, and the trumpeter announced the entrance of the Princess All-fair.

Twelve pages headed the procession with long scrolls on which were written lists of all her inheritances, the names of her various attendants, and then what she was

expected to become in future, while a herald, standing on the lower steps of the throne, proclaimed the fairies' gifts.

Now the baby, lying on a golden pillow, and carried by four ladies of the court, next appeared, and she was so beautiful that the "ohs!" and "ahs!" and "ohmys!" uttered on every side caused such a draught that the Lord Chamberlain sneezed his wig directly into the middle of the floor, whereupon there was dead silence until some one chuckled.

The Desert Fairy was guilty of something very like a laugh at this, and she was smiling still. But she was not laughing all the time. While the gifts were pouring in she looked very grave, and at last, when it came her turn, she stepped forward, and even the most sedate of the fairies said they had never seen her look so sad.

"You will be surprised," she said, gravely, "when I tell you that on my way hither the gift I had for the Princess rolled out of my hand and was lost. I cannot, therefore, give it to her; but as from various evidences I am more convinced than ever she will need it sorely, I promise that if after her seventeenth birthday, with her whole heart she looks long and carefully, she will find it."

And waiting for no further explanations, the Desert Fairy, in a great cloud of dust, disappeared.

Time went on, and the Princess grew year by year more beautiful than anything you can imagine, and of course she had the entire court trying to please her; but at last, as nothing would satisfy her unless she had the reins of government in her own hands, her father abdicated his throne and went away to a country place he owned, where, to tell the truth, he was far happier than he had been at court. For, you see, All-fair, with her innumerable caprices, her way of whisking people hither and thither, her desiring to have her wants attended to first, and regardless of other people's feelings, was a very uncomfortable young person to live with, and the whole castle was perpetually in an uproar.

The worst part of it all was that you could not induce her to see the mischief she created, because all she had to do was to pin her little badge over her heart, and, behold! she didn't care a particle what anybody said, thought, or felt. If she was scolded, she listened, smilingly careless. You couldn't make her *feel*. If her caprices and her humors and her ninety-nine hundred changes in court customs made her poor mother fairly ill, all she had to do was to whisk on the badge, and she didn't care; she would actually dance and sing while her mother groaned in pain. Surely, said some of the courtiers, never was gift more fatal than this!

Day by day she advanced in loveliness of person until every court in the world heard of her beauty, and princes came from far and near to seek her hand. But when they applied first to the King, her father, he would say, solemnly, "I cannot live with my daughter; go, see for yourself." So they would journey on to the palace, where All-fair, sitting on her father's throne, fairly dazzled every one with her beauty; but very soon evidences of her heartlessness would appear. On one occasion she was by the palace gate when Great-heart, the best Prince on earth, rode in, followed by a poor woman in rags, who was almost dying of fatigue and hunger. Great-heart had bidden her follow him to the palace and seek help from the famous All-fair; but at sight of so much wretchedness All-fair hurried to fasten her badge more securely, and instead of offering the poor woman any assistance, she ordered the attendants to drive her forth.

Now Prince Great-heart had travelled many leagues to see the Princess; but this act completely altered his humor. Away he rode, after a very brief farewell, and the Princess was left to wonder angrily at so singular an occurrence; for if she could not feel *sorry*, she could be angry and mortified.

Things went on from bad to worse. No one pleased

the Princess. She was continually turning people out of their places to try what change would do—for you must know she was far from happy—yet she could not tell where the fault or the trouble lay.

At last All-fair became so discontented that she shut herself up in her own rooms and forbade any of the courtiers to bring her news of the court, good, bad, or indifferent—an edict which, as you may imagine, drove everything into complete chaos; for people did as they liked, and paid no attention whatever to the affairs of the kingdom or the people, and the poverty on all sides was terrible to see.

One morning All-fair was seated before her mirror combing out her golden hair, and wondering what the noise was in the court-yard below. Suddenly a voice right at her elbow said, in a sharp tone,

"Didn't you know (—this is your seventeenth birthday."

And looking around, she beheld the tiniest little creature imaginable—a little fellow with quick bright eyes, and the fleetest sort of movements, and the smallest, sharpest little voice.

"Do you hear me?" he inquired again, so daintily that All-fair had to sweep back the waves of golden hair from her brow, and bend her ear over to listen.

"Yes, I hear," she answered, feeling her heart beat quickly. "Who are you?"

"I am the Fairy Still-small-voice," he answered, skipping nearer to view. "And I am reminding you of your birthday."

"Well," said All-fair, rather drearily, "I'm tired of birthdays. People have given me everything on earth. There can't be any birthday presents left." And she put up her arms and yawned at the mere thought of more birthday gifts.

"But don't you know," said the fairy, and again All-fair had to try hard to hear him, "the Desert Fairy had a gift for your christening which was lost?"

All-fair sprang up with delight. Quite true! How came she to have forgotten the tale so often told in her childhood? And the Desert Fairy had distinctly said that she could find it by diligent search after her seventeenth birthday.

"How can I find it?" All-fair asked, haughtily. But no answer came. She repeated the question even more haughtily, but there was dead silence. Suddenly she said, timidly and anxiously: "Please tell me, Fairy Still-small-voice. I am so unhappy." And at once the fairy's words reached her ear.

"I was trying to make myself heard, but while you spoke so angrily it wasn't possible. You must go forth from your palace gates alone to seek it, and you must leave your badge behind."

For a long time All-fair debated as to whether any gift could be worth this effort, but at last she decided to make it, and accordingly ordering her ladies to wind up her hair, and put her blue satin cloak with pearl embroideries about her, she started from her own apartment, leaving the badge on her dressing-table pinned to a cushion.

What sights and sounds met her eyes as she walked through the palace! Wrangling and discord on every side; disorder, confusion, misery. All-fair had to put her hand before her eyes several times as she hastened along, for, not having her badge, these evidences of her own neglect pained her keenly. Indeed, the poor Princess could scarcely control herself as she flew along the corridors and through the rooms of the palace, for, singular to say, ever since she had listened to Fairy Still-small-voice, things looked very different, and what had seemed before only pardonable negligence on the part of officials now appealed to her as blind disregard of duty.

Glad was All-fair to reach the court-yard, but I am inclined to think that any one who had then seen the poor Princess flying along would scarcely have recognized her



"THERE STOOD THE DESERT FAIRY, SMILING AND COURTESYING."

as the haughty, capricious ruler of the court only a day or two before, since in spite of her satin mantle, her gold-tipped shoes, and her famous shining hair, she had so bewildered and dismayed an expression that the very porters at the gateway shrank back, and allowed her to pass without a word.

So All-fair started on her famous journey. I don't know how she would have borne its many perils and privations but for the fact that little Fairy Still-small-voice never deserted her. He was always ready with counsel and suggestion and encouragement, if she *tried* to hear him, and led her through a strange journey—a country of forests and dark rivers and long boundless plains, where they were perpetually meeting obstacles of one kind and another, from which in former times All-fair might readily have protected herself with the use of her badge, and the indifference to other people's feelings which it brought her. Now, having nothing of the kind, All-fair began to see how much hardship and pain and trouble there was for many people in the world, and also how much happiness was to be derived from doing good and showing kindness and compassion. On this strange journey of hers, as soon as she overcame an obstacle in her path by gentle and kindly means, the whole face of

the earth looked brighter and sweeter, and she felt able to walk on gayly and with a light heart; and, moreover, she observed that the path was made more clear to her, as with each fresh effort little flowers would spring up on either side of her, marking the way, and nodding their heads in the most encouraging fashion.

Sometimes All-fair had to pause and try to recall her old self, and wonder what had prompted her to make this long and wearisome pilgrimage after some unknown gift. Then she would in a flash see herself seated combing out her hair for want of other occupation, and seem again to hear the little tender voice of the tiny fairy. Yes, he it was who had roused her and sent her forth, and who kept her going even now.

But at last, one evening, as she emerged from the shadows of a deep wood in which she had been wandering all day, she beheld the gray turrets, the heavy gateway, and the grim entrance of the Desert Fairy's castle.

Timidly enough she approached and pulled the bell which was at the gateway. Back flew the portal; a voice from somewhere said, "Come in," and All-fair, with a quick look up and down and round about her, passed through the arch, and heard the gate clang behind her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## UNCLE HARRY'S FOILS.

BY B. F. O'CONNOR.

UNCLE HARRY was a great favorite with the boys, and when he visited their home it was holiday-time for Jack and Wallace his younger brother. Uncle Harry was the best rider they had ever seen. He taught them how to manage a horse, how to shoot, to box, to sail a boat, and was always ready to join in their sports. So you can imagine how fond his nephews were of him, and how glad they were to find he had come to stay with them for three or four weeks.

Jack and Wallace ran upstairs to their uncle's room. He was not there, but the boys ventured in, and saw lying on the bed two swords about three feet long, two large chamois-skin gloves, and a pair of strong wire masks. Some days before, Jack had been reading a book about various manly exercises, and remembered that he had seen in it pictures of things just like these Uncle Harry had brought. He soon found the book again, and turned to the place where he had seen the pictures. Squatting down on the bed with the book on his knees, he began to read aloud to Wallace.

"These swords," he read, "blunted at the point, are called foils. They are used in fencing—an exercise which has been termed the high art of athletics. The wire masks are needed to protect the face from blows and thrusts. The hands are guaranteed by thick gloves from scratches and bruises."

The boys were so intent on their reading that they did not hear a step approaching, and Uncle Harry, with an amused smile on his face, stood in the doorway. When Jack glanced up and saw his uncle, he threw down his book, and sprang forward to give him a boy's hearty welcome. It would be impossible to tell half the questions Uncle Harry had to answer about the foils—what they

were used for? how people handled them? In a few minutes Uncle Harry had explained the use of the foils, and fired the boys with enthusiasm to master the art of fencing.

"Does it take very long to learn?" said Jack.

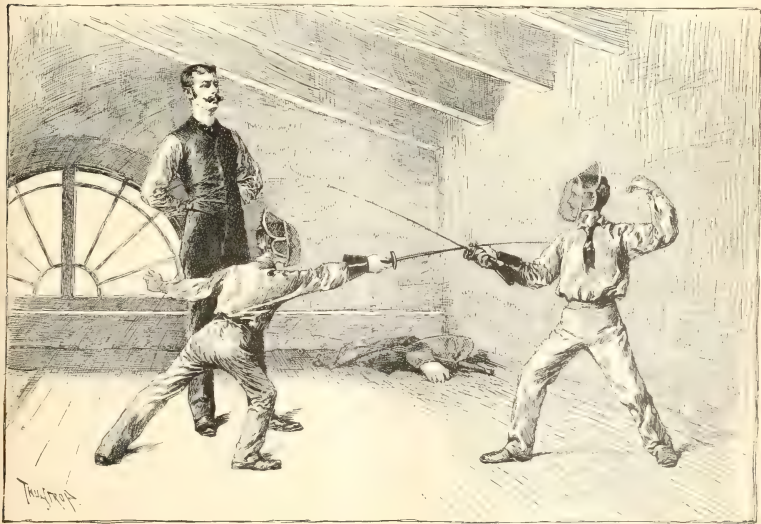
"Not very," replied his uncle. "The principles are soon acquired, and then practice is all you need to make you quick and accurate with hand and eye."

Jack's eyes fairly glowed with excitement. Uncle Harry was easily persuaded to give the boys a few lessons, and Jack was so eager to learn that he wanted to start right away. He had to postpone his first trial at arms, however, until the next morning, when at nine o'clock the boys followed their uncle up into the garret.

"Now I must take you one at a time to begin," said Uncle Harry. "Jack, put on this mask and a glove. Now, Wallace, you watch what I tell Jack, and when it comes your turn you will understand much more easily. Now, Jack, catch this foil in your right hand in this way: open your hand perfectly flat; now lay the hilt diagonally across the palm (Fig. 1); now close your hand naturally, grasping the hilt firmly with all the fingers, the thumb lying straight along the other side (Fig. 2). In this position, with the nails up and your thumb on the right side (Fig. 3), your hand is said to be in *quart* (pronounced 'cart')."

"Now turn your hand right around by a movement of the wrist without stirring your arm. The nails are now below, your thumb to the left, and in this position your hand is said to be in *tierce* (Fig. 4). Notice that when your hand is in *quart*, and your arm fully extended on a level with your shoulder, the point of your foil is a little higher than your hand (Fig. 3). Turn your hand as before, from the wrist only, until you get it in *tierce* (Fig. 5). You see your hand is as high as ever, but your point is lower.

"From this fact we draw the first principle of attack, which is this: When you attack your adversary in the upper part of his body, always get your hand in *quart*.



"THERE WAS A LIVELY STRUGGLE, INDEED: BLADE FLASHED AGAINST BLADE."

When you attack him below his guard, get your hand in tierce. Now, on guard! Stand firmly on your feet, your feet at right angles to one another, your side only presented to your adversary; bend slightly on your knees,

leaving all the weight on the left leg, and carry the right foot forward an easy distance (Fig. 6). When you fence with the left hand, of course you do just the opposite."

"But do people fence with the left hand?" asked Jack.

"Why, of course," replied his uncle. "You must learn with both hands, so as to develop both sets of muscles. Now practice moving your hand from quart to

terce without stirring your arm, and I think that will do for you. Now, Wallace, you go through the movements I showed to Jack. That is good. Now take a step for-



FIG. 2



FIG. 4

ward. Ah, you must move the front foot first always. Now retreat a step. Move the hind foot first in this. Now take a long step forward, bend your right knee, and straighten out your left leg as quickly as you can (Fig. 7). That is what is called lunging. Just before you lunge you must extend your arm to the utmost, with your foil well in line with your shoulder, and then lunge as quickly as possible. Now you both have some idea of what to do, put on your masks and your gloves, and see who can touch the other."

This was great fun. They began slowly enough, and measured their strokes, lunging and parrying with some regularity. Soon, however, the boys got warmed up to their work, and then there was a lively struggle indeed; blade flashed against blade, and back and forth they sprang



FIG. 5

all over the garret. One minute Jack was pressing closely on Wallace, then Wallace got Jack's foil over his blade, and in his turn made him retreat almost into a corner.

Finally Jack, by a quick turn of his wrist, disengaged his foil from Wallace's, and lunging right at the same time, planted his point fair and square on Wallace's breast. The tournament was ended, and conqueror and conquered, covered with perspiration, laid down their arms, and went to take a good bath and a brisk rub-down after it.

Next morning, at nine promptly, Jack and Wallace flew up to the garret, where they found Uncle Harry in his shirt sleeves, with a foil in his hand, springing back and forth and lunging against the wall. He was aiming at a round piece of leather about the size of a silver dollar, which he had nailed up about four feet from the floor. Jack's look asked a question, even



FIG. 6



FIG. 1



FIG. 7

if he did not speak it, so Uncle Harry explained that this exercise was to train the hand and arm and leg to move together quickly.

Jack thought it was easy work to stick his point every time on the leather, but when he tried he found he missed it a good deal oftener than he hit it. He determined he would practice that some time by himself. To-day he wanted to learn some new thrusts and parries. Uncle Harry made him get on guard in quart, then in tierce; made him advance and retreat, lunge and recover his guard, until he was well satisfied Jack was a rare scholar.

"Now, on guard in quart," he said, "your blade bearing lightly on mine, your point in a line with my body. Now, if I thrust straight, I will pass by you in front. To attack you, then, I must disengage my blade, and thrust either underneath your guard or on the other side. If I thrust underneath, simply lower the point of your foil by bending your wrist (Fig. 8), keeping your hand in its position. Your blade



FIG. 8

meets mine and throws it off in front, giving you an opportunity to plant a thrust in my breast by simply extending your arm straight before you. If I attack by a thrust on the other side, simply turn your hand in tierce, and my blade is thrown off behind you, leaving you another opportunity to riposte by straightening your blade out, and thrusting over my guard. Now, on guard in tierce, the same thing happens exactly. If I attack below, parry by lowering your point (Fig. 9). If I attack on the other side, turn your hand in quart, and you are quite covered. These are very simple principles, very easy to learn and retain. Now let us have another

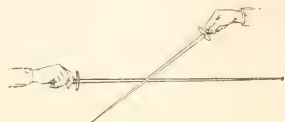


FIG. 9

tournament between you and Wallace." But just then a phaeton, drawn by a pair of pretty ponies, drove up to the front door. The boys dropped their foils, and skipped down-stairs to welcome two young ladies who had driven over to go sailing in Jack's new cat-boat.

## SILENT PETE; OR, THE STOWAWAYS.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

## CHAPTER V.

## OFF HATTERAS.

IT was two days before Jerry was able to leave his berth in the forecabin, and during that time he had no cause to complain of lack of attention. The Captain did not visit him again, it is true, but every one else on board, with the single exception of the first officer, came to see him frequently. Abe Green was particularly attentive, spending every spare moment of his time with the boys, and scolding about "Sam Harding" at every opportunity.

Pete's wound, while it was painful, of course, had given him but little trouble from the next morning after it had been received, and although he could have gone on deck twenty-four hours before it was possible for Jerry to have done so, he positively refused to leave his friend even for a moment. He waited upon Jerry as tenderly as a girl, and his touch was so gentle and soothing that it quieted the sick boy whenever he became nervous through the fever that threatened him. When not engaged in bestowing some personal attention on Jerry, or in trying to tidy up the forecabin so that it might seem more cheerful, Pete soothed the sick boy by playing on Sweetness. Every time he played to Jerry, those of the crew who were idle on deck would gather around the forecabin companionway, listening intently, while even the Captain and the second mate often found occasion to walk that way during these private concerts. If Pete had not been a favorite with the sailors before, he would have been after these later exhibitions of his musical powers, and nearly every one, certainly all the crew, were impatient for Jerry to be well enough to come on deck, so that they might hear more of what Pete called "Sweetness talking."

The Captain, so Abe reported, had said nothing to any one, unless to Mr. Harding, regarding the latter's treatment of the boys, but it was generally believed that as soon as the *Clío* arrived in port the first officer would be brought to a strict account before a legal tribunal for his brutality. This made Jerry decidedly uncomfortable; he thought the mate was already his enemy, and he did not wish that the man should have further cause to be angry with him, as undoubtedly would be the case if he should be arrested.

"What's the use of it?" he asked, as Abe said, decidedly, that if the Captain did not cause the offender to be arrested, the crew would take the case in their own hands. "I've had the flogging, and no matter how many courts you carried Mr. Harding to, it wouldn't take that back. He don't like Pete and me now, and if anything should be done to him when we land, he'd be just about ready to eat us."

"Well, what of that?" asked Abe, with a laugh. "He's the mate now, and we've all got to step around when he speaks; but the minute we land he won't be more'n any other man, and it won't make any difference whether he likes sugar or vinegar."

"But it will make a difference to Pete and me," pleaded Jerry. "You see, we've got to hunt for Pete's folks when we get there, and if he was real mad with us, he might do something to keep us from finding 'em."

"Don't you worry about that," replied the cook. "There's a good deal of difference between the size of New York alongside of New Orleans, and you might be there four years, on the street all the time, without seeing anybody you ever saw before."

"Is it so awful big?"

"Big? I reckon you'll think so when you get there."

"Why, Orleans ain't a marker by the side of it. If you should set that city down in the middle of New York, you couldn't find it again; and if you should accidentally happen to see it kicking round in some corner, you'd think it was one of them Noah's-ark towns."

"But if it is so large, how are we going to find Pete's folks?" and a troubled look came over Jerry's face.

"That's just what's been bothering me ever since you said you didn't even know the names of them you wanted to find," replied Abe, as he too looked perplexed and disturbed.

"But Pete thinks he would know 'em if he could only find where they was."

"That's just it," said Abe, sagely. "He don't know where they are, and he don't know how to ask for 'em. You see, Jerry, it ain't likely that anybody in New York would pay very much attention if you should go around asking for Pete's Aunt Nannette, when you couldn't even tell what her other name was."

"But if we stay on the streets playing and singing, like we did at home, we might see her," said Pete, hopefully.

"Yes, you might run afoul of her the very first thing, and then, again, you might walk your legs off, and never even sight her."

"Well," said Jerry, with a sigh, "we've started, and we've got to go there, I suppose. It ain't any use to get discouraged now when we can't help ourselves, and we will do our best to find his folks. If we can't, why, we can't, and that's all there is to it."

"It looks to me like as if you'd better stay here another voyage," said Abe, in a fatherly tone. "I guess I could talk Captain Sproul into letting you hold on a spell longer, for I know that he's about tickled to death with the looks of the cabin since you youngsters have been on board."

"But how would that help us any?" asked Jerry. "We've got to go ashore some time, and if we staid here we shouldn't be doing anything toward finding Pete's folks."

"That's a fact, of course; but, you see, you'd be just that much better off, 'cause you'd get three square meals a day, and I'm afraid you won't fare so well when you're ashore."

"Perhaps we sha'n't," replied Jerry; "but, you see, the longer we stay here, the more we sha'n't feel like leaving, so we'd best go on shore just as soon as the brig gets to New York."

Already Jerry had begun to fear that their search would be fruitless, but he was careful not to let Pete know how he felt. He seemed to consider it his duty to prevent his friend from having any anxiety regarding the future, and as soon as Abe had left the forecabin he said:

"Don't you fuss, Pete; the cook thinks that we'll have a hard time to find your folks, but he don't know us, old man. Of course we'll have to hunt round some, perhaps a good deal; but there ain't any such thing as not finding her at last, no matter if she was trying to hide from us, which of course she ain't."

Pete had the most implicit confidence in Jerry, and when he learned that his friend was still hopeful, even positive, as to the successful result of their mission, he ceased to give any serious attention to Abe's forebodings regarding the future. During the remainder of the time that he was confined to the forecabin Jerry took good care that Abe should not have another opportunity of intimating that he and Pete might not succeed in their purpose, and the first time he went on deck again, where he could speak to the cook without being overheard by his friend, he said:

"If Pete talks to you about finding his folks, you act as if you thought he could do it easy enough—will you? The poor little fellow has been regularly dreaming about that ever since his mother died, and it would break him all up if he should come to think he ain't going to find 'em."

"But see here, Jerry," said Abe, in a fatherly tone; "it's no use for you to keep on thinking that you can find

\* Begun in No. 336, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.





"IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE ANYTHING BUT THE WHITE GLEAM OF THE FOAM-CRESTED WAVES."

Aunt Nannette like you was hunting for a piece of boiled beef in a two-quart pail, for I tell you that you've got just about no chance at all."

"I'm afraid you're right; but I want to keep Pete feeling good, so I'm going to make him believe that all we've got to do is to hunt for her."

"He'll have to know some time or another," said Abe.

"Yes, I suppose he has; but before he does know it I'll try to get things fixed kind o' comfortable for him, and then he won't take on so bad about it. If I should tell him now, he'd just about cry his eyes out; and," he added, almost angrily, "I ain't going to have him feeling bad before there's any need."

"All right, Jerry—all right," replied Abe, quickly; "you shall have your way about it, of course. I was only telling of you that it wouldn't be as easy as you thought, for it ain't likely that his aunt Nannette is sitting out on a fence waiting for him to claim her."

The Captain spoke to the boys now and then, although he paid no particular attention to them even when they first appeared on deck after their recovery, but the chief mate passed them by entirely, much as if he had forgotten that they were on board. In fact, his avoidance of them was so plain that even Pete understood that the officer still cherished an ill feeling toward them.

"I should think he might be satisfied after sweeping up the deck with us," Jerry said to Abe one day, when he and

Pete had finished their work in the cabin; "but instead of that, he acts as if he was just as mad with us as ever."

"That's a way the Hardings allers had," replied Abe, savagely spearing with a fork at a piece of beef in the coppers, as if he was showing Jerry how he would treat the first officer if he had the opportunity. "But don't you pay any attention to him. I reckon he won't dare to lay his hands on either of you again, unless you should really do something that was dead agin the rules of the ship, 'cause he's got good reason to believe that he hasn't heard the last of what he's already done."

Thus far the *Clio* had had as much in her favor in the way of fair winds and pleasant days as if her Captain had made a regular contract with the clerk of the weather to insure a quick passage. Already had the brig left behind her the short, spitefully rolling waves of the Gulf of Mexico, and was bounding over the long billows of the Atlantic toward her destination. Every one, with the exception of Mr. Harding, was in the best of spirits. The crew were happy and contented, because they had but little work to do in the way of making or shortening sail; the Captain was feeling well in mind because he was making a quick passage, which meant a good profit to him on certain private ventures he had made, while Jerry and Pete—more particularly the latter—were happy because they were being carried so rapidly toward New York.

Already was the voyage drawing to a close. The *Clio*





A LETTER FOR THE SQUIRE.

would be off Cape Hatteras by noon of the day following the one on which Abe and Jerry had held the conversation regarding the first mate, providing the wind remained in the same direction, and it was not too much to hope that in four days at the latest the brig would be at her dock in New York. But before the sun had sunk behind the horizon that evening, there was such a change in the weather that even Jerry and Pete could understand that a storm was close upon them.

"I reckon it's going to rain," Jerry said, as he entered the galley after the officers' supper had been served.

"Rain?" repeated Abe; "I reckon it is, and there'll be more wind with it than we shall know what to do with. Before this frisky spell of weather is over, you'll know what a storm at sea means. I didn't calculate we was going to make Hatteras without having a little dusty weather; but this time I guess we'll get more'n we want."

"Do you believe we're going to have a very bad storm?" asked Pete, in a nervous way, as he tried to stand upright on the windward side of the galley, and, failing, rolled down to leeward, where he bumped against Jerry with such force that the two were wedged between the floor barrel and the partition.

"That's only a taste of what we're going to get before morning," the cook said, as he tucked Pete away in a corner where he could prevent himself from "fetching away," as the sailors say. "The brig's a master-hand at rolling when she once gets at it, and many's the time that I've watched her spars, expecting that at the next lurch she made they'd go out of her. You boys want to get stowed away below, for it won't be a great while before you'll find it more'n you can do to get to the forks." "

"Come, Pete," Jerry said, as he started toward the galley door; "I reckon we'd better go now, for I ain't feeling very good."

When the boys were below, both in one berth, they realized more fully even than when they had been on deck, how violently the brig was tossing and plunging in the heavy waves that appeared to increase in size each moment. The timbers creaked and groaned as if protesting against the heavy blows from the billows, and many times, as the *Clio's* bow went down into the hollows of the waves, Jerry would clasp Pete more closely, believing that the brig would never rise again. Now and then, as some wave heavier than the others would strike the vessel, or as she rolled more violently, Pete would ask Jerry to tell him truly if he believed the brig would outlive the gale, and Jerry's answers were always the same:

"It seems like we was going to sink, sure; but if there really was any danger Abe would come to tell us, I know, for he wouldn't leave us here to be drowned."

How long, after they went below, the brig continued to stagger on through the angry waves, tossed and buffeted until it seemed as if she would be dashed into fragments, neither of the boys knew. The night had come, and it seemed as if morning must be near, when suddenly a violent shock threw both the boys on to the floor, while immediately after could be heard the grinding, crashing, and tearing asunder of timbers, spars, and cordage.

Everything movable had been thrown over on the port side, which now seemed to be where the floor of the fore-castle should have been, and among this confused mass the boys were wedged like pieces of merchandise. Jerry had been flung into one corner and held there by a heavy sea-chest that, broken from its lashings, was sliding fore and aft with every sluggish plunge of the wreck, threatening each instant to crush the boy, who, even in the time of danger, had no thought of himself.

"Pete! Pete!" he cried. "Where are you, Pete?" "Here I am, under the berth," was the muffled reply. "There's a lot of stuff on top of me, and I can't get out."

Under ordinary circumstances it is doubtful if Jerry could, unaided, have extricated himself from his danger-

ous position; but the thought of Pete's possible peril seemed to give him the strength of a man. Using as a lever a piece of board that had been torn from one of the berths by the sea-chest which threatened to crush him, he succeeded in making an opening sufficiently large to enable him to get out of the narrow space in which he had been imprisoned, and hardly had he done so when the chest was thrown into the very place from which he had escaped.

"Keep up your pluck, Pete, and I'll soon have you out of that," Jerry said, cheerily, as he flung aside the different articles that had been thrown on top of the boy, completely shutting him in between the floor and the bottom of one of the berths.

Although Jerry worked with a will, he could hardly have succeeded in releasing Pete without some assistance, since the boards of the berth had been broken and forced down in such a manner that the poor little fellow was completely pinned down. It was when the lighter articles had been removed that Jerry understood this; and then came a great pain into his heart, greater than had been caused by the knowledge that the vessel had been wrecked, and was perhaps sinking; for he knew that Pete's means were caused by some injury received.

"Get out here quick, for your lives!" shouted a voice from the deck.

"I can't, for Pete is fastened under the berth, and I'm afraid he's dying," cried Jerry, in an agonized tone.

In an instant Abe—for he it was who had thought of the boys in the moment of danger—had leaped into the fore-castle, and in a few seconds the shattered boards were torn up so that the little prisoner could be removed. It was impossible to see anything in the darkness, and Abe asked, as he lifted Pete as tenderly as possible under the circumstances, "Are you hurt much, lad?"

"I don't know; but the boards were across me so I couldn't hardly breathe."

"Get out of here as quick as you can, Jerry," said Abe. "I'll carry Pete; but I'm afraid I can't get him up unless you're on deck to help."

The vessel was on her beam ends, therefore the only way of gaining the deck was by climbing up the side of the stairway. How he succeeded in getting out, Jerry never knew; he was only conscious of the fact that while clinging to the companionway he helped Abe and Pete up, and that then he waited, half submerged in the waves that swept over the brig from stem to stern, until he should be told what to do next.

It was impossible to see anything more than the white gleam of the foam-crested waves. The sky was as black as the water, and in the dense gloom it would have been impossible to have seen the masts, even if they were then standing.

"What has happened?" Jerry asked, when, on stretching out his hand, he found that Abe was still by his side.

"I don't rightly know. We must have been run into on the port quarter—everything has gone by the board there, and they are clearing away the boats now."

"Are we to go in the little boats?" Jerry asked in a tremulous voice.

"That's all we can do, lad."

"But these waves will stave them to pieces."

"They'll live longer than the brig will, for she's settling fast."

Jerry crept closer to Abe, half loosened his hold on the companionway that he might clasp Pete by the hand, as if he believed he could give him courage in the awful time when death was hovering very close above them, and without speaking, the stowaways waited for the moment when they should be taken on board the tiny boats, or engulfed in the angry waves that beat incessantly upon the doomed vessel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE KING'S PET ELEPHANTS.

BY DAVID KER.

AUTHOR OF "INTO UNKNOWN SEAS," "THE LOST CITY," ETC.

"WELL, if those are white elephants, I don't think much of them," said I to my friend Mr. T—, of the American Legation, as we came back across the courtyard of the royal palace at Bangkok (the capital of Siam), after our visit to the famous white elephants which are to Siam what the eagle is to America or the lion to England. "It seems to me that if you were to upset a pot of white paint over an ordinary black elephant, it would come to much the same thing, except the blue eyes."

"Ah! it's just those white spots that make all the difference," answered he. "As to a perfectly white elephant like that you see on the Siamese flag, I don't suppose there ever was such a beast, and there's none such here now, anyway. But the best part of this show is still to come."

"What's the next thing, then—a sky-blue rhinoceros, or a pea-green buffalo?"

"Not quite; but you haven't seen the *big* elephants yet. They're all in the King's stable, outside the palace gates, and when we get there, you'll see some fellows with whom Jumbo might have walked down Broadway any day he liked, without being ashamed of his company."

Following our Siamese conductor—a brisk little fellow in the blue frock and white helmet of the King's Lifeguard—we crossed the courtyard, passed out through a high archway sentinelled by two red-jacketed Siamese soldiers with helmets of shining brass, and turning to the right along the wide esplanade which made a kind of desert all around the palace wall, soon found ourselves in front of the elephant stable, the doors of which were at once thrown open by half a dozen gaunt, brown, half-clad native "helps."

There they were, sure enough, the five great black bodies, each in a separate stall of its own. The stalls were so narrow, and the elephants so large, that the whole stable looked very much like a monster toy-house, with toy animals fitted into its compartments and fastened there with pins or glue.

All five were fine beasts, huge, and strong, and massive as Hindooids. But the show figure was the one that stood fourth on the list, which the Siamese Lifeguardsmen admiringly pointed out as "*Rajah Cheng*" (the king elephant). Kingly indeed he looked, with his broad solid front proudly raised, and his mighty bulk planted on limbs that seemed like columns of black marble. But the most striking thing about him was neither his size nor his strength, magnificent though they both were; it was his tusks.

Wonderful tusks indeed they were, such as would have made the fortune of any circus or menagerie; for instead of growing straight out on either side of the trunk, after the fashion of ordinary tusks, they came right across each other just like an enormous X. And, stranger still, they were so immensely long that (as I could see by looking closely at them) their tips had actually been sawed off to keep them from digging into the ground.

"You see," explained our native guide, in very good English, "all the elephants here are supposed to be the especial property of the King. There's a large keddah [corral] about eighty miles from here—you'll see it when you go up the river to Ayuthia\*—in a water meadow close to the bank. The hunters get together a great many elephants every year, and drive them into the enclosure, which is so strong and high that there's no chance of their getting out again. Then the 'choosers' pick out all the good ones for the King, and let the others go again."

"But what has this gentleman in No. 5 been doing to

be put in irons like that?" asked Mr. T—, laughing. "Has he been breaking open some other elephant's trunk, or keeping the King awake at night by trumpeting under the palace windows?"

In truth, the fifth elephant certainly *did* seem a most desperate criminal, for he was covered with a perfect network of strong chains and cables, crossing and recrossing each other till he looked just like a huge black parcel corded up with very unusual care.

"Ah! we *have* to keep that one chained," answered the Siamese, with a grin, "for if he were to get loose, he would break the whole place to pieces. The last time he was let out he killed two or three people; and ever since then he's been tied up, as you see. He's one of the vicious sort—what we call an 'old rogue.'"

"Take care! take care!" shouted Mr. T—.

The warning cry came barely in time. I had just stepped forward to take a nearer view of this dangerous fellow, when suddenly the huge ears gave an angry twitch, the small, deep-set eyes glowed like live coals, and swinging up his mighty trunk, the monster dealt a blow at me that seemed able to shatter a solid rock, and the very wind of which all but knocked me down. I jumped back as nimbly as a circus acrobat, and the brown-faced bystanders laughed as if it were a good joke.

This was a pretty good lesson, but a few days later I had another sample of the temper of a Siamese elephant, to which this was nothing.

Mr. T— and I were coming back from a drive into the country one fine afternoon, when the narrow, muddy street through which we were passing was suddenly filled with native soldiers—white-coated grenadiers, red-coated dragons, and blue-coated guardsmen—all returning from a grand review. While we were trying to steer our way through the mass, a great uproar was heard just ahead of us, and a crowd of Siamese and Chinamen came rushing confusedly around the corner as if flying from some danger, while high above all their outcries rose the harsh note, half scream and half roar, peculiar to the elephant.

"I hope this isn't our friend the 'old rogue' broken loose again," muttered Mr. T—, reining in with all his might the snorting and rearing horses.

In another moment the whole scene lay before us. One of the King's elephants (which had also been figuring in the review) had taken offence at a passing gig, and charged it headlong, the owner having barely time to leap out and run for his life. Luckily, the elephant's first blow smashed the shafts, and the horse tore away down the road, with them clattering at his heels, while Mr. Elephant, after beating the gig to pieces, trotted away, with one of the wheels hanging to his trunk like an ear-ring.

"Well," said Mr. T—, looking after the retreating monster, "I should think you'll give Siamese elephants a wide berth after this."

And so I did.

## PARLOR PARTERRES.

BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

AUTHOR OF "NEW GAMES FOR PARLOR AND LAWN."

## THE YOUNG ARTIST (IN TWO SCENES.)

IN the first scene a boy is seated in a studio. He wears a velvet jacket and cap, or any picturesque dress, and the room is furnished with an easel and pretty ornaments. A mother enters, leading a little girl, and expresses in pantomime her wish to have a portrait of her child. With many gestures, the artist then places the child in position, and, after her mother has taken off her cloak and bonnet, proceeds to paint.

In the next scene the mother stands at the left, with her back to the spectators, contemplating with great pleasure the finished portrait, which is made by the little girl

\* The ancient capital of Siam, destroyed by the Burmese about 120 years ago.

herself, who stands behind the easel, and shows her face and figure to the waist through a picture-frame, which stands in the same position as the one on which the artist was at work. The mother holds by her left hand a little girl, who stands with her back to the spectators, and wears the same cloak and bonnet which was worn by the little girl in the first scene, whom she must also resemble in size. The artist stands at the right of the picture, which he exhibits with pride.

#### FAMILY STAIRS.

For this scene arrange as many children as can be conveniently found according to their heights, the shortest at the left, and the next a little higher, no two being alike. They are supposed to be a family from the rural districts making their first visit to the city. The tallest one is dressed as a comfortable farm-

and has a great quantity of golden hair falling over her shoulders. She bends forward with an eager face, as if listening, and rows of children fill the room, one child on each side of her chair, and the others in long rows, each head a little above the one in front of it. This can easily be done by the use of boards, one end of each resting on the floor, and the other supported upon tables at the back of the room. If these tables are not high enough to enable the heads of the highest children to reach the ceiling, boxes or crickets can be also placed on these tables, all of this platform being covered with cotton sheets. These children must wear white or light dresses, and their hair should be crêpéd. If more elaboration is needed or a large audience is expected, a curtain of blue tartan muslin tightly drawn in front of the children adds to the effect by lending the appearance of distance to the vision.

#### THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE.

A party of knights or Amazons may stand in line of battle, fully equipped for action in armor gathered from the kitchen and pantry. The helmets are wire cake covers lined with silver paper, the breastplates are tin dish covers, and the shields are waiters, which are held by a piece of string tied across the handles on the back. The swords may be brass-handled shovels or pokers, and when elaboration is desired, all may wear skirts of red calico, ornamented with tin pail covers sewed on the front in a uniform style.

They must learn to march in straight lines, to countermarch and parade in single and double files, and to go through a simple sword exercise, as two cuts up, two down, and thrust, after which they may divide into two equal sides, and go through a spirited combat. For this purpose they face each other from the two sides of the room, advance, and meet in the centre, and clash their swords and shields against each other with great courage and clamor until some are wounded and one side gives up the contest, the scene closing with a grand tableau of Victory and Triumph.

#### THE MODERN NARCISSUS.

This pretty scene can be performed in any room by means of a large mirror, which is placed upon the floor, with the back slightly elevated, so that the reflection can be seen by the spectators. The frame is carefully covered with brown cambric to resemble a pool of water, upon which leaves and rushes cut from green cambric may be reflected. Narcissus soon enters at the left side, dressed as a modern dandy, with extreme elegance. He walks around with many airs and graces, and at last sees his image reflected in the pool with great delight. He gazes long and lovingly upon the beautiful vision, and comes forward for a moment to the front, and then goes back hastily, as if he could not tear himself away from the lovely picture. Going to the right side, he perceives a hideous view of a black monkey's face, with red cheeks and eyes, in caricature of himself, which is thrown upon the mirror by a person who stands on the left, concealed from the spectators by a curtain or door. Narcissus then throws up his hands in an attitude of disgust, and runs hastily off at the right, when two youths appear at the left, laughing heartily at his discomfiture. Thus the audience depart with smiles of pleasure on their faces.



THE DOLLS' DRESS-MAKER'S DREAM

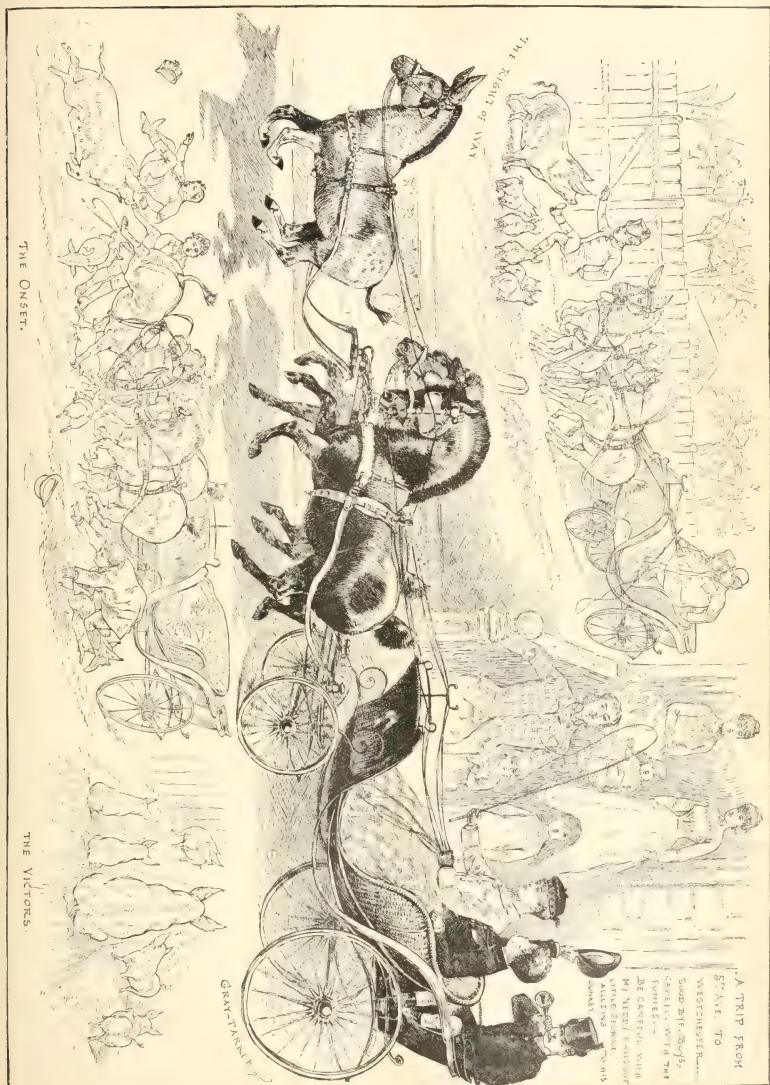
er, with short pantaloons, frock, and broad straw hat, with his good dame, the next in height, hanging on his arm. The boys wear short jackets and pantaloons and straw hats; the lady and the girls wear calico dresses, with poke-bonnets. All have their hands full of bundles, baskets, or handboxes, and yet manage to hold the hands or grasp the dresses of the children by their side. All stare with eyes and mouths wide open at the objects of interest, and when they go out they march in single file, led by the old man, with his wife clinging to his arm, and all the rest following in eager pursuit. After marching about and staring alternately at each side and at the back of the room, they face round in front again, and with a final stare at the spectators, take their departure in the order described above.

#### DICKENS SCENE.

*The Dolls' Dress-maker's dream of "Shining rooms of children."*

In the foreground a little girl sits by a small table covered with dolls, some richly dressed, some in various stages of completion. A crutch leans against the chair in which the maiden sits, who wears a black dress and white apron,





THE NIGHT OF MAY

THE ONSET.

THE VICTORS.

GRAY-VALLEY

A TRIP FROM  
ST. AVE. TO  
WISCONSIN.  
GOOD BY, BOYS,  
CASTLE, WITH THE  
HORSES.  
BE CASTLE, WITH  
BY MEET EATOUT  
STREET FARMER  
ALLING TO HIS  
LOAN.



KEPP.

See above.

**The Door is open,  
The Dew is bright;  
Forgotten now  
Is the lonesome Night,  
And the Starling whistles,  
"All is right."**

**The House-wife moves  
With her briskest tread  
The Chairs are set,  
And the Table spread  
With Honey and Eggs  
And Cream and Bread.**

KYE

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ALEDO, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Papa has been interesting paper for me since 1880. I have three volumes bound. This is my first letter to the post-office box. Grandpa has a sugar cane. One of the oldest trees may be seen the marks are the shape of the letter Y. I will tell you how they make the syrup and nice maple sugar cakes. First, the men bore holes in the trees with an auger, then drive a little trough into the hole, through which the sap runs into a bucket hung on a rail driven into the tree. The buckets are held hanging all night, and in the morning barrels are hauled to the camp and filled with the sap. The sap is then boiled in large kettles, out-of-doors. Then grandma takes it and makes syrup, wax, and maple-sugar cakes. Five years ago I went with papa, mamma, and my sisters to papa's old home in Maine. I could tell you about some of the sights I saw, but I would make my letter too long. We have for pets a cat without any name and a pony named Kicker. I have a wax doll named Ruth. Aleo is about fifteen miles from the Mississippi River, and has 1600 inhabitants. A new bridge has just been completed at Keithsburg, in this county across the river. I have gone from Keithsburg to Burlington, Iowa, on the Mississippi River. My favorite books are *Miss Alex's Little Men and Little Women*. My favorite stories in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* are "Karl Hosen," "Vamelle," "Our Little Dance," and "Pearl's Little Mirrival." I study geography, reading, arithmetic, and composition. I am twelve years old, and in the Second Intermediate Grade at school. My sister and I take lessons on the organ. I could not attend school regularly this spring, as I was ill. I am fond of flowers, and am going to have a flower bed with pink, pansies, violets, verbenas, mignonette, and other flowers in it this summer.

LENA G.

MERCER, MISSOURI.

We live on the upper peninsula, in the northern part of Michigan, and the snow is now (April) three feet deep in the woods. We have had excellent sleighing all winter long. My sister Bessie takes *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and we all like it very much. I have a little sister Gracie, seven years old, and a little brother Robbie, six years old. My father made me a present of a printing outfit, which cost over one hundred dollars. I have done, at odd spells, over seventy-five dollars' worth of printing, and I enjoy it very much. I attend school, and have missed only a few days. I study geography, history, grammar, reading, spelling, and writing, and the teacher

boards at our house, and gives me a private French lesson three times a week. I have a faithful dog that is gone in the harness. He assists me in doing my work—drawing in the wood and draws me to and from the post-office, which is about four-fourths of a mile distant. I have a fine breech-loading target rifle that weighs six and a half pounds, and the barrel is twenty-four inches long. I have fine times hunting small game with it. All the spare time I have, after doing my work, I help my father in the store. I have an Indian pony that I like to ride very much. I have only thrown only once, and that was in a mud-puddle. We have lived here three years, but our home is in Erie, Penn.-sylvania. I am fourteen years old.

CHARLES C. C.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have a pony and a bicycle, and live on a small farm in the summer-time, but I have to stay in the city in the winter. I like it very much on the farm, but it is such a change from the city. I ride my pony most of the time, but now I am riding a bicycle. I have a small garden. We have three little calves, and I think they are so nice; their names are Fawn, Pink, and April-Fool. We named the April-Fool because it was born on this day of April.

CHARLEY V. B. C.

Robert has sent us a very good description of the training-ship *New Hampshire*:

The *New Hampshire* is a large man-of-war, which is now at Newport as a training ship for the navy. It is a very old ship, and could not be used in a war now, as it is old-fashioned, and made of wood. It touches the bottom most of the time. It will never move from where it is now, as it is very old, and is not sea-worthy. There are a great many boys on it. When I was at Newport I thought that I would like to see her, so one day my father and I rowed out to her and went aboard. One of the officers let one of the boys show us all over the ship. We staid to see the boys have their "mess." They all march to their table, sit on benches. They have a large bowl of some sort of broth for dinner, with half a loaf of bread and a large piece of butter on it. They have no knives, but spread their bread (the spread) on the bread. The bread disappears in about five minutes. For tea they have the same quantity of bread and butter, with a large bowl of tea with the same spread.

When a boy disobeys orders, they put him in the "cell," a small room with a port-hole in it; there he stays, sometimes a week or two, according to the offence which he has committed. He has no bed nor any article of furniture in the room; he has to sleep on the hard floor. When I was on board I saw that the school was the slats of the door. He looked very miserable. He was put there for running away. This boy ran away about two years before, and then came back and enlisted, thinking that he would not know him; but they were too sharp for him, and he was put in the cell. There also is another cell they call the "lodge," where they put the worst boys. They put boys in there when they are very bad.

I then went into the room where they keep the arms. I saw the glittering swords all hung up in a row, and the bayonets and all the different arms that they had. They had a man who kept the steel as bright as silver. All the guns were hung up in another place on the wall. There were port-holes in the ship had small cannons peeping out of them, with brass mountings.

I then went on the upper deck, and looked through the large gun. I saw a very big gun, but a stone-throw off. The boys climb away out on the bowsprit, sit across it, and fish.

I went to a little room where the wash was, and asked him for a piece of "barlark," which I relished, as I was hungry. I then went on deck,

and climbed up the rope-ladder until I was giddy, and then came down. The officers had nice, cosy rooms with beds in them. All along the decks there are hooks, a few feet apart, to which the boys attach their hammocks at night. The boys on the lower deck learn how to row. They have large barges that will hold a great many boys; two boys get on a seat, and each boy has an oar; one boy sits in the stern; they have an officer in the bow to teach them how to row the strokes. On Sunday they go to church in these barges. I saw them every Sunday, and sometimes on other days, rowing in the harbor, even as the house where I was staying was only a few feet from the water. The boys also have target practice in a large field not far from the ship. There is a sort of butte in the harbor, and the boys go in swimming. There is a large gymnasium on the land also, where the boys have dumb-bells, and a roped ladder, and even a thing that belongs to a gymnasium. There are several little steam-tugs, which sometimes pull the barges with the boys in them to church and on other places.

The afternoon when I was aboard, the officers invited ladies to see the ship. They had a band of music, and the ladies and gentlemen came, and the boys gathered around and watched them with great interest. I staid a little while longer and looked about the ship, and then went down and unfasted the boat and rowed home.

ROBERT P. M.

CARLETON, WISCONSIN.

Papa takes *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for me, and asks mamma to read all the stories to him. I listen—oh, so much! I have got a hobby-horse and a cannon. Papa was a soldier, and fired cannons in the war, and when I grow up to a big man I guess I will be a soldier, too. Papa was with General Logan in the war. I have a little bossy; and I have four kitties, and I will call them all black. Papa is a little old. Papa is six years old, and papa says I can't go to school until I am eight.

HARRY W. B.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* four years, and I think a great deal of it. I am a little boy, ten years old. This is the first letter I have ever written. I have been away all winter in Princeton, New Jersey, visiting my auntie. My mamma is a little old. I was there during the holidays. I had a lovely time. My uncle had nine dogs, and one of them I was very fond of. His name is Sam. He would follow me about all the time, and I had four cats. One of them would beg just like Sam. When we were at the table, instead of crying, she would sit right up on her hind legs, it was so cunning that nobody could refuse her anything.

LOUISE.

Thank your friend Katie for her brief letter, which came with yours.

SAR, HARBOR, NEW YORK.

I have never seen a letter from this place, though a number of boys have written to Harbor take *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. Sar Harbor is a beautiful village on the eastern end of Long Island. I have a brother Willie, nearly fourteen years old, and a sister Nellie, aged seven. My father bought a bound volume of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for 1884 for Willie, and I liked it so much that papa let me subscribe for it. My paper comes on Tuesday, and I can hardly wait for the day. Nellie and I are very fond of each other. I have long curls, gray eyes, and a dimple in my cheek. My father and mother want me to let her wear her hair in two long braids as the other girls do. In summer we have great fun going down to the bay, and playing in the water, and going in swimming. I am delighted with all the stories in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and my favorites are "Jo's Opportunity" and "Silent and going in swimming." I am interested in Willie on the piano, and I have taken some lessons on the violin. Nellie is learning to read music. She makes up the funniest stories for her dolls. With much love from Nellie and myself, I am your friend.

CHARLIE B. H. (aged 10 years).

WILLIAMS, COLORADO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

My grandma very kindly gave me your paper for my birthday, and it was on the 30th of March, and I was twelve years old. We live on a ranch in the country. I have six brothers and sisters. I will write to Allie Scherer, New Elm, Minnesota. If you will let me, I will write to her. The post-office box she shall write to and tell me her full address. I like to ride on horseback very much, and have a horse named Sam. He is a little old, but he is eight years old, has a horse, saddle, and bridle, and can ride very well. Papa had him out herding the sheep off the grain for a day or two. There are no schools near here, so my brother and I go to school to our sister. Our sister has Bible lessons every Sunday for us all. The school closes on the 15th of May, and we are for month. We have many chickens, and get from fifteen to eighteen dozen eggs a day. The summers are very hot here, and the winters mild.

The Coast Range Mountains have a delightful climate in summer; at present they are covered with snow. The birds have begun to build their nests. We expect to go to the mountains next summer.

Gussie Nye.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since September, and like it very much. This is the first letter I ever wrote to you. My sister has a fine white dog, and we have very pretty flowers. I live in New York, on Park Avenue, but am visiting now in Albany at my aunt's house. We went this summer to Sea Cliff, and I was in the Post-office box. My letter is not too long to print. With much love,

Jack McE.

I attend the Albany High School, and am now having my Easter vacation. I like to go to school, but am never sorry when vacation comes. I have been trying some of the receipts for canopies in the Post-office box, and succeeded very well. I would like to send some of my receipts, but I fear this letter would be too long for the first time.

IDA BELL D.

Send them next time.

16 West 125th Street, New York City.

We, the members of the C. H. H. Club, have decided to donate the proceeds of a recent sale to St. Mary's Hospital, for the Ward of the Holy Innocents:

ANNA PEARL, President.

MAY STREAN, Secretary.

CLARA WILKINS.

LILLIAN KETCHUM.

JOSE KING.

MAY RICK.

LAURA MITCHELL.

Check, \$79.90; cash, \$39.55; total, \$119.45.

Sister Catharine, who sent this letter to the Postmistress, tells her that some of these girls are readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and are interested in the beautiful work of the children's hospital, as this letter proves.

## HOW WE WENT A-MAYING.

One day in the early part of May we girls went a-maying. After a pleasant drive along the country roads, we all came to the woods. The party was composed of Edith and Kate D., Marion P., Mildred H., and myself. May R. Marion was the leader of all the girls in the party. She was a cheerful, cheerful, and ambitious, and a little bit too fond of ruling over us. Edith was quiet and thoughtful. Kate strong-minded and vigorous, while Mildred was kind and very friendly, and were neither very bad nor very good. We all scrambled out of the carriage, and ran into the woods, taking with us our baskets, which we hoped to fill with wild flowers. The trees were not close together, so the woods were not dark, but Mildred clung to my arm in terror.

"Oh, May," she whispered, "I wish I could go, for by-and-by it will get dark, and maybe bears are in these woods."

Marion overheard her whisper, and laughed at her own "Mildred," and said scornfully, "What is silly! Of course there are no bears, and it isn't going to be dark. All these woods are light."

An exclamation from Kate was now heard: "Oh, see the hepaticas!"

We looked where she pointed, and truly the forest was strewn with the pretty blossoms. In a moment we were picking fast, each anxious to have the biggest bunch. Kate, after picking all she wanted, wandered on in search of violets. Soon we heard her shriek, and running toward us, we saw her running toward us with a white face.

"Girls," she gasped, "I saw a bear!"

Mildred and Edith screamed, and all except Marion ran to where we had left the carriage and driver. Mildred caught him by the arm. "Oh, John," she said, "there is a bear in the woods."

John stared, and said, "Waal, I guess you're mistaken, but I don't see any bear."

Just then a ringing laugh from Marion was heard, and hastening to the spot, we found that the bear was only a dead stump. How we laughed at Kate! and she, in defence, said, "I don't fancy I wasn't much more alarmed than some of you."

John, going back to the carriage, said: "That Marion is a brave one, and the rest of them are nothing but babies. Waal, anyway, they are only girls."

MIRIAM O.

## THE STORY OF A DOLL.

BY MEK.

I am a jointed, rubber, negro doll, about six inches high, and my name is Brady. My mistress's name is Louise. Her father bought me at one of the stands on Broadway, New York city. When he brought me home he gave me to Louise, and she told me to call her father Brady. Louise's father took her with him when he went to the barber's shop to get shaved. The man who

owned the barber's shop was colored, and his name too was Brady. After Louise had been there a few minutes, Brady noticed me in her arms. He asked her what my name was, and she told him, and he was much amused. Louise, who her mamma took her down to the barber's shop, when I was a little, always took me. When I came, I had on a white cotton gown, but I haven't many things like that since.

It was one of these common wax dolls with a sawdust body, painted face, and a lot of yellow hair. Louise's mother was very fond of me. Ah, poor me! I was almost forgotten. When Louise did condescend to take notice of me, it was only to make me Mrs. Victoria's servant. These were lonely days for me. I was very sad.

How happy I was when one day I slipped from under Louise's arm down to the sidewalk. There I lay, with a serene smile on my black face. By-and-by a ragged newsboy came along, crying his papers. "Evening Y— Whoop! if I here isn't a dolly!" Then, to my great disgust, he picked me up and carried me to his home. He was a very old and fat man, with a white beard and a coat pocket. He ran, and ran so fast that I was almost bumped to pieces. Oh, how sore my head was! Very soon he stopped, so suddenly I was almost jumped out of his pocket. "Come, Sarah Jane," he cried, "see what I've got."

A little lame girl came running out, saying: "Oh, Jimmy, how nice of ye! Where did ye get it?"

She kissed me so much that I thought that there wouldn't be a bit of black left on me; but there was, and not a speck came off. Those were happy days. When Jimmy came home at night, he and Sarah Jane would play that I was their little sister. Jimmy would carry me in his arms, with the little lame girl! Times will come, though, when you can't have your own way; for my mistress Louise found out where I was, and came after me. She told me to go back to my master, and see Victoria petted. But I couldn't say anything. I was obliged to go.

One day, when I was in the store, I was left behind in a store. The man who owned the store found me, and took me home to his little girl. She called me Topsy, and dressed me up in girl's clothes. One day, when I was in the store, I was left behind in a store. The man who owned the store found me, and took me home to his little girl. She called me Topsy, and dressed me up in girl's clothes.

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BRADY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I enjoy "Jo's Opportunity" so much, I can scarcely wait until my paper comes. I have learned a great deal since I became a reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I cannot express how delighted I am with the "Beholdings." I have made some, entirely new, from any of the "Beholdings." I have a little boy only six years old, I hope you will publish them, and this letter too, in the Post-office Box. I also send you a piece of poetry which my grandma wrote me.

MARTY B. V.

We have a little kitten, of which I will say: Its eyes are so bright and its fur is so gray; So round is its chin and so pointed its tail— To think it is pretty you scarcely could fail.

It is not like Jumbo, our once-famous pig; Oh no, our kitten is not near so big. But it is quick and it frisks, which you know, as you're wise.

Big Jumbo couldn't do, on account of his size.

Our kitty's name Jessie, and if you will come To see us once more in our pleasant home. We will tell you the reason this name we applied To a wee bit of a kitten at our own residence.

Thank you for the letter, the poem, and the puzzles.

CHAVY.

I am a little girl nine years old. My papa gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present. I have never brothers nor sisters, but I have a dear little friend who lives in the next house to me. I love her as a sister; her name is Daisy. I like "Jo's Opportunity" very much, and can hardly wait for the paper to come, so to school, and mamma gives me music lessons. I have two pets, a cat and dog; my cat's name is Blueboy, and my dog's name is Cato. I have three dolls, and lots of playthings. This is the first time I ever wrote for a paper, and I hope I may be able to write again.

NELLIE N.

Our school is about a half-mile from our house. On Sundays we hold Sunday-school there, and a number attend. I study arithmetic, grammar, spelling, writing, drawing, reading, geography, and

and physiology. I am twelve years old. I have four sisters and five brothers. I have a cherry bird. We have a big dog, three years old; his name is Uno. We have a cow, two horses, and a good many cats (but they are not all tame; one stays in the house, the others out-doors). We live in the country, three miles from Albany. It was my sister's birthday day before yesterday. On St. Patrick's day we wore green ribbons to school. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over a year, and enjoy it very much, especially "Jo's Opportunity" and "Roll House" and the stories by Howard Fyle. I take music lessons every Wednesday and Saturday. When Uno puts his paws on papa's shoulder, he is as big as Papa. Good-by.

DAISY B.

I know not many little Nevada girls write to the Post-office Box. My mamma has sent all the letters to me. I have never been at school, but a teacher is coming next week, and we are to have school in our house. My brother Bobbie is seven years old, and I am eight. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE four years, and love it awfully. I feel sorry when it does not come every week. We live thirty miles from Eureka. My papa is a cattle-man.

EDNA T. B.

NELSON, NEBRASKA.

I think I will tell you of our broom-brigade entertainment. It was given for the benefit of the Presbyterian church building, which is nearly completed. The evening was not very pleasant, and the roads were muddy, so there were not many there, and we did not make so much money as we had anticipated. Still, we did very well. The brigade was composed of thirteen girls, from fourteen to sixteen years of age. We should have sixteen, but three of our girls were absent. These consisted of white cheese-cloth skirts, with turkey-red calico waists and caps. We had dustpans on our backs for knapsacks, and, of course, brooms for muskets. Our drill consisted in the main of marching and broom tactics. We used our brooms as the soldiers do their muskets. Everything passed off very well, and we had a merry evening. The broom drill is a splendid exercise for girls, both mentally and physically, as it requires the strictest attention, and also the movements we go through are very healthy. I attend school in Nelson. I am very fond of my studies, especially algebra.

B. C.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO EASY SQUARES.

- 1.—1. Sin. 2. A noun. 3. A string. 4. Final.  
2.—1. A holiday. 2. Above. 3. Noisy. 4. Terminate.

TABITHA H.

No. 2.

TWO DIAMONDS.

- 1.—1. A very important number. 2. Conclusion. 3. A country. 4. Hard work. 5. An article.  
2.—1. Double you. 2. An animal. 3. Necessary to life. 4. A number. 5. A letter.

TABITHA H.

No. 3.

PI.

Het onn een lafofa,  
Kiel a niegod tofa,  
No het esse leub pedth fo hte syk,  
Hewen het limrie fo ede,  
Buit shi midder tofth,  
No shi fia erd srobo redo yk.

BERTIE V. BOSTWICK.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 37.

No. 1.—S and H air. B look. W hnd. E from. Paul.

No. 2.—L I A R  
D I E  
A I E S  
R E S T

No. 3.—M  
A unt.  
N ear.  
I am.  
H ead.  
E r r  
G r e e n  
T e a r.  
F a i  
R a i l.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Elizabeth A. B. (puzzles), Mary H. (puzzles), Dodd, John R. Grace Hamilton, Corner Stone Beckner, Will F. Traves, Clara Goding, Mattie M. W. Jean B. G. Charles Lloyd Thompson, Ray Greck, John R. C. (puzzles), Jennie Mitchell, Eva and Emily Thurston, Arnold Keese, and Dora Fayze.

[For EXCHANGES, see 3rd and 3d pages of cover.]





THEY went to gather wind-flowers  
One merry morn in May,  
And taking home their treasures,  
Were almost blown away.

The madcap breezes tossed their hair,  
And danced about their feet;  
The wind mistook them for the flowers,  
The darlings were so sweet.

#### A MUCH-TRAVELLED DOG.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Field* relates the travels of a dog belonging to him when he lived in South Africa, which were even more adventurous than those of the famous English travelling dog Railway Jack.

This sagacious animal, which also was named Jack, had struck up an acquaintance with station-masters and conductors, and frequently went on short trips on his own account. On one occasion, when travelling with his owner, he jumped from the window in chase of something that he had seen in the bush. His owner gave him up for lost; but hardly had the former finished his dinner when Master Jack arrived, he having been picked up on the road by a later train. This was the dog's last trip by rail; thereafter he devoted himself to travel by sea.

His first voyage was in company with his master; and having thus been introduced to the pleasures of the deep, this roving quadruped made frequent trips by himself. One time he made a voyage lasting five weeks on board a bark. Another time he sailed on board a steamer bound from Natal to London; but when the ship touched at Cape Town, Jack thought he had had enough of that vessel, and so went ashore. It happened, however, that he met an old friend in Cape

Town, the butcher belonging to a ship in which he had made a voyage previously, and so he shipped with the butcher and returned home.

Finding short journeys of a thousand miles or so rather tame, he resolved to do something to keep his memory green in the hearts of his numerous friends. This time it was the *Norham Castle*, a splendid steamer of four thousand tons, that he patronized. She was bound for London; and Jack, having "stowed away," did not show himself on deck until the vessel was well out at sea. The voyage was safely made, and the travelled dog was taken to the Captain's home in the suburbs of London. When the vessel was ready to start on the return trip, Jack thanked his English friends for their hospitality, and went on board of the *Norham Castle*, arriving in Natal in due course.

It happened, however, that Jack's owner could not go down to the dock to meet the steamer when it touched, so the dog was taken on to another port, his owner intending to reclaim him on his return trip. But the unfortunate traveller never set foot again on his native shore, for, being insulted by a negro (one of a race for whom he had always shown great dislike), he tried to leap across an open hatchway to avenge the insult. The distance was, however, too great, and the poor dog fell down thirty-two feet on to the iron ballast. Both his fore-legs were broken, and though surgical skill was taxed on his behalf, it was of no avail. Fever set in, and his friends, seeing that his case was now hopeless, gave him chloroform, attached a weight to his feet, and dropped him overboard in the harbor. And so, like many a gallant human sailor before him, he found a grave at the bottom of the "sounding sea" which he had loved so well. The story of this African Jack deserves to be remembered by those who love dogs, and delight in the record of their almost human intelligence.





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"LITTLE WILHELMINE."—ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 48.

## MOTHER'S LITTLE WILHELMINE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I SHUT my eyes up very tight  
Whenever I go to my bed at night;  
But in the morning, as you see,  
I open them wide as wide can be.

I like to frisk and run and play,  
To frolic with kitty every day;  
But I can, like a little mouse,  
Go tiptoe, tiptoe over the house.

If mother says, "My dear, be still,"  
I answer, "Why, to be sure I will,"  
When baby wants to take a nap,  
And mother is hushing him in her lap.

I have a pretty cap and skirt,  
All stiffly starched, and a speck of dirt  
Would fall away in fright, I know,  
If it caught on ruffle or furrow.

I like to gather pretty flowers,  
To work in my garden hours and hours,  
For I've a garden of my own  
With roses and lilies overgrown.

My hands in mischief now and then,  
Like most little hands, I fear, have been;  
But crossed like this upon my breast,  
Of all little hands they are the best.

Oh, up and down the land may be  
Many a maiden just like me,  
But ne'er a happier one is seen  
Than mother's maid, little Wilhelmine.

## SILENT PETE; OR, THE STOWAWAYS.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOMMY TYLER," "MICHAEL'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.

## IN THE BOATS.

DURING the dreadful time that the boys waited for the boats to be made ready, Pete did not speak; he remained in Abe's arms without signs of life, save when at times he returned the pressure of Jerry's hand.

It was as impossible for the boys to see each other as it was for them to see the crew, who were working just abaft the foremast. By the hand-clasp only did they know that they were yet together, and from the sound of voices they understood that they had not been deserted. Abe did not attempt to cheer them. Perhaps, knowing the full peril to which they were exposed, he thought it best not to raise hopes that might prove false. He held Pete tightly in his arms, forced at times to exert all his strength to prevent the boy from being washed overboard; but he remained silent.

Jerry, as he tried to understand, from the noise the men made while they worked, what was being done, concluded that both the boats had been made ready, but that the Captain delayed launching them in the hope that the wreck might float until morning. One of the masts had fallen at the time the brig had been run into, or at least Jerry believed it had, for he heard the men cutting away the foremast only, which proved to him that the mainmast had already gone. He also heard them try the pumps from time to time, and not knowing that they were "choked," thus being useless, wondered why an attempt was not made to keep the vessel afloat by relieving her of some of the weight of water in the hold that was gradually drawing her beneath the waves. Jerry was more than willing to remain where he was, even though he knew the brig was sinking, for he believed that their destruction would be certain if they took to the boats.

But it was destined that neither the Captain's nor Jerry's hopes were to be realized. After the foremast had been cut away, the brig continued to settle as rapidly as before, and even as Jerry was thinking that the *Clio* would surely float until daybreak, the order was given to lower the boats.

It surely seemed little less than madness to look for safety in those frail craft, or even to attempt to launch them in the darkness, and while the gale raged so furiously; but there was nothing else that could be done with the least shadow of a chance of success, and both officers and men were thoroughly well aware how desperate was the situation.

"Follow me, and every time I give the word, hold on as tight as you can to whatever comes handiest, or you'll be washed overboard," Abe shouted in Jerry's ear; and then he started aft, clinging to the rail as he literally crawled along the deck, which was already at such an angle as to render walking an impossibility.

In the darkness and confusion Jerry never rightly understood how the boats were launched without being overturned. He heard Captain Sproul tell Abe to "put the boys in the long-boat, and make them lie under the thwarts," and he knew that this precaution was taken to guard against their being washed overboard. When they were in that position, and he had clasped Pete in his arms, he was puzzled to make out what the little musician was carrying under his jacket, holding it tightly even though it was apparent from his labored breathing that he was in great pain.

"What is it you've got, Pete?—why, I do believe it's Sweetness."

"Of course it is," replied Pete. "You didn't think I could leave her there to drown, did you?"

"I know you'd want to bring it with you if you could; but fiddles can't drown, for they'll float."

"Sweetness wouldn't live, that's sure," said Pete, as tenderly as if he had been speaking of some living thing. "I couldn't have got in the boat and left her on the vessel alone."

"But how did you get her? It was so dark in the fore-castle that I couldn't have found her if I had hunted till this time."

"I had left her at the back of the berth before the storm began, and when the vessel rolled so bad, I buttoned her under my jacket. I'm afraid she got broke when we fell out; but I've kept her as well as I could. Jerry, it was all my fault that we came on the *Clio*, for you never would have done such a thing if I hadn't wanted to get to New York."

"Now you don't know anything about that. I might have started in the brig if I had never seen you."

"I don't believe so, Jerry, for you always liked New Orleans. But you won't be mad with me, Jerry, 'cause you've had such a hard time trying to do what I wanted, will you?"

"Mad with you, Pete?" replied Jerry, as if surprised at such a question. "I couldn't be that, whatever happened; and when it's because I've come with you, why, I couldn't do it nohow. P'raps we won't ever get to the land, old man, and if we shouldn't, and should both go up in the sky— You've never done anything bad, Pete, and p'raps you could help me through—'cause you've got a father and a mother there—even if I have been pretty bad."

Pete reached up, regardless of Sweetness's safety, took Jerry's face in his hands, and kissed him softly, tenderly, much as kisses are given to the dying. Then he said, "You've always been better than me, Jerry, for somehow I never could do any good to folks, and when we tell God all you've done for me since mother died, He'll be glad to see you."

"Such a little thing as that won't count, Pete," said Jerry, gravely. And then, after a short pause, he said, in a more cheerful tone: "Well, if we don't ever get back to

the shore, we'll stay together like this till we are— Just to think that you brought Sweetness, and I never thought of her!"

"I couldn't forget, for, except you, Sweetness is all I've got in this world to love. Put your arm around my neck, Jerry, and if the boat does tip over, put your face close up to mine, so's I can feel you when we're in the water."

Jerry drew the little fellow even closer to him, and, with the violin between them under Pete's jacket, the two boys lay silently in the bottom of the boat that was as an egg-shell on the tumult of waters.

The morning came, and while it was difficult for either of the boys to realize that the sea was any less violent than it had been, Jerry heard the men congratulating each other because the gale was abating so rapidly. In an hour after the sun rose, the little boat was riding gallantly over the heavy seas, with a small lug-sail set, and the Captain told the boys that they might sit on the thwart, which was an agreeable change for them, cramped as they had been in the bottom of the boat.

The cook told them that they were within sight of Cape Hatteras, and that if the wind did not die away entirely, the party would be safe on shore before night. The long-boat had been skilfully handled by Captain Sproul, who had remained constantly at the helm; but whether the other boat, which was in charge of the first officer, had fared as well, no one could say, since she was nowhere to be seen.

It was not until after Abe had been talking with the boys for some moments, explaining the situation to them, that either he or Jerry noticed the marked change that had come over Pete, and then both saw it at the same time. The little fellow had made no complaint since he had been taken from under the crushed berth, but it was only too evident that he had been severely injured. The extreme pallor of his face and the flecks of blood that appeared on his colorless lips told of his suffering, and Jerry asked quickly, his own face growing pale from apprehension as he grasped the little fellow's hand, "What is the matter, Pete? What makes you look so bad?"

"I ain't sick," replied the boy, with a feeble attempt at a smile, "but I've got such an ache here;" and he laid his hand on his chest, wincing with pain under the pressure even of his own touch.

"What is it, lad?" asked Captain Sproul, who had heard the words and seen the gesture.

"I think he was hurt last night, sir," replied Abe, quickly. "He got thrown under one of the berths, and the dunnage piled a-top of him until he was reg'larly pinned down by splintered boards."

"Take off his jacket, and find out if there are any bones broken."

Abe, assisted by Jerry, proceeded to obey the command by first taking from under Pete's jacket the violin, crushed and broken now like its master, but still as dear as ever in his eyes. Jerry awaited in agonized suspense the brief examination. The little musician's chest was so sore that, without causing the poor boy a great deal of unnecessary pain, it was impossible to do very much toward learning the extent of his injuries; but the cook was quite positive that no bones had been broken.

If no bones were broken, Jerry consoled himself with the thought that Pete could not be in a very critical condition, and firmly believed that the little fellow would be well again as soon as they were on shore once more, while the boy himself gave color to this idea by showing far more concern about the damage done to Sweetness than about his own injuries. The violin had not been broken beyond all hope of mending, although it appeared to be a total wreck, and Pete sat gazing at it with such an air of sadness as, together with the evidences of bodily pain on his face, made a very pitiful-looking boy of him.

"Don't you feel bad about Sweetness," Jerry said, in a low tone. "I've got all the money I had when we started, and we'll have her mended the first thing we do when we land."

"Oh, the fiddle is all right," Abe said, in a very decided and positive tone, as he looked critically at the battered instrument. "I reckon I can set it up just as good as new when we are where we can find some glue. If we've come safe out of as bad a wreck as the *Clio* made, we hadn't ought to fret very much over a broken fiddle."

Pete took the instrument from Abe much as if he resented the expression "broken fiddle" as applied to such a faithful friend as Sweetness had been to him, and Jerry whispered:

"Don't you take on about her, old man, for we'll have her all right again by to-morrow, and when she talks to you once more, you won't even know that she's been wrecked."

As may be supposed, Captain Sproul and those of the crew who had taken refuge in the long-boat, had other matters to occupy their attention besides Pete and Sweetness. Although so far they had been preserved when it had seemed almost impossible that any could be saved, the little boat was so far from land as to make it doubtful if they could reach it before night if the wind should die away. There were many dangers, perhaps, yet to be encountered, and at noon the wind, which had been growing fainter each hour since the sun had risen, hauled around to the westward, blowing directly off shore. The sea was yet far too angry to admit of tacking in order to gain the land, for to have steered the boat directly across the foam-capped waves would have been certain destruction.

Twice during the day was bread, meat, and water served out to the shipwrecked ones. Jerry ate his portion as quickly as did the sailors; but Pete had lost all appetite, and when urged by Abe to "stow away as much as he could," he was forced to admit that the pain in his chest was so great as to prevent him from swallowing the food. Under the circumstances there was nothing that could be done for the little sufferer, save to clear a place in the bottom of the boat that he might lie down, and Jerry sat by his side trying to soothe him with whispered accounts of what they would do when they were on shore again.

With but sufficient sail to enable the little boat to escape the cross-seas that had risen since the change of wind, and which threatened each moment to break over her stern, the land had faded slowly away, until, about an hour before sunset, it was hardly more than a cloud on the western horizon. Even the most hopeful now despaired of reaching a place of safety that night, and a dull silence settled upon the crew, save Abe and the Captain, who did all in their power to cheer their companions.

The fact that they had not sighted the boat of which the first officer had command caused the most lively fears for the safety of those who had taken refuge in her. At the time of abandoning the brig it was agreed that both boats should be steered on the same course, and unless this one had been swamped, she should have been seen at some time during the day. The Captain thought it possible that Mr. Harding, fearing to run before the wind, had hove to until the gale abated; but even in such case the boat should have been sighted by noon unless, as was possible, her course had been changed in order to gain the land south of the cape, instead of north.

As the sun sank below the horizon, and the mantle of night descended upon the waters, the waves grew higher under the influence of the rapidly increasing wind, and the spray dashed over the little boat until it was no longer possible for Pete to lie down without being completely drenched. Two men were detailed to bale the water out, otherwise the boat would have been swamped, and Pete was given a seat on one of the thwarts between Abe and Jerry, whose bodies sheltered him somewhat from the fly-





"WHAT IS THE MATTER, PETE? WHAT MAKES YOU LOOK SO BAD?"

ing spray. Both the boys tried to keep their eyes shut that they might not see the towering walls of water that rose above the frail craft, threatening her with destruction, or the hollows of the waves into which the boat darted as if bent on plunging to the bottom of the sea.

"It's no use to think of what might happen," Abe said, as a wave more threatening than the others rose above the boat, and he felt a shudder pass over Pete, while Jerry involuntarily clutched his arm. "Men, and even boys, have been in worse places than this through a shipwreck, and lived to tell the story. Just think that we might be somewhere out of the track of vessels, where there wouldn't be one chance in a thousand of our being picked up. But instead of that we are right in the course of every ship that approaches the coast, and you might say that we're certain of seeing a dozen by sunrise to-morrow."

"Were you ever shipwrecked before, Abe?" asked Jerry, more for the purpose of starting a conversation that would take their thoughts from the terrible realities of their situation than from any desire to gain knowledge.

"Yes, once, on the Pacific Ocean," replied the cook, and this time it was he who shuddered. "Don't let's talk about it, for it wouldn't be exactly the sort of a yarn to spin just now."

"Was Captain Sproul with you?" persisted Jerry.

"Yes, he was first mate; and to compare our situation now with what it was then makes it seem that we are as safe as if we were already ashore. How do you feel, Pete?"

"I guess I don't ache so bad as I did," replied the little

fellow, in a tremulous voice; but Jerry knew that he tried to speak cheerfully only to reassure those who were anxious concerning him, and that he was suffering quite as much as ever.

"Lean against me all you can, lad, for it may ease you a bit. Jerry, sit close to him to keep the spray off, and if either of you can go to sleep, do so, for it looks now as if we'd got an all-night job of it, and no mistake."

When the morning dawned, each one in the long-boat scanned the horizon carefully in the hope of seeing some friendly sail, even before it was light enough to have distinguished a vessel three miles away, and as the sun dispelled the gloom of the early day all could see, hardly more than five miles away, a large three-masted schooner bearing directly down upon them.

What a shout went up from the shipwrecked ones then! Even little sick Pete joined in it, and how eagerly every one watched the approach of the stranger! Nearer and nearer she came, until when she was within half a mile of the long-boat, she came up into the wind with all her sails fluttering an invitation for those in distress to come on board.

The men bent to the oars; the little boat that had been tossed and buffeted by the waves on the night previous now seemed to dance over them joyously, and in a few moments those who had been so bowed down by despair were safe on board the *Sea-Gull*, bound from Key West to New York.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## THE DESERT FAIRY'S GIFT.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOESE," "JO'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

## Part XX.

WHILE All-fair stood there enjoying this calm flood of light which had so much peacefulness in it, the voice of the Desert Fairy sounded, and looking around, the traveller saw her unknown friend standing at a little distance and smiling very complacently upon her visitor.

"Now, my dear," she said, kindly, "let me congratulate you on your safe arrival here. Very many people set out on that journey, but few accomplish it."

"Why?" said All-fair, quickly. The light of the



DID ANYONE LAUGH?  
THE  
LORD CHAMBERLAIN  
ASKED SEVERELY



ONLY  
MYSELF

WAS HIS  
SMILING ANSWER

hallway had made her feel at once so rested and happy that she could not remember all the perils and fatigue of her journey.

"I think," said the Desert Fairy, "it is because they take all their gifts with them—gifts like your badge, for example. You never could have reached here had you worn that fatal badge, nor if you had resisted Still-small-voice's suggestions."

"Well, I am here now, at all events," said All-fair. Perhaps she dreaded being preached at too long.

The Desert Fairy laughed. "And you wish your gift, I suppose," she said, in a pleasant manner.

All-fair followed her hostess up a long staircase where the lights lin-

gered, and thence down to a dark corridor, where the Desert Fairy opened a closet door, taking out a vial, which she showed the Princess. It contained a colorless liquid.

"This is your gift," she said, solemnly. "It is just what you and your court need, but I cannot tell you its value until you yourself have tested it. Return, by the same route you took in coming, to your castle. When you have reached there, cause a room to be prepared with a large mirror swinging from the wall. Stand before the mirror, and rub a few drops of the liquid on its surface. The result will determine whether the gift is of any value. Any one in your court may use it, and if possible urge all to do so. The vial will never be empty."

"How can I find my way home?" All-fair inquired, a little timidly; for it was nearly nightfall, and she now recalled the miseries of her first journey.

"As you pass through the Hall of Light down-stairs," said the Desert Fairy, "some of its rays will cling to you, and in any dark spot you have only to appeal to them, and they will shine forth. You are entitled to them for having made the journey and passed into that hall, which, as I said, few people ever reach. Then, again, the roadway is full of flowers, which bloomed after each of your kindly or gentle deeds, so, although your journey may be long, it cannot be so perilous."

All-fair set forth, and found the Desert Fairy's predictions true at every step. There were the flowers marking her way, and when the road darkened she had only to call upon the beams that followed her, and the whole earth seemed illuminated, her own particular pathway being indicated in a manner which it was impossible to mistake. Therefore, in spite of much fatigue and many privations, All-fair pursued her journey joyfully, and was delighted to find, on reaching the gateway of her own palace, that Prince Great-heart was just riding in, having come once more to see the famous Princess whose cruelty to the poor beggar-woman had so alarmed him on the previous occasion, yet toward whom he again felt attracted.

All-fair was surprised to find that no one knew her, and at first it chilled and dismayed her, but on going to her own apartments she proved that she was her very self by calling each official by name and examining into the affairs of the kingdom in such a business-like manner that she set the whole palace in commotion. But there was no time to conceal bad management or put on deceptive appearances, and in a short time all who had filled their places of trust badly were groaning in the dungeons of the castle.

Meanwhile the room with the mirror was prepared, and bidding all her attendants to remain behind, All-fair took the Desert Fairy's vial in her hand and entered the room alone.

It was impossible for the Princess not to know how great was her beauty, since for seventeen years it had been on every lip—the theme of poets and of painters, and reflected by every glass that she gazed into, yet as she stood before the long mirror on this occasion a sense of her own wondrous loveliness flooded her whole being with new delight. She put her hands out with a cry of delight, and holding each side of the silver frame of the mirror, brought her own smiling lips close to those reflected in the glass, kissing the vision of herself with a happy feeling of affection for so enchanting a spectacle. She had put on her daintiest robe of gossamer and bees' wings broi'dery, her golden hair filleted with a band of precious stones flowed over her shoulders and down her back, and the arms stretched forth toward the Princess in the glass were strung with pearls.

"Ah! I am beautiful!" cried the Princess, stepping back from the mirror. "No wonder I am called All-fair."

The vial had fallen from her hand, and now the silver toe of her slipper touched it. She picked it up eagerly,

remembering that the Desert Fairy had said its value could only be decided after she had tried it.

The stopper was taken out. The Princess taking two or three drops upon her finger, and glancing around to make very sure she was alone, stepped forward and began slowly to rub the liquid on the clear surface of the glass. Scarcely had it touched it before it spread around and around in an ever-widening circle, illuminating the mirror as it went, until at last such a shining glass as All-fair never dreamed of was before her.

But what was this? With a low cry of horror, yet a growing fascination for what she saw presented, All-fair gazed and gazed into the mirror, calling upon Fairy Still-small—voice to aid her in understanding the mystery of the magic mirror.

An hour later the entire court was panic-stricken by an announcement that the Princess All-fair had desired her mother to accompany her to the throne, and there review the court. Prince Great-heart, as an honored guest, was given a place as near the throne as possible, while the officials not in chains formed imposing semicircles at either side, and the ladies and gentlemen of the court in gorgeous array made up a picture the like of which had not been seen since All-fair took the government of the court into her own hands.

Every one was eager to know what the Princess meant to do, especially as since she had returned from the magic mirror her face was pale and sad, and her manner peculiarly anxious.

As soon as all were assembled, she rose and summoned the Lord Chamberlain to the foot of the throne. Handing him the key of the room and the magic vial, she gave him directions how to use the latter, desiring him to return as speedily as possible. The Lord Chamberlain bowed low, and as he did so his wig fell to the ground. "Did any one laugh?" he asked, severely, as he picked up his movable head of hair. But no one had laughed; somehow the court officials did not feel inclined to be merry just now. So his lordship repaired to the magic mirror in obedience to his royal mistress's commands, and when half an hour had gone by, and no sign of the Lord Chamberlain appeared, the Princess asked Great-heart to go in search of him. The Prince remained away about ten minutes, returning with the vial, and declaring that the Lord Chamberlain had fled from the palace, at the same time explaining that he had waited to rub on a few drops of the liquid for himself.

Upon this the Princess's cheek paled again, and she bent forward to ask him in a whisper what he saw.

"Only myself," was his smiling answer, whereupon the Princess gave a great sigh of relief, and summoning the officer next in rank to the Chamberlain, sent him on a like errand.

And so she went through the entire court. Some came back pale and dismayed; some fled from the palace; others returned to fall upon their knees and entreat forgiveness for their many faults; a few appeared calm as Prince Great-heart, and wondered what the Princess had meant by sending them to look at themselves in a long glass.

However, the Princess knew very well what she was about, and before a week had gone by she had set up such a variety of reforms that the court and the kingdom were turned inside out and upside down, finally settling into a state of such perfect behavior that All-fair's reputation as a wise and just sovereign spread all over the world. And then she sent a humble petition begging her father to resume his crown and sceptre; but the old King was enjoying his country life too much to leave it for any court on earth, and, moreover, he was delighted by the Princess's marvellous government. There was neither cheating nor deception, no defrauding of laborers nor oppression of the poor; and why? what was it that had created the

change? The courtiers never told if they knew, and even after Prince Great-heart married the Princess, and people came from far and near to ask his advice, he could not exactly explain how the Princess contrived to have a court and a country under such perfect management, so honestly governed, so kindly ruled.

Well he knew that directly any one did wrong, the Princess at once conducted the culprit to the room of the magic mirror, but as no one ever told his or her experience therein, the meaning of this curious kind of punishment was never known. Sometimes, on leaving the room, she promptly forgave a criminal whose offence had seemed unpardonable, and her only excuse was that "it was right to do so," but who told her, or how her decision was effected, not even Prince Great-heart could divine.

The secret might have died with the Princess but for the fact that the Prince grew so annoyed over the mystery attending it that he flew into a rage one day, and abused his wife roundly.

To his complete surprise she only laughed with glee. "Now I can tell you!" she exclaimed. "You need the mirror yourself. Come—come quickly."

And taking him by the hand, she fairly flew along the corridors to the door of the room, which she opened with trembling fingers, the Prince, still in a rage, following her, until they stood before the mirror.

"Quickly! quickly!" she cried, afraid that his wrath would cool. "Rub the liquid on for yourself."

The Prince very nearly dashed the whole contents of the bottle on the glass, but curiosity as well as anger governed him, and he obeyed the Princess's instructions.

Looking with blazing eyes into the long glass, he saw himself, not as he appeared ordinarily, handsome, courteous, manly, and good, but as in that moment of anger he really was. He could see his heart, and see the anger working therein sending out little shoots of flame that burned up all the good and noble feelings within him, and which would have stifled his better nature forever had they lasted. He saw now why the mirror had shown him nothing unexpected before, since then his exterior self was a true reflection of both heart and soul.

How sad a spectacle had the Princess seen on that first occasion of using the Desert Fairy's gift! She had seen suddenly laid bare her very heart with all its own miserable little follies, carelessness, and self-indulgence, but still-small-voice had whispered that by means of this mirror, of seeing herself as she really was, all could be conquered, and good prevail in its stead. So when any one flattered her, instead of accepting it all as in old times, All-fair flew to the mirror, and beheld herself as she really was; if she did an evil deed, she sought the same counsellor, which made it impossible for her to rest until the fault was repaired or the weakness cast out. But the power of the mirror could not be explained, and as Great-heart had always been good and upright and sincere, All-fair had no means of telling him its secret.

From this hour the fame of the magic mirror spread far and wide. People came from great distances, asking to be allowed to visit the room so famous for improving the minds and natures of the Princess's courtiers; but the only explanation they or any one could offer of the good result was that the mirror taught them how to govern themselves—an art which, once learned, made governing other people very easy and successful. Great was the dismay of the court when, on the deaths of All-fair and the Prince, the mirror and vial vanished.

Some say that the Desert Fairy carried them away to her castle, and that no one has been found willing to undertake the humiliation of a journey in search of them; but in the country of All-fair, for generations after her reign, people were wont to say of any good person, "He must have looked in the Princess's mirror," while of a bad one the reverse was declared, all wishing that even

for a short space of time the mirror might be returned to them. But, so far as I have heard, nothing of it has ever been seen again, and it is feared that, in despair of ever finding a suitable owner, the Desert Fairy threw out the contents of the vial, and broke the mirror into fragments, once and for all.

THE END.

## AN APRIL FAIR.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

NOT an April-fool, but an April fair, held in the pleasant rooms of the Industrial School Association, 141 South Third Street, Brooklyn, E. D. Having known something about this association and its work ever since it was begun, I am glad to ask you to listen while, this bright May morning, I tell you about its fair.

A fair, as my little friends know, is never held just for fun. Its object is to make money that may be given away for some useful purpose. The managers of this School and Home have not room enough to take in all the children who need care and shelter, and so they are building a new and large house. Some time ago they did build a wing, and now they wish to erect a "centre building." When that shall be completed and paid for, they will no doubt set about having fairs and raising money to build the other wing. Before any wing was built they tucked the children as cosily as they could into an old-fashioned mansion, which had once been the home of a rich man.

When I entered the building on the second evening of the fair, a pretty sight met my eyes. The walls were covered with our dear American flag, and the tables were loaded with beautiful pieces of needle-work, paintings, queer packages, china, fans, all sorts of dainty devices, and gay bits of bric-à-brac. Motherly ladies and lovely girls were as busy as bees in waiting on the throngs of buyers. But I looked past all these to the centre of the room, where around the piano a number of the Home boys and girls, standing in a circle, were led by their kind teacher in merry songs. One refrain was,

"Buy a brick, buy a brick, to help our building on."

And it rang out in such a jolly way that it coaxed a good many five-cent pieces out of coat pockets and purses. Five cents pays for a brick.

On a table which made no particular show there were specimens of mending, patching, and darning done by the children. I did not wonder that the lady who sat here exhibited this work with pride; for it is a great accomplishment to know how to patch a boy's trousers neatly, to set a piece into the worn-out knees, to darn an immense hole in the heel of a stocking so smoothly that the wearer would never know it was darned. And I wish I could make such button-holes as one dear child of twelve had made. I am afraid I never shall. They were beautiful button-holes. The ladies of this part of Brooklyn take great interest in the sewing classes of this institution, and spend a good deal of time in teaching the children.

Yet many of the visitors would have found the most attractive spot, not in the bustling fair room, but away upstairs where the babies and the younger children were fast asleep in cribs and beds, or away down-stairs where the breakfast table, with plates and mugs, was set for the next morning. One hundred and sixty-four children are cared for here—cared for with wise and loving thoughtfulness. They have Christmas and Fourth of July as other children do. They all go to Sunday-school; and when the Fresh-air Fund is large enough, the managers take them for a summer outing, sometimes to Coney Island, sometimes to Prospect Park. I hope they receive HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, for I am sure they would enjoy reading this story of themselves and their fair.









## CHIPPY'S DRAGON.

BY JOHN HARBERTON.

AUTHOR OF "HILLY'S FABLES," "WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?" ETC.

CHIPPY was not the name which the only child in the Ransom family received when he was baptized; his father and mother gave it to him because, like the "chippy" birds in the bushes, he chattered and chirped a great deal about everything that occurred within sight of him. He was a country boy, having been born on a farm about five hundred miles from New York, and at least ten miles from a town of any kind; so he had never seen an electric light, or a steam-boat, or a horse-car; as for railroads, he had never seen even a toy locomotive.

And yet he knew a great deal. Although only seven years old, he could teach any city boy all about horses and cows, and a great deal about dogs. He knew all the birds by sight and name, and although he never robbed their nests of eggs, he knew just where they lived. Show him a hill a mile away, and he could tell on which side of it you would find the spring flowers earliest; he could also, on looking over a large tract of ground, tell just where one should walk if one didn't care to see snakes. As for wild strawberries, he could find them before his father would know they were ripe.

Chippy could not read; as, however, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was not published when he was a boy, this was not as great a misfortune as it would be now. But he was not entirely ignorant of books; his mother told him about hundreds of things printed in the Bible and the *History of the United States*. Among his mother's few books, however, Chippy's favorite was an old volume of fairy stories, for in this there were pictures, and these he was sure he understood. One of them was of a dragon—a long monster composed of many joints, with a head unlike any animal on the farm or in the woods. This head had a single great bright eye, which terrified every one upon whom it gazed, and a mouth which breathed out fire and poisonous air. The dragon lived in a mountain, out of a hole in which the picture showed him coming, and he swallowed every human being he met, no matter how many he had already eaten. The story explained that he was finally killed by a brave youth with golden hair and blue eyes, who threw a red scarf in the dragon's face, and exclaimed, "Be thou destroyed!" And Chippy used to dream about that dragon, and wish he could meet him, for his own hair was yellow and his eyes were blue, and he did not think it would be hard to find a red scarf, for in the picture this looked very much like a common handkerchief.

Soon after Chippy's seventh birthday his father sold his little farm, and, putting all his household goods in a single wagon, moved to another farm twenty-five miles distant. The journey was a great event for Chippy, who had never before been five miles from home, and the boy was terribly disappointed at reaching the new home after dark, for it did not seem to him that everything could be right until he had looked at it and found it satisfactory.

This feeling oppressed Chippy's mind all night, and woke him very early in the morning. He dressed himself quickly, went out, and looked around. He could not find any fault with the new farm, for there were plenty of cherry-trees near the house, a brook behind the barn, and a pond not far away, in which he found pollywogs that looked just like those he had known for years. Then he saw a tree with which he had never before been acquainted; so he tramped to it and examined it, after which he made his way toward a hill not half a mile away, for, young though he was, he knew by experience that a hill-top was the best of all places for a long outlook.

Scarcely had he reached the foot of the hill when he saw a sharp cliff on one side of it, and in the cliff was a great dark hole.

"I declare, it looks just like the dragon's hole," said Chippy to himself. Then he made up his mind that he could spare a few minutes to watch for the dragon, so he lay down, prudently selecting a thick bush to hide him, lest the dragon, if he really lived there, should see and swallow him.

Lying on the ground is not a very spirited way of passing time, and Chippy was just beginning to wonder if it would not be better to look about and see if that country had not some new flowers to put on his mother's breakfast plate, when from the hole came a dull noise, and then an awful shriek which made Chippy clap his fingers to his ears.

"I do believe I've found the dragon's den!" exclaimed Chippy to himself. Then he wished himself at home and in bed—no, under the bed. He had enough curiosity, though, to raise his head slightly, and peep through an open space in the bush at the hole in the cliff. Suddenly, however, he dropped his head, for he saw a great fiery eye—the very eye he had heard of in the story and seen in his dreams; he also saw the breath of fire or sparks—and he was sure he breathed the poisonous air which the dragon blew out, for something that entered his own lungs made him cough dreadfully.

Surer than all other evidence, however, were the people he saw inside the monster, for they were real people, and although none of them were crying, none looked at all happy. The noise made by the monster was simply terrific, and Chippy did not dare to move until it stopped; then he peered carefully around, and finally arose, but no dragon could be seen or heard. What did it mean? What should he have done? If he had not been so scared he might have slain the dragon, if he had been able to throw a red scarf in its face, and if he had owned a scarf.

"I wonder if my cap wouldn't have done as well as a scarf?" said Chippy. "It's made of red flannel, and I don't believe the dragon would have known it from a scarf. I wish I'd thought of that."

Then Chippy lay down again, and spent some time in wishing, as a great many millions of grown people had done before him, that he might be able to think a little quicker. A few minutes thus spent taught him that the ground was more cold than comfortable, so he arose and started for home to tell his father and mother all he had seen. Just then, however, he again heard a noise in the direction of the hole in the cliff; after that he heard a shriek, and turning his head, he saw again the great bright, blazing eye.

"I'll bet an ear of pop-corn that I'll catch that dragon this time!" exclaimed Chippy. "He runs pretty fast, but I guess I can head him off."

So saying, Chippy ran as fast as he could in the direction the dragon had taken. His steps were suddenly stopped by a cut in the side of the hill, but by that time the dragon's head was so far out of the hole that it could see anything near by, so Chippy snatched his red cap from his head and shook it at the monster, ready to throw it as soon as he could be sure of his aim. And all the while he roared, as only a seven-year-old boy can, "Be thou destroyed!"

In an instant the dragon gave two short screams, but they were long enough to reach from Chippy's ears all the way to his toes. It did not seem at first as if the monster would be killed by a make-believe scarf that was only a red cap, but it seemed to slow its motion, and just as Chippy was about to throw the cap the dragon wheezed and groaned and rattled, and then became as still as death.

Instantly a number of people appeared from the inside of the dragon. In the fairy story these people all knelt at the feet of the brave youth who had rescued them from a horrible fate, and they gave him gold and jewels, and begged him to marry the king's daughter. Chippy had no desire to marry a princess or any one else, but he

was just thinking how nice it would be to carry his mother some gold with which to buy all the things he had heard her say she would need at the new house, when he noticed that none of the people who were approaching him seemed to think of kneeling down. Then a sharp-eyed man in a striped shirt and dirty hands said, "Well, youngster, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Chippie, modestly, "except that I've slain the dragon."

"Oh, drop your ancient history!" said the sharp-eyed man. "Is anything the matter with the track around the curve?"

"Track?" said Chippie. He did not know what else to say for a moment, and suddenly the sharp-eyed man took him by the throat. Then Chippie shouted:

"Oh, please don't! 'Twas I that killed the dragon and saved your lives."

"Dragon!—saved lives?" exclaimed the sharp-eyed man. "I didn't know there was a lunatic asylum in this neighborhood. Why, you little idiot, do you know what you've done? You've stopped the Lightning Express, and she was thirty-five minutes behind time already."

Chippie wasn't any wiser then than before, but some one shouted, "All aboard!" upon which the people, including the sharp-eyed man, hurried back, and the monster started again, and in a single minute Chippie found himself entirely alone. As he could not understand it at all, he hurried home and told the story to his father and mother, and they listened very kindly, and when Chippie had finished, his father said,

"My dear little boy, that wasn't a dragon; it was a railroad train coming out of a tunnel."

"Oh!" said Chippie.

All this happened so long ago that Chippie now has some gray hairs. But to this day he cannot look a locomotive in the face without blushing.

#### HOW THE CZAR AROUSED A SLEEPER.

"THE hardest bit of work I ever did in my life," said Colonel B—, as we sat together over our samovar (tea-urn) in a little post-house on the shoulder of Mount Kazbak, half-way across the Central Caucasus, "was bringing despatches from the Crimea to the Czar Nikolai Pavlovitch (Nicholas, son of Paul) in January, 1855. It was no joke being in the army then, I can tell you; for the Emperor and those who were under him made no allowance for bad weather or bad roads, want of food and transport, sickness, or anything of that sort. When an order was given, you had to obey it somehow, and if you couldn't, so much the worse for you.

"Of course there were no railways in southern Russia then, or we wouldn't have lost so many men in our march to Sebastopol, and for more than a week I was flying over the snow day and night in a sledge as if a pack of wolves were after me—as they *were*, by-the-bye, once or twice during the voyage. You've been across Central Asia yourself, and you'll know what work I had of it, snatching a little food and sleep when I could, and going without when I couldn't. Once I awoke just as I was falling out of the sledge, and found the driver asleep too, and the horses going at full speed, so that I should never have been missed, and should just have been frozen to death where I lay.

"At last I reached Moscow, and drove through the Kremlin to the new palace, where the Czar then was. They brought me to him at once, and I gave him my despatches. I had just time to notice how worn and haggard he looked (this was only a few weeks before his death, you know), when I lurched back against the wall, and fell asleep *standing*.

"Presently—so I learned afterward—the Czar looked

up to ask me some question, and there was I fast asleep on my feet! He spoke to me, touched me, shook me—no use! At last he bent down and shouted in my ear,

"'Vashé blagorodié, lozhadi gotovi' (your honor, the horses are ready).

"At the sound of the words that had been ringing in my ears for eight days and nights I started upright as if I'd been shot, which I fully expected to be when I found that I'd been sleeping in the Czar's own presence. But he only laughed, and told me to go home and rest, and I assure you I was mighty glad to get off so cheaply."

#### THE REIGN OF FIRE.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

YOU remember, I hope, that besides the water and the air that helped to fashion our beautiful earth out of the globe of rock covered by a heated ocean which existed in the past, another force has been mentioned—fire. Fire is still working day and night in changing the world, but it is mostly underground.

Air and water are as much levellers as they are builders. If only these two forces had been at work, the mountains would gradually have been brought low, and the valleys exalted, till finally every rock and island would have been worn down and buried in the depths of the sea. The world would have returned to the condition it had been in thousands of years before, only it would be cooler.

But the internal fires were there to upset all this gradual change. They were never at rest. Again and again the sea bottom was lifted up, and became dry land, and the waters gathered together in new hollows.

Miners who go down into the earth for coal and iron find, after a certain distance, that it grows steadily warmer and warmer as they descend. If the heat of the earth goes on increasing at this rate, at thirty miles below the surface of the earth the heat would be so intense as to melt even iron or stone. As a matter of fact, things melt a great deal more easily when they are open to the air than when they are under pressure. Down deep in the earth the pressure of the rocks above is tremendous, and this gets heavier the deeper it is. So there is a battle between the heat and the pressure down deep in the earth, and whether the rocks there are melted or solid depends on which is the stronger. Some people think that all but a thin shell over the outside of the world is red-hot liquid; others think it is hot enough to be liquid, but that the pressure keeps it solid. However this may be, whenever, from any cause, the pressure is sufficiently lightened, the melted stone and cinders and steam come rushing out. Volcanoes are the chimneys by which they escape.

The cool crust of the earth is a great deal thinner in proportion to the rest of the globe than an egg-shell is to the egg. In old geologic times the shell was thinner even than it is now. The fires then worked wonderful changes, the same in kind as they are working now, but much greater. The earth's crust—made of many layers of different kinds deposited by the water—was crumpled and torn and twisted in a most remarkable way.

The struggles of the internal fires often produce a sound and shaking—an earthquake. Suppose you were to lower a can of gunpowder (sealed up tight, and so arranged that it would go off in half an hour) into a pond. When the powder took fire it would explode, and as soon as the commotion reached the top of the water, a wave would spread out from the point above the explosion. An earthquake is such an explosion, only it is underground; the earth is thrown into waves, but instead of rocking and moving off as the water does, the ground, being solid, is torn and broken, and if the shock is severe, houses are thrown down and people destroyed. Sometimes things



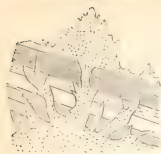


FIG. 1

From *Lyell's "Geology"*.

are thrown straight up into the air by an earthquake shock; at other times they are shaken backward and forward till they fall in ruins. The movement of the earth during a shock is at times a curious twisting motion, which has been known to turn pieces of furniture around so that their faces were to the wall. Rows of trees have been found all twisted out of line, though still growing, after such a shock. We are apt to think of earthquakes as being very rare, and so they are with us; but in hot countries they are so common that it is probable that some part of the earth is quaking all the time.

Sometimes, when the shock is not very severe, the earth cracks underneath, but the cracks do not quite come through. The melted stone then pours up and fills the

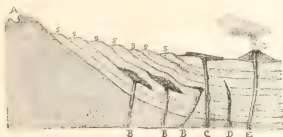


FIG. 2.—SECTION OF THE EARTH'S CRUST.

cracks (Fig. 1), and hardens there. The intense heat of the melted stone often changes the rock through which it flows. Limestone, which is a rather soft stone made up largely of shells, is turned into marble in this way. Marble, then, is merely "cooked" limestone.

In Fig. 2 you see a cut through a part of the earth's surface. At first, underneath all, was the melted stone; over this formed the layered rocks. Then the melted stone rose up, lifting the layers S S as it rose. As time went on, the air and water washed the layers from the top of the mountain, leaving it bare (A). After a while an earth-

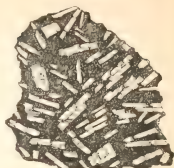
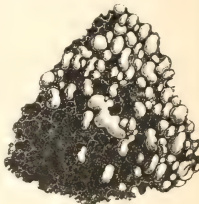
quake cracked the earth, and more melted rock poured up. At B the cracks only reached part of the way up, and the lava, after rising to the top of the crack, spread out between two layers. At C it reached the top and flowed over the ground, making a solid slab of volcanic rock on top of the layered rock. At E the lava came out with such a rush that it built up a little volcano there.

Very often, when one stone is melted in this way, the crystals of another kind of mineral are enclosed in it. (Fig. 3.) Here is another curious stone made by the fire. The lava cooled full of bubbles, and with these holes another mineral collected and hardened, as plaster of Paris fills a mould into which it is poured. The moulds were made by fire, though it was dissolved and not a melted mineral which filled them. (Fig. 4.)

A volcano, you know, is a mountain that sends out burning gases and lava and cinders. It is usually a high peak with a cup-like depression in the top, called a crater. The volcanoes of the world are found almost always near the sea, and nearly three-quarters of them are situated upon islands.

If you have a globe—or if you have not, a map of the world—put your finger on Terra del Fuego (the land of fire), at the very southern part of South America, then run it along the western coast of the two continents—the Andes and the Rocky Mountains being your guide—till you get to Alaska, where Asia and America almost touch; pass over to the Aleutian Islands and down by way of islands across the Indian and Pacific oceans back to Terra del Fuego again. Your finger will have passed over most of the large volcanoes in the world. It is as if the earth's crust were cracked all around in this irregular line, that the mountain chains were the raised edges of this crack, and that the crack gave way every now and then, and through the broken places melted stone and gas and flames rushed out.

Some of the grandest volcanoes in the world are in the Pacific islands. One of the Sandwich Islands is nothing but an immense volcano with three craters. The island has been built up by the outpouring of lava, which gradually lifted it, craters and all, out of the sea. One of these craters, Mount Kilauea, is an immense wide pit, large enough to hold a city. The rocky plain at the bottom of the pit, when there is an eruption, breaks up and

FIG. 3.—From *Lyell's "Geology"*.FIG. 4.—(From *Lyell's "Geology"*.)SANTORIN.—From *Widdell's "Sketches of Countries"*.



fills with lava. It is a wonderful sight to see these great lakes of red-hot melted stone boiling and bubbling like a great pot of boiling water, and the red-hot waves beating against the rocky shore, and spouting fountains of fire rising up here and there. In one eruption the weight of the lava was so great that it broke through the side of the crater, and ran down a river of living fire to the sea. When it met the water, great clouds of hissing steam spouted up, carrying the cooled and shattered lava with it.

The lava in Kilauea is often like clear glass, and when the bubbles burst in the boiling lake, it is drawn out into fine spun glass, which the wind collects in sheltered spots. The Sandwich-Islanders used to call it Pele's hair, because they believed their goddess Pele lived under the crater, and caused its eruptions. Since I wrote these words a curious thing has happened to Kilauea: the bottom has tumbled out of the crater. The boiling, fiery lakes and fountains suddenly sunk in, and left it a great dark abyss.

In the sea near the coast of Greece, more than 2000 years ago, the crater of a great volcano was lifted out of the water. It made a sort of horseshoe island, part of the rim having been broken away. This island is called Santorin. In the curve of the bay enclosed by the horseshoe several volcanoes have burst up since, and are still sending out steam and vapor. The water around them is hot, and is colored orange by the iron and other things thrown out by the volcanoes.

The volcanoes in Europe, such as Etna and Vesuvius, are different from Kilauea. Before an eruption loud

noises are heard, an earthquake shakes the ground, and then comes a sudden outpouring of lava and cinders and smoke. In one of these eruptions soon after the time of Christ two cities were buried by an overflow, one of mud and the other of cinders. A little more than a hundred years ago, in digging a well in a town that had grown up over the old one, the city was discovered. Imagine what a wonderful thing it must have been to walk those deserted streets, sealed up for nearly two thousand years, and find the houses, the baths, the libraries, almost uninjured! These buried cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, were destroyed (as was thought until their rediscovery, about the middle of the eighteenth century) in the year 79. Some day you will read about them in Bulwer-Lytton's fascinating romance *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

In Mexico, in a peaceful district where there were fine cotton plantations, a hundred and thirty years ago lived a rich planter quietly cultivating his crops. Suddenly one day loud and terrible noises were heard underground; earthquake shocks were felt. This went on for two months, and then all quieted down. After a few weeks of quiet, the noises began again, the ground for about four miles swelled up in a great bladder 500 feet high, which rose and fell, till finally a yawning gulf opened. Two rivers which before had flowed peacefully through the country plunged into this opening and were lost. Thousands of little mud volcanoes burst up all over the plain, an immense crater opened, and poured out such quantities of red-hot stones and ashes that it built up a range of six mountains. One of these is a volcano, called Jorulla, which has been active ever since.



"MAMMA, I'VE LOST THE SOAP."



COMPOSITION DAY

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

**I**N No. 537, Mrs. Chater made, as she supposed, a final acknowledgment of contributions received for the Monroe Chapel Fund, but the interest in dear little Fairfax Payne and her beautiful gift continues unabated, and to the former sum of \$263.30 our friend is now able to add a goodly amount, as the following letters will show. Mrs. E. M. Barnes has suggested that a portion of the money raised by her little friends should be devoted to founding a Sunday-school library for the church in Monroe, and this seems so fit a use for it that the thought will be carried into action. Fairfax will write her own thanks to the eight little girls who, through Mrs. Barnes, sent the proceeds of their fair, and with Mrs. Chater, must all be very glad that "fair little seed has fallen into good ground, and the harvest been gathered by willing hands and warm hearts."

## MONROE CHAPEL FUND.

|                                   |          |
|-----------------------------------|----------|
| Ridgefield Park Infant S. S. .... | \$1 25   |
| Mrs. E. M. Barnes .....           | 5 00     |
| Mrs. Smith .....                  | 50       |
| Harold Foster .....               | 50       |
| Mrs. H. S. Barnes .....           | 5 00     |
| Mrs. James Thorpe .....           | 5 00     |
| Clinton Avenue Infant S. S. ....  | 2 23     |
| Clinton Avenue Sunday-School ..   | 25 62    |
| Little Girls' Fair .....          | 90 00    |
| Through Postmistress .....        | \$135 10 |
| Previously acknowledged .....     | 142 10   |
| Total .....                       | \$305 40 |

If there are others who desire to contribute to the library, will they kindly send their offerings directly to Mrs. S. McR. Chater, Englewood, New Jersey?

Acknowledging the check of \$135.10 from Mrs. E. M. Barnes, of Brooklyn, I must thank that lady for the generous interest she has taken in this cause, and the substantial evidence of her work among her many friends in Brooklyn.

S. McR. CHATER.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

**DEAR POSTMISTRESS.**—Wouldn't you like to know of some good you have done? I am sure you would. I must begin in the middle of my story, as you have already published the first of it. Do you remember the letter from Englewood, New Jersey, telling of the *Southwestern* friends who sent little girl in North Carolina her beautiful long hair, that she might "sell it for the church." Well, that letter was sent in the *Englewood* Sunday-school, and it was the first of a new way of hearted little girls. These six little girls determined to help, in some way, their little Southern sister to raise money to build a church in a Southern town.

On Saturday, April 17, they held a fair in the Sunday-school room of the Clinton Avenue Church, and in three hours cleared ninety dol-

lars! I cannot tell you how much surprised the mammas and friends of these children were, for no one knew their *Southwestern* relatives so many articles for sale. The design and management of the fair were entirely their own. They sent for the hair of their Southern friend, and it was looked at and admired by many bright eyes.

It has occurred to me that perhaps if you, dear Postmistress, should publish the results of the effort these six little girls made, others might be inclined to a similar endeavor, and the story of the self-denial of the little North Carolinian, retold, might bring from the little friends at the North means to build that longed-for church. Will you retell it?

Please accept this letter and the suggestion it contains for what you may think them worth to your little readers. Your admiring friend, the proud mamma of one of the six.

Mrs. THEO. B. McLEOD.

Little readers who have forgotten or overlooked this story will find the original letter to which Mrs. McLeod refers, in the Post-office Box of No. 538.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

**DEAR POSTMISTRESS.**—I wrote to you once before, and you asked me if I had ever read "We Are Seven." Yes, but not until after you spoke of it. I have no pets except a baby brother three weeks old, the only boy in a family of five girls, of which I am the eldest. I go to Hammond Hall, or Salt Lake Academy; it is a two-story building, built of light red brick, with darker red brick around the windows and doors. My teacher is very pleasant. We have a sewing society; we call it "The Four O'Clocks," because that flower opens just about the time we have down Miss G. is President, Winny W. is Treasurer, and Ruth S. is Secretary. We meet every Monday at half past three, and stay an hour.

My school-mates and I will tell you all the things we make in a fair at Hammond Hall. We will have our fair in May. I will write again and tell you about our success.

MARIA C.

HARRISON, VIRGINIA.

I am a little boy seven years old. I go to school every day. I study reading, spelling, and geography. I have a little sister ten months old, and another little sister is just three years old. She is lame, and will never walk well as long as she lives. I like no pets. I have a bicycle, but I have many playthings. We have a large express wagon. My largest sister has a nice bicycle. I expect to get a sleigh next Christmas, and I am sure I will write to you. We receive HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every Saturday. Papa began reading "Silent Pete" last Sunday night. We have had one volume book. We think it is very nice.

AUGUSTUS ANSELL B.

MANKATO, MINNESOTA.

**DEAR POSTMISTRESS.**—I suppose you would hardly admit this letter to your delightful page of dear little notes from your dear little friends, public, but you know the democracy of childhood, so please let me post this to you all, and especially to my tiny sister Jo, who will always insist on being allowed the blessed privilege of cutting the leaves "her own self" of her loved HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, even when I happen to be interested too. The story of child life as it runs through each season in your bright little paper is a poem in itself, and just what the children should contemplate. A little mirror of life, they can see themselves as others see them, in a quaint, odd, pretty frame that belongs to no particular period of art, but to all centuries. I like no pets. I have a bicycle, but I have many playthings. We have a large express wagon. My largest sister has a nice bicycle. I expect to get a sleigh next Christmas, and I am sure I will write to you. We receive HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every Saturday. Papa began reading "Silent Pete" last Sunday night. We have had one volume book. We think it is very nice.

Very truly,

EMMA W. A.

**DEAR POSTMISTRESS.**—I am a little girl ten years old, and I have two sisters and three brothers. My oldest sister and brother have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a good while. I always wanted to send a letter to you, but I have had no chance; but my two cousins and I have written, and thought I would.

AMY B.

**DEAR POSTMISTRESS.**—I am a little girl of eight years old. My biggest sister has a cat and kittens, and some are pure black. My brother has two dogs, and one is a black dog and the other was so lonely that he gave it away.

BEATRICE B.

A FABLE.

There was once a man who began to be greatly troubled by numerous rabbits, which devoured his young grain trees, and he was one day told of a dog for sale, a remarkably fine hunter, and thinking it would be to his profit, he bought it and brought it home. The dog served

him faithfully, and soon reduced the rabbits considerably, continually bringing him numbers of them. On such occasions he was always rewarded him with praises and caresses, but never gave him any share of the game, having it all cooked for himself and his family. In course of time the dog, which was so honest to steal, soon starved to death, and the rabbits, returning in greater numbers than ever, soon utterly destroyed all his trees.

**Moral.**—Something more is needed in recompense for faithful service than empty honor.

E. B.

## THE THREE GOBLINS.

Once upon a time, in the land of Somewhere, there lived a Gnome King, who was generally supposed to be a magician. He reached a ripe old age, and died, but he died so suddenly that his death was very mysterious. However, as their suspicions were not very strong they did not say anything. Some after the King's death his will was publicly read, and it was stated in it that his skull and his favorite walking-stick should be riveted together to make a sceptre.

About two hundred years after this, when King Canetto, a descendant of the magician King, was reigning, his Grand Vizier happened to offend him, so the king's son, who was then head with his sceptre. To the surprise of Canetto and to his courtiers, the head of the sceptre split open, and out jumped three ugly goblins, who with their magic wand, quickly transformed the palace into a ship loaded with combustibles, and transferred it to the middle of the ocean. The goblins then went down to the bottom of the ship and lit the three different places. The ship was soon one mass of flame. The goblins were seen to escape among the smoke and flame in the form of vampires or bats. But the King and his courtiers were never heard of again.

CATHART, KENT, ENGLAND. HAROLD D. GOSSET 12.

NEW JASPER, OHIO.

I am a girl thirteen years old. I have been taking this delightful paper for nearly a year, and can hardly wait till Wednesday comes. My papa is a Methodist minister. I go to school, and study arithmetic, reading, writing, spelling, geography, grammar, and history. Our school is about a quarter of a mile from town; we take our dinners. At noon we go to the woods to take wild flowers. Do you not like them?

LIDA M. K.

I do not live where wild flowers grow.

But to gather them in the wood

Was the dearest pleasure I used to know,

And I really wish I could

Go out with you on a sunny day

To gather the beautiful flowers of May.

BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to a private school, and study arithmetic, history, spelling, and geography. I have a French name, like "Jo's Opportunity" and "Silent Pete" very much. I made some of the things for Christmas told about in "Brightie's Club." I think they were very nice. I like summer best because then we can go into the woods and have good times. I have a garden with my sister, and some violets have just begun to grow there. Do you not think they are very pretty? G. D. D.

Yes, indeed.

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.

When I last visited Tappanstown, I saw Washington, head-quarters, which is a very nice place, also a part of Andr's monument, and the house where Andr and his men were kept prisoners. The house is a very queer-looking building, with stone and wood. I have seen a saucer were shown us, with many other things. We are enjoying a very pleasant vacation now. Flossie and I have been to the woods, and every day we find beautiful anemones, and spring-beauties. "Jo's Opportunity" was a very interesting story, I think.

CLARA S.

LAKE MILLS, WISCONSIN.

I think "Silent Pete" is going to be a very nice story. I live in the country, about four miles from town, and have always been to a district school, but I expect to go to a public school next winter. I have to go a mile and a quarter to school, but I went quite regularly this winter, for the teacher boarded at our house, and we rode every morning. I have been to the woods, and consequently we do not take much comfort this vacation. For pets I have a dog, two cats, and four kittens that are two young to play with yet. The dog's name is "The Old One," and the cat's name is "Schneider." Lake Mills is pretty situated on Rock Lake, and is a great summer resort.

MAUD A.

ALLEGANY CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am twelve years old, and I go to a public school, and study reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, drawing,

physiology, music, and business forms. There are eighteen rooms in the school, and I am in No. 17. I have no pets. I had three little kittens, two of them white, and the other I gave away. The two that were Maltese, and the other was pure white—that is, when we had it from the country it was, by the time we had it two days, it was nearer black than white. I received HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE on Christmas, 1882, and again on Christmas, 1884, and again this year. My first year I sent the papers to Cousin Flo. After I read them, and now they take it all the time. Not long ago I took a large bundle of papers up to an orphan and a sum. Some of the girls who are in the same room in school with myself write stories, but I have never tried. I prefer giving them to my friends. I am twelve years younger than I, one ten years old and the other four. I am the oldest child and only girl. Eight girls near here have formed a club. We make money and bring a certain sum to every meeting; when we get enough money, we are going to buy gingham, and make aprons to give away. I love to read the letters from American girls travelling in Europe.

EVA M. B.

MONTICELLO, N. Y.

We live on a farm about two miles from Monticello, which is quite a pretty little village, especially in the summer. We have taken this paper nearly three years. The continued story, "Jo's Opportunity," is a think, very good indeed. Also Howard Pyle's fairy stories. I have two sisters younger than myself—Clara, aged nine, and Julia, aged seven. My mother is a nurse. My father is an editor. Our pets are three cats—Josy, Dinah, and Tibie. We also pet the cows and calves, and Lizzie, the horse. We have about fifty hens, and I take care of them. I had a little pet hen which would let any one take her up and handle her; she would even walk into our laps if we were sitting on the ground. She would never let me follow her, and she would like a little dog, but, alas! she came to a sad end. One morning when I went out to feed the hens, she remained in the yard, and I saw her feathers; some animal had caught her. KATIE B.

MENDOTA, ILL.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—As I have not seen any letters from Manitoba, I thought I would write one. We live on a farm. I have no pets, but we have a very pretty little kitten, and a small white. A friend gave us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and I think that we will take it ourselves every fortnight. The last one was very good. I will send you some of our prairie flowers. I would like to see this letter, and read your letter.

I will speak to the editor about your request, which I have not published.

CONTEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

My aunt has a nice big white setter dog, and she lets me play with her. Her name is Daisy, and I have trained her all myself to pull a wagon. I have once rode her harness, and I have a horse, and an express wagon with shafts, and when there is snow I fasten the shafts to my sled. My little cousin gets into the wagon sometimes, and Daisy will trot with him. I am almost too heavy for her to pull, but I have her haul different things around the farm. Grandpa has a greenhouse, and I had a little summer house, and I have a nearly ten years old, and I have a brother who is seven. Papa gave him HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present; he gave me a pair of skates.

C. G. T.

## A WEEK IN THE COUNTRY.

Letty was a spoiled child, Florence said; but Florence was jealous of her little cousin's many friends, and we cannot quite rely on her word. Florence lived at grandma's, and she was four-year-old with her papa and mamma, and was eleven.

Well, one day the postman said, with a grin, as he handed Mary the mail, "I have a letter for Miss Lettice, shure 't'here is." And so there was, for from Cousin Florence, inviting Letty to come out and pay a visit at grandma's.

"I am flattered to have you in high place. Oh, can I go, Aunt Anna?" she cried.

"I can't quite decide, my dear, as mamma and papa are away, but I will see about it," said Aunt Anna, with a reassuring smile, and then she went away.

"I'm sure mamma wouldn't mind. I would love to go, but," said Aunt Anna, "you must behave like a lady, and not pout and sulk, for I promised to be good while mamma was away."

said Letty, aloud, as she foiled up the letter and put it in her pocket, little thinking that that little speech of self-denial was to send her to grandma's.

At tea-time Aunt Anna told Letty that she had made up her mind that she (Letty) could go to grandma's, as she felt that she could trust her.

"Oh, auntie!" cried Letty, upsetting her tea-

cup, and taking great pains to knock over everything within her reach.

"I am afraid, Aunt Anna," "I think you are a very sensible little girl, Letty, and to-morrow afternoon you may start."

The next day great excitement prevailed until Letty was off to the city. "I think you are a very sensible little girl, Letty, and to-morrow afternoon you may start." "Oh, it's not a bad job at all at all that we bit o' a thing is gone out o' the house for while, and I will have a bit of red and rookin' in the city. But for the first time, Bridget liked Letty, and so did Mary, and so did everybody in the household.

When Letty reached Greenwich, Florence was at the station, and welcomed her in her usual flippant manner. But Letty was used to this, and she went happily home to grandma's with her cousin.

That night Florence invited some young folks from the neighborhood in to see Letty, and they brought her a number of nice things, such as apples, duck apple, bannan's butt, pomegranates, consequences, and rickrack-auroa. The last-mentioned game Letty was not familiar with, and was caught many times.

The next day Florence took her cousin to school with her, and "city Letty" was much amused at the system of teaching in a country school.

The day before Letty was to leave for home she was invited to a picnic at Flasi Vine Groves, and she enjoyed herself hugely. Letty and Florence gathered a lot of water-lilies to take home, but on the way they fell out of the wagon.

The next day Letty returned home, looking "ruddy and rosy," and she told aunt that her week in the country had been the happiest one she had ever experienced.

JOSE M. M.

HOTEL MADISON, NEW YORK CITY.

RIVER EDGE, N. J.

I live in a little country town sixteen miles from New York; it is on the banks of the Hackensack River, and is very pretty. We live at the foot of the mountain, and the view from the foot of it, which makes the view very pretty. We have great sport here in winter coasting; some of the children go skating on the river, but I do not, as mamma does not think it safe. In summer we have nice times gathering the wild flowers, and going rowing and sailing on the river. There is a very nice school here, but I have not attended since the holidays, as I have been sick. Will somebody please give me Mrs. Richardson's address?

VINNIE C. K.

Woodside, near Lincoln, North Carolina, is the address of Mrs. Alice Richardson.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years, and have never written to you before. I have one sister and one brother. For pets I have two cats, named Ruby and Alice. Ruby is four years old, and Alice is not quite one year old. Alice has three teeth, and both have dark eyes and light hair.

LILA H.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I wish somebody would tell me some names for pet dogs and cats. I have a black kitten, and his name is Purr-purr, because he purrs so loud; and I have a gray kitten; I called him Wee-wee, because when he came to us he was so small. This is the first letter I ever wrote, and I would like to see it printed.

ALICE G.

CHARLEVILLE, IRELAND.

My dear POSTMISTRESS,—I am a young girl in my sixteenth year. I am a boarder at Cabra two miles from the city of Dublin. I have been at home for the past five months, but will be going back very soon. I will be very sorry to leave my parents. I have three brothers and one sister. One of my brothers is at college. My sister and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for the last twelve months, and we shall continue to do so.

MARY Y. M.

CUFFERTS, GRANDE, ROBINSONVILLE, ENGLAND.

I have two brothers and two sisters. We have for pets a pug dog, a cat, and a rabbit. Last summer we had four or seven rabbits, but some of them died of cold, some were eaten by rats, and those that remained we sold, because they were very old. I have a very nice pleasure. I was born in India, and am eleven years old. I hope my letter is not too long for a place in the Post-office Box. Good-by, dear Postmistress.

EVELYN O.

## THE FOUR FRIENDS.

Once there was a boy who had a dog, and a girl who had a cat. They were brother and sister. The boy's name was Frank, and the girl's name was Alice. They were very good friends. One day Alice would send his dog after her cat. One day when Frank was out walking he saw that his dog had the cat in his mouth, and Alice was standing by them crying. They went into the house; their mother asked what the

matter, and Alice told her. Alice went out after a while, and was overjoyed to find her cat still alive. The next day she went out with the dog and scratched his face spitefully. When Frank saw the blood on his dog's face, he cried just as Alice did. He said he would drown her cat. So the next day he started out with the cat in his arms, the dog following him. He threw the cat into the water, when, to his surprise, the dog plunged in and brought her back from that day. Frank, Alice, the cat, and the dog have been good friends.

GRACIE N. H. (age nine).

HATING, MISSOURI.

I am a boy of twelve. I go to school in the summer arithmetic, spelling, mental arithmetic, geography, language and writing, and I read in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. For pets I have a pony, a dog, and two rabbits. One day I was out after, I go out in the country nearly every day, after cattle, on horseback.

CHARLEY E. W., JUN.

BRIDGE STATION, KENTUCKY.

I am eleven years old. I have taken eleven numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I think "Jo's Opportunity" is the best story I have read. I have a pet cat, named Bess, the other Leslie. I had a nice pet dog, but he got killed by the train. I have six sisters. I am the youngest of the family. I hope you will publish this, for it is the first I have written. I went to a five-month school this winter. I am going to begin another school the 1st of March. My studies are reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and geography.

JOHN W. M.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I live in Brooklyn, only a few miles from Prospect Park, and in the summer we have nice little picnics there. I am just seven years old, and go to school, but as I cannot write very well yet, mamma is writing this for me. I have one brother and one sister, both older than I am. We have taken this paper from the first number, and like it more and more. We asked mamma to make some breakfast rolls by that receipt in the paper; so she did last Sunday morning, and we all thought they were delicious. I have a great many pretty dolls, but I like to play out-doors best, and will be so glad when the weather gets pleasant. I have the chicken-pox, and cannot go to school this week, as mamma said I would be too late to write to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and surprise sister and brother. I have two little cousins in New Brighton, Pennsylvania, who take it, and it will surprise them too. My sister wrote once that we lived on Chautauque Lake, and her letter was printed; and she has sent two or three puzzles. I will write again next summer when we have vacation, and tell about the nice little trips we always take.

STELLA M.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. An article. 3. Part of the body. 4. A town in England. 5. A girl's name. The first syllable of a donkey's name we compound.

RODOLPH DUT.

No. 2.

A SQUARE WORD.

1. To respond. 2. To cut in small bits. 3. To conceal. 4. Unclosed. DUNCAN D. M.

No. 3.

F. N. I. M. A.

Make an industrious insect, a useful article, and a plant from China into an annoying animal.

RODOLPH DUT.

No. 4.

TWO CHARADES.

1.—My first is a small animal; my second is a seat; my whole is a plant.

2.—My first is a useful article of food; my second is a delicious fruit; my whole is the delight of children. HENRY D. MITCHELL.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 338.

No. 1.—Mikado. Apple. Pea-nut.  
No. 2.—S N A P L F L A G  
N O S E L A T E  
A S I A A T O M  
P E A S K G E M S

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Harry H. Denike, Theresa Keyser, Pauline Le Beuf, Laura B. Smyth, Robert H. Muller, Elsie Richter, Arthur Munder, Dan Swannell, Jean B. G. Orignal, Puzzle No. 4, J. Edgar, Ramon, Adelaide City, Conrad M. Patten, Margaret E. B. Alice Ray, John Thompson, and Archie Forester.

[For EXCHANGES, see 24th and 34th pages of cover.]



## SHOW CURIOSITIES.

**Y**ARMOUTH fair happened to take place when I was there. Of course I went into the shows. The best thing by far was the Hairless Horse. Yes, he was perfectly hairless, as bald as a billiard ball. His hair had not been shaved; he had never had any. Some part of the skin was white, the rest black. The white was very white, like the skin of a sucking pig; the black was the black of the edible Chinese dog, also called the "Indian Dog." There was also on view a living skeleton—certainly a skeleton something awful to look at. He was said to be thirty-four; he might have been any age. He was awfully thin. His wrist would pass through a gauge of one inch and one-eighth. I asked the skeleton what he lived on. He said, "Rump-steaks and porter." Anyhow, he certainly did not grow fat on it. I went also to see a "Petritied Mummy," about which the showman, of course, had a long yarn to tell. This was an

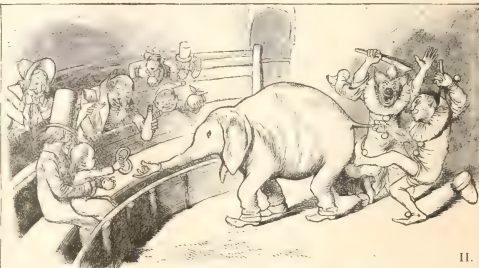
old friend that I am continually coming across at penny shows—viz., the "Abogine." The history of the "Abogine" is as follows: "He is a dried Australian native, thrown in as a bargain with some shells, spears, etc., in a lot, and bought by a dealer. The shells, etc., were sold, but not the dried Australian, and the dealer got quite tired of his bargain. At last he called him an "Abogine," and exchanged him with a penny showman for some monkeys. The poor "Abogine" does not get on; showmen can't make money out of him. The "Abogine," of course, means "aboriginal native," only the word has been a little twisted.

There were a tremendous number of roundabouts in the fair. Why the women, children, and men do not get giddy and fall out of these model boats and rocking-horses, I can't tell. The sailors were great at the swings, and, I must say, were sent up fearful heights—higher than any landmen could or would go.

—From Frank Buckland's "Notes and Jottings from Animal Life."



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

## THE TALE OF AN ELEPHANT.—A CIRCUS TRAGEDY, IN SIX ACTS.

(I.) Two persons so intimately associated as the fore and the hind legs of this intelligent quadruped ought to be on the best of terms, but they evidently are not—(II.) perhaps because the fore end of the animal gets all the cakes and apples and candies, (III.) which the hind-legs resent in a rude manner. (IV.) Upon this the two ends of the Elephant come to blows, (V.) and soon they come apart. (VI.) Final Tableau: The elephant collapses, the boys are in distress, the showman swoons, and the monkey reaps the harvest.



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"EVERY BOY SAW HIM DO HIS TRICKS."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 434.

## "JACKET."

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLL HOUSE," "JOE OPPORTUNIST," ETC.

## PART E.

I THINK I ought to tell you at once that he wasn't an Indian, for I find that when we speak to strangers of dear old Jacket they are apt to associate him with war-whoops and tomahawks and feathers and tribes, whereas Jacket—Well, perhaps if I tell you his story you will see he was quite a different sort of creature.

We made his acquaintance one very windy March day. Edwin was at school at the time—he is our oldest brother—in Dalesford, seven miles from here, and twice a week William Mugford, the stage-driver, brought letters, or messages, or packages to and fro. We knew William's days, of course, and about what hour to expect him, and were always on the lookout for the old-fashioned stage as it turned our corner with William's kind old face and grizzled beard in full view, and usually some interested passenger on the seat beside him.

Now on this particular morning as he came in sight, we—that is, Carolyn and one of the twins, who were established in the upper hall window—exclaimed, "Why, William Mugford has a dog with him!" and our old friend drawing in his horses at the same moment, we saw seated beside him, with a rope around his neck, a curious, old-fashioned sort of brown and white dog—not a handsome dog; not a young dog; indeed, I have always maintained that with his first solemn survey of our dear little home he silently expressed the desire for peace and rest, which is often the result of an anxious, active life, and a pathetic indication of old age. He sat perfectly still while William set down the two packages Edwin had sent of clothes to be mended and clothes to be washed, and only wagged his tail—it was a hard sort of tail—when William said,

"And here's the dog, ma'am."

"The dog, Mugford!" ejaculated our mother in surprise. "Why, we weren't expecting any dog."

Jacket—that is his name, you see—regarded her all the time very solemnly with an old-fashioned pucker to his mouth that gave him a very serious air.

"Well, ma'am," said Mugford, smiling, "Master Edwin sent him. I guess you'll find a letter in one of those packages." And so, not very cordially welcomed, Jacket was slowly admitted into the house.

"Carolyn," said our mother, smiling, yet despairingly, "what can we do with a dog?"

And no wonder the dear little mother said this, for our house is small and our numbers many, and at the same time the twins had two rabbits and a very disagreeable little alligator, Edith had a cat, and Carolyn a parrot; and then, perhaps, like Dick Deadeye in *Pinafore*, it seemed more hopeless because certainly Jacket's "looks wuz agin' him."

He was a medium-sized dog, brown and white, hard to classify, yet having something of the terrier in his looks, and something of the Irish setter in the way he shielded himself when preparing for sleep; but we all say no dog ever was quite like Jacket, therefore why try to give his pedigree? He was a trifle lame, and when he cocked his head on one side, you observed that one eye was shrewder than the other, and one long flapping ear longer and flappier than the other. These were the old boy's most striking characteristics on a first glance, but speedily came to notice his expression, which I have never seen in any other animal—never, certainly, in any other dog, and which, ugly and aged as he was, dignified Jacket at once. It was a look of complete resignation. I don't know how else or more simply to define it. There it was, looking out of his great mournful eyes, settling about the curves

of his dear old mouth. Jacket had had a past, had seen life, had had experiences, and in the midst of all our merry-making over his plain looks and his personal defects, he called us back to a feeling of respect with his strange appearance of being one privileged by a history to our respectful attention.

"I suppose we must receive him," said mother, slowly, regarding the stranger, while Caro found Edwin's letter, and began to read it aloud. "Dear mamma," he wrote, "Mugford's going to take along a dog I just bought. I hope you'll all take good care of him until I come home Saturday." This was all. Where, or when, or how the dog had been purchased Edwin did not say, until mother wrote over the next day, mildly remonstrating, and saying, "My dear boy, what *did* you want with a dog?" To which came Edwin's answer, written with the fervor of his feelings expressed in every stroke of the pen. "Why, mother," he wrote, "I wanted a dog for the same reason every boy wants a dog. He came to the school the other night nobody knows from where or how, and Mr. Ball tried to find his owner, but couldn't, and so auctioned him, and I bought him for fifty-two cents. Please be careful of him."

And so there was an end to any question as to Jacket's reception as a member of the family. Coming from nowhere, purchased for fifty-two cents, he was received into our home as Edwin's friend—into our hearts by a slower, yet at last as sure a means.

Saturday night brought Edwin home, full of impatience to see the dog, not named as yet because the boy had petitioned us not to do so, and to avoid calling him anything until his return.

"Of course he must *have* a name," Edwin said, fondling the old fellow, who thrust his nose up lovingly between the lad's knees. "I wish we knew it."

"And he knows lots of tricks," said the second twin, eagerly. The twins always hung about Edwin from Saturday night until Monday morning; they were eleven, and Edwin was fifteen, tall of his age, though, and already cultivating a military manner, which they secretly adored and openly imitated.

"See here," and the younger boys began. The dog jumped over a stick, "begged" in the most pathetic manner, but seemed to be racking his old brains about some other accomplishment, the beginning or end of which had somehow slipped his memory. He would roll over and over a minute or two, and then jump upward, give two or three barks, then down to one side would go his head, flap his longest ear, and the shrewd eye would consider something anxiously, but what came next in the performance Jacket had evidently forgotten, and it was as plain as daylight that it worried him; for no sooner had he jumped and "begged" than he would return to this forgotten sort of an entertainment, which tickled the boys hugely, yet seemed to thoroughly upset the poor old dog for a long time afterward.

But about his name—that was quite curious. Our cousin Jack Miles was at home from Harvard, and he came in that first Sunday evening, and of course the boys had to show off their new pet. Willingly enough, with the same patience that characterized everything he did, the dog went through his tricks, again trying to remember the complicated performance, and stopping short just as usual. Jack was highly amused, and the boys chortled out from time to time, "Jack! Jack! look at him now," suddenly observed that the dog's "game eye" was alert when our cousin's name was called, and at last it occurred to Edwin to try if he would answer to it. He stationed himself at the end of the library, which adjoins the parlor, and called out, "Here, Jack—here, old boy—here, Jack." And with a great wagging of his hard old tail, the dog ran over, leaping and jumping about Edwin in grateful joy.

"Jack, old boy! Jack!" repeated Edwin, in great glee; and the twins caught it up, making it into "Jacket, old Jacket, come along, sir," until the dog hardly knew to which of the three lads to turn first or last in the abundance of his joy. He had found not only a home and loving little masters, but his own name, only altered out of tenderness into something he was thenceforth familiarly called.

All that week different boys called to see Jacket, with the instinctive sort of feeling between boy and dog which so speedily makes them friends. Every boy saw him do his tricks—even the piece of one—and heard the story of Edwin's "hitting" on what was evidently his right name, and each boy had his own ideas about his probable history, and the way he ought to be taken care of. His hair and his teeth and his shrewd eye and his flappet ear and his lamest foot were all fascinations for our neighborhood for weeks afterward, and old as he seemed, and sober of gait and purpose, Jacket was the boys' companion in every ramble that spring and summer.

At home he soon showed some regular habits, which he never neglected. Every afternoon about five o'clock he would stretch himself out for a good sleep, and to this no one would have objected but for the nature of his dreams. Precisely what they were, which one of us could say? We speculated, mused, guessed, nay, we tested the effect of old Jane's cooking upon them to see if digestion influenced them; but all in vain, for Jacket's afternoon naps were always mysterious. He groaned, he muttered, and I solemnly aver he *laughed*; and gradually we talked of these disturbed slumbers as his times of remorseful or melancholy remembrance. He would puzzle strangers ludicrously by this, as more than one instance proved. We would have an unsuspecting caller; Jacket would be curled up behind the hall stove; suddenly would arise those curious plaints. Our visitor would say, "Why, is that a twin?" for everybody knew the twins were perpetually falling down or knocking something over, and we would have to explain it was only Jacket dreaming—"remembering." Carolyn called it so often that at last we accepted the term as a sort of family slang; and whenever any luckless mortal slept and murmured or approached a snore, he or she would receive a fraternal poke, or perhaps something small and harmless in the way of a missile, and be requested not to "remember" quite so loud.

Soon after he came among us, while we were studying him closely, the second twin sprained his ankle, and was a sorry sight for days afterward, using a pair of crutches at last because he could not keep still. Jacket's surprise and joy knew no bounds when the twin limped into the sitting-room one morning on the crutches. He jumped up, barked, sprang about the boy, evincing all his usual tokens of pleasure, and wagged his tail nearly off.

Nor, when a time of sure-footedness came again, would he allow the twin any sort of comfort; so that at last, and because they loved old Jacket so tenderly, the boys humored him. Many a time have I seen them go stumping about the room just for the sake of beholding his evidences of delight in the performance. Evidently it was a familiar one, but where or when? I used to wonder about it often those winter days when I rarely left my sofa, and Jacket and I established a sort of mutual understanding, hard to define, but expressing better than anything I could say the old fellow's curious magnetism and power. He was so quickly in sympathy with whatever seemed helpless or ill that I think he felt drawn toward me, and I in turn learned every variation of his queer old-fashioned face, as well as to love all his peculiarities.

One spring day, I on my sofa, and Jacket curled up near the wood fire, were alone. One of the hall windows was

open, the front door also ajar. There was a delicious feeling of spring-time in the air. Our lilac bushes were just beginning to bud; their sweetness seemed part of the happy content all about us. And Jacket was not asleep; he was in no danger of "remembering." Suddenly down the street came sounds of a band that the townspeople had made up the week before to welcome an old general that evening. There was the tramp of feet, and the tune that always and forever must send a pain sharply to my heart, and yet bring up a smile of tender memories:

"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee.

Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free.

So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,

While we went marching through Georgia."

That was what they were playing, and where is there a war tune like it?—when will it not summon up a crowd of pictures of that wonderful, thrilling, sad, and glorious four years in our nation's history. Wait a minute; you say why "glorious"? Because North and South, here and there, it set free more than the one kind of slavery. It tested our "boys" in blue or gray; it made men of them, showed what the reserve force of our people was, and how and why we loved our flag, and what it was worth to us. Not glorious because of bloodshed and strife, but because it showed us what our men were made of, what their endurance, their heroism, their bravery, courage and power, patience and humility. All these worked together under one spell of loyalty and truth. And our women?—they learned their lesson; learned what patriotism in its noblest sense could mean. And those who went forth to heal and care for the sick and the dying returned stronger and nobler; those who staid—were kept—at home learned too what perhaps God saw they needed, and so faced life braver Christians when the last battle was fought and the last grave covered.

But this tune—there it was, as I had so often in the old days heard it, breaking in upon the spring-time stillness. I sat up and listened, and Jacket listened too. He listened like an electrified creature, almost handsome for the moment, so erect he stood, so intensely alert, his eye and ear at so correct an angle of consideration. Slowly, calmly, like a person careful to test himself, he walked across the room, and with much dignity of demeanor posed himself upon the door-step. The band turned our corner, still playing the old song, and came down our street. Jacket listened, and stood still. Suddenly a drum beat, loudly, tunefully, gayly, a sort of call to arms. It was enough. Jacket heard it, and responded. A moment later and he was at the heels of the band, following like an old soldier wherever the summons led.

Edwin came home that night, and had to hear all about it. I told him first—first at least after mamma. She knew why I cared for Jacket so much more after this; so did Edwin. But you see the twins were only babies when our brother went away, and mamma has not been able to keep in view signs of his soldier life. Jacket never had seen anything that suggested what I now believe he had had, military associations. Because of mamma's feeling, the boys forbore to make merry over these discoveries, yet she never minded their giving a roll of a drum to call Jacket here or there, and the old dog seemed to enjoy it in a positively childish manner. It was his most dignified hour, and evidently he liked the sense of importance it gave him and the effect he made in solemnly answering the drum-call, no matter in what part of the house it sounded. Sometimes after this he began again the trick which so often failed him, but with no new success. He would roll over, then jump up and bark, and inclining his head on one side in a curious manner, would seem to be trying to recall the forgotten performance. There was evidently a link wanting which none of us could supply.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## A GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS' CLUB.

SOME two years ago, in a thriving town in Vermont, a party of boys, whose ages ranged from ten to fifteen, decided to form themselves into an athletic club, which, after some deliberation, they styled the "Star Athletic Club." Their meetings were held in a private bowling-alley kindly placed at their service, and when a president, two vice-presidents, a treasurer, and a secretary had been elected, the club felt that it was fairly on its feet.

So far their course had been easy enough, and were that all, the venture of these Green Mountain boys would have had no mention here; but that was not all. Before they could begin to practise the sports for which they had banded together it was necessary to have a "ground," and when a sufficient quantity of land had been lent them, it was still necessary to do considerable work before the land was converted into a "ground." One part of the field was kept well mowed for use as a running path; another part, a square of twelve feet, was dug up and thoroughly loosened, the clods broken up, and the stones removed, for a jumping place, a path fifty feet long and two feet wide being made to lead up to it.

Every afternoon the boys assembled regularly for practice, and after a few weeks the friends of the members were invited to witness the opening "games" of the Star Athletic Club. The "events" were numerous—flat and hurdle races, high jump, standing high jump, broad jump, pole-vaulting, and putting the shot—and the prizes were silver medals, the value of which may be computed when it is stated that they were made from silver quarters, one side of which had been polished and engraved with the initials of the club, "S. A. C." This was real and praiseworthy economy, and not "stinginess," for the funds were low,

and the boys did not propose to wreck their excellent institution by running into debt at the start.

The following summer, having in the mean time been "coached" by a member of the New York Athletic Club, the "Star" boys held their second annual games, the medals being of greater actual value this time, though they could not have been worn with greater pride than the polished quarters.

When the winter came on, and they could no longer practise field athletics, the boys set to work to construct a skating pond. A generous friend lent them a field through which ran a small stream, and with the permission of the owner the boys soon constructed a dam which turned part of the field into a pond, so that when a cold snap came there was a capital sheet of clear ice. In addition to the pond, the boys built a house, which was heated by a stove for the benefit of the patrons of the skating pond. Season tickets were issued to boys at seventy-five cents and to girls at fifty cents, and everything was going on well, until one day the dam gave way, and in a few hours the pond had vanished. This was discouraging, but Green Mountain boys of to-day, like those of history, are not easily beaten, and the dam was soon reconstructed.

The Star Athletic Club is now entering upon its third season, with a large and united membership, a considerable money balance on the credit side of the treasurer's account, and unabated enthusiasm. The success of this club should encourage other boys to follow their example. And depend upon it that when a club is entirely self-reliant, as these Green Mountain boys were, preparing the ground for its sports, making its own tennis nets and poles, building its canoes, or what not, it is establishing itself on a much firmer foundation than if it depended altogether upon the contributions of parents and friends to defray its necessary expenses.



CHAMPIONS OF THE STAR ATHLETIC CLUB.



## THE REARING OF PUPPIES.

BY FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE.

SINCE the introduction of dog shows in this country, some years back, and the consequent large increase of dogs of various breeds, from the courtly St. Bernard to the shivering little black-and-tan terrier, it has fallen to the lot of many young people to become dog owners.

There is something especially delightful to a boy to be the possessor of some live animal, and to know that its well-doing depends upon his care. The novelty of a responsibility of this kind seemingly causes the average boy to grow two inches taller in a night, and to make his jacket a tight fit around his chest when he puts it on in the morning. It then behooves the young owner to learn how to care for his pet, so that it may enjoy the best of health, and be a safe companion and always ready for a romp. Even if he cannot assume the entire charge of his

them she can well care for. If she is strong and vigorous, she may be able to raise nine or ten of them; but five or six strong, well-nourished puppies are more apt to turn out well than a larger lot only half cared for and half fed. In such cases, when the mother is only of moderate size and strength, yet the possessor of a large family, the sickly and scrawny puppies should be turned over to a foster-mother or destroyed; for it will be far more satisfactory in the long run to see a small family full of strength and fun being brought up under a healthy mother's care than twice the number devoid of life and spirit.

Having provided a comfortable bed for the mother and puppies in a place with plenty of ventilation, yet free from draughts, see that the mother has lukewarm milk and small feeds of thin oatmeal gruel or broth six or seven times a day. She should not be given solid food for several days after the puppies are born, but pure water at all times should be within her reach. On the second



A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG AND HER FAMILY.

dog, every boy should inform himself as to how it should be looked after in his absence, and be able to give his directions accordingly. Too often ignorance on the subject of proper canine care consigns the pet to the charge of some servant equally ignorant, and far more indifferent, if not actually cruel.

If the pleasure of being the owner of one dog is great, how much more so when she presents her young master with a family of fuzzy puppies! The first visit to the little strangers is one full of curiosity. He almost wonders if the little balls of yarn are about to unwind, and can hardly resist handling them. This he must not do on any account, for it is very injurious to the youngsters. Yet when it is absolutely necessary, they may be lifted by the back of the neck. If your dog, which we will suppose to be a setter, has become the mother of a large family, say ten or a dozen puppies, the young owner must decide from her condition and supply of milk how many of

day take her out for a short walk, and every day increase the distance and time of separation from her puppies, until she is herself again. During this period give her a liberal supply of the most nutritious food, such as milk and scraps from the table. She may be given portions of beef soup occasionally if she shows signs of becoming thin. In fact, the health of the puppies hinges on the welfare of the mother, and her general health should receive the greatest attention. If her strength fails, then tonics will be required to build her up. If, on the other hand, she is over fat and lazy, then an occasional tablespoonful of castor-oil or a small dose of sulphate of magnesia will be of benefit to her.

The puppies when about nine days old begin to blink and open their eyes. They then soon begin crawling about. It is not a bad plan then to have an old piece of carpet stretched near the nest, which will enable them to creep about easily. At this time puppies are sometimes

subjected to various ailments. At their young age it is best to leave to nature the remedy of the evil, or correct their disorder through their mother. Still, bad cases of diarrhoea in puppies can be checked by letting them suck the finger, which has been dipped in milk thickened with prepared chalk. Puppies, too, at a very early age are preyed upon by parasites. These are lice, fleas, and ticks. When signs of these are found, the youngsters should be washed with Spratt's patent dog soap, and a new bed provided. But it is best to prevent an occurrence of this kind by securing a clean kennel in the first place, and by seeing that the mother is free from these irritating pests before the puppies are born.

When the puppies are between two and three weeks old, they may be taught to eat bread and milk and lap a little gravy. In all instances, milk given to the puppies should have first been boiled. As the puppies grow older, their diet may be changed to oatmeal porridge, etc. Still, on no account should they be weaned until they are six weeks old, if the mother continues to have a good supply of milk. The weaning process should be gradual, removing the mother from her young in the warmest portion of the day, and then increasing her time of separation until she is only allowed to remain with them at night, and then keeping her away altogether.

The puppies after their separation from their mother usually look the worse for wear, and present a woe-begone appearance, according to their several dispositions. "Smarty" tries to escape from his kennel by clambering out of a window five feet from the ground, "Stupid" sticks out his tiny strip of red flannel, dignified by being called a tongue, and boo-hoos, "Stuff" tries to suck the end of his tail, and poor little "Runt" gives way to despair, and hides his head in a corner, amid heart rending squalls.

Frequent visions of broth, stale bread, mush thinned with milk, and later on big bones to bite on, with scraps of lean meat and vegetables, however, dry their tears and warm the cockles of their hearts. They should be fed every few hours; they will then rapidly increase in size and strength. Soon they learn to play with each other, and when any one approaches, to erect their intelligent faces above their wooden barrier, and take a lively interest in what is going on in the outer world.

Fresh air and plenty of sunshine, wild romps with their young owner, impart health, and are the A, B, C's of their future education.

All kennel yards should be dry, and the puppies should have low benches to clamber upon. They should be permitted to run about their enclosure unrestrained, for nothing tends so much to get a growing dog out of shape as a chain and collar, and to make a dog bow-legged as cooping up in a barrel.

Almost every boy has heard of "distemper"—a word, by-the-way, which simply means disease. This so-called distemper in dogs is a form of fever arising from blood-poisoning; it is contagious, and has no specific cure. The treatment of the afflicted animal should vary according to the symptoms of the case. Its first appearance in the puppy causes him to appear as if he had taken a severe cold. His little nose gets hot; he shivers and shakes in a chill; he is thirsty, restless, and dull in turns; his tail has lost its wag; he wears a woe-begone look. Later on, if he used a handkerchief he would apply it incessantly to his eyes and nose. Master Puppy is no longer hungry; he has a bad cough; he goes from bad to worse—very rapidly at times, if not cared for. But the wise boy consults his family doctor, or at least he does not dose his pet with quick remedies with which this country is flooded. It much depends then upon the natural constitution of Master Puppy and the treatment bestowed on him whether he lives to point birds in this world or departs at once for the "happy hunting ground."

## SILENT PETE; OR, THE STOWAWAYS.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### IN PORT.

AFTER the story of the shipwreck had been told, the Captain of the *Sea-Gull* did not require any urging to look for the missing boat, in which was Mr. Harding and the remainder of the *Clio's* crew. The schooner was headed as nearly as possible for the location of the wreck, and the crews of both vessels stationed themselves as look-outs.

As a matter of course the addition of so many men would cause the sleeping accommodations on the *Sea-Gull* to be rather crowded, and as the forecabin was full to overflowing, Pete, Jerry, and Abe were given a spare state-room in the cabin. This was fortunate for Pete, for, sick as he was, it might have been fatal to the little fellow had he been obliged to sleep with the crew, where his chances of getting a full night's rest would have been very small, and where the foul air would have been very injurious to him. He was undressed and put to bed almost as soon as he was taken on board the schooner; and while Captain Sproul was overhauling the medicine chest to find something which might remove the pain from which he was suffering, Abe was in the galley making him some broth, for he had eaten nothing since leaving the wreck. To be able to lie down seemed to afford him more relief than anything, and in less than an hour after he had taken some medicine and the broth he sank into a sweet, refreshing slumber, which gave Jerry, who had not left his side for a moment, an opportunity of going on deck.

Abe was in the rigging looking out for the missing boat, and fearing that he might be in the way if he joined him, Jerry walked about the deck with the hymn of thanksgiving that was in his heart escaping from his lips in snatches of song. He and Pete had been saved from a great peril, and surely, he thought, the good God who watched over them in the boat would restore little Pete to health once more.

It was while he was thus thinking that he remembered Sweetness. The broken violin had been brought on board by its master, and was in the state-room, bruised and broken like him who had so often given it voice.

"If I could get it mended and put in Pete's berth, so's the first thing he sees when he wakes up is Sweetness whole again, I believe it would do him more good than all the medicine on board the vessel," he said to himself, and just at that moment Abe came down on deck.

"Have they seen anything of the boat?" Jerry asked, knowing, even as he spoke, that nothing had been discovered, or the cook's face would not have had on it such a mournful look.

"Not a thing. If she's afloat she ought to be around here somewhere, unless they've been picked up; but I'm afraid they're at the bottom by this time. If we hadn't had a thorough seaman like Captain Sproul at the helm we would have been swamped in five minutes after we left the wreck, and I don't believe Harding could keep her up half an hour."

"They haven't given up looking, have they?"

"No; I heard the Captain say he would cruise around here all day, but that at sunset he'd have to stand in for New York. By staying here twelve hours he's doing a good deal more'n most ship-masters would do; but I'm afraid we're looking for them as we'll never see."

"Perhaps they met a vessel night before last."

\* Begun in No. 336, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"I hope so, lad, I hope so, and that's all any of us can do now. What are you up to? Looking the schooner over, eh?"

"I came on deck when Pete went to sleep, and I was just thinking of something I might do to please him, if you'd help me."

"All you've got to do is to say what it is. I offered to work in the galley; but as there's two men there, they didn't need me, so my time's my own."

"I want to mend Pete's fiddle. He'd be awful tickled if we should show it to him whole."

"All right, lad. You sneak it out while he's asleep, and I'll see what the cook has got in the way of glue."

Jerry had no difficulty in getting Sweetness from the state-room without Pete's knowing it, for the little fellow was sleeping so soundly that it would have been quite a loud noise that could have awakened him, and the violin menders were soon at work with all the materials they needed.

An instrument manufacturer might, and probably would, have laughed in derision at the appearance of Sweetness after Jerry and Abe had completed their work; but they had the satisfaction of knowing that the tone of the violin was nearly as good as before, and that rude as their work was, it would delight the little fellow who was sleeping in the cabin below.

Jerry carried the violin into the state-room, hoping to get in and out again unobserved; but Pete opened his eyes as his friend bent over him, and his glance rested immediately on the instrument.

"What have you been doing with Sweetness? Didn't I bring her in here with me?" he asked, in surprise.

"Of course you did; but Abe and me thought if you'd been doctored, the fiddle ought to be, so we've been tinkering it a little."

In an instant, and despite the pain, Pete was sitting up in the berth tuning the violin, and in a few moments Sweetness was "speaking" to its master in low, sweet tones of gladness, while Jerry found it quite difficult to restrain his joy as he saw the look of happiness in his friend's eyes.

"It's all right now," he cried, as he ran on deck, where Abe was waiting for him. "He'll get well sure, for he's sitting up fiddling, and Sweetness sounds just as good as ever. Come and hear them."

While Abe and Jerry stood outside the cabin listening to the melody, Pete was feasting both his eyes and his ears. To him the violin was even more beautiful than before, for the cracks and bruises were but reminders of that terrible time when he had carried it over his aching chest.

At sunset the *Sea-Gull* was put on her course once more, nothing having been seen of the boat, and the survivors of the *Clio* spoke in low tones of their missing shipmates, as if speaking of the dead.

On the next morning Pete was feeling so much improved in health that he insisted on dressing himself and going on deck. He was no longer troubled by the pain in his chest, and looked so much better in the face that Jerry made no protest against his leaving the cabin, save to say, "It seems to me it would be better for you, old man, if you staid here another day."

"I shall feel nicer on deck, Jerry—indeed I shall; and now that Abe hasn't anything to do, we can talk with him about what we must do first to find Aunt Nannette."

But this last was exactly what Jerry did not intend Pete should do. He knew that Abe felt doubtful as to the success of their search, and he feared that the late cook of the *Clio* might say something to dishearten the little fellow. Therefore it was that Jerry went on deck alone to speak with Abe.

"If you can't say anything to make him feel good, don't talk about it at all," he said; and the cook promised him that he would at least say nothing to discourage the

boy, although he stoutly declared that he could not conscientiously say anything to cheer him.

During the days that followed, Jerry tried in vain to find something useful to do; but there were so many idle men that there was absolutely no work for him, and both he and Abe had nothing to occupy their time but the care of Pete. Never had the little musician been shown so much attention; the crew of the *Clio* claimed him as shipmate, and were continually trying to please him in some way, while the sailors of the *Sea-Gull* did what they could to show their appreciation of the music with which he cheered them. It would have been strange indeed if Pete had not improved rapidly in health, and during the four days that elapsed before the schooner arrived in port Jerry declared that he could see him growing brighter each hour.

"We'll likely be inside of Sandy Hook by breakfast-time to-morrow morning," Abe said, on the evening of the third day, "and I tell you, lads, it kind o' makes me feel bad to part with you."

The three were sitting just under the windward rail, where Pete had been drawing the bow back and forth across the strings of the violin, apparently with no idea of playing any tune, but yet producing a series of chords which in the fast-gathering darkness sounded unspeakably sweet. He had ceased for a moment, to lay his hand on Jerry's, and then it was that Abe spoke.

"But we shall see you again," said Jerry, hopefully, for he too felt sad that they were to separate from the cook, who had not only helped them to stow away, but had been a firm, true friend to them both. "Unless you go right off on another vessel we'll hunt you up, and we can all three be together on a good many evenings."

"Yes, but it won't be like this. If I had my way now, we'd be just starting off on a long voyage, Jerry as cabin-boy, Pete as fiddler-general, and me as cook."

"But what would become of Aunt Nannette if you had your way?" asked Jerry, with a laugh.

"Well, you see, I don't believe—"

Abe was on the point of saying that he did not believe Pete would find his aunt; but he checked himself before the words were uttered.

"Then you think we'll be in New York to-morrow, do you?" Jerry asked, hoping to turn the conversation so that his friend might forget what the cook had said; but although they talked of many things before they retired, the moment he and Jerry were alone in the state-room, Pete said,

"Abe don't think that I'll find Aunt Nannette."

"What makes you think that?"

"He was going to say so when I stopped playing. I knew it was that when he looked at me and didn't say anything more."

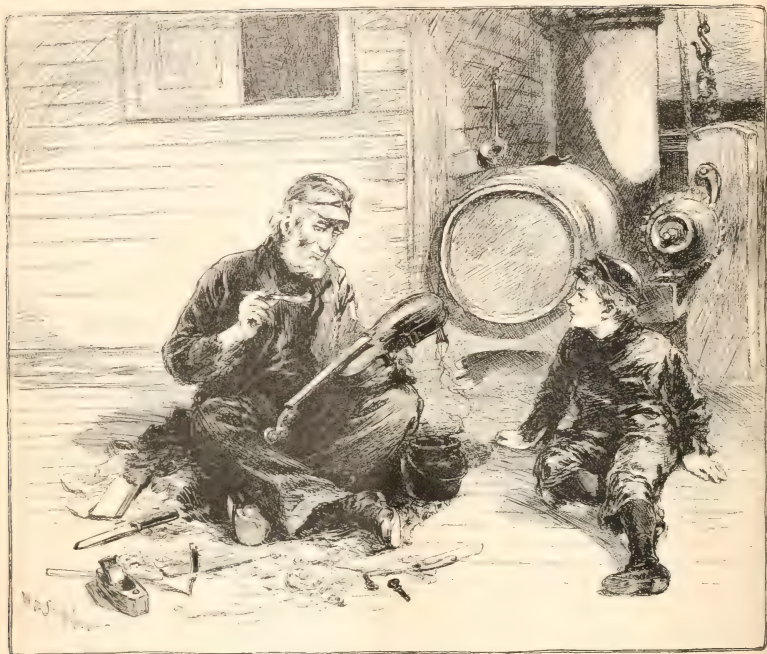
"Now see here, Pete," said Jerry, emphatically, "whether Abe thinks we will or we won't find her can't make any difference, can it? I say if she's in New York we'll get her, and if she ain't, why, we can settle down there or go back to New Orleans, just as we want to. But she's there, of course, and we'll hunt her out."

"You won't get tired and give it up if it takes a good while, will you, Jerry?"

"Get tired! Of course I won't. I'll keep right after her all the time, and no matter what comes up, I won't give in. But you mustn't let what you think Abe was going to say fret you, 'cause he don't know half so much about it as you and I. He thinks it's a big job, 'cause he don't know what it is to live in a city, like we do. Now don't fuss any more, but go right to sleep, and to-morrow we'll be promenading round New York, running up against your aunt the first thing, perhaps."

Pete appeared to be satisfied with Jerry's assurance that their mission would be successful, and the *Sea-Gull* went gallantly on toward the harbor of the great metropolis.





ABE AND JERRY MENDING "SWEETNESS."

The sun was just rising when Abe called the boys on deck with the announcement that the schooner was already in New York Harbor, and would be at her dock in a few hours. There was no baggage to pack, and but a limited toilet to make; therefore Pete and Jerry were not long in answering the summons.

Standing near the port rail forward, the boys were gazing in mute admiration at the beautiful panorama spread out before them, as the schooner followed in the wake of a noisy, fussy little tug, when Abe said to Jerry:

"We'll be snug at the dock in an hour, and now I want to know what you're going to do? If we was sailing up here in the old *Clio*, I should get the Captain to let you stay on board while we were in port, at any rate; but seeing as how we're visitors aboard a strange craft, I reckon we'll all have to scuttle ashore as quick as we can, to be out of the way. Where are you and Pete going?"

"Well, you see," and Jerry spoke in a slow, hesitating way, as if he had already begun to doubt the wisdom of his own plans, "Pete and me kinder settled it that we would do the same as we used to at home—he playing and I trying to sing."

"Yes, that's all right, I suppose," said Abe, rubbing his nose vigorously; "but what I'm trying to get at is where are you going to tie up. You've got to have some kind of a place to sleep in, even if you do get your meals 'round p'ntisious tree."

"Oh, that 'll be all right," replied Jerry, confidently. "We can sleep anywhere, for I don't suppose the policemen are worse on a feller than they are down home."

"Do you mean to tell me that you're going to sleep 'round on the streets?"

"Not much," was the quick reply; "we'll likely find a wagon sometimes, or a box, and if the houses are built like they are in New Orleans, I know a reg'lar swell dodge to work under the front steps."

"But see here, Jerry," said Abe, almost imploringly, "you musn't do anything like that. You want to get a room and live like white folks. It won't do nohow to go camping out wherever you see a chance."

"I don't know how it can be fixed any different," was the decided reply. "You know we've been used to living that way ever since Pete's mother died, and it won't come very rough on us to keep it up a little while longer."

Abe was far from being satisfied with such an arrangement, for he had come to look upon the boys as in some way under his especial protection; but he recognized the uselessness of trying to convince Jerry that it was necessary he should live at least so much of a civilized life as to sleep in a house, and he said, much as if he was asking a very great favor:

"You'll try to let me know how you're getting along, won't you, lad? Now that the old *Clio* has gone, I can't say where I'll be for sure; but you can find out by asking





HIGHWAY ROBBERY

at the owner's office—here's their card—for most likely they'll give Captain Sproul another vessel, and I shall go with him, of course. Now you'll keep me posted, won't you?"

"I will for sure, Abe," replied Jerry, as he placed the card carefully in one of the many holes in his coat that served him as pockets. "Just as soon as we know anything ourselves I'll come to see you."

"But I want you to come even if you're having bad luck, for perhaps I could help you some; leastways I might show you a place to sleep and something to eat."

The conversation was interrupted at this point by Abe's being called away by one of his shipmates, and the boys stood arm in arm watching the strange sights around them, until the *Sea-Gull* was nearly at her dock, when Captain Sproul's voice caused them both to turn.

"Well, lads," he said, kindly, "it won't be long now before you can go ashore, and I heartily hope you will be successful in your undertaking. If it was possible I would like to do something to help you, but we are all shipwrecked mariners together, and the most any of us can do is to say 'God-speed.'"

"You've been awful good to us, Captain," said Jerry, earnestly, "and if we ever can do anything to make you glad that you let us stay on your vessel, we'll do it."

"I am glad already, lad, and I only wish you could have sailed up here in the *Clio*. I feel that I owe you something to make up for the treatment you received on the brig, and if you'll hunt me up—Abe will tell you where to come—I will try to make the matter square."

"It is more than square now, and all we'll do is to come and see you after you get a new vessel. I've got a card Abe gave me, and I suppose we'll find you there."

"At the owner's? Yes. Who knows but that you'll want to go back to New Orleans after a time? and if you do, come right to me. Now, good-by, boys, for a while, and may God bless and guard you!"

"Good-by, sir," they both cried, and as Captain Sproul turned away to make his preparations for landing, that sense of loneliness came over them which comes upon all of us when we part with a true and tried friend.

Each one of the sailors from the *Clio* had a kind word to say to the boys as he went on shore, and it was not until Abe came up that Jerry had roused himself sufficiently to understand that he and Pete should land.

"Now, then, lads, come with me, and I'll show you the way to the City Hall. I reckon there's where you'll want to commence business."

Without making any reply, Pete and Jerry followed the kind-hearted cook, and after they had landed and walked several blocks, thoroughly confused by what they believed was an unusual excitement in the streets, Abe said, as he halted at a corner: "I'm going this way to find a sailor's lodging-house, and you want to keep straight on up this street till you come to a big white building, with a park in front of it. There'll be the place for you to start from, and there's where you'll find boys enough to give you all the points you need on business. Don't let any of 'em impose on you, and if you strike hard luck, come right to me. I reckon I'll be able to do you some good, even if the *Clio* did pay me such a scurvy trick. Remember to hunt me up according to that card."

As Abe ceased speaking, he hurried away, much as if he could not trust himself to say good-by. He was gone before the boys had time to make any reply, and they stood motionless on the sidewalk, disheartened by the thought of that task which in New Orleans had seemed so simple.

They were alone in the great city, where every one but themselves appeared to be at home, and it is not strange that even Jerry's courage began to fail him, or that Pete almost despaired of ever finding Aunt Nannette.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE NEW NOAH'S ARK.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

"WHAT are you going to make for our fair, Chester?" The speaker was a very small young woman, with so much fluffy blond hair hanging over her eyes that she looked very like the terrier curled up beside the work-basket, where were bunched bright bits of ribbon and lace to be turned into wonderful "nothings" for the fair.

"I don't know," was the response from a corner where Chester was supposed to be studying.

"A boy with a camera and a scroll-saw and a printing-press ought to do lots of things, Bessie Clarke says."

"Did Bessie really say that?"

"Yes, and she is to have a table, and all the money goes to the Children's Hospital."

"I don't care where the money goes."

"But you ought; it's so philan—something."

"Filling something?"

"Yes; poor little empty stomachs—I suppose that's what it means."

"Why should children in a hospital be hungry, when they have oranges and things? Aunt Constance takes dozens of them there."

Blanche was unable to reply, for she had come to a twist in her silk, and was struggling with a knot; besides, she always felt like a witness in court when Chester began to ask questions.

"You will make something, won't you?" she said, after a while.

"I might make a book," said Chester, looking around as if for an idea.

"The very thing!—a picture-book, I suppose," said Blanche, eagerly. "Bessie makes lovely scrap-books with Christmas cards."

"Do you think I'd do that?" was the scornful answer.

"Why not?"

"I'm not a *girl*. I mean a real book, with a title and a preface and a 'to be continued'—or, no, 'the end,' would be better—and stories in it."

"Oh!" said Blanche, drawing a long breath.

"I can print it well enough; I have plenty of paper, and my press is all in good order. The type is a little mixed, but I can soon straighten it out; the only bother will be the stories. I hate to write."

"So do I; my fingers get so inky."

"That isn't the worst—it's the thinking more than the inking."

"Laura Jones likes it; she writes verses."

"So does Jack Vane; he makes up yarns by the yard."

"And Kitty Rogers's compositions are splendid."

"I won't have any girls' fingers in this pie; they can make pincushions and paint plaques."

"Oh, Chester!"

"I'll only have one story with illustrations, and a red binding and gilt letters. I'm going to see Tom Barker and the boys; perhaps they will help. When is the fair?"

"Six weeks from to-day."

"That's time enough," said Chester, as he put on his cap and went out.

He found Tom Barker and two or three of his other companions playing base-ball, but they were tired, and glad to have a chat as they strolled home. They all entered heartily into his project, and promised assistance.

"I tell you what," said Jim Nixon; "let's have an editor. My big brother will do it, and we'll get the fellows at school to send in things, and the best story shall have the author's name on the title-page, and we'll print ever so many copies."

"All right," was the response all around. And then hours for meeting were appointed, and they resolved to call themselves "The Steeple-chase Printing Club."

The way in which pens and pencils danced about at the

Webster School for a few days was something remarkable. Such knitting of brows and biting of nails and twisting of shoulders might have frightened parents had they seen it; but they did not, and so there was no suggestion of nervous maladies. Some lessons suffered, and much paper went into the waste-basket; but the editor soon announced the chosen manuscript, and the boys ceased their literary efforts for the more agreeable task of printing. But, strange to say, the editor had promised not to reveal the author's name. The story was called *The New Noah's Ark*, and the only name accompanying it was to be Chester Drayton's, the boys having voted that as he was the donor, this honor should be awarded him. The rest were contented to see "Printed by the Steeple-chase Club" in very small type down at the bottom of the last page. There were a good many difficulties to be overcome, and the boys worked like beavers under the direction of a competent bookbinder, whom Chester's father employed for the purpose. Perhaps the volume was a little rough, a trifle less beautiful than the finished work of experienced hands, but how proudly did the makers survey it! Copy after copy was turned off, until a goodly little pile was ready in brightest scarlet and gold; and never was boy better satisfied than Chester.

The Steeple-chase Printing Club went in a body to the fair—a handsome, valiant set of lads, full of fun and nonsense, but of courteous manners and gentle address.

The book was prominently placarded, and at the table where Blanche Drayton was serving, everybody was saying what a bright idea it had been, and how clever and funny the story was.

"Have you read it? How do you like it? Isn't it good?" said one to another.

"It is the best thing in the fair. There ought to have been a thousand copies; they would go off like hot cakes."

Chester could not help being a little proud as Blanche smilingly repeated all the kind things that were said; and Blanche looked so pretty as she gave a little sigh, saying, dismally, "None of my things sell so well."

"You could not expect them to," said Chester.

"Why not?" asked Bessie Clarke—a bright little wren of a girl, with a soft voice and sweet manner that Chester thought very winning.

"Well," he answered, in a patronizing way, "the things girls do are very nice, of course, but they can't come quite up to this;" and he looked at *The New Noah's Ark* he held in his hand with an immense amount of satisfaction.

Bessie's laugh rang out as softly musical as a wren's jubilant twitter when it has made its nest.

"Who is the author of this?" asked somebody.

"Oh, I must tell," cried Blanche; "I must tell. Bessie Clarke wrote the story."

Chester stared incredulously.

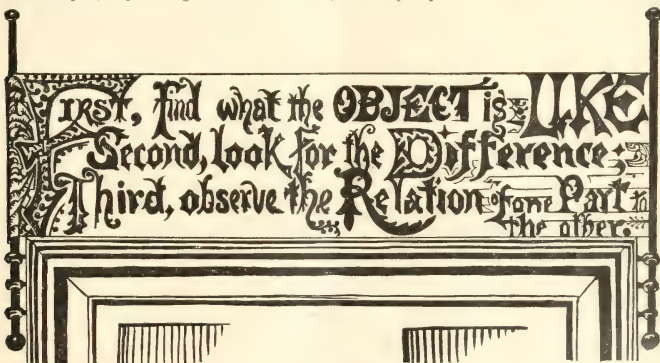
"She did—she did," nodded Blanche, and every one crowded around the young author to congratulate her.

Chester had a little struggle with himself. So the best of the book was not his, after all!

This was indeed an unwelcome surprise; but his better nature prevailed, and as soon as he had the chance he took Bessie's hand, and said: "You're a perfect brick—I beg pardon; but there isn't a boy I know who could have done it. Besides, the not telling was splendid, and I just wish my name was off that cover."

"Oh, no, no," said Bessie, laughing; "it is twice the fun to be anonymous; but when Blanche told me that no girl's finger was to be in this pie, I could not resist the temptation, and my brother George was only too glad to let me try. You must scold him."

But no scoldings were necessary. The fair was a success every way.



### THE DRAWING CLUB.—III.\*

BY ALICE DONLEVY.

ONE thing that helped to keep up the interest of the members of the Drawing Club was Aunt Ida's thoughtfulness in providing something new every time as an incentive to the young workers. When the club next came together at Dr. Lee's house they found over the door of the room an embroidered inscription, which might be taken as the guiding motto of the club: "First. Find what the object is like. Second. Look for the dif-

ference. Third. Observe the relation of one part to the other."

This much Aunt Ida had done by way of precept; but she had not forgotten that example is better than precept, and she had provided (each on a square of white paper) an onion, a carrot, a parsnip, a turnip, and a sweet-potato.

Edith took up one of the vegetables, and asked, "What is it I hold in my hand?" It sounded as if she were "crying forsoits."

All agreed that it was a sweet-potato.

"That isn't the right way to begin," exclaimed Rosa.

And Edith, suddenly remembering the precept over the door, cried, quickly, "What is it like?"

\* Articles I. and II. were published in Nos. 332 and 335.



SWEET-POTATO.

"It is like an egg lying on its side, with two pointed ends," said Rosa. Every one laughed. "Well, it is almost round, like an egg," she declared.

"Oval, you mean," corrected Marian.

"I think it is like a lemon," said Clarita—a proposition that seemed to strike the club as being very true.

Leonard happened to have plaster casts of a lemon, an apple, an egg, an orange, and a turnip, and when all had been examined and the differences compared, it was decided that the potato was more like a lemon with the ends drawn out into points than anything else.

The onion was next taken up, and Marian took a pin out of her

hat, and speared the onion so that it could be stood up on the table in such a manner that all could see its shape. The homely vegetable was likened to a great many things in turn, and it was finally decided that in form it resembled an egg, and that its skin was irregular, like the boundary lines on a map, while the light lines on the skin were like the lines of longitude, which come together at the poles.



THE ONION.

As was shown when Clarita drew the beet on the blackboard, the easiest way to draw a form that is curved or irregular is to "block it out." Leonard proceeded to do this on the blackboard. He drew a queer-shaped figure, which some

one likened to a pyramid upside down (they were always looking for likenesses now). This was, as Leonard explained, a sort of packing-box for the carrot.

"What is the use of blocking out?" asked one of the girls.

"The use is," replied Leonard, "that the blocking-out lines are a guide for the eye, and it is easier to draw a straight line than a curved one. All artists begin that way. One must travel by steam nowadays, and this method is quicker than any other."

"Why not draw as we like?" asked Marian.

"This is a drawing from nature club, my dear," answered Clarita, "and time, tide, and nature do not wait for anybody. It is all very well taking our time about these vegetables speared on pins so that they can not get away, but how about flowers, that may wilt in an hour, unless we learn to draw quickly?"

While Leonard was drawing the carrot, Norman began to block out the parsnip, whose difference from a carrot was at once remarked, one member of the club finding that it tapered to a finer point than the carrot, another that it wore more

of a cap upon its head, while several were quick to notice the marks on the skin closely resembling eyes. And Norman proceeded to draw the parsnip with a black background.

"The turnip is now ready to have its likeness taken."

"What is it like?" asked Leonard, and this oft-repeated question excited a smile, for it seemed as if some one was always asking, "What is it like?"

"It looks to me like an egg with cap and beard and a pointed goat-ee," said Marian. "The part where the stem and green leaves have been cut off is the cap, and the little rootlets on the sides are exactly like hair."

"The dark shade it shows on the white background looks like the back of somebody's head," said Edith.

"Shade!" exclaimed Leonard, indignantly. "It is shadow. Shade is on everything you draw—the part where the light does not strike—but this is *shadow*. The turnip's shadow is cast upon the white paper because the window happens to be on the other side. The *shadow* is on the paper; the *shade* is on the object itself."

"There is shade on Leonard's boot," said Norman. "Look at that white spot on the black leather."

All eyes were bent down upon Leonard's well-polished shoes.

"Yes," said the owner of the shoes; "the white spot, as Norman calls it, is where the light strikes it; the rest of the shoe is in shade."

"May your shadow never grow less!" said Edith, with a twinkle in her eye.

"My shadow tells me that it is near dinner-time," said Rosa, "and time to go home."

"It seems to me," said one of the members of the club, "that we have done a great deal more talking than anything else to-day."

"I don't know about that," said Leonard. "Look at Norman's parsnip."

"Oh, that's nothing," protested Norman, modestly. "Leonard showed me how it was done when he blocked out and drew the carrot. I just followed his lead."

"It all depends on whether you like carrots or parsnips best," put in Edith. "I like carrots best, boiled."

"And I like them better on the blackboard than on the dinner-table," added Rosa.

"Girls," said Clarita, "this is frivolous. What we have been trying to find out is not which we like best, or whether we like them at all, but *what they are like*."

"Secondly," added Norman, glancing up at Aunt Ida's text, "what the difference is, and —"

"Thirdly," interrupted Leonard, "you will please to observe the relation of one part to the other."

"Your aunt is awfully clever at embroidery," said one of the sisters.



NORMAN'S PARSNIP.



LEONARD'S CARROT.



THE TURNIP'S SHADOW.



## BOYS AND BUMBLEBEES

A PERSON who has never been a boy in the country finds great difficulty in understanding just where the fun comes in when a party of boys undertake to fight out a bumblebees' nest. With the limited knowledge of boys and bumblebees that city people possess, they are apt to think that the fun is all on the side of the bees, and that the boys are moved to attack the nest by a generous intention to amuse its occupants. That this view is a reasonable one, although not exactly correct, will be seen when the method and consequences of an attack upon a bumblebees' nest are described.

The boys who are fortunate enough to have discovered a bees' nest assemble in the neighborhood, armed with "paddles" whittled out of shingles, or branches of brushwood. The attack is made with some caution, and it is always a doubtful point whether the position nearest to the nest is the post of honor, or whether that desirable station is not somewhere in the rear of the attacking party.

It does not take much to arouse the sturdy inhabitants of the nest to active hostilities, nor do they confine themselves closely to defensive tactics. By no means. Each individual bee seems animated by a determination to give those boys all the fun that can possibly be obtained from their enterprise, and the air is soon alive with the battle cries of the two contending parties, which to an outside spectator sound like "Buzz! buzz! buzz!" on one side, and "Oh! oh! oh!" on the other. Soon the boy party takes to flight, and the bee party gives chase; and notwithstand-

ing the rapid motions of paddles and branches, most of the insects succeed in "locating a claim" on the faces or necks of the enemy.

There is one way to escape being stung, but it requires so much nerve that most boys prefer to take their chances in the hand-to-hand fight rather than try this hazardous strategy. The plan is to lie still, as if dead. The bumblebee is a generous foe, and does not care to insult a dead enemy; so if a boy will lie perfectly still he may escape. But as the bee is generous, so also is he suspicious. There are legends in the hives and nests of human bipeds who have suddenly died upon the field of battle, and as suddenly arisen and walked off when the enemy had retired. Accordingly the bumblebee wanders cautiously over the face, ears, head, and neck of the apparently lifeless foe, seeking evidence that life is not yet extinct, probes the corners of the eyes with a feeler, or tickles the tender skin of the nose with a hind-leg. Possibly he discovers new fields of sensation beneath a wilted collar, and explores that region. The boy who can stand this sort of examination would be a hero in a dentist's chair, perhaps; but as there are few who can brave that ordeal without flinching, so there are few who succeed in passing the bumblebee's examination when "playing dead."

After all, perhaps the city person is right, and the bees have all the fun and the boys all the suffering; so, as the latter are not required by the dictates of fine feeling or the laws of good society to amuse bumblebees at their own expense, we think they would be wise if they let bees' nests alone during the present summer.



FIGHTING OUT A BUMBLEBEES' NEST—DRAWN BY P. NEWELL.

# Seven o'clock.

Around about,  
Around about,  
The Kobold played and in and out  
He peeped in every Pot and Pail,  
And grinned, and pulled the Pussy's tail.

Big clumsy Gretchen, washing up  
The Breakfast-dishes, dropped a Cup;  
It fell upon the Kobold's Toe,  
And made him hop it hurt him so.

©DDB'S'26.

Clear,  
pleasant.K. P.  
del.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX

NEWMARKET, CANIS, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little English girl of thirteen, and I have taken this charming paper for six months. I do not think any one has written from Newmarket, so I thought I would write you. I go to school in Bedford, and am in the third class. When I came home with my Christmas holidays I was taken ill with scarlatina on Christmas Eve, so on Christmas Day I was shut up away from all my brothers and sisters. My brother was very ill at the same time. We thought he would not live, but he is better now, and am sending you an enigma which I hope I shall see in print soon, as a tale by myself. I am very fond of painting and drawing. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is splendid. I have such a dear little niece's. Her name is Marguerite. She was two on the 1st of April. I have no pets at present, but father is going to buy me two canaries and a goldfish. I will write and tell you all about them when I get them.

I remain yours devotedly, MARIE R. J.  
Thank you for both your contributions. They will appear in another number.

To the Readers of "Harper's Young People".

The immense destruction of birds is growing every day, and why? Three principal reasons may be given:

First.—The wanton killing of birds by guns, bean-shooters, traps, etc., without any scientific motive, and without any purpose.

Second.—The taking of eggs and destroying of nests.

Third.—The using feathers as ornaments, either in hats or otherwise.

In the first, when a boy gets a gun he generally shoots whatever he can, quite often trying to secure as large a bag of birds as possible; so in that way a great number are killed. A great many are also killed by bean-shooters. I heard of a case in which two boys shot fifty birds in one summer with bean-shooters. Then again, great many are killed by traps, nets, bird-line, etc.

In the second, at least one-fifth of the boys in America take collections of bird eggs, most of them doing it unscientifically, and only with a view of enlarging their collections; and when they get older, the collections are generally given up. A great many boys destroy the nest and eggs of a bird, and then they are very much pleased because they think it destroys the eggs of other birds; but it is very seldom guilty of this crime. In the third, they are mostly killed for hats and as ornaments. The number of birds annu-

ally sacrificed for decorative purposes is between 5,000,000 and 10,000,000.

Now there is a society to do in New York — the Audubon Society. Its purpose is to check the destruction of birds, and it has adopted three pledges, viz.:

(1) "I pledge myself not to kill, wound, or capture any wild bird as long as I remain a member of the Audubon Society, and I promise to discourage and prevent, so far as I can, the killing, wounding, or capture of birds by others."

(2) "I pledge myself not to use, destroy, or in any way injure the nest or eggs of any wild bird so long as I remain a member of the Audubon Society, and I promise to discourage and prevent, so far as I can, such injury by others."

(3) "I pledge myself not to make use of the feathers of any wild bird as ornaments of dress or household furniture, and by every means in my power to discourage the use of feathers or decorative purposes."

Any one may sign these pledges, and every one should. We do not care to sign all of them, at least sign one or two, and influence others to do the same. I have numbers of certificates on which are printed these pledges. If any one who wants to sign them will just write to me, saying so, I will send him or her several, to sign, and to influence others to sign the duplicates. When signed, they will please send the certificates back to me, and I will forward them to the Audubon Society. By doing so they will favor the society and help the birds.

By doing so they will favor the society and help the birds.  
Box 20383, West Chester, Pennsylvania.

The Postmistress agrees with this, and hopes the children will join the Audubon Society in its work of rescuing the birds. This letter is from a young contributor who is in earnest.

WENONA, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school, and am in the fourth room. I have a dear little brother named Louis; he is fourteen months old. His presence adds greatly to the comfort of his parents and sister.

I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I enjoy reading the many little letters in it from the young correspondents, and especially the stories written by Lucy C. Lillie and Howard Pyle. I have never seen a letter in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from Wenona, so I thought I would send this letter to represent our little city.

MAUD W. D.

ROBINSON, BOHEMIA, AUSTRIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I think that among all our subscribers I am the only Bohemian girl, but am very proud to be one, and like my country, the "pearl of the Austrian Empire."

The town in which I live is very prettily situated, and is surrounded by ramparts, as it is an old garrison town; outside of these are large meadows and an immense pine forest. In the distance rises a chain of mountains called the Riesengebirge (or Giant Mountains); they are now covered with snow, and look very beautiful. We had a very severe winter here, and the snow was splendid. I can skate very well, having commenced at five or six years, and can cut figures on the ice. Being a new subscriber, this is my first letter.

As I like the Journal very much, and think the Post-office Box quite a charming and original idea, and hope I shall see my letter among the numbers of the number of Crutcher. I have also an English governess, and I call her sometimes Mississippi; is it not funny? With my sister, papa, and mamma, we speak French; with the masters and other people, naturally, German; and with the servants, sometimes Bohemian; with Miss D., of course, English. We had a French governess for about a year, but it was a long time? But I fear my letter will be much

too long. If you would like to hear of a trip we made in the Austrian Alps, and of a garden party at the Queen of Hanover's residence in Gmünd, I shall be much obliged to write for you. My name is Caroline, but I am called always Lottie. I have no pets, but papa has a beautiful black pointer of English breed, whose name is Darling. He can perform several clever tricks, and when opening the doors when he wishes to come in or go out, and playing at hide-and-seek. He has a great dislike to me, and in the park he once dragged his carpet to the room in which a light burns. Oh, I love him dearly, he is such a good old fellow.

Lottie M. (aged 14).  
P.S. Should like to know the meaning of a candy-pull.

Which of you will tell our little friend all about a candy-pull. She must write again.

CAROL ROSE, HONOLULU, PAKOHOA, HAWAII, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am very sorry to trouble you with another letter so soon, but when I wrote and described the mat I did not expect I should have about twelve letters asking for pattern. My intention was to ask my correspondents to be patient, as it will take some time for me to answer all their letters, but I will try to do so in a short time.

ANNIE H. SCOTT.

STUDLEY CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I began taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in monthly last Christmas, and I like it very much. Father gave me this year's volume on Christmas Day. I think I like "Rolf House" the best. I have two sisters and two brothers. I am the eldest, and nine years old. We have four ponies to ride on, and quite well, and come to the hall door to be fed with bread and sugar. Mine is called Ethel, and she such a good little horse. I have also three little dogs, called Pop, Dina, and Flo. I have been to Scotland twice. We used to go fishing there on a loch, and help row the boat. In the summer we go to Bognor, Sussex, and have great fun on the sands. Last year mother and father took us to Brighton from there. We went to the Aquarium. I did not enjoy the session best, but my sister Ellen liked the Hippodrome. Mother and father gave us a silver watch and chain on our last birthdays, and my brother has a Waterbury one. We have a governess, and do lessons at home, and we are now looking forward to our Easter holiday. We always spend Christmas with grandpa; he lives near Coventry. The words are so pretty now, and the pretty roses. I remain, dear Postmistress, yours affectionately,

ELIZABETH W.

HONESDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I live in Honesdale, a pretty little town in the northeastern part of Pennsylvania, with about eight thousand inhabitants. It is one of the largest coal depots in the world. It is a valley, situated between two large hills. Honesdale has wide, straight streets, and is called "Maple City," because of its numerous maple trees, which in the autumn are very beautiful. There is a very handsome park, with a large fountain and a soldiers' monument. I am in the Sixth Grade, and am twelve years of age.

FLORENCE B.

ROCHMORE, TORQUAY, ENGLAND.

I saw in the magazine for February 20, that some of the Little House-keepers had lost their receipt for chocolate caramels, and having one which I had bought for my sister, I will dare say some one has been kind enough to satisfy the wants of the Little House-keepers already.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One half pound of grated chocolate, two tablespoons of sugar, one half cupful of cream, and one cupful of butter, and one teaspoonful of alum.

Here is also a nice receipt for

LEMON SUGAR.—One pound of loaf-sugar, one ounce of citric-acid, and the rind and juice of one lemon. Put the sugar into a jug, add the acid, then pour a half pint of boiling water into it. Peel the lemon very thin, and squeeze the juice into the jug. It must stand for about twenty-four hours, and must then be strained into a decanter. It can then be diluted with water.

E. E. MAY, F.

STUTTGART, GERMANY.

I want to write and tell you how much I enjoy my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. It is the nicest paper I have ever seen. My mamma is writing for me, and she is very good. My writing is not plain enough. My little brother Spencer is writing. He is such a nice little boy, and we all love him. Stuttgart is a nice city, and we are all very happy. I have many nice lessons, and can play a little. I hope you will print this, because it will be such fun to see it in dear HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am very sorry, but please excuse it. There are a great many American people in Stuttgart, but I like the Germans better. They are so nice, and go so well. I am going to be much nicer than mine, but do please print this,







OLD HEN TO YOUNG GOSLING. { "I've got to take under my wing, tra la,  
A most unattractive young thing, tra la."

### SPRING-TIME.

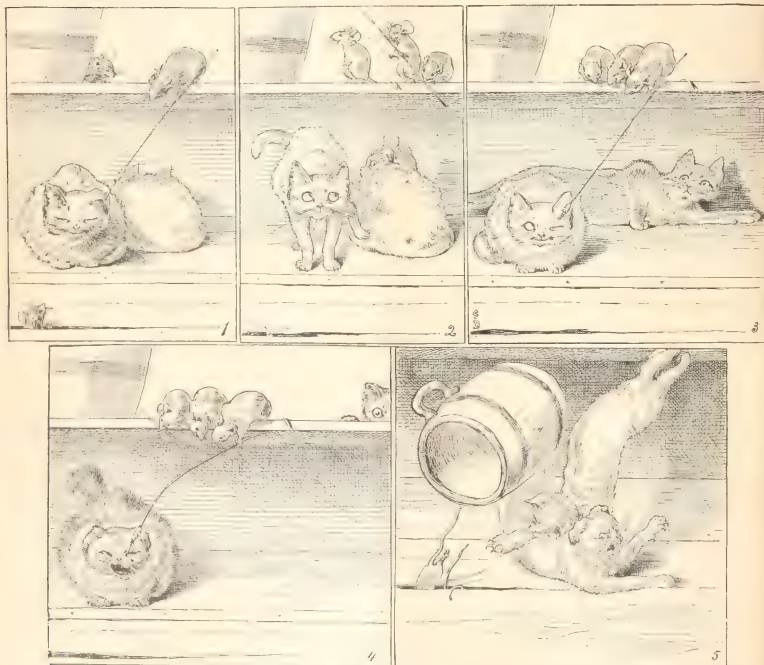
BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

**T**HREE months of spring-time,  
March is cross and crusty,  
Gusty and dusty.  
Do not be like him.

April is uncertain—  
Smiling and weeping,  
Never promise keeping,  
Always some new whim.

May brings us blossoms,  
Blue skies and breezes,  
Everything that pleases,  
Ever blithe and gay.

Youth is your spring-time;  
Oh, ye lads and lasses,  
Watch it while it passes,  
And try to be like May.



THE SLY LITTLE CATS ARE OUTWITTED BY THE SPRY LITTLE RATS.

1 Sweet content. 2 Her natural instincts are aroused, likewise her partner. 3. A little strategy—Tabby undertakes to keep the rats amused while Grim steals around to their rear. 4. "Hurry up! I can't stand this much longer without sneezing." 5. The strategy is a complete and disastrous failure.



# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VII.—NO. 343

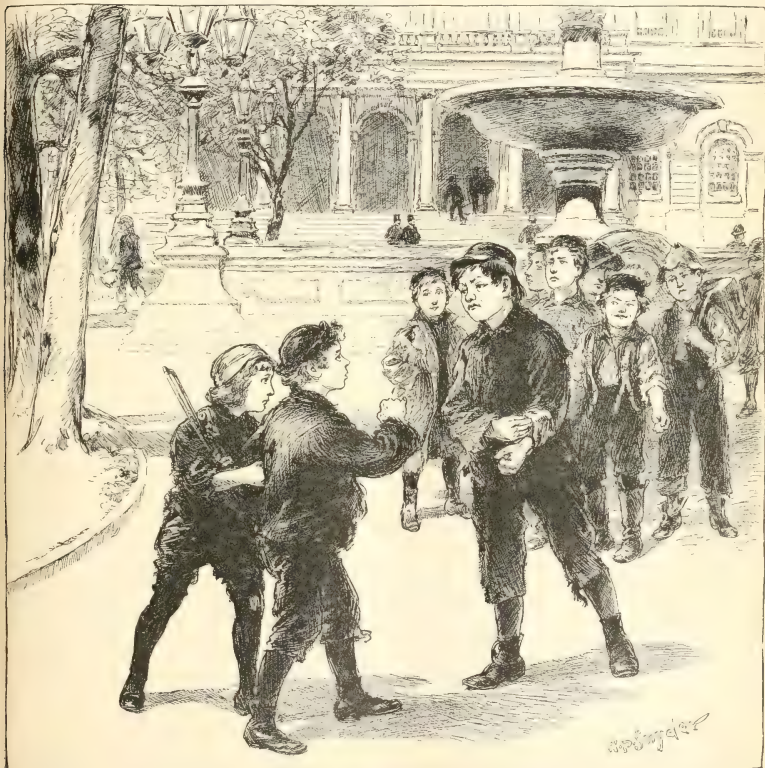
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"I'LL SHOW YOU WHETHER YOU CAN OR NOT!"—SEE PAGE 470.

## SILENT PETE; OR, THE STOWAWAYS.\*

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF

"TORY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

## CHAPTER VIII.

STRANGERS AND HOMELESS.

AFTER Abe left the boys they walked for some distance, not heeding whether they were going in the direction pointed out by the cook or not, and thinking only that they were strangers in a great city, where every one else looked happy in contrast to their utter loneliness.

"Come, Pete, this won't ever do!" exclaimed Jerry, after the two had walked on for some time in mournful silence. "We mustn't be travelling round here like sick chickens just because we can't go on board the *Clio* when we get tired. Here we are in New York, old boy, just where we've been wanting to be so long, and we ought to be as lively and happy as crabs."

"But, Jerry, it's so big, and there are so many people! Everybody looks as if they thought we had no business to come, and how ever shall we find Aunt Nannette?"

"We'll find her sure enough," said Jerry, with an assumption of cheerfulness he was far from feeling. "I don't just know how we'll do it; but we will. If the folks here don't like it because we've come, why, I'm sorry for 'em, 'cause you see they can't help themselves now that we're here."

"But where are we going?"

"Up where Abe told us to, and then we'll kind o' look round and see what to do. Perhaps we'll strike some fellow what can give us points. But ain't this a pretty big city?"

"It's too big, Jerry. It don't seem as if we'd have a chance of finding anybody, does it?"

"Well, I'll allow that the thing don't look so awful easy; but then, you see, we've got to take time about it. Say! I reckon that's the City Hall Abe was talking about," he added, as he pointed to a dirty white building, in front of which was a park, and around which could be seen boys enough, as Jerry said, "to start a orphan 'sylum."

"Hi! Johnny, wherd' you get the crippled fiddle?"

"Jist look at de swells!"

These and many other expressions, hardly more elegant or significant of good feeling, greeted the boys, and Jerry at once thought of the warning Felix had given him, while Pete, accustomed to look to his friend for protection, nestled close by his side, with Sweetness held between them to screen it from the blows he felt certain would follow the salutations. It was while Jerry stood looking around him in bewilderment, at a loss to understand whether it was a declaration of war or good-natured chaff, that a boy larger than the others stepped in front of the strangers, and asked, in a friendly tone:

"Were you going into the park?"

"I reckon so; but didn't 'zactly know," replied Jerry, disposed to place confidence in the boy who had spoken the first friendly word to him.

"Of course that's where you want to go," said the boy, decidedly. "You're strange here, ain't you?"

"Yes; we've just come up from New Orleans."

"Got any money?"

"A little," replied Jerry, modestly.

"Then I can fix everything for you in style. You see, I don't have nothing to do but just take care of fellows who come from New Orleans, and I'll put you through all right. Now you want to go into the Park, and I'll see that you can do it for five cents. The price is put 'way down to fellows from New Orleans; but if you

had come from Yonkers or Cohoes, it would cost you a quarter."

It is possible that Jerry, owing to the hardships of the voyage and shipwreck, may have appeared at that moment like a boy who was unaccustomed to city life; but even if such was the case, he soon showed that he could not be victimized by a New-Yorker.

"I'll kind o' take the run of the place for a while," he said, gravely, "and you can send the bill up the first of the month. I shall be at the swellest hotel, whichever one that is."

"Perhaps you think duffers from New Orleans can get into this here park without a ticket?" said the boy, angrily, and doubling up his fists as if he proposed to contest the right of way.

"Well, I hadn't thought much about it, and now that I've seen it, I'll allow that it ain't worth fighting over."

"Oh, you're scared, eh?"

"Scared of who?" asked Jerry, looking around with pretended anxiety, as if to see some one of whom he would have reason to be afraid. "If it's the park you mean, I don't see anything very alarming in that little thing. Down our way we keep such as them by the dozen to give away to fellows from the North, and if they find fault at the size, we throw in four or five fighting men like you, so as to make it a decent present."

"Oh, you've come up here to put on airs, have you? Well, I'll show you whether you can or not," and the bully stepped nearer to Jerry as if determined to provoke a fight.

Pete clutched Jerry's arm more firmly, as he whispered in a trembling voice: "Come away; you'll get into a fight if you don't, and there are so many of them that you'll get all tore up."

"Don't you worry," replied Jerry, loud enough for the crowd to hear him. "This fellow looks to me a good deal like the Mayor of the city; but all the same, he don't want to fight when he knows the police would nab him, unless he can run faster than I think for. We sha'n't have any trouble here, old boy; but 'most any other time when he can show us a place where we can have it out, I'll give him honor what he wants, just for fun."

Jerry spoke so unconcernedly, and as if a fight was an every-day occurrence with him, that the young gentleman who had been especially detailed to amuse boys from New Orleans thought it wise not to push the stranger too far, and he said, as he swaggered up the street:

"I'll meet you before long, young fellow, and I'll show you something you never saw before."

This little encounter seemed to have cheered Jerry wonderfully. He had had many of them in his own city, although he had not always succeeded quite as well, and the feeling of homesickness had entirely disappeared.

"We'll take in this five-cent park, and then we'll get to work. New York ain't so very bad after all, is it?"

"If only we can find Aunt Nannette," said Pete.

"Of course we can; there's no trouble about that. I was afraid the boys here would be stuck up because they lived in a big city; but you can see they ain't, and we'll come out all right."

There was not very much to be seen in the little park, and after the boys had walked once around it, Jerry all the time comparing it unfavorably with what might be found in New Orleans, they sat on the City Hall steps to decide where they would begin work.

"There's that same fellow what's been following us all around," Jerry said, as he gazed curiously at a good-natured-looking boy about his own age and size, who was approaching them with his face wreathed in what can be called nothing less than a broad grin.

"Say, you fellow," called the stranger, while he was yet quite a distance away. "Let me ask you something, will you?"

\* Begun in No. 336, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Of course I will; why don't you come up and ask it like a man?"

"I didn't know as you'd want anything to do with us fellows after what you said to Jigger Sam," replied the new-comer, as he advanced and seated himself.

"Oh, that was Jigger Sam that wanted to sell me tickets to come into the park, was it?"

"Yes, and he can dance the greatest jig you ever saw."

"Well, I don't think very much of him anyway. What was it you wanted to ask me?"

"Say, don't you want somebody to show you round the city, and tell you who all the fellows are? You said you'd just come up from New Orleans, and if you have, you can't know much about New York."

"Look here," said Jerry, sternly, rising to his feet and standing directly in front of the boy, "are you one of them fellows that's been sorted out to take care of folks from down our way, like that Jigger Sam?"

"No, no; I ain't a-trying to play any such games on you as he did," replied the boy, alarmed by Jerry's threatening attitude. "I'm only Bill Chick. I thought you might like to know some fellow that could tell you all about things, and if you do, I'll post you up in first-class style."

"What do you want for posting us?" asked Jerry, suspicious as to the intentions of this would-be friend.

"I don't want nothing—honest Injun I don't. I'll tell you why I'd like to go round with you: Jigger and all his gang are down on me, and they rough it in whenever they get a chance. Now you backed Jigger right straight out, and if I was with you, he wouldn't dare to pick on me."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" and Jerry seemed relieved to learn that his friendship was not sought for any more dangerous purpose. "Well, I suppose you can stay with Pete and me if you want to; but you'll have to snoop round by yourself for something to eat."

"I'll do that fast enough," was Master Bill's reply.

"How long have you lived here?" Jerry asked, a happy thought having occurred to him as to how Billy could be made useful.

"Never lived anywhere else."

"Then perhaps you know where Pete's Aunt Nannette lives."

"Who's she?"

"Why, just Aunt Nannette," said Jerry, impatiently.

"Aunt Nannette," said Master Chick, musingly, and as if very anxious to give his new acquaintances this, the first information for which they had asked. "If it was any other name, I could 'most told you right out. I don't suppose Mother Harker would do, would she? I know her, and could take you right where she lives."

"Of course she wouldn't," replied Jerry, indignantly; and then assuming a more confidential tone, he added, "We've come up here just to find Pete's aunt, and we've got to do it somehow."

"Has she got a big nose with a wart on it, and does she take snuff pretty much all the time?" asked Billy, eagerly, as if he was on the brink of an important discovery.

"I don't know. Why?"

"Cause I know a woman like that down in Vesey Street Market, and I wouldn't wonder if she was just the one you're looking for."

"What makes you think so?"

"Nothing, only it might be her as well as any one else; now mightn't it?"

Jerry did not know how to answer the question, and Pete hadn't the slightest idea as to what his aunt looked like; but he thought it would be well to ask the woman herself.

"That's just what we will do," said Jerry. "You show us where she is, Bill, and we'll go to see her now."

"It'll be a big thing if we get hold of her as easy as this," Jerry said, as they walked rapidly along, obliged to exert themselves to the utmost in order to keep pace with

Master Chick. "I'd be willing to stay round here a month just to prevent Jigger from picking on Bill if he does find your folks, and won't you 'stonish her when you tell her who you are?"

Pete was too much excited to speak; he pressed forward as rapidly as possible, fully believing that their search would soon be at an end. Both he and Jerry looked wofully disappointed, however, a short time afterward, when Master Chick came to a halt and pointed to a most disagreeable old woman a short distance away, who was then busily engaged in taking snuff.

"There she is!" Billy exclaimed, triumphantly. "There she is, and now you can tell whether she looks anything like your aunt or not."

Jerry said nothing; he was decidedly disappointed in the appearance of this possible relative of his friend, and he looked at him inquiringly.

"I don't believe that is her," replied Pete, in answer to the mute question. "She don't look anything like my mother, and I reckon we'd better not ask her."

"Oh yes, let's find out now that we've come so far. She may be a good deal better'n she seems," said Billy, quickly. "You wait here, and I'll ask her."

"I hope that woman ain't my aunt," said Pete, in a tone of distress, as Master Chick ran rapidly across the street. "She don't look nice at all, does she?"

"Well, she ain't no great beauty," replied Jerry, reflectively, "and I never thought much of folks that was always taking snuff; but then she *may* be all right."

By this time Master Chick had engaged the old lady in conversation, and from her animated expression and threatening gestures it was quite evident that she believed the boy was trying to make sport of her. In fact, before Billy had been talking with her three minutes she attempted to box his ears, and it was only through his activity that he escaped the punishment.

"She says she hain't your aunt," he cried, as he came up to where Pete and Jerry were anxiously awaiting the result of the interview; "but I don't believe her. How does she know, when she didn't hardly look at you?"

"I reckon she knows what her own name is," said Jerry, decidedly, "and I'm glad she's no relation, 'cause if she had been I'd a thought we'd made a big mistake in coming all the way from New Orleans."

"Now what are you going to do?" Master Chick asked.

"I suppose we ought to get to work," said Jerry, thoughtfully. "We haven't got much money, and it never 'd do to let every cent go while we're up here in a strange place, so we must earn some more."

"How are you going to do it?"

"Pete will play on the fiddle, and I'll try to sing. Where's the best place for us to begin?"

"I'll take you where you can earn no end of money. 'Most all the hand-organ men go there. Where'll you sleep to-night?"

"I don't know—'most any place. Do you know a good chance?"

"Well, you'd think I did if you should see it once. Me and Jim Barrow gets a whole room to ourselves for fifty cents a week, and it's got a bed and a chair, and pretty nigh a whole looking-glass."

"Fifty cents a week for all that?" exclaimed Jerry, absolutely dazzled by the idea of so much magnificence at such a low price.

"Yes, sir, and it's in a reg'lar house, with a key to the door. I'll take you up there if you want to look at it."

"Well, we'd like such a place," said Jerry, hesitatingly; "but, you see, I allowed that we'd sleep round 'most anywhere. Do the policemen make a fuss if they find you in wagons or in the park?"

"You'd know mighty quick if you was to try it. The police is getting awful down on the fellows, and if they find us stowed away anywhere they think we hadn't



ought to be, they rough it in pretty bad. Suppose you come up and look at my room?"

Jerry decided that he would accept the invitation, although it seemed to him very much like throwing money away to spend it for a room, when there were so many places on the streets in which a boy could sleep. Had he been alone, he would not have entertained the idea of hiring a room for a single moment; but to have Pete ill-treated by a policeman was more than he could endure, and he concluded to follow Master Chick's example.

The house in which Billy lived was not far from the City Hall, and if its exterior was not all in appearance that one could ask for, it was better than Pete's parents had occupied in New Orleans, therefore Jerry thought it safest to ask a few questions before entering.

"This looks kinder swell, and I don't want to get into a place where I've got to go round like a nob. Do they make you agree to keep dressed up all the time?"

"Of course they don't," replied Bill, quickly. "Look at me; I'm fixed about as well as the other fellows that live here." Billy's "fixing" consisted of a pair of trousers with suspenders, a shirt, and a portion of a vest, all in a more or less soiled condition; but he believed that the suspenders lent an air of general magnificence to the whole costume, since they were gorgeously colored with red and green. "I hain't combed my hair for a week, and they never said anything to me," he added.

"Then we'll go in," said Jerry, and Master Chick led the way into the house and up to the third story, where he displayed his room with a great flourish, feeling quite

certain that his New Orleans friends would be filled with wonder and surprise.

Billy was anxious that the boy upon whom he relied to protect him from Jigger Sam should live in the same house with him, and without waiting to hear Jerry's views on the matter, he called the landlady to show his two friends a room. It so chanced that the apartment adjoining the one occupied by Master Chick was vacant, and this was offered to Jerry, who, after a whispered consultation with Pete, decided to hire it at once.

"Now all we've got to do is to earn money enough to pay for this place, and to buy us something to eat," said Jerry, after the landlady had left her new tenants. "We've got things pretty fine so far, but we musn't try to put on too much style, or we shall fail up, sure, like Tony Dauphin did when he thought he wasn't swell enough, and bought half of Felix's shed to sleep in."

Billy thought, in view of the fact that they had settled down, it would be the proper thing to have a dinner, or an excursion; but Jerry objected, saying:

"See here, Billy Chick, when we've got money in the bank, or when we've found Aunt Nannette, we can afford to loaf; but just now we've got too much to do, and it ain't no kind of use for you to talk. Will you come and show us where we ought to go, or must you sit down here fussing about what you haven't any money to pay for."

"Oh, I'll go with you, of course," replied Billy, quickly. "I was only thinking what a good time we might have, and you could see all the boys."

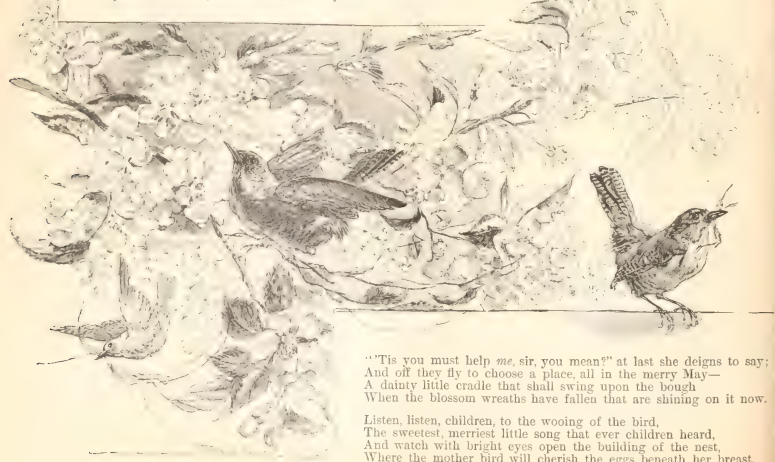
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE COURTSHIP OF THE WRENS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LISTEN, listen to the singing from yonder apple-tree,  
Where the honey of the blossoms tempts the coming of the bee;  
And look, afloat among the leaves, the jaunty little bird!  
A lover he, with wooing song the sweetest ever heard.

"Oh, hear me, Jenny, Jenny Wren," in silver notes he cries.  
Perverse she turns away her head, and not a note replies,  
Till louder, sweeter, rings the song: "I love you, love you best,  
And you must be my little bride, and help me build the nest."



"'Tis you must help *me*, sir, you mean?" at last she deigns to say;  
And off they fly to choose a place, all in the merry May—  
A dainty little cradle that shall swing upon the bough  
When the blossom wreaths have fallen that are shining on it now.

Listen, listen, children, to the wooing of the bird,  
The sweetest, merriest little song that ever children heard,  
And watch with bright eyes open the building of the nest,  
Where the mother bird will cherish the eggs beneath her breast.



## MORE WORDS IN THE SADDLE.

BY COLONEL THEODORE A. DODGE, U.S.A.

AND now, before we say good-by,\* we will take a ride together. You, Dick, must let Polly ride Don. The lady should always have the best and safest mount. I will lend you my new cob Punchinello, who is headstrong enough to suit the most ambitious boy, and will be as much of a handful as you want. I will ride Patroclus, the perfect, my daily companion for seven years, who knows all that a horse should know, never has done a wrong thing, seen a sick day, or taken a lame step. Few horses have so good a record.

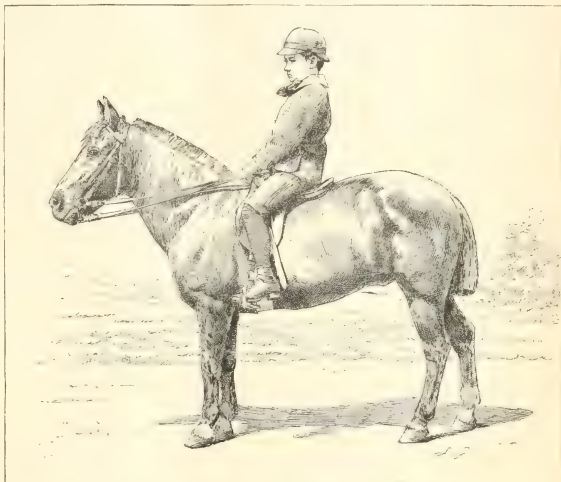
Of course, Dick, you know how to mount a lady. I will stand at Don's head, though indeed he does not need watching. He is fond of a girl rider, for he is sure of gentle treatment, which all boys do not give him, and perhaps a lump of sugar. Come, Polly, stand here, close by your saddle, and facing Don's head. Put your right hand on the upper horn and your left on Dick's shoulder, who will stand facing you; place your left foot in Dick's hand, and when he counts one, two, three, spring upward; he will help lift you, and—there you are safely in your seat. Now put your right leg over the upper and your left knee under the leaping horn, and Dick will adjust your foot in the stirrup; pull the folds of your skirt straight, so as to be comfortable, take your reins and whip, and you are your own mistress, and Don's too. Dick and I soon mount, and we are at your service.

In the South they have mounting blocks, for ladies ride alone a great deal, and a clever girl can mount from a fence or stump if her pony is quiet. But ladies are not as independent now as years ago, when they rode astride like men. I used to know an old lady, Gräfin zu Dohna, in Silesia, who in her youth always rode thus. Their costumes—wide Turkish trousers, with a long skirt on both sides—were quite picturesque. One can still find pictures of them in old books, prancing along very gayly. I think it is a good plan for little girls to learn bare-back, like boys, for they get accustomed to a sort of balance on the horse; but when they come within hail of young ladyhood they must sober down to a side-saddle.

We will, if you please, walk our horses for a mile or so. Many young beasts are rather gay on first going out, but it is well to teach them to walk until we find that everything is in proper trim. Dick, you ride on Polly's right. The safer side is certainly the left, for your right hand is then nearest her, and in case of need I have known a man to bodily lift a lady clear of her saddle; but fashion dictates the right side. Remember, too, that

it is the lady's option to give the pace, and her every wish should be your law. You must not leave her side, and only danger should allow you to exert your own will. Nothing is more ungallant than to cross your Amazon's choice or to leave her side for a moment. It is only "Sunday riders" who go strutting along the road at a breakneck pace. Expert horsemen ride close together, and slowly, as a rule, so as to indulge in pleasant talk.

Now let us start into a modest trot. Gather up your



DON AND HIS RIDER.

reins, snaffle most, and a steady "Come, Don!" will suffice. Southern horses are taught to trot when you pull their mane. I prefer a word or a sign of the reins. Patroclus will go half a dozen gaits, and change from any one to any other by a very slight sign of the reins or a word. I shall drop behind you, Polly, to see how you rise to your trot. Some girls need to go fast to rise well, but this shows lack of skill. You can, I see, rise to a slow trot, and well too. Your backbone is straight over Don's. Now don't lean forward quite so much, nor sit back too stiff, and you'll do admirably.

Ah, Dick, I thought Punch would keep you busy. He's a very rogue for shying till he finds out that you're not timid. But don't be angry. A blow will only make him worse next time. Reason with him, and tell him not to be foolish. It is the tone of your voice does it. Shying may generally be overcome by firm kindness, unless, indeed, it comes from bad eyes; it never can by rough usage. I have worked weeks sometimes to make a horse forget a single unnecessary cut of the whip.

Here we come to a soft stretch of dirt-road. Shall we take a canter? Polly, draw up your curb a bit, not too tight, but enough to bring in Don's head, and at the same minute lift your reins so as to gather him, and touch him with your heel. There, that sends him into a canter, with the right shoulder leading, which is easier for a girl.

\* See Colonel Dodge's articles, "In the Saddle," published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Nos. 335 and 336.

Now, steady! We don't want to rush into a gallop. Any plug can gallop. Only the well-trained hack is able or willing to put a twelve-mile gallop into a five-mile canter, and when he does there is nothing so agreeable. Handle your reins lightly, so that Don will mouth his bit as he canters, and you can hold him with a silken skein. But Punch, you see, is obstinate, and needs muscle; he has not been well-bitted. There is no pace capable of finer gradations than the canter. Well performed, it is the most exquisite of motions. A loose-jointed, ten-mile rush is not worthy the name of canter. There should be a perfect and slow rhythm to the feet, as well as a vigorous, springy action.

What do you say to crossing the fields here and making a bee-line for the highway? Hold hard, and let us take our bearings. This field won't do, for on the other side, you see, is a wall laid in cement, with sharp-edged cap-stones. I never like to let a girl take any but easy jumps, and don't like dangerous ones myself as well as when I was a boy. The next field, I notice, has a low wall on this side and an easy fence on the other, and we can skirt the marshy lowland and find a narrow place to jump yonder brook. It is not more than five feet wide in places. Now, Dick, you and Punch lead, so as to make Don jump free. Never fear Punch; all he wants is a little rein. Select that place where the wall is low, and take it moderately after you land. Polly, do you forget everything except to lean back, grip your horns for all you are worth, and let Don have his head. Loosen your curb before you start. Now, Dick! See Punch go at it shaking his head for very delight! Over he is! Now for you, Polly! Leave Don to himself, and—brava, pretty! You sat that well, though your hat did get knocked over your eyes. Hold hard, Dick. If Punch goes on that way, we shall bid good-by to him and you for the rest of the afternoon. Pull him down. We are not steeple-chasing. Keep to the right of the dam's ground, well up the slope, and make for that panel in the fence where the top rail is gone.

You hold on, Polly, till you see Dick well across before you follow. If he should come down, you might land atop of him else. I will take the panel next to you, and we will go it neck and neck. Steady him down. Never go wildly at a jump. Always keep to a gait such that your horse feels you are cool-headed, and he will be so too. Let him do his own work. This "lifting" a horse is only for the very expert. If he knows from your reins that your heart is in the right spot, he will jump boldly; and if it isn't, he will guess it sure, and probably refuse. Here we come. Now for it! Good again! Polly, you are a trump! That was strong three feet. We will brisk up into a hand-gallop across this pretty meadow and over the brook—*ditch* doesn't sound well—which is just beyond us. Dick, let Polly have the place to the left of the bushes. The take-off is firm there, and a trifle higher than the landing bank. We can all go together as well as not. Watch the horses' ears as they see the water ahead. Never fear; they will all take it handily in company, though Don might not do so alone. Give him a word of cheer, Polly, to make him feel that all's well. Now, then—over we are. Didn't you feel like a swallow on the wing? Is there anything like it? Let us pull down and take it easy.

And now, as we walk along over the soft turf, or pause, indeed, a few minutes while our nags get a nibble of the fresh young grass, I want to spin you a yarn about a real Don and his plucky boy rider whom I have learned to know since I named our pony Don. This little beast, whose full name is Don Bucephalus, grew up on the pampas of the Argentine Republic, on a ranch where some fifty thousand sheep were herded, with lambs for playmates, and the horizon alone to fence him in. He was

given to the Captain of an American schooner which made a yearly trip to Rosario for fruits and other products of the Rio de la Plata country. The only way in which Don could be got on board was to rig a tackle to the yard-arm, put him in a sling—which is a broad band around the body, held in place by straps front and rear—and hoist him up. But Don was so frightened when he found himself in mid-air that he struggled loose from the sling, and took a header into the river. They fished him out, and on the second trial he was wise enough to keep quiet; for Don is something of a philosopher. Once on deck, he was put in a huge box, just wide enough to squeeze him into, so that the sides should hold him steady when the ship pitched. Here Don stood two long months, asleep or awake, with his head and tail alternately bobbing out of the ends of his novel "box stall," as the schooner rolled to and fro over the waves.

Sailors are always fond of pets, and Don was a prime favorite. The crew fed him on hay as long as the supply they had taken on board lasted, and then on potato peelings and ship's biscuit. Finally Boston Harbor was made, and Don found release from his prison. Every one supposed that this wild pampas pony would be frightened out of his wits at the novel sights of a city. But Don had too much wit to be frightened, and was too much of a citizen of the world to show surprise, if he felt any; he simply ignored the whole proceedings, and behaved as if he had long ago divined it all. He walked through Boston streets probably feeling akin to its intellectual atmosphere, stared the locomotive out of countenance when he was put on the cars to be taken to his new home, and accepted everything as a matter of course.

The Captain's people did not know what to do with the little fellow, and sold him for a song to a young bank clerk, whom, though Don is only twelve and one-half hands high, he managed to carry without effort. Once, indeed, he ran away with him, and on another occasion was put into a race, in which, though beaten, he ran his three furlongs in forty-eight seconds with his owner in the saddle. On this gentleman's death, soon after, poor Don fell into cruel hands, whose unreasonable treatment he repaid with many spirited and resentful pranks, thus earning the reputation of treachery—a vice quite foreign to his nature. Finally good fortune cast his lot with his present owner, Master Alfred B—, of Fall River, then only seven years old.

Alfred had never ridden, but he had the stuff in him of which riders are made, and the first day he tried racing Don against his older brother's big pony. Not knowing Don's temper—indeed, knowing nothing of riding—he struck him with a stick. The spirit of the pampas rose at once in revolt. Off went Don like the wind, leaving the other pony far in the rear, threading the mazes of a funeral procession, and bringing every one to the scene where, like John Gilpin of old, this curly-pated youngster ran his race.

"The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out, 'Well done!'  
As loud as he could bawl."

But Alfred was in no whit dismayed. He stuck to Don like a trump as he flashed along the road for nearly three miles, kept his head and seat, and finally pulled him up. When he got home he mildly observed, "I think I won't ride any more to-day, mamma." And when his mother, surprised, asked what had happened, he told her Don had run away, and added, "But I staid on, mamma, and I think he was getting tuckered."

Every one now protested that it was too dangerous a thing to keep Don, but the boys had no such fears, and Don staid. In a short while he found that he was among

friends, where he need not fight for existence, and all that was sweet in him came out to repay the children's petting. He is by nature as docile as he is strong and plucky, and his young owner fairly matches him.

Don is a famous jumper, and has cleared obstacles all but as high as himself, while Alfred has taken a five-foot hurdle on his mother's thorough-bred. No one who has seen the pair ride to hounds would recognize the pony while he patiently waits on a summer day, unhitched, on the sandy beach for six or eight children to finish their bath, to and from which he daily drags the whole crowd in a village cart; or, indeed, when the boys stand him on the stable floor, hang a hat on his ear, and play leap-frog with him. One day on the beach Don stood quietly while the children buried him nearly up to the body in sand, and the young ones all aver that he winked at them in pure enjoyment of their fun.

Master Alfred seems to have all the qualities which go to make the typical horseman. He is cool and courageous; he has a firm, steady seat, and is kind and judicious. With these to start with, everything else will come. I hope I shall know him a dozen years hence, for I am sure he will have justified his promise.

Here we are at the highway, with an open gate, which you and I, Polly, will soberly go through. But Dick has no idea of using a gate when there is a stone wall to jump, and Punch to carry him over it. I hope you are not tired of walking. There is no gait in the saddle to be compared to a good walk. It is a pity to have to hurry for exercise. Road riding should be a lazy luxury, and on a walk one can converse so much better than on any other gait. There are hundreds of things I want to tell you, but I shall have to wait for another day. Both Dick and you have good firm seats, and I fancy your hands will become gradually lighter. There is one test both of good hands and a mouth well bitted which you should keep in mind, for these, you see, mutually depend on each other.

If your horse will stop, back, and turn handily and quickly and without boring—that is, without giving a dull, heavy pull on the bit—both his mouth and your hands are properly light. But whenever your horse bores, something is wrong. A light-mouthed horse may, in galloping, or when very fresh, want to work up to the bit with taut reins, but the least indication will arch his neck and make the bits play loosely in his mouth. What I mean by boring is the stupid, unintelligent, stiff-necked hold of the bit which nine out of ten horses always show. In this condition you can convey no meaning to them except by sheer muscle. All skill is thrown away. The horse's bits should be handled as delicately as the instrument which sends the telegram along the wires. In fact, the reins and bits are only for just such messages. How to "make" a horse's mouth I will tell you some other time. It is a long story.

And here we are back home. You may now learn to dismount in good form. You, Polly, hand your whip to the groom who holds your horse's head; Dick will release your foot from the stirrup; you can then take your knee from off the pommel, so that you sit square across the horse; seize your skirts in your hands so that you will not catch in them; Dick will place his hands on your waist or under your elbows, and you can glide to the ground as lightly as may be. There, that is well done. Some ladies prefer to place their right hand on the pommel, and give their left to the gentleman who dismounts them, and with the short skirt of the day this is not a bad plan. The main thing is to land lightly and clear of your saddle, and not to trip on your skirt.

And now let me thank you for a very pleasant ride, Miss Polly, and you, Dick, too, and say, not good-by, but *au revoir!*

## "JACKET."

BY LUCY C. MILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLY HOUSE," "JO'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

### Part III.

THE second spring old Jacket was with us, the return of two of my brother's comrades for a very special occasion decided mamma to go on Decoration Day to our dear old church-yard—by which name, from a habit in Dalesford, the resting-place of those we loved is always called.

The services were over, but the church-yard was still full of people, the sunlight not gone, and we were moving about by ourselves—mamma talking in low tones to Colonel Sharply about our brother—when suddenly a carriage drawn by fine dark horses and driven by liveried servants stopped in the main roadway of the church-yard, and a grizzled man with "soldier" in every line of his face and bearing alighted. He looked about him—was evidently searching for a grave, and we moved back a little with an instinctive feeling of delicacy. The man found what he was seeking—the grave of a Dalesford boy we had all been proud of—a little drummer-boy whose fate was to die young but very gloriously, and who had been beloved by the whole regiment and mourned by them.

When it was found, the man read the inscription and went back to the carriage, and now we saw more plainly who was seated within it—an old lady, very beautiful, very gentle, very quiet, with white curls on either side of her delicate oval face, with tender blue eyes, that looked as though weeping and sorrowing had only left them patient and sympathetic for the sorrows of all other people in the world. One of her hands rested on the edge of the carriage door as the man spoke; then he opened the door, offered her his arm, and gently led her forward.

We had drawn back, as I said, and would have gone away now down the hill but for Jacket's unexpected behavior.

With a bound he had rushed at the man's legs: the man had cried out, "Why, Jack! Jack Horner!" Then the old lady had turned, trembling visibly, and put out her hand as she exclaimed,

"Jack Horner! naughty old Jack!"

And there was our old comrade leaping about wildly and joyfully, like a dog "come to his own again."

The twins were looking on like a pair of young thunder-clouds. Mamma began to speak—then looked at Edwin, who certainly did very well in his way of explaining how the dear old dog had come into our keeping.

"Why, you see," said the soldierly man, smiling, "Mrs. Hervey, my aunt, lost the dog about two years ago."

"It was my son's dog," said the old lady, in a very gentle voice. "I have not been home here for many, many years. My son's dog," she added, looking down again at Jacket, whose demonstrations of delight were by no means subdued as yet, and then the man, who had the air of an old family servant, explained:

"You see, Mrs. Hervey, the house-keeper, came up here from Boston two years ago to leave the dog at her mother's while we were in Scotland, and she lost him, miss"—looking at me—"and never could say how, but guessed he was stolen. And if he was, he probably got away from the thief, and so to the school where this young gentleman bought him, you see."

This was evidently the case; the all-important question now, asked with eager glances already by the twins' two pairs of bright blue eyes, was what should we all do about it?

"You must have been so good to my poor old Jack!" said the old lady. "May I take him home with me now—and to-morrow, madam," to mamma, "may all of your people come to see him?"



"HE IS A LAME SOLDIER COMING HOME, MISS," EXPLAINS TRUEMAN."

So it was settled; the address in a village five miles away given, and Jacket, our dear old Jacket, was driven away in the grand carriage, flapping his ear, cocking his eye, and looking painfully like our most familiar association with him. The boys took their way homeward in silent grief, not all unmixed with resentment. We older ones walked quietly and sadly, too, for Jacket somehow seemed strangely part and parcel of our simple home life. To return in the sweet May twilight and not find old Jacket drowsily curled up in the doorway, to spend an evening undisturbed by his "remembering"—his sudden starts and little affectionate demonstrations—how strange it seemed! No wonder the twins and Edwin and Edith were a mournful quartette around the library table.

All that evening there were the sounds—sometimes far away, sometimes near—of the soldiers tramping, of the war tunes played over and over again for the sake of *auld lang syne*, while the beauty of the summer night gathered, and the sky shone full of stars—shining down upon our Dalesford church-yard, upon the grave of little Tom Barton, our drummer-boy, and George Marshall, our young general, lighting up all alike now with God's radiance—the same glory, only differing as star from star, for one and all, and it was hard not to have a sense of peace and rest, and to think of our own lad up in the church-yard as bright and happy and at peace in God's fair land.

The next day I went with Carolyn, Edith, and the boys to see Jacket in his old home. The lady's name was Mrs. Margaret Joy. The place had an old-fashioned entrance—a gate that swung back, and let us in upon a long drive

which circled about a mansion painted white, with fluted pillars on the porch, and a great deal of fine dark paneling in the hall.

Jacket made a dash for us from his place at the front door, knew each twin, we felt sure, and this was hard work, they were so alike, recognized Edwin, the girls, and myself with his peculiar demonstrations of delight. Then Mrs. Joy led us into a long, beautiful drawing-room, where a girl of Carolyn's age sat working, who rose with a pretty, shy grace to make us welcome, and where at once we saw who had been Jacket's master.

At the lower end of the room hung the picture of a splendid-looking youth, a lad of nineteen, in the uniform of an officer, and with a brown and white dog sitting beside him. Above this picture hung sword and spurs and an old flag, pathetic with its tattered edges, mute testimonials to the past. The face of the young soldier was beautiful, I thought boyish, but with manliness in every line written in by the new fires of loyalty; and the dog—ah, Jacket! Jacket! that was your very self in *youth*. Poor old doggie! once you looked young and brisk, almost handsome, did you? "Was *that* Jacket?" the twins were saying, almost in a breath, their curly heads close together, their faces lifted at precisely the same angle, their blue eyes fixed upon the dog in the picture. And Jacket, poor old man, near by, cocked his eye and flapped his ear and banded his hard old tail on the floor. Doubtless he was accustomed to seeing strangers gaze from the smart young dog in the picture to the spectacle of his halt old age, and considered it a compliment.

"That was Jack, or Jacket, as you seem to call him,"





"HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE! THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE."

the dear old lady said, smiling. "He was in the war with my boy."

And the pretty girl, Mrs. Joy's granddaughter, called out. "Here, Jack! where's Trueman?" And I believe Trueman—the soldierly man we had seen before—must have been just outside the door, he answered this summons so quickly.

"Here, Miss Jenny," he said, coming in, and standing very straight, and smiling, and waiting for orders.

"May we have the drum, grandmamma?" said Miss Jenny, prettily.

"Of course. I don't doubt Jack has learned many new tricks, but perhaps you'd like to see some of the old ones."

Wouldn't we! and particularly wouldn't the twins! I must tell you that in moments of special interest or excitement the twins always cling to each other very closely, and positively seem to draw their breaths simultaneously—tall, slim lads they are even now, with just the same clear-cut oval faces, and no special difference that less keen observers than old Jacket, who never failed to distinguish between them, would detect. They stand now gaping at old Sergeant Trueman, who puts up his hands to imitate a fife, while Miss Jenny fetches a drum from a little glass-covered porch just outside.

Then you should see Jacket! Up he starts, listens to the rat-tat-tat of the drum, to the fifeing noise from Trueman, and forthwith, for the first time in our knowledge of him, goes through the trick he had struggled with so many times in vain: rolls over on the ground, springs up, barks as usual; then, while the military music goes on, marches solemnly about, up and down in good time to the tune Trueman and Jenny are playing; and what should it be but "Georgia," of course! Why had we never thought to play it? Jacket's missing link is found; he is himself again. And now the tune changes. Back comes the old boy from the upper end of the room, limping slowly, haltingly. "He is a lame soldier coming home, miss," explains Trueman, in a polite aside, too low for Jacket to hear. "The first time, he was going out to battle, you see; the rolling over and over is supposed to be getting out of his tent or making ready. It was our Colonel"—with a look at the picture—"taught him that, miss."

"He was born in camp, you see, miss, and the Colonel had him from the very first. Colonel was in the hospital then; lost his leg, miss"—with a look of intense pride—"and while he was laid up, old Jack scarcely left him. Colonel could have taught an idiot good sense, I think; *anything* could have learned from him, and Jack was always quick. Jack Horner he was called, because he would stick to the corner by the Colonel's bed. Then the Colonel was coming home, and says he, 'Trueman, do you think we can take Jack?' 'Why, we'll see, sir,' says I, and we arranged it; and so he learned our home ways, too, but never forgot army life a minute; and we always did this with fife and drum every day. Then we took him back again. That was the time Jack saved his life. Come here, you rascal!" and the old Sergeant, who had been Colonel Joy's body-servant years before, catches our Jacket up, and shows us the old boy's lame leg.

"It was a bad night. Colonel he was with a scouting party, and they thought Jack was in the camp—but he was close at the old mare's heels—trust him for following where he could. When Colonel tied the horse up, Jack followed on at his master's heels, and then—Colonel had dropped low to reconnoitre, you see—there was a movement back of a tree—a rifle aimed—Jack sprang forward right in front of our Colonel, miss, and got the shot in his leg that would have lodged in his master's heart. True grit was Jack, I tell you," and there is something a trifle husky in the way the Sergeant ends the story.

So that was Jacket's story—a hero and a veteran! Did we not always say he had a past—something worth "remembering"?

"And then—did they take him to the hospital?" says a twin, with rather misty blue eyes. The other twin is doing what he calls "rummaging" in Jacket's neck.

Trueman and all the rest laughed.

"Well, I should think so, my boy. At all events, no wounded soldier ever had better care than Colonel's Jack, I tell you, sir. Why, miss, I wish you could have seen it. They all missed him so; it would be, 'How's Jack Horner to-day?' or, 'When's Jack going to be around again?' And as for that time—old 'Georgia'—if Jack hadn't learned it, and the first day he limped out and around to that, I tell you he was well received."

We are silent now, twins and all, and we look at the picture of Jacket's Colonel. He too had his story—or perhaps the country has it for him and his—a sacred record. Mr. Trueman's old eyes follow ours.

"The Colonel was killed in the Wilderness," he says, quietly. There is no regret in his tone—a solemn sort of pain, perhaps—a reverence very decidedly, and Mrs. Joy seems to feel in the same way. We never asked any questions, but during that morning in the dear old house learned how ever-present "Colonel's" life and memory seemed to be. Upstairs Miss Jenny showed us her young uncle's rooms, kept as he used to have them, only here and there and everywhere were added signs of his soldier life—his cap, his pistols, his belt, and all his decorations; and he was a mere lad at that battle of the Wilderness. Barely three and twenty, and little Tom Barton, our Dalesford boy, had fallen at his side.

"We went to decorate Tom's grave," the Sergeant explained. "We've always tried to do it ever since—Colonel went away."

That was how they spoke of him: "Went away"—and the look of patience and resignation in the mother's eyes was one of waiting too. To her the boy was not lost—only waiting—having fought his fight, laid down his earthly laurels, and gone to meet his Master.

Well, you see how it was that giving Jacket back to his original home seemed an easier task even for the second twin after we heard his story, and spent that June day with the Joys. And what a satisfaction to know our old friend was a hero, had had a history sure enough, a real story of his own! We felt somehow a great sense of that day's importance, and bade good-by to our new friends in the twilight, conscious that an event had happened.

It was perhaps a week later that Mr. Trueman appeared quite late one afternoon with Jacket, and he explained that the old dog was so lonely Mrs. Joy had not had the heart to keep him. His first actions were characteristic and funny. He searched out all his old haunts, went up and down stairs as though to assure himself that no changes had been made, and at last curled himself up for a nap, "remembering" in his most vigorous fashion.

So we never really lost him: moreover, he brought us friends—dear ones—for all that summer back and forth went the Joys' carriage, sometimes with dear Jenny in it, sometimes sent to fetch a twin, or Carolyn, or Edwin, or Edith and myself for a visit, and old Jacket travelled too between the houses, evidently conscious of his own importance, growing older and older as the summer deepened and the winter came, at last giving up all but what we called his "Drum trick," which was always a source of pride to him, I verily believe, and after which one day he laid down for a sleep, and "remembered" in his usual way. What? I chanced to be alone with him; he started up—awake, eager, and evidently fully himself—went forward a few steps; laughingly I began, half under my breath,

"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee;"

Jacket looked at me, tried to march a little way, but turned back and lay down, never to raise his dear wise old face to ours again.



BY HOWARD PYLE,  
AUTHOR OF "PEPPER AND SALT," ETC.

ONCE upon a time there lived a King who had an only daughter. The Queen had been dead for so long that the King began to think about marrying a second time; so the upshot of the matter was that by-and-by there came a step-mother into the house, and a step-sister besides.

One day the step-mother, the step-sister, and the pretty Princess sat together in the castle garden beside a deep cistern of water. By the cistern hung a silver cup for the use of those who would drink. And as they sat there the Princess grew thirsty, and would have taken the cup to drink from the cistern, but the step-mother stopped her.

"See, now," said she, "if you must drink, you will have to stoop to the water, for the silver cup is too good for the likes of you."

"Alas!" said the poor Princess, "the time was when a cup of gold was not too good for me!" But there was no help for it. If she would drink, she must stoop for it; so down she knelt, and began to drink from the deep water without any thought or fear of harm.

But as the Princess thus stooped and drank, the wicked step-mother came behind her and gave her a push, so that she fell headlong into the well.

When the Princess sank down to the bottom of the well, she found herself in a great wide meadow, all covered over with bright flowers, as many as there are stars in the sky at night. Across this meadow she went, and on and on and on, but never a single soul did she see, until at last she came to a great fine house that stood all alone by itself, without another to be seen near or far. In the doorway of the house stood an old woman, to whom the Princess courtesied, as a modest maiden should, for she saw very plainly that the old woman was not like common folk. And there the Princess was right, for the old woman was none other than Mother Hildegard, who is so wise that she knows almost as much as Father Time himself.

The Princess told all that had befallen her, and when she had ended, Mother Hildegard said, "See, now, I will give you food and lodging, and will pay you well, if you will serve me faithfully for the space of a year and a day."

Oh, the Princess was willing enough. So into the house she went to serve Mother Hildegard for a year and a day.

One day comes Mother Hildegard to her and says: "See, now, I am going off on a bit of a journey, and it may be a while before I am back again. Here are the keys of all the house, and you are free to go wherever you choose. Only here is a black key that unlocks a little room into which you must not go, for if you do I will be sure to know it, and ill luck will be sure to happen to you."

The first day the Princess went here, and the second day she went there, and the third day she had gone everywhere, except into the little room where Mother Hildegard had told her not to go, and she never wanted anything in all of her life as much as she wanted just to peep into that little room. And she did peep into it.

Believe me or not, all the same I tell you the truth when I say that there was not one thing in the room but a single jar with a cover on it that stood in the very middle of the floor. She went to the jar and took off the lid, and peeped into it. And what do you think was in it? Nothing but water!

But as the Princess looked into the water, she saw Mother Hildegard as though she was a great way off, and the Mother Hildegard whom she saw in the water was looking at nobody in all of the world but her. As soon as the Princess saw what she saw, she clapped down the lid of the jar again; but she clapped it down just a moment too late, for a strand of hair fell down over her face, and one single hair touched the water.

And when the Princess looked, she saw that every lock upon her head was turned to pure gold. Then if anybody in all of the world was frightened, it was the poor Princess. She twisted up the hair upon the top of her head, and bound her kerchief about it so that it was all hidden, but all the same the hair was there, and could never be changed from the gold again.

Just then who should come walking into the house but Mother Hildegard herself. "Have you obeyed all that I have told you?" said she.

"Yes," said the Princess; but all the same she was so frightened that her knees knocked together.

"Did you go into the little room?"

"No," said the Princess; but her heart beat so that she could hardly speak.

Then Mother Hildegard snatched the kerchief off of the Princess's head, and her golden hair came tumbling down all about her shoulders, so that it was the finest sight that you could see between here and No-man's Land.

"Then how came your hair to be like that?"

"I do not know," said the Princess.

"See, now," said Mother Hildegard, "you have served me well for all of the time that you have been with me, therefore I will have pity upon you, only you must tell me the truth. Did you go into the room while I was away?"

But for all that Mother Hildegard spoke ever so kindly, the Princess could not bring herself to speak the truth.

"No," said she.





MOTHER HILDEGARDE AND THE PRINCESS.

"Then how came your hair to be like that?"

"I do not know," said the Princess.

At this Mother Hildegarde frowned till her eyes burned like sparks of fire. She caught the Princess by the arm, and struck her staff upon the ground, and away they flew through the air until the wind whistled behind them. So by-and-by they came to a great forest. "See, now," said Mother Hildegarde, "if you do not answer me truthfully this time I will leave you alone here in the forest, and will take away your speech so that you will be as dumb as the beasts of the field. Did you go into the little room?"

But still the Princess hardened her heart, and answered, "No."

"Then how came your hair to be like that?" said Mother Hildegarde.

"I do not know," said the Princess.

Then Mother Hildegarde went away, and left the Princess alone in the forest, as she had promised to do; and not only that, but she took away the Princess's speech, so that she was quite dumb. So in the forest the Princess dwelt for a long time, and there she would have died of hunger, only that Mother Hildegarde still cared for her, and sent the wood-pigeons to feed her, which they did from day to day.

Well, one time it happened that a young King came riding into the forest to hunt the wild boars, and many of his people came along with him. There he saw the maiden, and he called to her to come down from the tree where she was hiding. But she only shook her head, for she was ashamed of being found where she was.

Then the young King, seeing that she would not come down from the branches to him, climbed up himself and brought her.

He wrapped his cloak about her, and set her on his horse in front of him, and then he and all that were with him rode away out of the dark forest and under the blue sky until they had come to the King's castle. But all the time the Princess did nothing but weep and weep, for she could not speak a single word. The young King gave her to his mother to care for. As for her, she was none too glad to have a dumb maiden brought into the house. But the young King cared nothing whatever of that. So the end of the matter was that the King married her, even though she had not a word to say for herself.

Well, time went on and on, until one day the storks that lived on the castle roof brought a baby boy to the poor dumb Princess, whereat everybody was glad. But their gladness was soon changed to sadness, for that night, when every one in the King's house was fast and sound asleep, Mother Hildegarde came softly into the Princess's room. She gave her back her speech for the time being, and then she said: "I will still have pity upon you. If you will only tell me the truth you shall have your speech again, and all will go well with you. But if you tell me a falsehood once more, still greater troubles will come upon you. Now tell me, did you go into the little room?"

"No," said the Princess, for still she could not bring herself to confess to Mother Hildegarde.

"Then how came your hair to be like that?"



THE PRINCESS PEEPS INTO THE JAR.





THE PRINCESS AND THE PIGEONS.

"I do not know," said the Princess.

So Mother Hildegard took away her speech once more. After that she smeared the mouth of the Princess with blood, and then wrapping the baby in her mantle, she carried it away with her.

You can guess what a hubbub there was the next morning in the castle when they came and found that the baby was gone, and that the Princess's mouth was smeared with blood.

"See," said the King's mother. "What did I tell you from the very first? Do you not see that you have brought a wicked witch into the house, and that she has killed her own child?"

But the King would listen to no such words as these, for it seemed to him that the Princess was too beautiful and too good to do such a wicked thing. Nevertheless, he was perplexed within himself.

After a time there came another baby to the Princess, and once more Mother Hildegard came to her and said, "Did you go into the little room?"

"No," said the Princess.

"Then how came your hair to be like that?"

"I don't know," said the Princess.

So Mother Hildegard took this baby away also, and left the Princess with her lips smeared with blood.

In time there came a third baby, but still the Princess could not soften her heart, and Mother Hildegard took it away as she had done the others. This time the King could do nothing to save the Prin-

cess, for every one cried out upon her that she was a wicked witch who killed her children, and that she should be burned at the stake, as was fitting for such a one. So a great pile of fagots was built out in the castle court-yard, and the Princess was brought out and tied to a stake that stood in the midst. Then they lit the pile of fagots, and it began to crackle and burn about the Princess where she stood.

Then suddenly Mother Hildegard stood beside the Princess in the midst of the fire. In her arms she held the Princess's youngest baby, and the others stood, one upon one side and the other upon the other.

And then she said, "Now tell me, did you go into the little room?"

Even yet the Princess would have answered "No," but when she saw her children standing in the midst of the fire with her, her heart melted away within her.

"Yes," she cried, "I went in and I saw."

"And how came your hair to be like that?" said Mother Hildegard.

"Alas!" said the Princess, "I gazed upon that which I should not have gazed upon, and looked into that which I should not have looked into, and one hair touched the water and all was turned to gold."

Then Mother Hildegard smiled till her face shone as white as the moon. "The truth is better late than not at all," said she, "and if you had but spoken in the first place, I would have freely forgiven you." As she spoke, there came a shower of rain, which quenched the fire.

Thus it is that everything turns out right in the long run—that is, in fairy tales.



MOTHER HILDEGARDE CARRIES AWAY THE BABY.



FAIRFAX PAYNE.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WE have great pleasure in presenting to the little readers the dear child who has been an object of interest to them ever since February. For the information of new subscribers we will state that Fairfax Payne, desiring to help in the building of a church in her native place, Monroe, North Carolina, begged her mother to cut off the long golden hair which was the child's distinction, that it might be sold for the object on which she had set her heart. Her mother did so. The hair was sent to a lady in Englewood, New Jersey, who, finding that its sale would bring very little money, wrote a letter telling all about it to the Post-office Box; the result being that up to this time money has been coming in for the Monroe Chapel Fund, the last acknowledgment being \$305.40. A beautiful Communion Service has been bought for the church with part of the money, and a Sabbath-school library is to be purchased with the remainder. Here is a letter from little Fairfax, which is a pleasant accompaniment of her picture:

MONROE, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—Will you let me have a corner of the Post-office Box to thank all my friends who have taken interest in our little chapel? I feel so much obliged to them all for helping us so much. Our Sunday-school is going to have a picnic, and I wish all the little girls and boys who have helped us could go with me. I know they would like to go and gather wild flowers; I like to very much. We went in the woods the day before Easter, and got so many wild flowers to dress the chancel for Sunday-school, as we could not have any other service. Mrs. Chatter wrote us that she had a little girl had a fair in Brooklyn, and made more than a hundred dollars for us. I think it was very wonderful that they made as much as they did, and very kind of them to take so much trouble, and we thank them very much. I hope they will write an account of it for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I can know who they are, and I will give the money that has been acknowledged in the Post-office Box. I have received from Mrs. S. H. Clark, Newton, Massachusetts \$7, in memory of little Winnie, and from the Missionary Society, sent by Miss Alice L. Clark, Newton, Massachusetts, three lecture hangings and book-marks, and

from Miss Alice L. Clark and her twelve Sunday-school scholars a handsome Prayer-Book and Bible. I send with this my photograph, which you asked for. FAIRFAX W. PAYNE.

## CHESTNUT-EARED OR ZEBRA FINCH OF ALABAMA.

[Symonides castratus (Hess).]

I have just read "Canary House-keeping" in a recent number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Although there are thousands of canaries kept in this country (England), I cannot say that they are pets of mine—they are too noisy. As I have kept foreign birds for some years, allow me to call the attention of your readers to the zebra finch. As this is a prolific breeder, perhaps a few lines may be interesting to bird-lovers, and to many invalids confined to their rooms who are fond of feathered pets, as they can be shown so easily it is to rear the young. As a rule, it may tempt them to try their fortune at breeding these little colonists. First I will endeavor to describe the appearance of the male of the little birds, and then mention the alterations made in the cage. The cock has a patch of chestnut color on the cheeks; the beak is a bright reddish orange; the throat is gray, marked with white stripes, and in the lower part of the throat the stripes run into a splash of black, which shows up well against the lower body, which is white; a band of delicate fawn dotted with white spots lights up the sides; the tail is black, with white bars across the feathers; the upper part of the body is grayish-brown, with a dash of white at the commencement of the tail; the legs and feet are of a yellow tinge. This active, lively little bird cannot be called a songster, as the only sound that he makes is a trumpeting noise, similar to that a child would make blowing through a slightly damaged musical toy. The hen has no chestnut marks, and lacks the markings on the sides; the general color is a sober grayish-brown. Now for their habitation. A window facing southwest was chosen as being most suitable for their abode during this interesting season. The cage was an ordinary breeding cage, with two nest-boxes and a division below for dividing the young birds. To make more room the bottom of the cage was taken off, and the nesting arrangements and division taken away. For a nest, a cocoa-nut was sawn about one-third of its length down and one-third through the fruit scooped out, and two holes bored through the side, and wired tight to the back of the cage. A moss and cow-hair nest was pulled to pieces, and pressed into the bottom and sides of the cage. The birds take to it at once, and put in a few finishing touches. Make a small hole at the back of the cage about an inch and a half from the opening to the shell, and run a perch through the front bars; the birds will then be able to feed the young ones in the nest. The bottom of the cage is to be replaced, and the nest is proceeding was to cut away nearly the whole of the end of the cage that hung next the window, and fit in a pane of glass; this made their house, from the inside, a neat, airy prison, quite a light, cheerful dwelling. With the exception of giving them canary and millet seed, Hofmeier's dried yolk of egg, sprats and mustard, and muslin, I did not disturb them, and believe it is owing to that that success was met with. It is a great temptation to look at the nest to see the number and color of the eggs, but if the gratification leads to a nest being abandoned, it is very dearly bought. When they had been in their home a little over a fortnight, instead of both being seen constantly hopping about, only the cock was seen, and when occasionally the hen came off the nest, the cock would sit on the perch and look at her, and after another fortnight had elapsed, the cock would stay nearly all day keeping his wife company. I presume by his attentive conduct he had none of Mrs. Caudle's curious lectures. Finally now I waited the time to take the census, but it was a little over a week before I heard the youngsters squeaking. I waited a day or two, and then my curiosity could no longer be kept back, but owing to the nest being fixed so near the roof, all that I could see was a half-naked nest of eggs, and even then I could not see the sootling food in the nest, as the youngsters were as unprepossessing-looking as a baby a few hours old, and seemed to have no backbone. On the ninth day from their being hatched the parents coaxed on to the perch a light gray little bird, with a black patch on the cheeks, the tail with a white splash; but the beak was not the color of the parents, but quite gray. I felt as proud as Barmud did when he saw the first baby elephant that was born in his menagerie. On the tenth day they even began to play, and was tempted to join his companion. At first I thought the parents were only possessed of these feeble twins, but I was mistaken, for they had six more, and they were all as lively as the old birds began to change to the color of the old birds. As I believe this is one of the easiest of the importers, foreign breeders, perhaps some of your readers may have been successful in getting this variety to bring up a fam-

ily. Of course to this account will be a case of "coals to Newcastle," but as there are thousands of people who have never heard of foreign birds breeding in this country, it might be of some interest to them. My enthusiasm has carried me away, and what was only intended for a few lines has been carried into several when the "body" was only a paragraph. I now dismount from my steed, and crave absolution for taking up time and space.

CHAMBER, LONDON, ENGLAND. W. T. CATELUGH.

Thanks for your kindness in sending this interesting letter.

LONG BEACH, NEW JERSEY.

My home is in a city by the sea, called Long Beach. I go to the grammar-school, and am trying real hard to get promoted this spring. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I am ten years old. ADOLPH S.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—I am twelve years old. I go to the Dallas Academy. Dallas is a very nice city. In January it had 32,500 people. It has forty factories, nineteen schools, twenty-five churches, a Fire Department, gas, electric lights, two parks, five railroads, four street-car lines, two telephone lines, a great many fine buildings and yards, and an opera-house. Next fall there is to be a State exposition here. There are three water-works here. One water-tower is fifty-five feet high, one one hundred, and one one hundred and sixteen. A great many beautiful roses grow here; we have one hundred and forty varieties.

C. A. A.

CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was given to me last Christmas, by my godmother. I am glad because Tuesday comes on that I can get my paper. I am careful to keep all the numbers so that I may have them bound, and when I am older I will send them to my friends. I have three brothers and have three little brothers. On pleasant Sundays my mother takes my brothers and me out walking up around the Pennsylvania Military Academy, which is a beautiful walk, and along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which is being built through here. Sunday morning we go to Sunday-school and attend services at the Episcopal church.

WALTER C. B.

Here is a letter from a little girl who loves the birds:

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

Mamma and I are visiting in Southern California. One day when we were in a very nice street in San Diego we saw some birds and animals for sale. There were mocking-birds, talking birds, and birds of paradise. The bird-of-paradise was very beautiful. His head was a bright red, with a beak shaped like a parrot's; his breast was red and blue; his wings were bright red, red and blue; and his tail was nearly two feet long, and red, blue, and yellow. There was an ant-eater, that looked something like a fox. He caught hold of mamma's dress, and said, "I wish to go home, and I wish to remember San Diego by. The quails had two long feathers standing up from their foreheads."

GRACIE J. (ten years old).

PHILMONT, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school every day. I have a little sister named Carrie, two years younger than myself. For pets, we have a cat named Snow-Flake, a pretty little black dog named Rex, and a white named Dixie. My birthday is the 7th of June. NELLIE B.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—What do you think, just six weeks ago last Thursday morning, I was in the morning, I found that a dear little baby brother had arrived at our house! I am nearly two years old, and have only one older sister, thirteen years old, so you may imagine how happy we both were. I think our two French dolls must be lonely now, for they are sadly neglected. I told mamma the other day that they did not have any friends, and she said, "I wish I could give them some." I said, "I wish I could be a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, or be a real relation of Chief Justice John Marshall, whose statue is in Washington city, just in the rear of the Capitol. I hope this will be in the Post-office Box, for it will be the first time that little John Elbert's name will come into print. I know, when he is old enough to read, he will love HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as much as his sister."

ELSA M.

This is a very sweet little letter, and we are all glad to hear about the coming of the baby brother.

ANDRE DE LA ZOUCH, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—I am a little boy of eleven. I go to the grammar school. I study reading,

writing, and arithmetic, and sometimes we have drawing lessons. I am very fond of drawing. We have Waterbury school. I had it some from Liverpool. My sister and I have taken in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year for the first time, and we like it very much. We saw a fine lot of statues. We had a wild-beast show in this town a few days ago, and one of the camels went into a newspaper shop. I went to the Zoo last week, and there we saw all sorts of animals. We saw a seal; it was on the ledge of the pond. While we were at London we went into the Crystal Palace; we saw a fine lot of statues. We saw people cutting drinking glasses, and we saw a lady walking on a tight-rope.

GEORGE ARTHUR S.

BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

I am a little girl seven years old. I always have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE given to me every year by mamma, and I like it very much. For a tiny. I have a number of brothers and sisters. This is the first letter I have written to the Post-office, and I hope it will be put in. Your loving little reader,

OLIVE G.

PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have been so interested in reading the letters in the Post-office Box that I thought I would like to go to school, and study geography, arithmetic, reading, spelling, and writing. I have for pets a cat and two kittens, and also have four dolls. This is the first year I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I enjoy some of the stories very much. My home is on the extreme end of Cape Cod, and some of the roads of the Post-office could come here in the summer and see what nice times we have playing in the sand and going in bathing. A whale over seventy feet long was killed here a few days ago. FANNIE C. G.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I am a little boy six years old, and as I am just learning to write, and can not do it very well yet, my aunt is writing for me. Auntie taught me to write my name, and she has taught me to do it when the letter is finished. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for eight months, and enjoy it ever so much. I love to read the pictures, and I like the stories, especially Howard Pyle's. I have a dog named Monkey, and he knows several funny tricks. I have a garden in the back, in which I work every day, and I have a set of small garden tools, and I have planted flowers and a few vegetables in it. Auntie says to study her lessons now, and says I had better close.

Clayton's signature is very good indeed; the best I ever saw from a young gentleman of his age.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—A few weeks ago we had a flood here. The water came up into the principal street, and much damage was done, although not so much as at some other places. It looked very much as if it were a sea, with the sun shining on the water, to see boats floating in the streets. There are a great many historical places around Richmond, and it is very interesting to visit them. There are two Presidents buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Monroe and Tyler. If any little girl or boy will enclose a two-cent stamp in their letter, I will send them a pair of new pressed buttonnicks from near the tomb of President Monroe. I have no pets except a duck, whose name is Nebuchadnezzar, and a drake, which has no name. S. M. V. W. W. 821 Byrd Street.

CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl eight years old, and I had eight little chickens, and one cat. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but a little boy friend of mine does, and he lets me read it, and I think it is such a nice paper. I go to school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, Book of Nature, and spelling. Some time I hope I may be a teacher. MARY R. H.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

Last year I received a present of a bound volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. It was simply splendid! This year my brothers began to get it, but they are not living in the same house as I live, so I still saw it. One day, when I was visiting them, I proposed that when they had read it they should give it to me. We have grand views here. I go to bed early, but to make sure I get up about half past five. It is simply magnificent to watch the tips of the fir-trees get all golden, and gradually the whole tree is covered with gold and shine. Sometimes a friend of mine comes out from Edinburgh, and we go up to the glen, as it is called in Scotland, hunting for moss. I have only one pet, which is a dog. He is a dear wee fellow; he is a Skye terrier. I am eleven years old, and am in the highest class in the school. Our examination was on the 27th of April if I say "was," because the 27th will be past when you get this, but in reality it is only the 26th. I would like to see a little American boy about my own age who would correspond with me. I wonder what America is like. Some parts of it must be grand. I do not think any English paper will ever be as good as HARPER'S. I must stop. ARCHIE H. C.

INDIANA, NEW YORK.

I have just returned from a long walk in search of wild flowers, and when I set down my pen I took up HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and read the letter from Alice F. G., of Stratfieldside, England, and I was very much interested. I wonder how she might like to know something of those which are common in this part of the United States, as I should like to hear of those in England. I wonder if Alice would like to correspond on the subject with a friend of the Post-office Box? MARION YAGER.

If Alice chooses to do so, she may write to Marion. Such an exchange of letters might be for the improvement of each little correspondent.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since January, and like it very much indeed. I enjoy reading the letters. I thought I would like to write one and see it published. I have a brother named Bouton, who is very droll, and is now seven years of age. We have been spending part of our vacation with grandpa and grandma, who have a lovely home in the country. I have three young aunts, and an Uncle John who is only three years older than myself; he attends a military school, and wears a uniform. I take music lessons, and study French. I am eleven years old. I have an auntie and uncle who are boarding at a hotel only two blocks from where I live; I frequently take dinner with them, which I enjoy very much. DAISY A. L.

LAURENCE CROSSING.

As I have been a subscriber to the paper for the last five years, and have written many letters, I thought I would address you a few lines to give you a few details of our place; it is situated on Bayou Lafourche, and has about two hundred inhabitants. In the summer we have lots of fun, fishing, boating, and have other summer amusements. I enjoy reading your paper very much, and I like the stories very much. I send you a receipt of tea-cakes, which are delicious. Fearing that my letter is getting too long, I wish you all a kind good-by.

MISS F. L. B. F.

TEA-CAKES.—Five eggs, one cup of butter, two of sugar, four to thicken, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, flour with vanilla, roll out, and cut; bake in a hot oven.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have two sisters, but no brothers. For pets we have a turtle and two dogs. One is a large St. Bernard, whose name is Rex; the other, a little Yorkshire-Skye that we have not yet named. We had two alligators, but one was eaten up by rats, and the other died of grief. I send you a little picture of mine, which I hope that I hope you will publish. JEANNETTE G. P.

It is very funny to think of an alligator's dying of grief, and I should fancy one a tough morsel for the rats. Thank you for sending your friend's pretty story.

#### ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

It was only a little cottage standing behind a clump of bushes and shrubbery, and surrounded by low stone walls, that stood out yet under the sunshine on a beautiful summer's day in the heat of August. The way leading to "Peach Blossom Cottage," as it was called, was through a long garden, from which hung delicate garlands as if ready to be plucked. On this day of which I speak a stranger entered the little village, and after brushing away the sweat from his brow, he proceeded to select a place to rest himself from the long and tiresome journey. Glancing at him one would certainly term him a tramp, so rusty and gray, and his coat and trousers were one house after another, and found nothing in the way of wooden stools and rustic benches, he almost despaired. When next dropping with fatigue he came in sight of "Peach Blossom Cottage"; he could not refrain from stepping over the wall, and seating himself upon the inviting porch, that stood under the shade, he had seated himself when a little child, of perhaps ten years, approached him with tears of sympathy in her soft blue eyes. As soon as she caught sight of him, an instant's pause, and immediately reappeared with a soft white pillow, which she laid under his head. As the child pressed the red face beamed with joy, and the old man bowed his head, and the child spoke volumes of thanks. Presently he fell into a long and refreshing slumber that lasted until midnight, when he was awakened by the loud rattle of a carriage, which clanged, and rattled, still night air. He rubbed his eyes and looked around him; then grasping the situation, he ran around to the side wing of the house, which was

enveloped in flames. Already a large crowd had collected to note the progress of the flames, and after Farmer Brown, the owner of the cottage, and looked around him to see that all was safe, a terrible thought occurred to him. His face grew pale as ashes, as his trembling words reached the heart of the multitude: "My daughter! my daughter! Oh, where is my daughter?" as his eyes sought the burning building. A ladder was quickly placed against it, and Farmer Brown descended, and placed his foot upon the ladder, a shout rent the air; the multitude watched with eager eyes as he ascended the ladder and gained the top. All was still as the unknown man disappeared through the window. Once more a shout was raised, twice as noisy as the first, as the man appeared on the top bearing in his arms a beautiful child in his arms; just as he reached the ground, and everybody was rejoicing, the ladder caught fire and burned to the ground. Then Farmer Brown offered the hero what he had promised to give; but the good stranger answered, as he pursued his way, "Surely one good turn deserves another."

SOPHIE PRICE (aged 13 years).

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have two sisters, Emily and Allie, and two brothers, Sam and Chester. We have a very nice cat named Chunkie, which has long and silky fur. My sister Allie received a game of Parachees last week. Papa promised to get her one, so one night when she was in my aunt's house he brought one home for her, and she was very glad to get it. MARGARETTA P. M.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. 1.

THREE ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is in hair, but not in nev.  
My second is in rose, and also in rue.  
My third is in apple, but not in plum.  
My fourth is in noise, but not in hum.  
My fifth is in bough, but not in hub.  
My sixth is in neat, but not in trim.  
And my whole is a fruit. JENNIE WREN.
- 2.—My first is in chair, not in stool.  
My second is in need, not in help.  
My third is in idea, not in law.  
My fourth is in ring and in pin.  
My fifth is in apple, not in plum.  
My sixth is in sting, not in bile.  
My seventh is in ring, not in key.  
My whole is one of the United States. RUSSIE B. BIDDLECOM.
- 3.—My first is in principal not in foreman.  
My second is in keeper and in doorman.  
My third is in idea, not in thought.  
My fourth is in call, also in caught.  
My fifth is in icicle, not in sleet.  
My sixth is in prune, but not in cherry.  
My seventh is in sing, not in play.  
My eighth is in cat, not in puss.  
My ninth is in gained, not in lost.  
My whole is a steep declivity. WILL KRICHBaum.

NO. 2.

ACROSTIC.

Primals and finals give the names of two countries to be found on the map.  
1. Distinguish the word from the Canadian canal. 8. Good time.  
2. A kind of deer. 5. Caution. 6. In argument. WILLIAM B. GEDDES.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No 340

- NO. 1.—V I C E Y L E  
I R O N P O N  
C O U R D  
E D S E N D S
- NO. 2.—I W  
I N D I A W A T E R  
D I G T E N  
A R
- NO. 3.—The moon was aloft.  
I was golden-brown and red.  
On the sea-blue depths of the sky.  
When the miller of Dee.  
With his children three.  
On his fat red horse rode by.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from William B. Geddes, Jennie Miller, Anna Mills, Walter Gibson, Horace F. Lunt, Jay Ditch, Anna Whitkey, Robert C. C. Sawyer, E. B. D. Fanny Foster, Jean Armour, Emily Lowe, Thomas Fillson, John Barnard, Lawrence Hamilton, Alexander Blauvelt, Edward Knox, Jacques K., Willie Campbell, and Egbert Carson.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of volume.]





"**F**IRSTLING of spring" the ancients called  
Our modest primrose dear,  
For first among the woodland flowers  
It braves th' awakening year.

Firstlings of spring these maidens twain  
May we not call, in sooth,  
Whose cheeks are rosy, prim their mien?  
Their spring-time?—'tis in youth.

## PARLOR MAGIC.

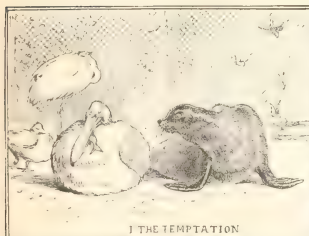
TO MAKE A CIGAR DANCE ON A HAT.

**A** HAT is borrowed; likewise a cigar. The performer breathes on the latter to mesmerize it, and declares that when so mesmerized he can compel it to stand upright on the crown of the hat. He endeavors to make it stand up accordingly, at first without success, but presently the cigar does actually stand upright, self-supported, on the crown. At command it will bow to the company, salute the ladies on the right, the ladies on the left, and so on. The performer then asks for a little music, and begins to move the hat about, still crown upward, first in one hand, then in the other. The cigar retains its vertical position, but sways about, sometimes to one side, sometimes the other, as if endeavoring to keep time to the music. At any moment the performer can request a spectator to take the cigar from the hat and to satisfy himself that it is not attached in any way.

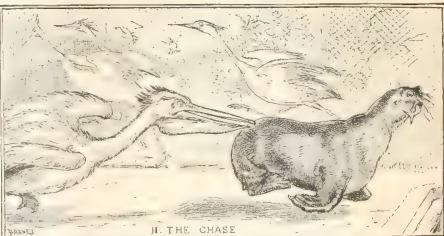
The seeming mystery rests on the use of a very simple piece of apparatus—a little rod about the size of a lead-pencil, but rather thicker, of ebony or some other heavy wood, and with a needle-point an inch long projecting from one end of it. The performer gets this inside the hat, and in his pretended efforts to balance the cigar on the hat, pushes the needle-point up through the crown and into the end of the cigar, which thenceforward sticks upright on the point. Any inclination given to the ebony rod within the hat will naturally make the cigar bend in the opposite direction, and so to salute the company, etc.

The hand may now grasp the brim of the hat only, leaving the ebony rod swinging free within the hat; and as it swings it will communicate a swaying motion to the cigar above, as if affected by the music.

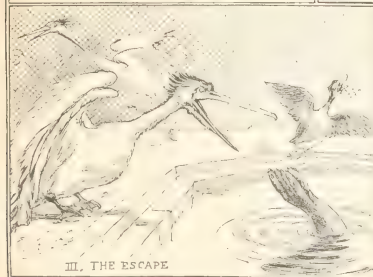
When the trick is completed you invite some spectator to take the cigar from the hat. At the same moment that his fingers touch the cigar you withdraw the needle-point from below, when the cigar naturally falls, and nothing whatever remains to indicate the means that supported it. The performer immediately begins to brush the hat with his handkerchief, and under cover of so doing is enabled without difficulty to smuggle away into his sleeve or pocket the little ebony rod.



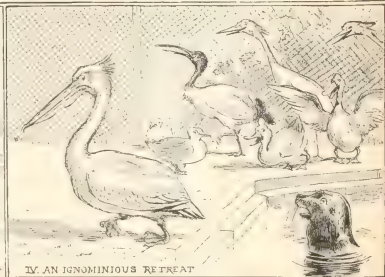
I. THE TEMPTATION



II. THE CHASE



III. THE ESCAPE



IV. AN IGNOMINIOUS RETREAT



HARPER'S  
YOUNG PEOPLE  
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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"A LITTLE MAID OF ROME"—By FRANK FRENCH—SEE POEM ON PAGE 186.

## A LITTLE MAID OF ROME.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SETTING alone on a cheerless day,  
 In a winter without a flower,  
 The vagrant wings of my fancy stray  
 To the dream of a tropic hour  
 Brodered with bloom and honey-sweet—  
 An hour for bee and bird—  
 With billows of flowers to bathe my feet,  
 By passionate zephyrs stirred.  
 Pansies and clover and cyclamen,  
 And the spiciest pinks that blow,  
 And acres on acres of daisies then  
 Shall be weaving their gold and snow—  
 The long lush grass and the poppies red,  
 And the roses staining the light,  
 And the shy proud girl with the drooping head  
 Wooing my pensive sight:  
 The beautiful child with the Titian hair  
 And the darkly splendid eyes  
 The fairest flower where a host was fair  
 Under the Roman skies.  
 I dream, to the dash of the frozen rain,  
 Of her thrilling voice and clear;  
 I dream, and the sleet on the icy pane  
 Is the only sound that I hear.  
 Acres on acres of purple and white,  
 Waves and fringes of bloom,  
 Italy's sky in its lucid night  
 Flecked by no cloud of gloom.  
 Away with the breath of the stormy north!  
 I am borne afar from home,  
 And the nut-brown face that has led me forth  
 Is the face of a maid of Rome.

## THREE RUNAWAY GIRLS.

BY KELVYN GROVE.

"GIRLS, let's seek our fortunes!" This was the startling proposition I made to my two younger sisters one bright spring morning.

"Let's!" eagerly responded the older of the two, a brown-eyed beauty of ten years. "You'll go, won't you, Mynie?" she added, turning toward the youngest of us, the girl baby of the family, who had just reached her eighth birthday.

I was the eldest daughter of a large family, principally boys, and was rapidly approaching the advanced age of twelve. I was known among our neighbors in the dear old town where we then lived as a "tomboy." I was devoted to out-of-door games, and cared little for dolls. I could swing a bat or kick a foot-ball with the biggest of my brothers, and I often rode the horses that grazed along the road-side bare-backed through the town. The good villagers shook their heads at my mad pranks, and said, "That Kel Grove will come to no good." A bad end had been predicted for me when I was scarcely eight years of age, for I was never out of mischief; and I remember once, when I fell down-stairs and cut my lip open, my sister Mildred, who was terrified by my fall and the sight of the blood that flowed from my lip, flew into my mother's room with the exclamation, "Come, mamma, quick; Kel has fallen down-stairs, and says she's killed."

My mother sprang up, pale and frightened, to run to my aid. "It would be a blessing if she *was* killed," said Aunt Maria, who was sitting by; and my mother did not speak to her for six months.

As far back as I can remember I was possessed with the idea of running away. When I was three years old I escaped from the confines of my father's grounds, and toddled off to the church where my nurse was telling her beads and reading her prayer-book.

"I want my Annie!" I called out from the middle aisle. The holy father stopped short in the act of crossing himself, and the small boys forgot to swing their censers. "My Annie" recognized the voice crying out in the temple, and blushing to the roots of her hair, she reached out

over her pew door, dragged me in, and tucked me under the seat, where I was forced to remain till the long service was ended.

With all my love for out-of-door adventure I was a great reader, and devoured everything that came in my way—*The Swiss Family Robinson*, *Don Juan*, *Wild Western Scenes*, *Macaulay's Lays*, *The Bandit's Bride*, *Dr. Kane's Arctic Voyages*, the *Essays of Elia*, *Hugh Miller's Schools and School-Masters*, and fairy tales without end. In most of these books there was a great deal about "seeking fortunes," and I got the idea into my head that fortunes were to be found by those who sought for them. I didn't want to "seek" alone, so I made the proposition to my sisters Mildred and Mynie in the adventure. Mildred, as I have said, had large brown eyes. Their expression was simply angelic, and no one would ever have accused her of having any but the most gentle and domestic of natures. When we played "wolf and lamb" in the room with our elders, Mildred always said, in her mildest voice, "Let me play the lamb." And our elders would look at each other and shake their heads significantly, as if to say, "Such a nature as that will never be able to resist the buffets and blows of this hard world." When we were down in the meadow, or playing together in the woods, Mildred always chose the part of the wolf, my favorite part, and I was the lamb sacrificed on the altar of her strong will. My proposition to seek our fortunes delighted her.

"Let's go right away," she said. "We won't be missed for an hour or two, and we can be miles from home by that time."

"Miles from home!" My heart sank. "Perhaps we'll strike our luck nearer home than that," I ventured.

"Oh, you're a baby!" said Mildred.

"I don't want to go without mamma," Mynie blurted out, half crying.

The idea of telling mamma when we were going to run away struck Mildred and me as very funny, and the woods rang with our laughter. Mynie's feelings were hurt, and she said no more about mamma for the present.

"We must get long sticks and hold them together over our heads while we vow that we will not come back to Birdlington until our fortunes are made."

Mildred and I cut the necessary sticks, took the vow most impressively, and started cross-roads for the turnpike. We each took one of Mynie's hands, and encouraged her faltering footsteps along the dusty road.

"How little these people know we are going to seek our fortunes!" I thought, as we passed the neighboring farmers on their way to town; and my heart beat high with the importance of our expedition.

"Ain't you rather fur from hum, little gals?" asked the toll-gate keeper, as he swung the gate open for us.

"We're taking a long walk to-day," I answered, for the party.

He said no more; but when I looked back, as we turned the next bend in the road, I saw him shading his eyes with his big brown hand, and regarding us rather suspiciously.

"If I'd only known what them young rascals was up to," said he, a day or two later, "I'd had them back to their mother'n less than no time."

On and on we walked, too intent upon reaching our imaginary goal to pick the flowers along the highway, or throw stones at the frogs in the pools. We had walked three miles, and were just in sight of the next town, when we heard the rumbling of wheels behind us, and looking around, saw a man driving *alone* in a four-seated wagon! Here was an opportunity! I was just wondering what was the best way to ask for a drive when Mildred said, in her most irresistible voice, "Man, please give us a ride."

To our no small delight he answered at once, "All right; hop in"; and in we hopped, Mildred and Mynie on the back seat, and I on the front seat with the driver. Here was luck indeed.

"Where are you going?" I asked our new-found friend. "To Freehold," he replied.

"To Freehold?" Inspiring thought! I knew a girl at school who lived in Freehold; we would go and spend the night with her. "How far's Freehold?" I inquired.

"Thirty miles from Birdlington," was the answer.

"Thirty miles!" I repeated, in astonishment.

"Only thirty miles," said Mildred; "that ain't much."

"I want to go home," almost cried Mynie, homesick at the prospect.

"Nonsense!" said Mildred, patting her hand; "don't begin to back down so soon;" and Mynie was quieted for the time, but the expression in her big gray-blue eyes was anything but a happy one. On and on we drove, through towns and villages. Noon-time came, and we were as hungry as hunters. But we had nothing to eat, and no money to buy anything with. We passed an orchard of bright red apples, and the driver stopped his horses while I filled my arms with the fruit. This allayed the cravings of our appetite. I noticed that our driver was very dull; he seemed sleepy, and several times I took the reins and drove, for his head was rolling about, with his chin resting on his shirt front. Finally I made bold to ask him why he was so sleepy, and he told me that he had been up all night, having driven a lady from Long Branch to Birdlington to the bedside of a dying brother. Then he fell asleep again, and again I took the reins.

At last, just as the pine-trees were beginning to cast long shadows across the road, our driver roused himself from his slumbers and said: "This is gittin' off place, gals; I turn up here; there's Freehold half a mile yonder." I confess that my sensations were not very heroic as I climbed out of that wagon on the outskirts of a strange town, thirty miles from home, and night fast coming on. The responsibility of my sisters weighed upon me too. Mildred seemed plucky enough, but poor little Mynie's face was bathed in tears. We thanked the driver for his kindness, and taking hands, started on our half-mile tramp to the town. The first thing to do was to find out where my school friend lived, and throw ourselves upon her hospitality for the night. A railway station arose before us, and leaving my sisters in the waiting-room, I knocked on the door of the ticket office.

"Come in," said a pleasant voice.

I opened the door and entered.

"Well, little girl, what can I do for you?" asked a black-bearded man in a conductor's cap—the sort that Prussian officers wear, narrow at the band and bulging over at the crown.

"Can you tell me where Mr. James Ennever lives? I know his daughter Sallie, and want to go there," I said.

"Jim Ennever—I reckon I do; but you can't get there to-night; he lives five miles from here, on the Long Branch pike."

"Five miles!" I gasped. "Is there no way of getting there?"

"No; not until to-morrow morning."

All my heroism deserted me when I heard this awful truth. I thought of my mother at home, and of the two children in the waiting-room, and I put my hands over my eyes and cried hot tears of regret and apprehension.

"What is the matter, child?" said the kind-hearted ticket-seller. "Tell me; perhaps I can help you," and he patted me on the head.

It was some time before I could get control of myself. When I had succeeded in doing so I told him, in broken voice, of the adventures of the day—how we had started out in such high spirits to seek our fortunes, and how they had proved a mere will-o'-the-wisp. He asked me my name, and where I had come from, and seeing no good in concealment, I told him that my name was Kelyvn Grove, and that my sisters were in the waiting-room.

"Is your father the Rev. Henry Grove?"

"Yes," I exclaimed, delightedly; "do you know him?"

"I can't say I know him, but I've heard him preach many a time, and a good preacher he is, too. Where is your father now, sis?"

"He's in the army," I answered; and I had visions of his expressive countenance when he should learn of this, my last adventure.

"Well, just you make yourselves comfortable; I ain't going to see your father's children wandering around this town all night, nor housed in the lock-up neither. You stay out there with your sisters, and I'll run home and tell my wife to fix up a place and keep you till morning; then I'll send you home on the early train." With this he started off, and I rejoined my sisters. Mynie was still crying gently, and Mildred was trying to cheer her. I told them of my interview, and that the ticket-seller had promised to keep us all night. It was nearly night then; the sun had gone down, but it was still light enough to see out-of-door objects distinctly. I remembered having read terrible tales of child-stealing, and the misfortunes that had befallen unprotected children. Suppose this man wanted to entice us to his house to murder us? Perhaps he had gone home to adjust the closing walls of a bedroom, or the top of a bed that would screw down in the night and smother all three of us; for I was determined that we should not part company. These thoughts took such possession of me that I said: "Girls, I think the best thing we can do is to try to get home. There's the railroad track. Let's start right off and run before he gets back."

Little Mynie wiped away her tears at the thought of getting home, and even plucky Mildred's face brightened at the suggestion. So off we started down the railroad track as fast as our weary legs could carry us. Sometime in our travels Mynie had lost her hat, and as she was now bareheaded, her brown hair streamed in the wind as we ran. We had not gone more than a quarter of a mile or so when I looked behind us and saw the ticket-seller coming full tilt after us. As we hurried on we came up with a respectable old colored woman, with a turban on her head and a basket of clothes on her arm, walking along with a friend. Almost breathless, I ran to her, and gasped, "When that man catches up to us, say we are going with you, that you know us, and are going to keep us all night." I had hardly given these instructions before the man was upon us.

"Well, you are a nice lot of young colts!" said he, panting.

"What do you want with them gals anyhow?" said the quick-witted old colored woman. "They're friends of mine, and I'm going to take them home with me. Who are you, anyway, chasin' a parcel of young gals like that?"

"I am the ticket-seller and conductor of this branch road, and my name is George Compton," he replied, in a slightly hurt tone of voice.

"George Compton! Well, Lor' bless my soul—George Compton! Ha! ha! ha! pon my word! G'long with him, gals; he's all right. I done his washin' when he was a young man, afore he raised that beard, and he always paid his bills. G'long with him, gals; he won't do you no harm." And she walked off, chuckling to herself at the thought of doubting the goodness of a man who paid his wash-woman's bills.

"My wife's expecting you. She's got everything ready. Why, look at that child without her hat!" he exclaimed, noticing Mynie's bareheaded condition for the first time. "She'll take her death of cold." And he took the conductor's cap from his own head and put it on hers, and taking her hand, trudged back along the track, with Mildred and me close behind him. Tragic as this adventure seemed to us, neither Mildred nor I could help laughing at Mynie's appearance with the conductor's cap on her small head. She was completely lost in it. It fell over





"AIN'T YOU RATHER FUR FROM HUM, LITTLE GAL'S?"

her eyes in front, and touched her shoulders in the rear; and to see at all she had to throw her head as far back as it would go without breaking her neck.

When we arrived at Mr. Compton's house we found that his kind wife had everything prepared for us. A hearty supper was waiting for our eager appetites to dispose of. After supper we sat out on the front steps with the family, and all the village came up to have a sight of the runaways. They expected to find us in tears, instead of which we had a fit of giggling—probably a reaction from the strain we had undergone. The immediate cause, however, was a telegram which Mr. Compton had sent to our mother, and which he read to us before despatching:

"Mrs. Grove, your children *air* safe in Freehold. Will be home by early train."

We had never heard *are* called *air* before, and we almost laughed in the good man's face.

When bed-time came we were given a hall room, for the three of us insisted upon sleeping together, though it was only a single bed. It was little sleep we got that night, we had so much to talk about. How well I remember that room! The next morning we were given a good breakfast, and sent off in the early train, of which Mr. Compton was the conductor. In the mean time he had bought a Shaker sun-bonnet for Mynie, which she wouldn't wear, because it had no cape. He brought the materials for making one, but sewing having been a neglected branch of my education, I could not put it on. There were few people in the train, but those few came into our car and stared at us as though we were the wild men of Borneo. We did not mind their scrutiny, however, for it made us feel that we were of some account, after all, even if we had come home with

our fortunes still to seek.

Never, if I live to be threescore years and ten, shall I forget the face of my aunt Maria as we stepped from the car upon the platform at Birdlington. Our mother was prostrated by the excitement she had gone through, and could not leave her bed; so Aunt Maria had come to meet us. I had my head out of the car window as we slowed up at the station, and I could see her wringing her hands and pacing the platform in nervous anxiety lest by some accident we should not be aboard; but no sooner did she see us alive and well than her whole expression changed.

"Hello, aunty!" said I, in my most unconcerned and reassuring tones.

"You wicked children! your poor mother!" said she, giving my arm a grip, and totally ignoring my salute. "Come with me," and she dragged me along with one hand and my two sisters with

the other. I saw that she was in a frame of mind not to be trifled with, and I also saw that the news of our adventure had reached the town; for we were being gazed upon with curious, twinkling eyes. "Let us go up Main Street, aunty," I said, for I saw that the town had turned out to meet us.

"Up Main Street, indeed! I'll not be disgraced by having you seen in Main Street. Up the back street you'll march this day!" And there was no appeal. The people in the back street must have expected us to come that way, for windows were thrown open and heads thrust out on every side.

I will not attempt to describe the meeting with our mother. Our conduct had caused her one of the most awful anxieties of her life. Her sense of duty overcame her first impulse to forgive everything in the satisfaction of having us safely back again. She did forgive Mildred, and of course Mynie. I, being the oldest, was made the scape-goat. I had to stay in my bedroom for a week, and was at first threatened with a bread-and-water diet; but my mother feared the effects of this regimen upon my healthy young appetite, and I was fed from the family table. No one was allowed to visit me except my young brother, who had gone out with the "three months" or "emergency" men, and who had just returned home. An exception was made in his favor; but my only other companionship was had by hanging out of the window and calling to the girls as they played in the grove below. I felt that the hand of justice had not held the scales when my punishment was dealt out; but I had plenty of time for reflection during my imprisonment, and I came to one solemn conclusion, which was that fortunes are not always to be had for the seeking.



## SILENT PETE; OR, THE STOWAWAYS.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE SEARCH.

THE experience of the first day showed Jerry that New York was a better market for music than New Orleans, although they were by no means loaded down with pennies when they returned to their lodging-house.

Billy represented to his new friends that they would reap a much greater harvest in the evening, and urged that, after getting supper, they try their fortunes in a different portion of the city, where he was sure they would get "a pile of money." Jerry would have been only too well pleased to have gone out again that night, but Pete complained of being weary, and wanted to go to bed. Late in the afternoon Jerry had noticed that his friend played in a listless, mechanical sort of way, much as if it was an exertion for him to lift the bow, and he had been alarmed; for never before had he seen Pete play when it was other than a pleasure to him. On being questioned as to the reason of his singular manner, the little fellow said that the wound on his head which had been inflicted by Mr. Harding was very painful, and that he felt tired.

\* Begun in No. 336, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

The only grain of comfort that Jerry had that night, after Pete had complained of the pain in his head, was that the little musician ate a very hearty supper, and he reasoned that the food would make him better by morning.

"You've been walking around a good deal to-day," he said, as he helped the little fellow into bed, and sat down by his side; "that's what's making you feel bad. To-morrow we'll take it easier, and then you'll be all right. We must go to a different part of the city every day, so's to stand more of a chance of seeing your aunt; and I tell you square, Pete, I believe we'll find her before long. While Abe was talking to me I got kind o' discouraged about it, but now the thing looks different."

"Don't let's talk any more to-night, Jerry," said Pete. "You come to bed, and in the morning you can tell me all about it, for I'll be better then."

On awakening next morning Jerry appeared to think he had grossly neglected his friend by going to sleep first, and he scolded himself so much that Pete felt it his duty to interfere.

"You couldn't help yourself, 'cause you were so tired, Jerry, and it's wrong for you to say that you don't look out for me enough. You couldn't do any more if you were twice as large. Suppose you had staid awake, what could you have done? My head ached pretty hard, but that was all."

"Now see here, old fellow, you stay right where you are, and I'll get you a good breakfast. Then I'll kind o'



"WE'VE COME 'WAY UP FROM NEW ORLEANS TO FIND YOU," SAID JERRY."

look round for some odd jobs, and by to-morrow you'll feel all right again."

Pete would not listen to the suggestion for a single moment; he had no idea of being treated as an invalid, and he was eager to do his share toward earning money. He was far from feeling well; but he hoped he would grow better in the open air, and it was useless for Jerry to propose anything which would prevent him from doing his full share of the work.

"All right, Pete," said Jerry, cheerily; "you shall come along; but if you don't begin to feel better pretty quick, we'll start back, whether you want to or not. We can afford a swell breakfast, and it will do you good."

"We'll get to work as soon as we can," Jerry said to Pete as they left the house. "Of course we shan't pick up much money so early; but if your aunt goes in the street at all, it must be in the morning, and we'll be out so's to catch her."

"What bothers me is how we're going to know her when we see her;" and a look of perplexity came over Pete's face.

"I've got a sure way to find out," said Jerry, triumphantly. "While you're playing, if you see anybody you think might be your aunt, you wink at me, and I'll call 'Aunt Nannette' as loud as I can. If she jumps, it'll be her, and if she don't, we can wait for another."

"But you might be singing when you ought to holler."

"That don't make any difference; I can stop just as well as not, and most folks had rather hear me holler than sing."

"That isn't so, Jerry," said Pete, indignantly, "for you know that it's mighty few fellows that can sing as well as you, and I'm sure as much as half the money we get comes because of you."

"Look here, old man, there's no use for you and me saying things to make each other feel good. I know how much I do and how much you do toward earning the money, so that settles it."

"But, Jerry—"

"Don't say another word, Pete, or you'll get me so I'll want to go right off and hire out to some opery, and then we would be in a scrape. If you can make people believe I sing, it's all right; but I know better."

It was yet quite early in the morning when the boys were ready to begin the labors of the day, and in the absence of Billy they were forced to walk at random, trusting that they might by chance arrive at some neighborhood where the people were musically inclined. Both the boys had looked carefully at each woman they passed; but there was no occasion for either to call Aunt Nannette's name until, when they were in the midst of the first song, Pete winked in a most violent manner. An elderly lady had just passed, and there was no question but that, to the little musician, she resembled his idea of his aunt.

Jerry did not hesitate; but, as if his cry was a portion of the song, he shrieked, "Aunt Nannette!" to the great surprise of the listeners, as well as the one addressed.

"Mercy on us! how that boy startled me!" said the old lady as she stopped, turned around, and looked over the tops of her glasses in mingled amazement and anger.

"That's her! that's her!" cried Jerry, in delight, as he started at full speed toward the woman, and the spectators wondered what had caused such a sudden and singular pause in the song.

"We've come 'way up from New Orleans to find you," said Jerry, breathlessly, as he stood in front of the astonished lady, and beckoned vigorously for Pete to join him. "It's lucky we thought of hollering, or you'd have gone right by without knowing we were here."

"Why, what ails the boy?" asked the old lady, peering over her glasses, first at Jerry, and then at Pete. "What on earth possessed you to travel so far for the sake of seeing me?"

"It wasn't me that wanted to see you; it was Pete. He's been 'most crazy to find you ever since his mother died."

"Bless me! But what did he want to find me for?" and the old lady's astonishment was very comical.

"Are you my aunt Nannette?" asked Pete, who had just arrived on the scene, and who stood looking at the woman much as if he was expecting that she would clasp him in her arms at once.

The astonished woman looked over her glasses at Pete intently, the expression of her face changing from that of startled benevolence to injured innocence.

"Can it be possible," she exclaimed, with both hands uplifted, while she gave Jerry the benefit of a withering glance—"can it be possible that even the children in this wicked city conspire to insult the stranger? You are so young, that it is hard to believe you are so wicked."

Pete looked at Jerry and Jerry looked at Pete in the most profound amazement. If they had startled and surprised the old lady a few moments before, she had certainly done the same by them now, for they were actually bewildered, and could do no more than gaze at each other as if they had really been detected in wrong-doing.

"Josiah told me to beware of folks that would claim to be some relation of mine," she continued, regarding the boys with a look that was growing more stern and reproachful each instant, "but I never believed that the children were so wicked."

The old lady raised her hands as if calling down some dire punishment upon the whole city, and then, after casting one more sternly reproachful look at the two bewildered boys, she walked rapidly on, leaving them gazing at each other almost stupidly.

"Well," said Jerry, with a long-drawn sigh of relief, some moments after, "she couldn't be your aunt Nannette; but if she wasn't, what made her turn around when I hollered?"

"What do you suppose she meant by our being wicked?" and Pete looked about him as if he doubted whether he had understood the woman correctly.

"I declare I don't know," replied Jerry, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "I tell you what it is, old man, it won't do for us to go 'round hollering Aunt Nannette any more, or we'll get ourselves in a row."

The little musician was only too glad to leave the place, for he could see by the faces of those around him that all thought he and Jerry had given the old lady just cause for anger, and, with the tears of vexation filling his eyes, he hurried away with his friend, slackening his pace only when he was several blocks from where the singular encounter had taken place. Then the boys sat on the curbstone to discuss the matter, but before either could say a word Master Chick appeared in sight.

"Where have you been?" he cried, while he was yet some distance away. "I thought you were going to wait till I got back, and I hurried as fast as ever I could. What have you been doing?"

"We've been getting into a row; that's what we've been doing," said Jerry, angrily; and then, as Billy plied him with questions, he told the whole story, concluding by saying, "I can't make out what the matter was with her, 'less she was crazy, for we never said a single word of sass to her."

"If that's all you said, I don't see what made her fly up so, 'less she was crazy. P'rhaps she'd just run away from the Island, and thought you were after her."

"No, I'm 'most sure that wasn't it," Jerry replied. "Anyway, it won't do for us to holler at another one."

"Then how can we find her?" asked Pete, mournfully. "You might get a big card to wear around your neck, and have painted on it that you wanted to find your aunt," said Billy, fully convinced that his idea was a brilliant one. "Then if she should see you, she'd come right up and speak."

"I don't believe that would do at all," and Jerry looked at his friend to see what he thought of the proposition.

Pete shook his head. He objected to such a public exhibition of his troubles, and the look of distress on his face deepened into one of positive illness as he thought of his lonely position. This show of suffering seemed to quicken Jerry's ideas, for he said, in a tone of triumph:

"I know how we'll fix it: we'll go somewhere else to give a concert, and after I get through singing I'll ask for money; then I'll tell everybody who we're hunting for, and most likely we'll find out something that way."

Pete looked so much relieved by this proposition that Jerry was convinced he had hit upon the right plan at last, and was eager to put it into operation as soon as possible. Billy, however, did not regard it with favor; he had decided to abandon the newspaper business, and become a regular member of Jerry's party, acting as solicitor; but if some one else should ask for pennies he would become a mere hanger-on.

"That would take too long," he said, decidedly, "and you wouldn't earn money enough in all day to get one square dinner."

"But you and I can both go round asking the same thing, and then we'd get done quicker. If Pete is willing, we'll give you one cent out of every four we get. I don't think it would be fair to give any more, 'cause, you see, it's all along of Pete's playing that any money comes in."

Pete was perfectly satisfied to divide the receipts in any way Jerry thought best, and Master Chick willingly accepted the proposition, which gave him one-quarter of the amount received. Billy was quite as positive as he had been on the day previous that he could lead the party to a portion of the city where they would be well received, and as it was necessary to walk quite a distance in order to reach what he thought was the proper place, Pete was nearly exhausted by the time Master Chick gave the word that the concert might be opened.

"You're feeling worse, Pete, and I'm going to say right up and down that you sha'n't fiddle any more to-day;" and Jerry looked at his friend anxiously.

"I have to keep out, Jerry," pleaded the little fellow. "You know we're trying to find Aunt Nannette, and I must do all I can. When we've found her once, I'll stay in the house as long as you think best."

Jerry knew from his friend's pale face that he ought to be anywhere else rather than in the street playing on his violin; but it was impossible, or at least he thought it was, for him to say absolutely that Pete should not do as he wished, and he very reluctantly gave the word for him to commence playing.

Before the first song was concluded they were surrounded by a large crowd of children, while at nearly every window in the vicinity could be seen listeners of an older growth, all evidently well pleased with the music. Master Chick, without waiting for Jerry, had started out in quest of money and information, and, as the musicians could see, was kindly received by those to whom he told Pete's story. The women not only gave him a goodly number of pennies, but appeared to take an especial interest in the boys, each one doing her best to remember some person by the name of Nannette.

At the third attempt they saw a gleam of hope.

Billy had started out as before, and he had not spoken with more than a dozen women when he came back to his friends at full speed, his mouth wide open, and his face fairly radiant with delight.

"We've found her! we've found her!" he cried, gleefully; "and some of them folks have gone to bring her down."

"Where is she?" exclaimed Pete, as he started forward, excitedly; but Jerry, who remembered the previous disappointments, did not allow himself to show any joy over the supposed discovery.

"She lives up on the third story of that house there," said Master Chick, as he pointed to a tall building a short

distance away. "Some of them folks said there was a French woman by the name of Nannette in the building, and you want to run right over before she gets away."

"Come on!" shouted Jerry. "If she ain't your aunt, she may know something about her."

Pete, his violin held almost carelessly under his left arm, followed Jerry and Billy without a word, but with a look of anxious expectancy on his face which pained Jerry, for he feared the effect of another disappointment.

By the time the boys arrived at the steps of the house, the woman who had acted as messenger returned, followed by a pleasant-faced French lady, who was so neat in attire and so motherly in her ways that Jerry hoped most fervently this might be the one of whom they were in search.

"She hasn't got a sister in this country, and never had," the woman said, as she stepped aside to let the old lady speak for herself, while the look of blank dismay that came upon the faces of the boys was painful to see.

"Tell me what your name is, my poor little man," said the old lady, with a decided French accent, as she took Pete's hands in her own, and looked kindly into his face. "I have no nephew in this part of the world, but perhaps I may be able to help you find your aunt."

Pete told his story, sobbing now and then when he spoke of the death of his parents, and when he had finished, the woman drew him closer to her, as she said:

"I fear me much, my poor little motherless one, that you will never find your aunt by asking from door to door, for the city is large and your body weak. Why do you not advertise for her in the French newspapers? If you have not the money, I can spare it from my small hoard, for surely it will be lending to the Lord."

"We've got a good deal of money," said Jerry, quickly, feeling that he would like to kiss the old lady because of her kindness to Pete, "and if we haven't enough, we'll soon earn it."

"I will write a letter that the editors of the papers may read, and perhaps they may be more interested in the case if one who is older says a word in your behalf."

Then the old lady insisted on taking all three of the boys with her upstairs, for she said she wanted to give Pete some cordial that had been sent her from "la belle France."

She ushered the boys into a room whose poverty of furniture was lost sight of in the perfect cleanliness everywhere, and making up a bed on the lounge, insisted that Pete should lie down. She gave him the cordial she had promised, spread a lunch for Billy and Jerry, and then sat down to write to the editor.

"You will bring little Pete each day to see me," she said to Jerry when she had finished and given him the letter, "and you will not allow him to stand on the streets too long at a time, for he is not strong enough to endure the fatigue."

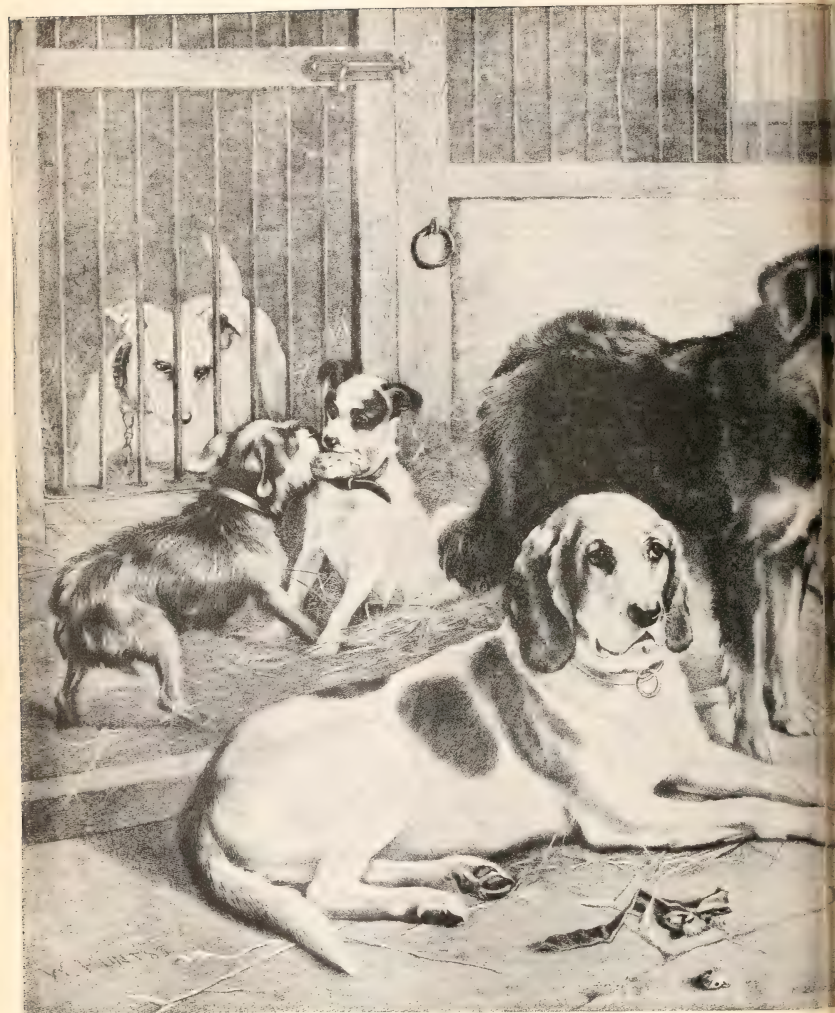
"If I'd had my way, he shouldn't have come out to-day," said Jerry, feeling almost as if the old lady blamed him because Pete had been working when it was only too evident that he was ill. "I tried to make him stay in the house this morning; but I'm glad now that he didn't, even if he is sick, for if he had he wouldn't have seen you, and I know you've done him lots of good just by talking to him."

"He shall come every day, and I will be glad to see him, because he is a poor little French boy," said the old lady, as she kissed Pete in a tender, motherly fashion. "You may go now, but you must return to me on the morrow."

Then the boys left the house, Jerry regretting deeply that it was necessary for Pete to go, and started for the newspaper offices to try this new plan for finding Aunt Nannette.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]









## SOME HINTS ON LAWN-TENNIS.

BY HOWARD A. TAYLOR.

"THAT game isn't worth much!" exclaimed an old gentleman while watching the Newport Tournament a couple of years ago. "I don't see the fun in batting a soft ball back and forth over that net." He touched unconsciously on the very point where lawn-tennis differs from all other sports. The game must be played well, or its pleasures are lost completely. Indeed, "batting a ball over a net" affords very slender amusement. So in laying before the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE some difficulties that beset one of their number in learning to play, a few years ago, it should be said to them at the same time that unless they have done or intend to do more than simply "bat a ball," their attention were better directed to some game either easier to master, or pleasanter to be played with a "duffer's" skill.

My first attempt at lawn-tennis was unfortunately in the implements of warfare. Some one had given me as a Christmas present a peculiar racket, warranted to "cut" every ball. Of course I felt bound to put all Christmas presents to use, and so, buying a cheap net and some variegated colored balls, I set about the game. But this memory is here set down simply as a warning. Nothing could have been more unfortunate than my first investments. The racket, net, and balls should always be perfectly plain, though made of the best materials, and absolutely in accord with the rules of the game. Cheap tennis articles are worse than useless, and each article should be selected separately, and not bought in what are known as "tennis sets."

It is well to buy the balls adopted for the year by the National Association, and a plain white net of the full length, forty-two feet. Great pains should always be taken to keep the entire net at exactly the right height, as any change materially alters the possibilities of the game. The racket should be as heavy as the wrist will easily swing—say twelve or thirteen ounces for a boy of that number of years. No racket should be too heavy to be swung with ease by the hand holding it at the tip end of the handle, the correct place of grasp, except when volleying close to the net. In the latter case it is not a bad plan to allow the hand to slip down three or four inches toward the neck of the racket.

The dry preliminaries, then, passed successfully—they might be summed up in the words "the best or not at all"—the game itself comes in question. Its rules and methods of play can be found in any book of sports, nor is there any need to comment on them further than to say that they should be strictly observed. Once engaged in the game, the first effort of a beginner should be to attain a graceful style of play. Not that grace is to be desired for the benefit of the spectators, but simply for that of the player himself. Any departure from the natural, easy swing of the racket prevents its striking the ball either fairly or with full momentum. A forced way of playing, moreover, gives rise to a "cut" or "twist," and this result is now, I believe, universally admitted to be bad, as affecting both the aim and the strength of the stroke. The chief obstacle in the way of grace is usually the elbow.

Now that member of the body should be kept as much out of the way as possible. In the forehanded strokes it should remain practically rigid, the momentum of the stroke, except when of the hardest, being gathered entirely from the wrist. In the backhanded strokes many young players, and old ones too, have the bad habit of, as it were, pushing with the elbow, giving the appearance of a desire to return the ball by means of it instead of that more natural aid, the racket. Play from the elbow, or in any manner but with a supple wrist, forbids all accuracy of "placing." Again, the natural idea of striking at the ball wherever one happens to meet it is inconsistent

with graceful play. The better plan is to avoid so far as possible all strokes not made with a perpendicular swing of the racket, and this can easily be done by bringing the body close beside the point where the ball is to be struck, and then waiting until the ball almost meets the ground for the second bound. Greater accuracy is thus attained.

Grace, then, being the first general accomplishment to be acquired, the next comes somewhat in company. It is always well "to take it easy." And there are a good many ways of doing this. It is not taking it easy when a young player, often, perhaps, for the benefit of the spectators, attempts a harder stroke than is necessary. For instance, my opponent, aged fourteen, and in his first tournament, is close to the net. I have perhaps been compelled to send the ball straight to him and from the back part of my court. With an old player, there would be no mercy for me, nor doubt of the result. The ball would drop, perhaps gently, into some part of my court, but surely beyond my reach. Yet with an inexperienced player there is hope. His racket is elevated for a huge "smash," and the ball—unless the fiction of a "hole in his racket" becomes a reality—is sent back at lightning speed.

"How is that, Mr. Umpire?" "Out by six inches." Such a play as that—entirely suicidal—is inexcusable. If, again, a new player is in too great a hurry to end the rally, he is not taking it easy. It is a frequent practice of our American champion, Mr. Sears, to return the ball seven and eight times with the simple intention of waiting his opportunity. Of course he does not yield an advantage to his opponent, rather returning the ball *just* within his reach. Finally the easy chance comes, and the ball is "killed" with no trouble at all.

But chiefly does the beginner fail to take it easy by running around the court too much. Every stroke should be played with the intention of compelling the opponent, if he returns the ball at all, to return it to a certain part of the first player's court. It behooves this first player then to go to that part of his court and *await* the arrival of the ball. If the ball gets there ahead of him, it resembles too closely boarding a train after it has started. Occasionally, to use a bit of tennis slang, he will get "wofully left," but that is preferable to the will-o'-the-wisp method of play that otherwise follows.

Having, then, given due attention to grace and ease, the young player is usually puzzled to find out where that position is which he is to occupy so easily and gracefully. All tennis men agree that there is some correct position for every stage of the rally, and all differ just as much as to what that position is. Recommendations on this point are therefore simply personal opinions. Going over the various methods in vogue, there comes first to mind the man, usually six feet in height, and with arms in proportion, who immediately upon serving or returning the service makes a wild dive for the net, prepared to do or die on that spot. New players especially are likely to meet him, as, after all, his style is only one of bluff. A cool head and attention to accuracy, not speed, soon overcome him. Then there is the opposite class, men who work entirely from the base line, returning the most difficult strokes, playing a fine defensive game, and yet surprised at their want of success.

In my own play I have endeavored to strike a mean between these methods. If I can drive my opponent back in his court, I will go up to the net in mine, but if he has the same advantage over me, I do not choose to make the second bantam rooster of the party, and peg away at him from short range in an utterly brainless fashion, trusting entirely to luck. The only use of this method consists in the possibility that it will "break up" an opponent whom I know to be naturally my superior. It seems better to fall back for the time, and later try to regain the lost ground. I always keep a distance of the half court (about forty feet) between an opponent

and myself, endeavoring at the same time to allow the space to be mostly on his ground.

But the first stroke of this paper game has been a long time in coming. My reader, however, has not told me that his opponent was ready. I can't wait any longer, and so must occupy that position myself till he comes. The balls are on my side of the net, and so I might as well serve. "Fault one." There is no use of comment on that stroke, as the serve always was beyond my comprehension. No sooner does it seem to come in perfection than it vanishes entirely. It is a fickle friend, and should never be relied upon for help in a difficult pass.

The ball should be struck as high above the ground as possible, nor should it drop into the opponent's court too near the net—a frequent error in the second serve. Above all, let no one make two faults. You return my service, probably by sending it, not too high, and yet reasonably above the net, down one of the side lines—the straight return is easier to make or to gauge than the one across court—and the ball strikes about a yard from the base line and a foot from the side line in one corner of my court. Such a first return should be practised again and again, as it is always effective. I trust, however, you did not send it back too swiftly, as that would be of no advantage to you, and would possibly at once send the ball out of court. If your stroke was a good one, you can get close up to the net and hold me at a disadvantage. If I "lob" the ball—always a babyish play—I am forced to do it too quickly. I shall probably try to "pass" you on either side. The ball won't come back very swiftly, nor possibly beyond your reach. The contest then turns into an endeavor on either side to take the offensive without too much risk. Finally there is an error. The ball comes full and fair at the racket. One return, not too swift, but well placed, and the point is won. But your opponent is coming, and I must go along, after one more word.

So far as practising itself is concerned, there should be just such an amount of it as sustains the interest in the game. If the real "tennis fever" is upon a person, he can play all day. But it is well to stop short the minute the game palls, or the hand becomes "stale." A rest of four days every month of the summer never does any harm.

The demands of space have obliged me to leave many points entirely untouched in the game, and to hint simply at others. But this article is only intended to be suggestive, and aims at pointing out the large field of work into which that peculiarity of tennis, head-play, can enter. Without it no one can hope to succeed. I may therefore as well close with six little rules in regard to head-work in the game that will perhaps aid some of my readers in a close struggle. They all point to the one fact that no player can succeed without an always earnest method in both practice and match.

1. Lay out your plan of play before every contest, taking into account, if possible, the known methods of play of your particular antagonist, and marshalling your resources of offence and defence in distinct order, each to be used in case of failure of the previous ones. Never be obstinate in your style of play during a match if unsuccessful, but change immediately.

2. Play every stroke with a definite purpose, keeping in mind the state of the game and your opponent, and lay out the extent of the risks you will take accordingly.

3. Consider speed as always second to accuracy, and never rely on it except to overwhelm an inferior player.

4. Remember distinctly that the game is only won or lost on the last stroke. Your opponent is liable to "lose his head" at any moment before that.

5. Unfailing courtesy of play is the best method of bothering an opponent and keeping your own wits entire.

6. Above all, never enter a game simply to do your best, but always to *win*. A wholesome amount of self-confidence, rightly used, is half the battle.

## MIGRATIONS OF FISHES.

BY SARAH COOPER.

THE curious habit possessed by some animals of moving in companies from one place to another at certain seasons of the year is spoken of as "migration." We are probably familiar with the migrations of birds, but many kinds of fishes yield to the same instinct, and their migrations are closely connected with the production of their eggs.

A good illustration is furnished by cod, mackerel, and herring, all of which select shallow water near the coast for depositing their eggs, and approach the shore for this purpose in enormous shoals, or schools, as they are called. In these migrations the fishes are crowded so close together as almost to force each other out of the water, and they are pursued by many birds and marine animals, in their efforts to escape from which they are often washed ashore in masses.

The arrival of these schools upon the coasts causes busy, bustling times among the fishermen, whose boats may then be seen hovering over them like great flocks of sea-birds, anxious to catch all they can while the harvest lasts. Mackerel fishing is thought to be fine sport, and is performed under full sail. The faster the boat moves, the better the mackerel bite. They rush after the bait as if mistaking it for escaping prey, and as the boat glides through the great shoals of fish, all hands on board are kept busy hauling in the lines and putting on fresh bait.

The migrations of salmon are especially interesting. These fishes, although hatched in fresh-water, pass the greater part of their lives in the ocean, and at certain seasons they ascend the rivers in large companies to deposit their eggs. It is believed that they return year after year to the same locality, so the baby salmon are raised in the old home of their parents, who, nevertheless, have become in the mean time great rovers.

Young salmon cannot live in salt-water, consequently the eggs must be placed where there is little danger of the young fishes drifting out to sea, and upon these journeys the impulse of the parents is so strong to reach the source of the river that they seem determined to overcome all obstacles. They even leap the water-falls, and in doing this they display great perseverance. In leaping they throw the body into a curve, resting on the head and tail; they then make a sudden spring, which is greatly aided by the pressure of the tail upon the water. The first attempt is often unsuccessful, and they fall perhaps upon the rocks or upon the bank of the river; not discouraged by the failure, they struggle back to the water and try again.

It is now customary to place fish-stairs where there is a water-fall or a dam too high for the salmon to mount. These consist of a series of steps made of wood or stone, which divide the height into a succession of small falls. The salmon soon learn to leap from one step to another, and in this way they reach the top without difficulty.

Salmon, it is said, have a leader on these journeys, and follow him in regular order. Having arrived at some suitable place, they hollow out nests in the bottom of the stream, and deposit their eggs, covering them with gravel, and then taking no further care of them.

These fishes eat little or nothing while in fresh-water, and they reach the spawning-ground bruised and exhausted by the hardships they have endured. They therefore rest for a while after the spawning process, which occupies eight or ten days, and then eagerly return to the sea.

The eggs left under the gravel finally hatch out, and the young fishes work their way slowly down the river, to make their first visit to the sea. These fishes increase but little in size while in fresh-water, whereas in the ocean the rapidity of their growth is almost incredible.

Salmon are remarkably graceful fishes, and their tapering shape is well suited to rapid motion (Fig. 1). Their bluish-gray color shades into a silvery white underneath,





FIG 1.—SALMON.—From "Arcton's Zoology."

and the upper part of the body is marked with black spots. As the breeding season approaches, they not only grow brilliant in color, but a change much more remarkable than this takes place in the mouth of the males. The underjaw forms itself into a strong hook, which is used in the fierce combats between the males at that season, often inflicting deadly wounds.

Some of the British and Norwegian rivers contain celebrated salmon leaps, and they are visited by many persons who enjoy the sport of salmon fishing. The proper time for catching these fishes is when they ascend the rivers to spawn, for they are lean and poor on their return to the sea. At this time, however, they are ravenously hungry, and prove a serious annoyance to anglers, whose artificial flies are designed to attract only the good fishes fresh from the ocean. Salmon are also caught with nets and weirs, and with the spear.

Much attention has recently been paid to the cultivation of fishes, which is merely the revival of an old art. A "fish farm" consists of a set of troughs, standing each one a little higher than the next in the series, with fresh-wa-



FIG 2.—SHARK.—From "Arcton's Zoology."

ter constantly flowing through them. In these troughs fish eggs are hatched by artificial methods, and when the young fishes have grown to a suitable size, they are successfully planted in our rivers and streams.

Very unlike the graceful creatures we have been examining are those tyrants of the ocean, the sharks, which are by far the largest and strongest of the fishes. The stout body is well shown in the picture (Fig. 2), and you must not fail to notice how odd the tail is. The top point is much longer than the lower one, whereas the tails of most fishes nowadays are even. Sharks have several other peculiarities which cause them to be classed with an ancient race of fishes, few of which are now living. Their skele-

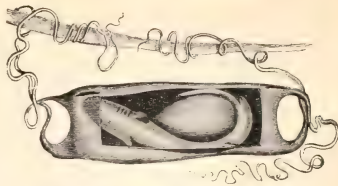
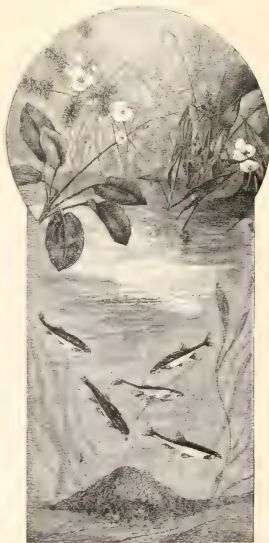


FIG 3.—EGG OF A SHARK.—(From "Arcton's Zoology.")

tons do not consist of bone, but of hard gristle. Instead of a scaly covering, their skin is set with hard knobs, and those slits on the side of the neck take the place of gills.

The mouth, you see, is on the under side of the head, and, in consequence of this arrangement, sharks are usually obliged to turn over before biting. A savage-looking mouth it is, too, with several rows of sharp teeth pointing backward. These teeth are never fixed in sockets, however, but are merely imbedded in the lining of the mouth.

The female shark lays but two eggs, which are enclosed in leathery purse-shaped cases. The four corners of the case are lengthened into tendrils, which, becoming entangled in sea-weed, hold the egg in place. Part of the case has been removed from the egg which is shown in Fig. 3 that we may see, within, the young fish with the yolk-bag



A FISH'S NEST

attached to it. The empty black cases of sharks' eggs are often picked up on the sea-shore, and the sand which rattles out of the hollow case may assure you that its former occupant has already escaped.





## THE REVOLT OF THE FLOWERS.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

**S**PRING awoke one morning,  
And, rambling through her bowers,  
Found the air was soft and warm,  
And summoned up the flowers.

"No, no," cried the Snow-drop,  
"My winter couch is warm;  
Nearth the turf I'd rather stop  
Than risk a wild March storm."  
She was followed by Arbutus,  
Who cried, "It's jolly here;  
I'm sure 'twould never suit us,  
That 'world so cold and drear."

"Oh no," piped little Daisy,  
"I do not want to go;  
It may be I am lazy,  
But I love my warm bed so."  
"You're right," cried little Violet;  
"The wind is from the north:  
We'd better wait a while yet  
Before we venture forth."

And so with smiles and laughter  
They hid their dainty heads,  
And hugged themselves the closer  
Within their mossy beds.  
In June they all came smiling,  
Those lazy little flowers;

But I think no earthly blossoms  
E'er passed such wretched hours.

The Roses and the Lilies  
Were there in stately bloom;  
They filled the air with beauty,  
And shed their rich perfume.  
The Daisy and the Violet  
Could scarcely find a place;  
None cared for poor Arbutus,  
Nor wished to see her face.

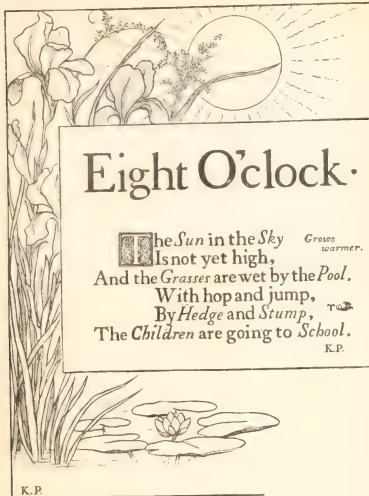
What value had the Snow-drop  
Within that gay parterre  
Where Summer brought her treasures  
Of blossoms rich and rare?

They faded and they languished,  
And soon were glad to die,  
For no one seemed to see them,  
But idly passed their by.

And yet these tiny flowerets  
Had each its tender grace,  
Had it but fulfilled its mission  
In nature's time and place.

### MORAL.

Now do not skip my moral,  
But learn from these poor flowers.  
It is well to do our duty  
In the appointed days and hours.



## Eight O'clock.

**The Sun in the Sky** CROSS warmer.  
**Is not yet high,**  
**And the Grasses are wet by the Pool.**  
**With hop and jump,**  
**By Hedge and Stump,**  
**The Children are going to School.**

K.P.

### OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—This is the second year that we have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We are two sisters—one nearly eight years old and the other six and a half. In August, we had a dear little baby sister who would have been two years old to-day, but she has gone to live with Jesus. Our only pet is our dog Ned, who follows us everywhere. Every summer we go to our cottage on Lake Kenka, and we stay until after the grapes are ripe. We cannot take our doll's house with us, as it is larger than any of mamma's trunks. We started our morning-glories and sweet-peas in the house, planting them in baskets which we kept in the sunny nursery window. They came up beautifully, and we have sent the baskets to our summer house to have the young plants set out in our flower beds. We are going to try and sell flower-seeds, so that we can earn pennies to give to some poor children. We always want to hear the letters read the first thing when our paper comes. We have not been to school lately, for Louise has been sick a long time, and Marjorie did not like to go alone.

LOUISE AND MARJORIE S.

We are cousins, and very, very dear friends, so we thought we would write a letter together. We are very fond of playing with paper dolls and will tell your readers how to make a nice house for them. Take box covers (handkerchief boxes are nice), use some colored paper for carpets, and make your furniture of calling cards, or anything stiff enough to stand when four legs are cut. If you have an old fashion catalogue you can cut fancy things (such as clock pictures (looking-glasses) to put on your fireplaces, and for pillows for our beds we use lace mats and all the fancy things in the catalogue. We have a good many dresses, as we have all the dolls of a size for one person. After the house is all finished it is great fun to play with it. I hope if any of the children try this play they will write a letter and tell us how they succeeded, and if they like it. We each have a tricycle, and ride a lot. I also have a pair of bicycles. (Caroline) have two cats, one named Pilliwink and the other White.

MAY AND CAROLINE.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

This is my second letter to the Post-office Box; the first was not printed, but mamma encouraged me to write again, as I am so anxious to see one in print. I am a little girl eleven years old, and was born in Texas. I have not lived here very

long. The mountains around this little valley are beautiful, I think, and on the foot-hills there are such lovely wild flowers, so I keep every vase I can find full all the time, as mamma and I are so fond of them. I have only been to school one term here, but have been promoted twice, and am now in the grammar department. School was out yesterday; we had exercises, and I spoke, and sang two songs. I am going to visit my grandma next month, who lives near Chicago, and expect to have a happy time. I live in Mackinac, in Ireland, who asked for a correspondence in the Post-office Box, but have not received an answer. I have only two pets here, a dog named Dip and a bird named Bob, but I have a Maltese kitty named Muggins and a dog named Dido at my grandma's. We found my dog Dip outside the door one morning; his feet were all ice, and he was covered with frost. We took him in to warm, and then tried to make him go away, because we thought he had run away from his home, but he would not go, and so we kept him. My bird is so cunning; we hang a little looking-glass behind his cage, and when he sees himself he thinks it is another bird, and talks to it all the time, and one day he tried to build a nest. I have taken lessons on the violin for three years, and I like to embroider, and I have made three "crazy" chair cushions, two sofa pillows, and one cushion. I have no brothers or sisters, so I have to play by myself a good deal, but I have so many toys that I don't get very lonely. I like Cereus. We received four boxes of caramels, and they proved very good. Every time my paper comes, the first thing I do is to look for your picture in the Post-office Box. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I watch very anxiously every week for its coming.

META B.

HIDE PARK, ILLINOIS.

My eyes are so weak that I cannot look to school, nor even read, but I get grandma to read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and *St. Nicholas* to me as soon as they come. We have four little kittens just a month old, whose mother left them a week ago, and we are trying to bring them up.

I hope you may succeed.

AMY F. C.

JAMES-TOWN, NEW YORK.

As I have never seen a letter from Jamestown, I thought I would write. I have a little brother and two larger ones. Did any of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever see a nest of little birds? Two years ago mamma raised two broods of birds. They look very queer with no feathers, and when their bird mother feeds them they stretch out their long necks and get the food. We have a Young Men's Christian Association here. I like the Post-office letters in the Post-office Box ever so much.

BESSIE B.

SHERIDAN, NEW YORK.

I live in a picturesque little town on Lake Erie, not very far from Chautauque, the noted summer resort. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and I think it is a very nice paper. I have no sisters, and only one little brother. I have two cats, one named Pilliwink and Budgie. My favorite authors are Louisa M. Alcott, Lucy C. Lillie, and James Otis. I have an uncle who is a sailor; he is captain of the largest wooden boat on fresh water. My brother has a cream-colored mouse with red eyes.

ALICE M. R.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—This is the first year I have taken this nice paper; a kind friend once gave it to me. I am very much interested in the story of "Silent Pete," and I wonder if you will wonder if Pete will find his aunt Nanette. I went to the country with papa the Friday before Easter, and there found nine little kittens. I am

very fond of pets, and have had quite a number. The first was a pet lamb which my uncle gave me; it followed me all over, but it did not follow me to school, like Mary's lamb, for at that time I was too small to get it. I am getting along very nicely in my studies. I like to write compositions very much; I also take music lessons. This is my first letter to you, and I very much hope to see it in the Post-office Box. With love from your little eleven-year-old friend,

PEARL VAN W.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have one brother and no sisters. My brother has been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a good while. I have always wanted to send you a letter, but I have not had a chance. I have no pets. I had a kitten named Pete, but she ran away one night.

M. W.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

We have been disappointed, because we were going to get a kitten. We were going to the Park to spend the day, but it rained so we could not go; there were three boys of our age.

W. W.

RAVANNA, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a boy ten years old, and go to school, and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, and geography. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a short time, but I am very much interested in it. This is my first letter to the Post-office Box. I hope it will be published.

GLEN S.

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

I live in Albany, and think it a very pleasant city. We have a small park, but a pretty one; the school is opposite it, and we sometimes pick dandelions to trim our hats with. The grass is just covered with them. I have two little kittens, and I don't know what to name them. Would somebody please send me some suggestions? I belong to a club. We meet at each other's houses. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number. My favorite authors are Miss Alcott and Mrs. Lillie.

M. F. S.

SHELBYVILLE, INDIANA.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—As I have not seen any letters from Shelbyville, I thought I would write one. For pets I have a bird and a cat. I am ten years old. I have been at school four years, and my papa taught me this winter. I tried the breakfast rolls, and they were splendid. I received a lot of letters from the Post-office Box, and some stamps. I should like to correspond with some little girl of my age, or a little older. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, but have only taken it fourteen weeks.

NORA S. M.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a deaf and dumb boy. My school is called the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in this city. I will tell you what my studies are. They are *Goodrich's Child's History of the United States*, *Leslie's Lessons for Young People*, *Reading Elementary*, Scripture lessons, some hymns, penmanship, and model-letters. My mother buys HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much. My mother mailed it for me to the Institution every Friday or Saturday. When I read the letters to the Post-office Box I thought I would write one too. When I grow to be a big boy I am going to be a printer, and make books.

JAMES T.

I am very glad that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE adds to your pleasures.

ROMA, ITALY.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I have been living in Rome for nearly two months, and like it very much. Our apartment is on the Spanish Steps, which are very long and broad, like old palace stairs. There are always many people on the steps of all kinds and ages, waiting on the steps to be taken to be painted by some artist. They are all dressed in the style of the old-time peasants, so that they are very picturesque and pretty. The beggars here are something dreadful! Most of the little children are sent out carrying a baby in their arms, who, as one of our Roman friends told me, is hired from poor people who are paid a certain amount of money monthly for the use of the baby. They are dragged, so as to be kept quiet. It is not dreadful! The other way we were told of was called the Mamertine prison. It is a place where St. Peter was said to have been imprisoned, and one is shown the impression made by his head when once he was thrown violently against the wall, and the nose, eyes, and ears can be plainly traced. There is a little wall there that one is also shown, and our guide told me that it is said that when St. Peter was here he wished to baptize the prisoners, but that he had no water, and that then this spring came up for his head when he was thrown against the wall. This spring was there when the prison was first built. I have seen the statue of Pompey, under which Caesar was said to have been killed. The face

looks very cruel, and I do not like it at all. I like to be nice and to make friends. They are so simple and child-like, and, besides, the language is so beautiful it is very pleasant to hear them speak, the more so because they all have such lovely voices. I have seen the king and queen of Italy, as well as the little prince, the Principino, as they call him. My mamma was presented to them, and then she went to the court and queen of Italy. Italian servants, and they are so funny. Our man-servant was much amused at us when we tried to speak Italian to him, and all dinner time he used to suggest so that he could hardly stop. I am twelve years old. L. S. B.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

I was very much pleased to see that Addie had written a message and still more so that she liked it. Thank you very much, Addie, for wishing I could have been with you when you made it. It was, indeed, very provoking about the puzzle. I should like to know how you got for I am sure we would be very good friends at once. How old are you? and are you light or dark? I am so glad spring is here, for I do so love to watch the trees bud out, and to see how rapidly the grass and flowers grow. Dear Postmistress, you seem such a sweet, kind lady that, if I could, I would like to be a young girl in your picture in this sweet paper. I send you a puzzle, and if this fares well, I may send a "pi" some time. PANSY.

Thanks for the puzzle.

WIESENBURG, GERMANY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My home is in Germany, although I was born in Italy, and have lived in America three years. A kind lady sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which I enjoy very much. Wiesenburg is a beautiful place, and a great resort for invalids on account of the boiling springs. We have a beautiful park here, with a pond and swans, and a castle, and there are the magnolia-trees are in blossom, and the band plays every afternoon. On my brother's birthday we visited the Emperor's palace, which is very beautiful. We had to put on cloth slippers when we stepped upon the floor, which is in some rooms lined with mother-of-pearl, and the walls are covered with brocade and satin. There are pretty lovely pictures, tables, and chairs. One pleasant day my governess and I walked to Sonnenburg, a little German village where are the ruins of an old castle standing on a hill, partly covered with ivy. I go to the school here to study German, and study English, French, and music at home. This is the first effort of a little girl nine years old, which, if you think it is good enough, it would please her greatly to have printed in the Post-office Box. ELSE H. O.

THE CREECHES, LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—As the wild flowers grow in such profusion at Lakewood, and so many city children never see them, I think it would be well to send some to St. Mary's Free Hospital. How girl nine years old, the Postmistress? I send her. Your constant reader, ELEANOR A. F.

Send them by the nearest express company; they will be very welcome. I intend to ask Aunt Edna or Sister Catherine to send you all a letter, telling us about the present occupation of Harper's Young People's Cot, and I have no doubt one of the ladies will do so soon.

HOT SPRING, ARKANSAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am very intimate with cats, and understand them as well as you do children, so when Dodee confided to me that he wished me to write a letter to you for him, I knew exactly what he wanted to say, and it is all true I assure you. JULIA A. S.

Thank you for sending Dodee's letter.

I am a very beautiful white and yellow cat. I know I am beautiful, for my mistress says so. Sometimes she calls me "an exquisite lamb"; but that is silly, for a cat is much nicer than a lamb. My name is Dodee; it comes from the Harper's Young People every week—that is, I look at the pictures. I notice you put in a great many pictures of dogs. I do not approve of that. No well-regulated newspaper should ever admit a dog's picture.

Last winter I had a friend named Julius Caesar. He was a yellow cat just my age, and he came to see me every day. We had fine times playing together, until he "disappeared." Where do you suppose he went? My mistress said it was a way cats had. I think it is a very silly way. I shall never "disappear." I am sure. I went to Julius Caesar's house several times and looked at his pictures, but I could not find him. I was very homesick for a time, until I found where Kitty Grey had hidden the kittens. They brought them out to play with me. One was yellow, and my mistress calls him Augustus. Another one she named Pansy, because she said it looked like a pansy. That is silly also; why should a cat look like a pansy? I

am getting very tired of the kittens now. They are troublesome. To-day Pansy bit my tail. Think of it!—my beautiful tail, which no one is allowed to touch! Was it not saucy? I boxed her ears well.

Please print my letter; and don't put in any more dog pictures. DODEE.

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I go to school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, spelling, dictation, and drawing. I go to Sunday-school. We have had a service of song called the "Kid Singers." We are having a Good-bye game articles to the Sunday schoolers' stall. My brother and I are very good of cricket. We pretend to play matches; we call ourselves after the manner of the English. We have at foot-ball in the winter; when I play I generally get a kick on the leg. There is a splendid castle in Nottingham, upon a high rock. There are hundreds of caves under the town, and passages leading to the castle. It was once burned down by a mob; my grandma remembers it. It is now a museum, having pictures, armor, and all sorts of splendid things in to look at. My school-master is an artist, and sends pictures there. It is near to Standard Hill, the place where the king raised his standard. There is a fine cemetery with a number of old caves in it, and there are a great many vaults cut in the rock.

WALTER GOODWIN S. (aged 9 years).

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.

I am thirteen years old, and am in the Fifth Reader. I study Latin and, am just beginning to study algebra. I have been reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for about a month. I am going to take HARPER'S for 1884 out of the Free Library; the boys who have had that volume say it is now a very nice one. I have a Free Library to which you can go and read almost any book you like. The Library has all the volumes of YOUNG PEOPLE from 1881. I have read them all, and they are just splendid. I have a garden of my own. I am going to plant vegetables in it. I think it will be a pleasant way of passing away my spare moments. JOHN J. D.

## THE RIDING CAT.

I am only a little boy. I have a nice cat, and my sister has one too. One day my cat was sleeping on my father's horse, when it began rearing and jumping; and my cat did not care a bit, but merely curled its eyes and went on to go to sleep again. ARTHUR P. (aged 8½ years).

ROYALTON, VERMONT.

I have a good aunt, who lives on a farm about a mile from our pretty little village of Royalton. She has two kinds of pets. One is a canary-bird that hangs in its cage and sings on the piazza. She has, besides, two cats. She has no children, and these pretty creatures are very dear to her. One day the bird got out of the cage, and it was gone two weeks before it was caught and brought back to home, and this way it was brought back. She saw it often hopping and twittering in the trees, and hung out cages with other birds in them, but it would not come. One afternoon it was in the garden where she went, and her two cats went with her, and seemed almost as anxious to get the bird as she was. Perhaps you think that was natural in a cat, but wait a minute. It was getting dark, and she returned to the house without her bird, and almost in despair. She had not been in the house but a few minutes when her husband came, and one of them found her bird in its mouth. She gave it up, and not a feather of its little body was injured, and pussy seemed just as happy as her mistress. This really happened just as I have described it, last fall, when the weather was fine. The bird still lives, and every day goes prancing to the piazza. I am nine years old, and am one of your loving readers. I have two twin brothers seven years old, Richmond Kendall and William Little, who are just beginning to enjoy the YOUNG PEOPLE. LUCIA D. S.

BOONVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

I see no letter to you from Mississippi. I have a little Indian pony eighteen years old. My little brothers and sister, younger than myself, drive him in a phaeton wherever we wish. Is not that nice? Mamma has some fine Jersey and Plymouth rock chickens. I sell eggs and butter for her, and she says I may have a pop-corn and goober patch next year. I am nine years old, can write, know every word of the multiplication table, and stand best in my classes, but am backward in music, and papa says he is sorry I don't love music. GERTRUDE EMERY E.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We have just moved to this new place, and we are very much pleased, and hurt my knee so badly that I have had to stay in the house six days, the last two in bed, which is the reason mamma is writing for me. We have a large cat about eight years old, named

Tiger. We were so fond of him we could not leave him behind, so we carried him along in a basket. At nearly every station, when the cars stopped, he would call to know if we were still near. A word seemed to satisfy him, and he was quiet until the next stop, if it wasn't too far. After reaching the new house he was put down in the cellar, and refused to show himself for a long time. Now he has become tame and goes on all the rooms just as if he had lived here always. ALFRED E. F.

Flora M. B.: I once had a pet dog myself. He was less clever than the one you used to have, but oh! such mischief! He was a real when he flew over the hills and far away. Blanche C. has read twenty-two books this year. I hope they have all been good books, my dear—Mary M. W.: I think that after a while there will be some other equally good object to which you can send some little gift.—Conrad M. P.: Please say to mamma that she can procure the patterns by sending an order to Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Several Boys: Exchanges cannot possibly be published in the next number which follows their receipt. They are inserted in their proper turn, and there are always a number waiting to be published. If the boys would kindly send their exchanges on a separate sheet, and not on the same page with puzzles or other correspondence, they would confer a favor on the editor of the Exchange columns. Remember that firearms are positively excluded, and that we never allow birds' eggs as articles of exchange.

## PUZZLES FOR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A CLUSTER OF DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A vowel. 2. A conjunction. 3. A snake. 4. They which come back. 5. Patience. 6. The time of holidays. 7. Sweetmeats. 8. Congealed water. 9. A vowel. ALEX BENSON.

2.—1. A letter. 2. Chance for fortune. 3. A boy's name. 4. A substance obtained from pine-trees. 5. A letter.

3.—1. A letter. 2. A quick, smart blow. 3. A maker of bread. 4. To founde. 5. A letter. JAY DITCH.

4.—1. A letter. 2. A small animal. 3. A number. 4. A snare. 5. A letter.

5.—1. A letter. 2. A plaintive cry. 3. Glossy silk. 4. Something invisible. 5. A letter. ARTHUR MUNDER.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 12 letters, and am a city in the United States.

My 9, 2, 11, 4, 3, 1 is a boy's name. My 1, 12, 11, 8 is a bucket.

My 2, 7, 5, 6 is part of the body.

GEORGE M. HARDEN.

No. 3.

TWO SQUARES.

1.—1. A clod. 2. Metal in the rough. 3. A cave. EMMA L. and ROBERT H. MULLER.

2.—1. A piece of household furniture. 2. A country. 3. Fog. 4. The head. CLIFF.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 341.

No. 1.—  
C  
T  
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E  
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S  
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R  
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No. 2.—  
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N

No. 3.—  
B  
A  
T  
E  
R  
E  
A

No. 4.—Toad-stool. Sugar-plum.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from K. R. K. Yum-Yum, A. D. C. The Original Puzzle Club, Cockade City, Lucy V. Spencer, Eva M. Bard, Lillian D. Cren, Lidie Kirk, Dimple Dodd, Emma N. Nora E. Barnhart, Charles H. Vele, Jun., Conrad M. Patten, Emma Muller, Robert H. Muller, Arthur Munder, Margaret Townsend, Anna Grenell, Cornelia Payson, Jennie Pease, John Clark, James Grice, and Theodore Rarvey.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]





A TOTAL LOSS.

"Hi! whar dat cent done gone what I had in my pocket?"

## CHASED BY A SHARK.

"TELL you what, you musn't try swimming round the ship before breakfast in these waters. That sort of thing was all very well when we were lying in the Mediterranean or the Bitter Lake" (midway along the Suez Canal); "but down here, off the coast of Arabia, there's a lot of things about, that p'raps you've heard of, called *sharks*, and if you go swimming where there's any of them on the lookout, you'll find yourself in twenty pieces before you can sing out 'Help!'"

When my friend Captain D—— spoke thus, we were lying at anchor off the Arabian port of Koomfidah (several hundred miles down the eastern side of the Red Sea), at which we had just landed a detachment of Turkish soldiers sent to assist in putting down a rebellion among the Arabs of Yemen.

It was a dismal scene. On one side of us lay a wide waste of dark waters, which was fast melting into the deepening gloom of night; on the other, the gray unending level of the great

Arabian desert stretched bare and lifeless down to the very brink of the sea, broken only by the low white wall of the Turkish fort, and the tiny Arab huts that swarmed around it like flies around a piece of meat.

"I hope we sha'n't remain here long," thought I, "for it doesn't seem to be a nice place at all."

However, we *did* remain there for eleven days, awaiting a convoy of wounded Turks whom we were to carry back to Constantinople; and many a time during that long and weary halt did I feel tempted to disregard the Captain's warning, and have a good swim—sharks or no sharks—in the clear cool water, which glanced and sparkled in a way that was very inviting, with the thermometer at 125° in the shade.

Our biggest quarter-boat had been left towing astern, filled with water up to the very thwarts, in order to keep the hot sun from splitting the wood; so here was a salt-water bath ready-made, in which I took a dip every morning. But, unluckily, it was not big enough for a swim, and so on the ninth day—forgetting that when a fat Turkish officer was not to be had the Arabian sharks might think even an English newspaper correspondent better than nothing—I leaped out of the boat, and swam backward and forward alongside of the steamer.

It was deliciously cool in the shadow of the vessel, and I was just enjoying myself to the utmost, when a sudden shadow ditted athwart the green sunny water, and my heart seemed to stand still as I saw gliding toward me a huge, dark, misshapen, hideous thing, with the pointed back fin and underhung jaw of a shark.

The monster was between me and the stern, and my only chance was to make for the anchor chain at the bow. But just as I struck out toward it there came a fierce rush through the calm water, and I had barely time to dart aside, when the terrible jaws gnashed together close to me.

Again the shark rushed at me, and again I avoided him only just in time. But for what I had learned from the Arab divers, this story would never have been told. But the last turn had brought me up close to the steamer's bow, and almost within arm's-length of the anchor chain.

Another moment and I should have been safe; but just as I extended my hand to clutch the chain, the shark came at me once more, with the huge fangs in his open jaws glittering like two rows of spikes through the clear bright water.

I shut my eyes, expecting every instant the crunch of the cruel teeth through my flesh, and wondering how it would feel to be bitten in two. But instead of that there came a hoarse shout from above, a tremendous splash from below, and then the sea was lashed into foam, as if beaten with a paddle-wheel, while a gruff voice cried, "Quick, now, or he'll have you yet!"

Our English engineer had hit the monster on the nose (the most sensitive spot in a shark) with a heavy lump of coal, stunning him just for one moment. And that moment saved my life.

I flew up the chain quicker than I had ever mounted rope or chain in my life, and scrambled in over the bows just in time to find myself face to face with the big engineer.

"Look'ee here, young chap," said he; "when you first came aboard I thought you were a fool, and now I'm sure of it."



"Shoo! shoo! shoo!"



TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

"Oh! oh! oh!"



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"A SHORT, STOUT, RED-FACED MAN PRESENTED HIMSELF AS THE PROPRIETOR."—SEE PAGE 502.

## SILENT PETE; OR, THE STOWAWAYS.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE PEARL," ETC.

## CHAPTER X.

## PETE'S ILLNESS.

BILLY was the only one of the party who was not in the best of spirits at the prospect of finding Aunt Nannette very soon. It is not right to say that he hoped Pete would not find her, but he felt sad to think that he would no longer be a member of a musical firm if the little violinist should go with his aunt. He led the way to the newspaper office with the greatest alacrity, and advised Jerry as to the best way to get an interview with the editor personally.

Jerry found that it was not an easy matter to get a personal interview with the editor. The clerks in the office tried to persuade him to transact his business with them; but he was so persistent that he was finally allowed to go into the editorial rooms, although Pete and Billy were obliged to remain down-stairs, or on the sidewalk, as they chose.

There was no question as to whether the editor was busy, as Jerry could see; but after reading the letter hurriedly, he asked for the particulars of the case, and Jerry told him the whole story, concluding by saying:

"If you'll only let me bring Pete up here you'll see what a poor little lonesome fellow he is, and you can't help doing something for him. We ain't asking you to print it for nothing, 'cause we've got a right smart o' money, and will pay every cent just to find Aunt Nannette."

The editor declined a personal interview with Pete, because of the many and more pressing demands upon his time; but he promised to publish a brief account of the little musician, and to try to induce other editors to do the same. He refused, however, to accept any money, and, after telling Jerry to call at the business office each day and inquire if there was a letter for Pete Marquand, the interview was at an end.

Pete and Billy were on the sidewalk when Jerry came out, looking triumphantly happy, and Master Chick asked, "Is he going to print it for you?"

"He'll do everything he can, and he won't charge a cent. I tell you what it is, Pete, we're striking lots of friends up here, and it'll be kind o' queer if between 'em all we don't come out all right."

"Now we're going home," Jerry said, decidedly. "We've earned a good bit of money this forenoon, and Pete's got to lie down. It's no use for you to say a word, old man," he added, as the little musician began to remonstrate; "I'm going to have my way now. The old French lady said you hadn't ought to stay out very long, and I'm going to do pretty near as she thinks best. If you feel well to-night, we'll try it for an hour or two; but that's all."

Billy was particularly displeased that Jerry should be, as he believed, foolishly careful of Pete, and he did not hesitate to say very nearly what he thought.

"Of course it don't make much if any difference to me whether you stay out or go into the house, 'cause I can sell papers any time; but the first day you were here you said so much about having to earn money that I made up my mind as how you wanted to keep round just as much as you could."

"So we do want to earn money," said Jerry; "but when he don't look fit to be out, why, then I wouldn't go if I never saw another cent."

This decided Billy in forming his estimate of Jerry's

character, and he told his intimate friend that afternoon that "the New Orleans fellow wasn't any good nohow."

Although Pete had attempted to remonstrate against spending the remainder of the day in idleness, it was evident that repose was very grateful to him, for he went to bed immediately on entering the room, and showed a decided disinclination to talk, even though Jerry did his best to amuse him by telling stories.

"My head aches," was all he would say, when questioned as to how he felt; and before an hour had passed it was apparent, even to Jerry's inexperienced eyes, that he was very ill.

"Tell me what to do for you, old man," cried Jerry, anxiously. "What do you want me to get? tell me, Pete, for it makes me feel awful bad to see you looking so sick."

"Just let me stay here; that's all I want."

Jerry was in the greatest distress of mind; he knew that his friend was very ill, and he could form no idea as to what he should do to relieve him. It was while he was sitting by the bedside, with the tears very near his eyelids, trying to think what could be done, that Master Chick entered the room.

"I didn't know but what you might want to go out to-night, so I thought I'd come up to see."

As a matter of fact, Billy had made the visit in the hope that Jerry would reconsider his determination to keep Pete in the house all day, and that he could persuade him to go to work then.

"Pete's terrible sick," Jerry said, in a low whisper, as he pointed toward the bed; and Billy was actually startled as he noted the change that had come over the little musician since morning. "I don't dare to leave him alone, and I want to find the cook of the *Clio*. Will you stop here with Pete till I get back?"

"Of course I will," replied Billy, promptly; and then, as he remembered the purpose of his visit, he added, "If I'd 'a known he was so sick I wouldn't 'a said a word about his going to work."

"You see you haven't been round with him as much as I have, so you couldn't tell how bad he was."

"Has he been looking like that very long?" and Billy's voice was lowered to the faintest of whispers.

"Pretty near ever since we came in. Now I'll go to find Abe, and I won't be a great while."

He had the card Abe had given him, but he had not thought to ask Master Chick in which direction he should go, therefore he lost some time after he came out of the house in inquiring the way. Through the aid of a policeman and two boys he succeeded in finding the office of the owners of the *Clio*. Here it was some time before the clerks would pay any attention to the poorly clad boy who appeared to be in a great hurry; but after waiting what seemed to Jerry to be at least an hour, although it was really not more than ten minutes, one of the fashionably dressed young men condescended to ask him what he wanted.

"Where does Abe Green live, who was cook on the *Clio*?"

"Do you suppose we have nothing to do but keep a record of where all the sailors in our employ live?"

"But he told me to come here when I wanted to know where he was," persisted Jerry.

"Well, you've come, and now all you have to do is to go away again," said the fellow, laughing.

"If you won't answer that question, will you tell me where Captain Sproul lives?"

"Oh, get away from here, or I'll throw you into the street," replied the clerk, angrily, not even turning his head; but before Jerry could obey, had he been so disposed, an elderly gentleman, who had just entered the office, asked him what he wanted.

Jerry replied that he had come to find the address of the cook of the *Clio*, and that it was very important he should see him as soon as possible.

\* Begun in No. 336, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"We intend to know where each person in our employ lives," said the old gentleman, loud enough for all in the office to hear him, "and we expect that the young men here will give to any one who calls such information as may be at their command. Mr. Easton," he added, gravely, "you can ask some of your fellow-clerks where the book of seamen's addresses is kept, and after you have found it you will be able to give this boy the information he desires."

Mr. Easton was the clerk who had tried to be witty at Jerry's expense, and his face was very red as he wrote on a slip of paper Abe Green's address, handing it to the boy without a word of comment.

"Thank you, sir," Jerry said, to the old gentleman, and then he hurried away at full speed, for it seemed to him as if it had been hours since he left Pete.

Abe's boarding-house was very much like hundreds of others that may be found in New York. A short, stout, red-faced man, with the shortest and blackest of clay pipes held between his teeth, presented himself as the proprietor of the establishment. In reply to the hurried question as to Abe's whereabouts, he asked, with great deliberation and evidently quite as much curiosity:

"Were you sent here to get him to ship?"

"No; I just wanted to see him a minute."

"I didn't know but somebody sent you here to tell him of a berth; but he's just gone over to Brooklyn to look at a craft that I guess he'll fancy."

"Over to Brooklyn?" repeated Jerry, in dismay. "When will he come back?"

"I can't answer that question, mate, 'cause you see there's never no telling how long Abe will stay when once he gets out. Want to see him pretty bad, don't yer?"

"Indeed I do. Pete is real sick, and I must find him right away."

"Pete? And who may he be?"

"Abe will know when you tell him; he's a boy that came from New Orleans on the *Clio*."

"Oh, is that all?" and the man appeared to be very much disappointed to learn that the matter was of no more importance. "Well, you'd better write a letter so he'll get it when he comes in, for I wouldn't want to agree to remember what you told me."

It was not an easy task for Jerry to write even a short letter; in fact, he rather doubted his ability to make himself understood. But after twenty minutes of hard work, during which time he had bitten his tongue until it was sore, he succeeded in producing this rather curious epistle:

"DEER ABE,—Pete is orful sick up at our rom, wich is in a house on Dunbar Street, wich the number is 64. Will u kum rite up & tell me what to do?"

"J. HICKS (I am Jerry, u no)."

"Will you give this to Abe just as soon as he comes in?" he asked of the lodging-house proprietor as he returned the pencil he had borrowed, and handed the man the letter he had written after so much labor.

"Well, now, you see, I wouldn't want to promise I'd do it, 'cause I have so much on my mind with getting berths for my lodgers, and one thing and another, that I couldn't be depended on for a little thing like that."

"But this is something that must be attended to just as soon as Abe comes in, and he'd raise an awful row if he didn't get it the first thing."

"Then all the more reason why I shouldn't take it. Put Abe's name on the outside, and tack it up on the door. He'll be sure to run afoul of it. You'll find some tacks in that there little box on the desk."

Leaving the lodging-house, Jerry started at full speed for Dunbar Street, stopping on the way only long enough to buy some things which he thought might tempt Pete's appetite. The little invalid was lying on the bed, looking

utterly helpless, when Jerry entered the room, but he tried to smile amid the pain as a greeting to his friend.

"Do you feel any worse?" Jerry asked, anxiously.

"I don't believe I do. If it wasn't for the awful ache in my head I'd be all right."

"Abe will be up here pretty soon, and he can tell us what to do for you," said Jerry, with a very poor attempt at cheerfulness. "I've brought some things I thought you might want, and just as likely as not some of them will stop the pain."

Then Jerry took from his pockets two sour-balls, a very green apple, three ginger cakes, and a pint of pea-nuts, laying them on the bed in tempting array, much as if he fully expected Pete would immediately begin the feast.

"Why didn't you get some oranges?" asked Master Chick, as he eyed the ginger cakes enviously.

"Cause he had plenty of them at home. I allow he'll like the apple best, though the candy looks to me as if it would be about as good as anything for him."

Strangely enough, Pete did not care for any of the delicacies; he turned away, after thanking Jerry for bringing them, much as if even the sight was disagreeable.

"Can't you eat just a little bit?" pleaded Jerry.

"I don't feel like it," was Pete's reply. "All I want is to stay still."

"I expect that's about all he does want," said Billy. "I thought it might make him feel better to play a game of mumblety-peg, but he wouldn't."

Jerry was at a loss to know what to do. There could be no question but that Pete was very sick; but since he refused nuts, cakes, candy, or apples, his friend had not the slightest idea as to what should be done; and he said, after a long pause, "We'll wait till Abe comes. He'll be sure to go to that house pretty soon, and then he'll get for here right away."

The hours passed slowly on until sunset, and yet Abe had not come. Pete was apparently neither better nor worse than he had been when Jerry left him with Billy. In answer to the questions asked of him, he still complained of his head, and could not be persuaded to do otherwise than remain perfectly quiet.

"I tell you what," Jerry said, as the shadows of the coming night began to fall, and he had decided in his own mind that Abe would not be there till morning: "one of us could go up to that old French lady's house. If we told her how sick Pete is, she might send him some of her cordial, that did him so much good this morning."

"I'll go," said Billy, quickly. "I guess he'd rather have you stay with him than me, and perhaps you couldn't find the place."

"All right; get back as soon as you can. And say, won't the woman what runs the house let us have a lamp or something, so's we can see what we're about?"

"No, sir. Tom Bristow and I asked her when we wanted to have a kind of party in our room, and she said she didn't have no lodgers what couldn't go to bed in the dark. But it wouldn't take me more'n two shakes to get a candle for you; there's a store just round the corner where they sell two short ones for three cents."

"Well, you'd better buy a couple. Here's the money. But don't be gone long, 'cause the sooner you get the cordial for Pete, the sooner he'll feel better."

Billy brought the candles with a quickness that was very creditable in a boy who had eaten as much as he, and after he helped Jerry fasten one down with melted tallow to the wash-stand, he started at full speed for the French woman and the cordial.

During the next half-hour not a word was spoken in the room. Pete lay as if half asleep, and Jerry remained perfectly still, lest he should disturb him. The candle spluttered and smoked as if in protest at not being snuffed, while the noises that arose from the street made the loneliness of the sick-chamber all the more apparent.









GOOSE FISHING FOR PIKE.  
REMORA CATCHING TURTLE.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER AT WORK.

PELICAN TAKING A MEAL.  
PIKE CAUGHT BY GOOSE.

### SOME CURIOUS FISHERMEN.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

SOME time ago a gentleman was wandering along one of the many small lakes that form a characteristic feature of certain portions of England, when he saw a

large goose fluttering toward him, creating a great disturbance on the smooth water. When he first observed the bird it was well out in the lake, some distance from shore, but by the time he reached the water it came fluttering and hissing up the bank, continuing its flight over the grass, and, to the astonishment of the observer, dragging

quite a large pike after it, that danced about as if objecting decidedly to such an unceremonious landing. The gentleman was about to follow the pair, when a party of boys appeared, flushed from a hard run, and claimed the goose and fish on the ground that the goose was their property, and had been fishing for them. "We use her to catch pike," said the spokesman of the party, "and it's very easy when you know how. You see," he continued, "we first catch the goose, and that's the hardest part, and then you take a fish line about eight feet long, fasten a baited hook or a spoon to it, and tie it to the leg of the goose, and let her go. She takes to the water, you see, and drags the line, and in a few moments, if it's the right time, you'll see her coming in just as you did now. You see, the pike gets hooked, jerks her leg, and of course she starts for shore and drags the pike up on the green."

This curious and laughable method of catching fish is not confined to geese or to England, many different birds in various parts of the world being utilized in a similar way. Some years ago I had an acquaintance on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, near Yucatan, who, not averse to having things made as easy as possible, be thought him that the pelican could be used to reduce the time expended in what he termed labor. It happened that he had several tame pelicans, long-necked, huge-pouched, asthmatic-voiced fellows, and one of these, named Jack, he selected to experiment with. He had nailed a piece of plank to his cabin, so that it extended out six or seven feet, and on this the tame pelicans roosted at night, and clapped their bills during the day, and every morning at about six they could be seen flying away to the adjoining reef to obtain their breakfast, which consisted of small sardines. It happened that these little fishes, also called "hard-heads," were very choice bait, and much esteemed by my acquaintance, but difficult to catch, so he devised the following plan to obtain bait and make the pelicans earn their own living.

Overnight he fastened about the narrow neck of the pelican Jack a leather strap, and arose early the next morning to watch the success of his ruse. The birds started out as usual, and soon Jack dived into the water, and a moment later rose triumphant with its pouch filled with struggling sardines. The bird tossed its head to swallow, but the strap prevented. Again and again the puzzled bird essayed to enjoy the results of its capture, but finally gave it up and flew ashore, and alighted on its roost, still carrying the load, that was there relieved by the owner.

When the first Europeans went among the natives of the islands about Cuba, they found a remarkable method of turtle catching in vogue. This consisted in using a fish known to science now as the *remora*; its common name is the sucker, or sucking fish, from a remarkable disk or sucking plate upon the head. Upon examination it resembles somewhat the Venetian blind, consisting of a series of seeming slats. I have often seen the fish make use of it on a shark, and its sole purpose seemed to be to enable the fish to rest. They are social in their habits, and are always found following some larger fish. Usually they follow along, their dark forms presenting a striking contrast against the dun-colored shark; but if tired, or if the shark is hooked, they immediately reverse sides, and fasten their disk upon their great companion, and are thus towed along without the slightest exertion on their part.

When a native turtle went out fishing he took, instead of the peg in use on the Florida reef, a pail of remoras, each of which had a leather ring about its tail. To this was fastened a long line about as stout as an ordinary cod line. The canoe or boat was slowly and carefully sculled along until a sleeping turtle was espied upon the bottom, upon which the remoras, two or three, depending upon the size of the turtle, were dropped overboard. At first they would perhaps swim wildly about, at loss without some protector, but very soon they would discover the

turtle, dart toward him, and fasten their plates to his shell. Perhaps this would not awaken him, as it is a very quiet operation, but a tug at the strings would surely arouse him, and with a rush he is at the surface, takes a quick breath, catches a glimpse of the canoe, and is off like an arrow. The natives now would throw over the line, gradually putting a strain on it, and in a very few moments the canoe would be rushing along through the water, towed by the great turtle, with the remoras as traces. The chase depended upon the size of the turtle, and sometimes lasted an hour, the fishes never releasing their hold until their victim was hauled alongside and lifted in, when they were forcibly taken off and placed in the pail to await the appearance of another victim.

Curiously enough, in nature we find some fishermen whose methods show a remarkable similarity to human devices. An interesting example is shown in a common American fish, the American angler, or *Lophius americanus*.

In appearance it is a hideous object—literally a great fleshy bag two or three feet long, with an enormous mouth. Like a bag it can flatten out to an astonishing degree, and when it goes a-fishing we can imagine it lying flat on the bottom, looking like a mossy rock; for in its color it is almost a perfect mimic of these objects. Not only this, but nearly the entire family are provided with a marvelous assortment of fleshy bangles and barbels that hang from under the mouth and various parts of the body, in shape and color exactly like the local sea-weed; and as they wave to and fro in the current the deception is remarkable, and the fisherman is as completely disguised as occasion requires. But where, you will ask, is the rod and line? Surely fishes do not have such conveniences. The rod of the angler is the first spine of its dorsal fin, and the second and third can also be used in some cases. In one that I examined some time ago the first rod was about eight or ten inches in length, slender and pliable, and of the exact color of the fish. The base or butt was fastened to a slender opal-hued bone, exactly as a staple is to the hook that holds it, of course being hidden beneath the skin, flesh, and muscles.

Some fishermen, particularly young folks, do away with hooks, especially when the bait is very good, and this is the case with the angler. It has no hook, or even line. The bait, a fleshy, shining, often highly colored bit of membrane, dangles at the very tip of the rod, and when the great fisherman is nicely hidden in the weeds, it is gently lowered or bent forward, so that the bait hangs just in front of the cavernous mouth, with its rows of movable teeth. The bait dangles perhaps like a worm in the currents, and soon some unsuspecting small-fry spies it, darts ahead, and the bait moves away. The rod is gradually being lifted, and finally the victim is hovering just over the mouth. Then perhaps the green eyes of the lophius twinkle with satisfaction, the rod is jerked back, a great cavern opens below the inquisitive fish, and into the capacious cavity it is drawn, and down comes the rod, that never or rarely loses its bait, ready for another bite.

A number of other fishes have a somewhat similar arrangement by which they could secure prey, but the angler is perhaps the most remarkable.

## SAILS FOR OPEN BOATS.

BY LIEUTENANT WORTH G. ROSS, U.S.R.M.

SMALL open boats are designed, in a greater or less degree, to be impelled on the water by oars, and are distinguished by different names, according to their use, size, and model. Among such are life-boats, launches, dingies, gigs, jolly-boats, pinnaces, yawls, barges, feluccas, sharpies, whale-boats, long-boats, cutters, dories, canoes, punts, bateaux, skiffs, etc. Many of these craft are pro-

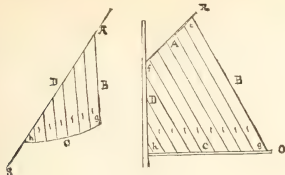


FIG. 1.

vided with light, portable sails and masts that can be readily rigged up when occasion requires. Boats, therefore, that are not specially intended for sailing purposes are



FIG. 2.



usually equipped with a handy suit of sails, care being taken to choose a style that is likely to insure speed and weatherly qualities, though often local prejudices and the "custom" of the waters prevail as to the kind of rig.

All sails have either three or four sides. The former of these are sometimes spread by a stay, as a jib, or by a yard, as lateen-sails, or by a mast, as leg-of-mutton sails, in which cases the foremost edge is attached throughout its whole length to the stay, yard, or mast. The latter,

or those of four sides, are extended by yards or by gaffs and booms, as the principal sails of a ship or schooner. They all acquire their names from the mast, yard, or stay upon which they are extended or made fast. The accom-



FIG. 4.



panying cut (Fig. 1), showing jib and mainsail, will aid the reader in learning the names of the different parts. The upper edge, A, is called the head; B, the leach; C, the foot; D, the luff; the corner, E, is called the peak; F, the

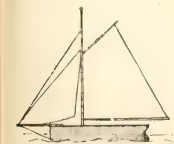


FIG. 5.

nock; G, the clew; H, the tack; the dotted rows are the reef points; O, the boom; R, the gaff; S, the stay.

**Spritsail Rig** (Fig. 2).—These sails have four sides. The luffs are secured to the mast by lacing, or pieces of rope yarn, rove through holes made in the sails about three feet apart, and the heads are raised and extend-

ed by sprits (small tough poles) that cross the sail diagonally from the mast to the peak. The lower end of the sprit has a blunt point, which rests in a rope becket or loop that encircles the mast like a slip-knot, and can be fixed in position without slipping.

If there is any tendency, however, for the becket to slide, a little wetting will prevent it. One advantage of the spritsail is that it can easily be brailed up alongside of the mast,



FIG. 6.

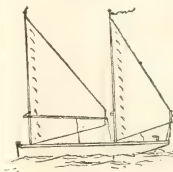


FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.

with a line leading through a block on the mast and through the clew and around the sail. Pieces of cord are sewed in the seam across the sail, near the foot, for reefing points.

**Cat Rig** (Fig. 3).—Purely an American idea, and for narrow and crowded waters, bays, and harbors is unsurpassed. The mast is stepped right in the bows of the boat, and carries one sail (secured to mast hoops), with a boom and gaff. These boats work with great quickness, are easily managed by one person, and have few equals in going into the "eye" of the wind.

**Balance Lug** (Fig. 4).—These sails are four-sided, secured to a yard which hangs obliquely to and is balanced on the mast, part of the sail being in front and part behind. The boom and the yard are of about equal lengths. The tack of a lug-sail is usually a loop on the boom, caught into a hook on the mast near its heel, and is made fast before the sail is set. When a boom is not used, as is often the case with a single sail, the tack of the lug is secured to the weather bow. While this is a popular rig and has many good sailing points, it suffers an inconvenience on account of the yard having to be shifted to leeward of the mast in tacking, termed "dipping the lug."

**Sloop Rig** (Fig. 5).—Undoubtedly the handsomest of all rigs, though it is not so convenient for single-handed sailing, two people being required to sail them properly. For small boats the sails consist of mainsail and jib, and sometimes a topsail, the former secured to a gaff, and with or without a boom, as preferred.

The bowsprit is an adjustable one. For cutters and small yachts this style of rig is the most common, and is well adapted for racing craft, as a great spread of canvas can be carried.

**Mizzen Rig**.—Quite a small sail, as shown in a number of the drawings, secured to a mast stepped in the stern of the boat, near the rudder head, and may be either a lug,



FIG. 10.

a spritsail, or a fore-and-aft sail (Figs. 2, 4, 9). Where the waters are likely to be lumpy and the winds gusty and strong, the main and mizzen rig will be found the most useful (the mainsail being a balance lug or other sail), and is undoubtedly the best for single-handed work in open waters. The mizzen is of great help in beating to windward, and should set as flat as possible; and whenever it is necessary for any reason to lower the mainsail, the mizzen will keep the boat head to wind and sea.

*Schooner Rig* (Fig. 6).—A rig very common for long open boats. It consists of two masts and temporary bowsprit for the jib. Both the mainsail and foresail are extended by gaffs instead of sprits. The mainsail usually has a boom, while the foresail is often without one, though this is optional. The jib can be dispensed with by stepping the bowsprit in the bows of the boat.

*Sharpies* (Fig. 7).—These craft are long, flat-bottomed, draw only a few inches of water, and are best suited for shallow sounds and bays. In smooth waters, sailing on the wind, they are unquestionably among the swiftest boats afloat. The best specimens are to be found along the North Carolina coast. They have long masts, with one or two sails of peculiar shape, which are made as nearly flat as possible by being extended near the foot by sprits, as shown in the illustration. On the after-part of the sail is a small yard, or *club*, to which the sprit is made fast. The reefing is done along the luff, the reef-bands running parallel to the mast.

*Leg-of-mutton Rig* (Fig. 8).—A very safe, simple, and handy rig for boys. The sail is triangular, like a jib, and

the peak is hauled almost to the mast-head, with one hal-yard. It is specially adapted to smooth-water sailing for small boats and in light winds, where reefing is not likely to become necessary. One or two masts can be used, and booms rigged if desired.

*The Sliding-gunter* (Fig. 9).—The principle of this rig is that the yard to which the sail is laced slides up and down on the mast, two iron hoops or travellers forming the connection. It is not a favorite sail in going before the wind, on account of its narrow head, but has advantages when close-hauled, and is preferable to a leg-of-mutton rig for sea work and in reefing.

*Lateen-sails* (Fig. 10).—These sails are common on the Mediterranean, and are familiar to all who have seen pictures of the East. The sail is triangular, and is bent to a long tapering yard, sometimes twice the length of the boat, which hoists to a strong short mast that rakes forward.

There is a variety of odd and original rigs for small boats which are not in common use. Those mentioned are the simplest forms, and have stood satisfactory trial by boatmen generally in various parts of the world. A rig with a single sail is always the handiest and safest when one has to "work ship" unassisted. A properly fitted centre-board will add to the sailing qualities of an open boat, and when it can be put in without taking up too much space or being in the way of the oarsmen, it should be done. The ballast should be inside, and easily removable; bags of sand are the most convenient. When about to fit out a craft, remember that a smaller amount of canvas in one piece is more effective than a larger amount divided up.



## COCKLE-SHELLS AND SILVER BELLS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**C**OCKLE-SHELLS and silver bells, lilies in a row,  
And far and near the merry winds to toss them to and fro;  
Cockle-shells and silver bells, and o'er the slumber sea  
The prettiest little sailor-boy has steered his bark to me.

His bark a gleaming shell that floats among the lilies fair,  
Which ring their bells and shake their sweets to crown his golden hair;  
The clinging ringlets o'er his brow are damp with slumber-spray—  
The prettiest sailor in the world, just one year old to-day.

Such wonders as the baby eyes shall watch when buds uncurl,  
Or by-and-by the scarlet flags of autumn shall unfurl,  
Such flying drifts of feathered snow! Yet, oh, my baby, gaze!  
There's nothing lovelier than this within a year of days.

A crowd of tiny lily-cups, all rocked in leaves of green,  
Which thrust themselves like loyal words the fragile flowers between;  
And somewhere birds are singing sweet and honey-bees are near.  
It is the merriest morning in the merry, merry year.

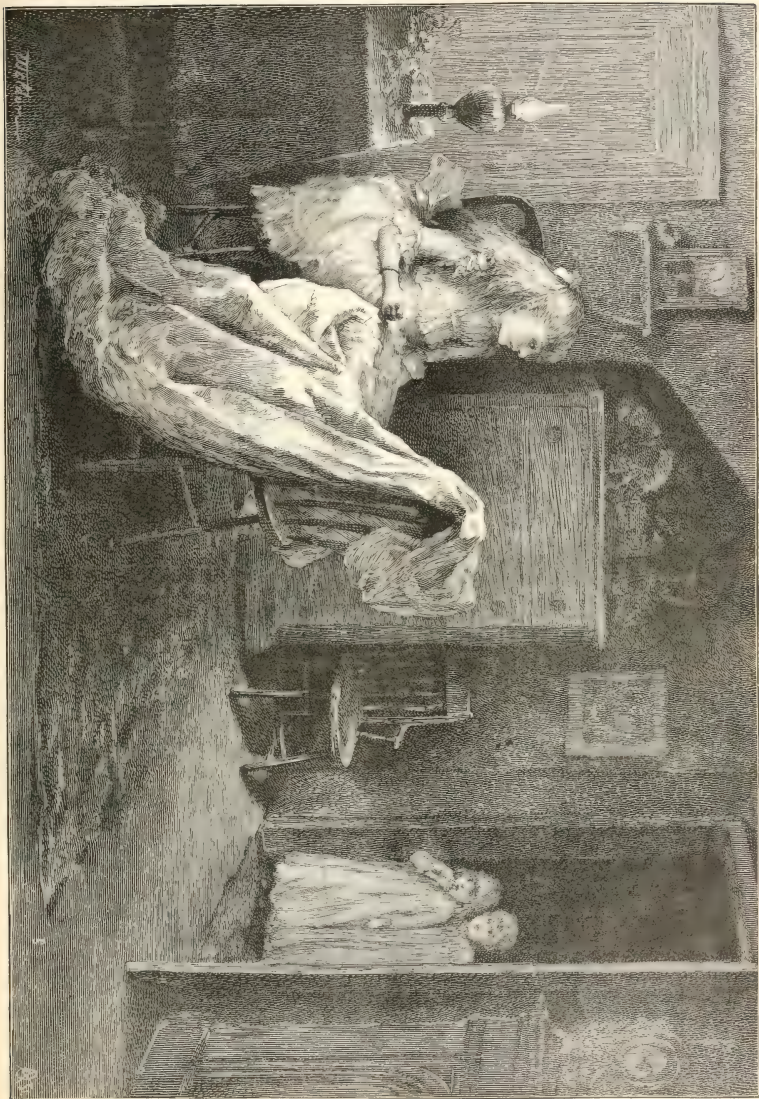
Oh, cockle-shells and silver bells, my little sailor lad;  
Within your world of beauty there is room for nothing sad.  
Awake, you find a sea of bloom; asleep, you float away  
To golden isles of baby-dreams, where fairy creatures stray.

And every single day for you there's something new and strange—  
The kind old mother Nature loves the picture-book to change;  
And whether clouds are fleecy white or cloudless skies are blue,  
There's always something beautiful, my bonny boy, for you.

Cockle-shells and silver bells, lilies in a row,  
And far and near the merry winds to toss them to and fro;  
Cockle-shells and silver bells, and o'er the slumber sea  
The prettiest little sailor-boy has steered his bark to me.



"GLANCING UP, SHE SAW TWO TINY FIGURES, HAND IN HAND, AND DRESSED IN WHITE."—SEE PAGE 510.



## ELAINE'S GARDEN PARTY.

BY JULIA K. HILDEBETH

"ELAINE! Elaine! where are you?"

"Here I am, Olive," replied Elaine, rising from her kneeling position by a large plant in the corner of her pretty garden. The girl pulled off her leather gloves as she spoke, and extended her hand in welcome. Instead of taking the hand, however, Olive placed a small pink envelop in it, and said, "Read that, Elaine."

Elaine first turned to the address, and looked at it a moment.

"Oh, do read it!" cried Olive, impatiently.

"Is it something so very nice?" asked Elaine, as she tore open the envelope. After a first glance she lifted her eyes to her friend's face with a delighted look.

"There!" cried Olive; "I knew you'd be pleased. Read it aloud. I want to know if it is just the same as mine."

Elaine led the way to a rustic seat placed in the shade of a large chestnut-tree. Olive followed, and seating herself close to her friend's side, peeped over her shoulder.

"JUNE 1, DEAR HILLY"

"DEAREST ELAINE,—Papa is going to give me a birthday party—not an every-day, common affair, but a delightful garden party. It is to begin at eight in the evening. The grounds are to be lighted with hanging lamps and colored lanterns. I am going to have a band of music hidden away among the trees. Then there are to be fireworks and all kinds of delightful things. I am going to have the arrangement of everything myself. Now I want you and Olive to come and help me, because, although I told papa that I knew I could manage all by myself, I find, when it comes to the supper, I must have some one to consult. So lose no time. Remember there are only ten days to do everything in.

"I was obliged to write, because I am too busy to leave the house. Come at once to the assistance of your ever-loving friend,

CARRIE PAUL."

"That is almost exactly like my letter," said Olive, as Elaine finished reading. "Now when will you go? Remember Carrie has no mother, so we must help her."

"Yes, of course we must," replied Elaine, soberly. Then she gave a little laugh of pleasure and cried out: "Oh, how delightful! I never went to a garden party like that. Only to think! a band of music, lights hung in the trees, and fireworks."

"Lovely!" said Olive, enthusiastically. "But when will you go?"

"At once; just as soon as I have changed my dress," replied Elaine. "I was thinking we ought to make some kind of a present to Carrie for her birthday."

"That's just what mamma said; so I am going to knit a bead purse, of blue silk and gold beads—her name *knit* with the beads, you know."

"That will be very pretty," replied Elaine, reflectively; "but what shall I make?"

"Something with embroidery on it, because you can do that so beautifully."

"How would a handkerchief bag do?" asked Elaine.

"Just the thing. You can make it of blue silk or velvet, and line it with gold-color, and embroider flowers and her name on the outside. Then it will match my purse."

From that day to the 10th of June Elaine and Olive thought of very little else besides the wonderful garden party. Most of their spare time was spent with Carrie Paul arranging and rearranging everything. And then, besides, they worked hard at their little gifts, so as to have them in readiness for the day.

All went forward smoothly; nothing troubled the girls but the weather, since, if it proved unfavorable, all their arrangements would go for nothing. At last the impor-

tant day arrived. When Elaine opened her eyes in the morning she looked anxiously toward the window, but the sun was shining brightly, and the sky was without a cloud. So she sprang out of bed joyfully. First she opened a small box lined with silk which stood upon the table near the window. It contained the daintily embroidered handkerchief bag on which she had been employed for so many days.

She gave it one last look of satisfaction, for she had succeeded beyond her expectations. "Carrie Paul," in gold-colored silk, lit up with glistening gold beads, was embroidered across the dark blue velvet, surrounded by a wreath of pale blue forget-me-nots. The yellow satin of the lining formed a little puff just above the drawing string. This handkerchief bag really was very beautiful, and no wonder Elaine felt pleased with her work.

"Is this the wonderful day at last?" asked her father, as Elaine seated herself at the breakfast table.

"Yes, papa," replied Elaine, with a smile.

"Your dress came home this morning," said her mother, pointing to a fluffy pile of pink hanging over the back of a chair in the corner.

Elaine gave it one look, and said, "It's very pretty, mamma."

"You don't seem to take much interest in it," said her father with a smile. "I thought young ladies going to their first grand party thought more of a new dress than they did of anything else."

"Oh! but, papa, no one will even look at my dress," cried Elaine, eagerly, "because they will have so much else to think of." Then Elaine described in full all the wonderful arrangements Carrie, Olive, and she had been making for the evening party.

"At what time do the festivities begin?" asked her father, when she had completed her glowing account.

"The band will start to play at half past eight."

"Then at half past seven I will have Dennis put two horses into the large wagon and send him around for all the young folks living near who are invited. You know who they are, I suppose."

"Yes, papa; I wrote almost all the invitations. The wagon will hold twelve or fourteen, and it will be ever so much better than going all alone."

So this was settled, and at eight o'clock Elaine and her mother stood at the garden gate waiting for the return of Dennis and the wagon. Presently, through the deepening twilight, they saw the horses turn the corner at a swift pace. And in a moment Elaine was greeted with a shout of welcome from the gayly dressed young people crowded together on the seats.

This wagon was very long and broad, a capacious affair without a cover, which seemed to have been made on purpose for just such parties.

As Elaine climbed into her seat, near her friend Olive, her mother pointed to the west, and said, "Dennis, is that a cloud over there?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Dennis. "That's just what it is, and it's in a hurry, too."

"Oh!" cried Elaine, in despair, "everything will be spoiled if it rains."

"Be easy, now," replied Dennis, glancing at the sky with a knowing air; "it's nothing but wind in that cloud. I'm thinking."

"Dennis," said Elaine's mother, warningly, "remember, if it rains ever so little, take your party under shelter. They are dressed much too lightly to stand a wetting."

"I will that," replied Dennis, decisively; "not a sup of water shall touch one of them this blessed night, or my name's not Dennis Grogan." He cracked his whip over the heads of the impatient horses, and in a moment more they were spinning along the road, and the merry young party had forgotten all about the black cloud rising in the west. But they had scarcely gone half the

distance when a heavy clap of thunder and a vivid flash of lightning startled every one in the wagon. Then down splashed two or three great drops of rain.

"Here it comes!" cried Dennis, stopping his horses.

"You said it would be only wind," exclaimed Elaine, "and I am sure it won't rain but a moment. Please drive on, Dennis."

"That I won't, miss," replied Dennis, obstinately.

"Your mother said yez were to go in out of the rain, and so yez shall. There's a house fornenst us—"

He was interrupted by a chorus of expostulations from the whole party.

It was of no use, as they soon found, for Dennis had determined to do his duty, and took no further notice of their complaints. He doggedly led his horses to a rickety fence which stood before a shabby little house, and after securing them, knocked loudly at the door. It was opened by a poorly dressed woman with a candle in her hand.

"I've got a party of lads and lasses out here," said Dennis, without any further preface, "and they're rigged out in their best coats. Would you let them step inside, ma'am, if you please, until the storm is over?"

"Certainly," replied the woman, with a smile; "send them in." She threw open the door as she spoke, and went back to her sewing, apparently in great haste.

"Come," said Elaine, resignedly; "it is the shortest way to make Dennis drive on. I am sure it will not rain more than a moment or two."

The girls followed Elaine into the room, but the boys of the party stood out on the small porch watching the progress of the storm.

"I am afraid you will have to stand," said the owner of the room, with a pleasant smile, "for I did not expect so much company."

"We don't in the least mind standing," replied Elaine, answering for all, "and we are sorry to trouble you." As she spoke she approached the table where the woman sat sewing, and was surprised to see that she was embroidering a very handsome white satin dress.

"How beautifully you do that!" said Elaine, after watching her nimble fingers for a moment or two.

"Do you think it pretty?" asked the woman, without lifting her head. "This is the first I have done for a long time, and I only came by it by chance, as you may say. I was cleaning the windows of the dress-maker's house a few days ago, when I heard her say that she could not find any one to finish this very dress. She was in a dreadful way about it, as the lady it was for was to be married on the 11th, and the girl that had begun it was too sick to work. I told the dress-maker that I used to be considered good at that kind of thing. Then nothing would do but I must dry my hands and take a few stitches. Well, it put me in mind of long ago, when I used to have nothing harder than that to do." Here the poor woman gave a little sigh and paused.

"Well?" said Elaine, for she had grown very much interested in the story.

"At first," continued the woman, "I was all of a tremble; but presently I forgot everything but the pretty flowers and leaves, and went on without a mistake. Then the dress-maker asked me to take it home and finish it, and told me I should have as much fine sewing as I could do if I only finished this by the 10th."

"And do you think you'll have it done?" asked Elaine.

"Oh yes, if I work steadily," replied the woman, cheerfully. "It is to be done by twelve o'clock to-night, for the dress-maker said she would send a man for it. I have put off everything for this dress, and my rent is overdue, but that will be all right to-morrow."

Just at that moment the door was thrown open, and a ragged boy thrust his head into the room. After staring at the prettily dressed girls, with eyes and mouth wide open, he called out:

"I say, Mrs. Clair, your sister's took awful bad again. The doctor says she'll die this time, he thinks. She wants you right off." As the boy slammed the door and disappeared, Mrs. Clair sprang to her feet with a low cry. The pretty dress dropped to the floor in a heap. Elaine picked it up quickly and placed it upon the table.

"What shall I do?" said Mrs. Clair, in a despairing whisper. "What will become of Jennie and Dick?"

"Have you no one to leave them with?" asked Elaine, feeling very much distressed for Mrs. Clair.

"That's not it," replied the woman, sorrowfully; "but the dress is not finished, and what shall we do next week? Poor little things! they're used to being alone, and they will have to get used to hunger too, I suppose. Well, anyhow it can't be helped; I must go."

Then, with a tear in each eye, she glanced at the unfinished dress and covered it carefully with a large white cloth. As she threw an old shawl over her head, she said to Elaine, "Please close the door carefully when you leave."

"I will," replied Elaine, softly.

All the girls were very sorry for Mrs. Clair, and watched her with pitying glances as she hurried past them in silence; but they had very little time to think of her troubles, for scarcely had she closed the door when it was opened again by Dennis.

"Come out of it," said he, with a grin. "The stars is shining again; ye'll take no hurt now."

The girls looked in vain for any sign of rain as they crowded laughingly into the wagon. All had forgotten poor Mrs. Clair—all but Elaine. She closed the door softly, and then stood still.

"I don't feel much like going now," thought Elaine, sorrowfully. "Poor woman, I wish I could help her, and perhaps I can."

"Now," said Dennis, turning to her as she stood in the shadow of the porch, "why don't ye jump in with the others?"

"Hush!" whispered Elaine, cautiously. "I want you to do something for me."

"Well," said Dennis, wonderingly, "and what's that?"

"Please take this parcel," whispered Elaine, "and give it to Carrie Paul with my love." She handed him the box containing her present. "And if Olive asks where I am, tell her I said to finish the dress. She will understand."

"But ye'll lose all the fun!" exclaimed Dennis.

"Dennis! Dennis!" shouted one of the boys from the wagon, "what are you waiting for now? Do you see another cloud? Do come; we shall be late."

"Don't let any of them know I staid until you reach the house," whispered Elaine, beseechingly.

"You're a good lass, and I'll hold me tongue," said Dennis, as he hurried out to the impatient party in the wagon.

Elaine stood quite still until she heard him drive off. Evidently no one had missed her. She stepped back into the room, and threw off the lace handkerchief that covered her head, and unclasped her light, soft cloak. Then taking up the dress, she found the place where Mrs. Clair's needle hung by a long silken thread, and at once went on with the embroidery.

The light fell full upon Elaine's shining hair, gauzy pink dress, and the white roses fastened on her shoulder. The long shimmering satin garment was heaped upon a chair before her, covering her feet like a cloud. All the rest of the room was dark and dingy. The stained walls, faded carpet, and shabby furniture looked doubly dreary in contrast with this one bright spot.

For more than two hours Elaine worked silently and swiftly. The clock on the shelf ticking loudly was the only sound she heard, until suddenly she was startled by a little voice that came from an open door close by her.

Glancing up quickly, she saw standing there two tiny figures, hand in hand, and dressed in white. They were staring at her with wide-open, wondering eyes.



"Jennie," whispered the taller, "it's a fairy."

"Is it?" said Jennie. "Oo ask it, Dick."

"Is you a fairy?" whispered Dick, trying to look brave.

Jennie put her fingers in her mouth, while her eyes grew bigger and brighter every moment.

"Go back to bed, Jennie and Dick," said Elaine, nodding and smiling.

"There! it is a fairy," said Dick, decidedly, "'cause she knowed our names. Now be dood and come back to bed."

"Dood-by, fairy; come again," lisped Jennie, as she toddled back with her brother, hand in hand.

Elaine was left alone again. For two more hours her fingers flew over the shining satin; the bright little needle seemed gifted with life as it ran swiftly in and out, carrying the silken thread with it. The clock struck twelve as she fastened off the last stitch and anxiously examined the embroidery. She saw with pleasure that it was so well done that she could not tell where her work began and where Mrs. Clair's ended. As she laid down the dress with a happy smile, Mrs. Clair entered the room.

"It is finished," said Elaine, pointing to the dress.

For a moment Mrs. Clair stood looking from Elaine to the dress in the utmost astonishment. Then she picked up the garment and examined it anxiously. Presently she said, in a low voice: "It is beautiful! And you lost your pleasure for this? What a good girl you are! but you can never know how grateful I am. I shall have a pleasant sleep to-night, for my sister is better; and now this is done. How can I ever thank you enough?"

"Please don't say any more. I am sure I do not deserve any more thanks!" cried Elaine, as she hurried from the room, smiling.

It was only a short distance from her own home, and as the moon was now shining, she felt not the least fear as she ran down the road.

"You are home early," said Elaine's mother; "but it is plain to see that you have enjoyed yourself."

"And so I have, mamma," replied Elaine; "but not at Carrie's party." Then she related the events of the evening.

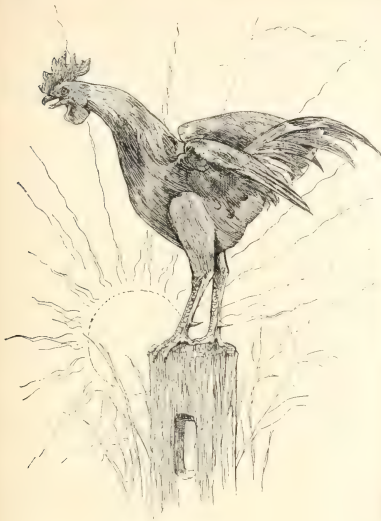
Elaine never knew how it was, but before many days every one of her friends seemed to have heard of her small deed of charity. About a week after the event she received from Mr. Paul another invitation to a garden party, and when she arrived upon the scene Mr. Paul met her and led her under an arch of colored lights that were placed so as to form the letters of her name. And everywhere that Elaine looked she saw flowers festooned about her name in glittering letters. At first she felt like running away, but presently she was surrounded by a bevy of her young friends, who thanked her warmly for this second delightful evening.

After supper Mr. Paul arose and related the little story of the embroidered wedding dress. Murmurs of admiration came from every side, but when Mr. Paul saw that Elaine felt dreadfully abashed at being the centre of observation, he directed the band to play a lively tune, and in a few moments the whole company were engaged in the figures of a Virginia reel.



A QUER SAND ANIMAL.





### MY FARM-YARD.

*Air:* "The Campbells are coming."

**I** BOUGHT me a Rooster;  
My Rooster pleased me;  
I cherished him under the green bay-tree.  
My Rooster cried, Cockadoo—doodle-doo-doo!  
Cockadoo—doodle-doo—doodle-doo-doo!

I bought me a Hen;  
My Hen pleased me;  
I cherished her under the green bay-tree.  
(Spoken.) My Hen cried, Cluck! cluck!  
My Rooster cried, Cockadoo—doodle-doo-doo!  
Cockadoo—doodle-doo—doodle-doo-doo!

I bought me a Chicken;  
My Chicken pleased me;  
I cherished it under the green bay-tree.  
(Spoken.) My Chicken cried, Peep! peep!  
(Spoken.) My Hen cried, Cluck! cluck!  
My Rooster cried, Cockadoo—doodle-doo-doo!  
Cockadoo—doodle-doo—doodle-doo-doo!

I bought me a Duck;  
My Duck pleased me;  
I cherished it under the green bay-tree.  
(Spoken.) My Duck cried, Quack! quack!  
(Spoken.) My Chicken cried, Peep! peep!  
(Spoken.) My Hen cried, Cluck! cluck!  
My Rooster cried, Cockadoo—doodle-doo-doo!  
Cockadoo—doodle-doo—doodle-doo-doo!

I bought me a Sheep;  
My Sheep pleased me;  
I cherished it under the green bay-tree.  
(Spoken.) My Sheep cried, Baa! baa!  
(Spoken.) My Duck cried, Quack! quack!  
(Spoken.) My Chicken cried, Peep! peep!  
(Spoken.) My Hen cried, Cluck! cluck!  
My Rooster cried, Cockadoo—doodle-doo-doo!  
Cockadoo—doodle-doo—doodle-doo-doo!

I bought me a Cow;  
My Cow pleased me;  
I cherished her under the green bay-tree.  
(Spoken.) My Cow cried, Moo! moo!  
(Spoken.) My Sheep cried, Baa! baa!  
(Spoken.) My Duck cried, Quack! quack!  
(Spoken.) My Chicken cried, Peep! peep!  
(Spoken.) My Hen cried, Cluck! cluck!  
My Rooster cried, Cockadoo—doodle-doo-doo!  
Cockadoo—doodle-doo—doodle-doo-doo!

I bought me a Horse;  
My Horse pleased me;  
I cherished him under the green bay-tree.  
(Spoken.) My Horse cried, Neigh! neigh!  
(Spoken.) My Cow cried, Moo! moo!  
(Spoken.) My Sheep cried, Baa! baa!  
(Spoken.) My Duck cried, Quack! quack!  
(Spoken.) My Chicken cried, Peep! peep!  
(Spoken.) My Hen cried, Cluck! cluck!  
My Rooster cried, Cockadoo—doodle-doo-doo!  
Cockadoo—doodle-doo—doodle-doo-doo!

I bought me a Wife;  
My Wife pleased me;  
I cherished her under the green bay-tree.  
My Wife said [spoken sharply]: Hold your tongue! hold your tongue!



# Nine O'clock.

The School-bell rings ;  
The Children all  
Must answer to Cloudy  
The Master's call.

The Master has warm.  
A crooked Nose ;  
He whips the Boys,  
And puffs, and blows ;

He makes them stand  
And walk by Rule,  
And bow before  
They leave the School.

K.P.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

BROOKINGS, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy nine and a half years of age, and live in the pretty town of Hackensack, ten miles from New York city. This is the county town of Bergen County. The Court-house is here, and there are several old buildings that stood in the time of Washington. One is "The old church on the green," which has the date 1706 over its door. The year it was first built is another is the Washington Mansion House, which in 1776 was a gentleman's residence. His name was Peter Zabriskie, and General Washington lodged with him for a time. Later it became a hotel, and has been one ever since. Children and older people like to look at the tiling around its old fireplaces; they are all Bible scenes. Almost every stranger who comes to our town feels like settling down here. I have been taking this lovely magazine for two years, and I think it is the nicest one in the world, and mamma likes it as much as I do. She always reads me the continued stories in the evening. We liked "Jo's Opportunity" so much; and are just as interested in "Silent Pete." I go to my papa's school. He is principal of the largest school here; it has about four hundred scholars and eight teachers. Our class has just begun decimals. I have one little brother, Percy, six years old; he has just begun to go to school, and reads in the First Reader. I once had two little sisters, Minnie and Nellie. We each have a pet canary and a black and white kitty. Our nicest Christmas presents this year were a spring-horse and a velocipede. Percy is a very funny little boy. He says to tell you he is in "traps." He makes us all laugh, he keeps his pockets so full of traps. The other night mamma made him clear them out, and here is a list of what she found: a silk spool, a rubber cork, a hanging basket chain, three buttons, a tin whistle, a bunch of cord, a muslin brush, a piece of coal (which he said was a mineral like those in papa's cabinet), a ten-cent watch and broken chain, the mouth-piece of a horn, six pea-nuts, a patent-medicine pill, a tiny corkscrew, and a tin box. Don't you think that pocket was full enough? Then he has a pet which I do not think any of your little folks have ever said they had: it is a pig; but he made me say it was a mineral like those in papa's cabinet, and he thinks it is as nice as any toy he has.

With love,

NELSON M. H.

possessions, which are generally left to their cats, and the women of the family cut off their hair and burn it. If the person who died owned any horses, there follows a feast on their flesh.

MARYBETH P.

Maybeth encloses a touching little true story in rhyme which her mamma wrote for the little ones at home, and which we are much obliged to her for sending to the Post-office Box.

It is curious that some of the Indian customs about which Maybeth writes should very closely resemble those of the South-sea Islanders, and other savage races on the other side of the globe. I wonder if it is kind of the Indian mothers and fathers never to punish naughty children. Of course the Post-office-Box children are very seldom naughty, but when they are, I think they will confess that it is kindness which makes their parents impose some penalty for wrong behavior. Nobody wants to grow up cross or disagreeable, I am sure.

### HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY MAYBETH'S MAMMA.

Darker grows the window-pane;  
Brighter glows the fire,  
In its mad and merry light  
Ever climbing higher,  
Sitting in the rocking-chair,  
Where the hearth-light glows,  
Mother holds in loving pains  
Baby's rattle toes.

Four small heads are clustered round,  
Stilled the noisy games,  
Eyes of blue and eyes of brown  
Mirror back the flames.  
'Story-time' the children cry:  
'Now the fire is bright,  
Read this story that you find  
In the coals to-night.'  
Just a moment's silence falls  
On the waiting ones.  
Embers answer mamma's eyes.  
Thus the story reads:

"First I see a little house-top,  
Rudely shaped and roughly made;  
Maple-tree and old black walnut  
Clothe it with their green shade.  
'Home, sweet home' has words of meaning  
To my children all, I know.  
But within the home I'm watching  
Much I fear it is not so.  
Partial shelter, meagre eating,  
Little fire, its children bad;  
Clothe it with their drab and dingy,  
Mother, as you said and said,  
Think of it, my little children,  
With your books and games and toys,

When you restless grow and fretful,  
Think of hungry girls and boys,  
Little thought have they of playing;  
In the winter it is cold;  
In the summer they are working  
For they're hardly six years old.  
The two eldest, one bright morning,  
Formed a mighty secret plan;  
Each small heart was full and swelling  
With the courage of a man  
In the coals that glow in front there  
Grows a fair potato field;  
Men and boys and little children  
Gather in the generous yield.  
Two small mites are 'mong them toiling;  
They have labored for the pay  
For the work that they are doing,  
All that they can bear away.  
Now at last the day is ended,  
The tired workers homeward go;  
Little bags and hats and pockets  
With their treasures overflow.  
Still the secret must be guarded,  
Still the little lips be sealed;  
They, beneath a friendly elder,  
Leave their treasures all afield.  
In the morning they are digging,  
Questioning, 'Must it be more deep?'  
'Pile the earth a little higher.'  
'Do you think that they will keep?'  
This they hear, the wondrous secret;  
Christmas will reveal the feat:  
Roast potatoes for their dinner—  
Who need ask a greater treat.  
"Christmas Eve" with sober faces  
And importance, glancing round,  
They, with axe, and mother's basket,  
Go to break the frozen ground.  
Well, no sparrow ever came to read  
To the ground without his will,  
And He heard the voice of children,  
Those two children by the hill.  
All their little secret was told,  
Frozen in the ground it lay;  
They return their mother's basket,  
With no treat for Christmas Day."

Mother paused. The children crowd  
Eager round her knee:  
Eyes are wet with gentle tears—  
Tears of sympathy.  
'Mother, make some kind man bring  
Things to make these glad eyes see;  
'No, my dear: the tale is true—  
True, although 'tis true—  
But I know these children grew  
So brave, so brave,  
Smoothed their mother's downward path  
To a peaceful grave."

WASHINGTON, D.C.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to school, but do not like it as much as I love to read the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and find out the puzzles. I have some little cousins in New York, and mamma says they will come to see them this summer. I found a puzzle—I mean the answer to one—in No. 340; it was a PI NO 3.

LONA K.

NEW YORK, GERMANY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I should be so much obliged if you will publish this letter as soon as you are able to do so. I have received forty-three letters from different parts of America, all of which, I am sorry to say, I cannot possibly answer, but I will try and send the exchange of stamps as soon as possible. They are all such nice letters that I feel like the fee quite sad not to be able to answer each of them. To-morrow I am going to school for the first time; I feel really nervous, but I will try to be so difficult to speak. I have been up in the woods all this afternoon, so I am rather tired.

With much love,

ROSIE C.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

I go to school, and study arithmetic, dictation, spelling, and reading. I won a gold medal for arithmetic. I have three brothers, and I am the only girl. Mamma takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me. I like it very much. I like best "Silent Pete," "The Desert Fairy's Gift," and the Post-office Box. Every summer I go up to my grandma's in Pennsylvania, and my mother and grandpa have each a cow, and I have a swing up there. I am nine years old. Good-by.

EDITH M.

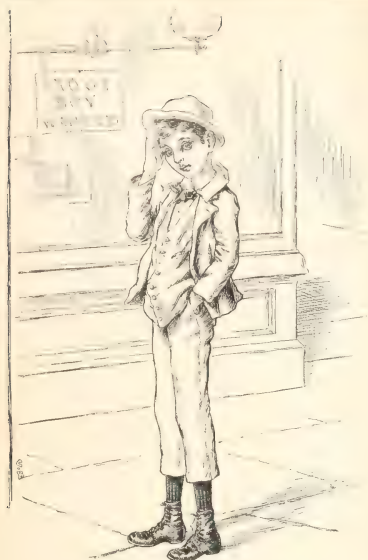
OCELS, ILLINOIS.

This town has lately been visited by a very destructive cyclone (May 12), entirely destroying some buildings, and killing many people. Several persons were hurt, but only one fatally. It was not quite time for school to be dismissed for the day, but the principal told the teachers to dismiss the pupils so that they might reach home before the storm came on. All arrived at home in time except one little girl, who did not go directly home, but lingered by the way; so when the cyclone came, she was picked up by it and injured so badly that she died the next day. Some buildings it moved or blew over without

Perhaps you would like to hear about some of the queer customs of the Mohave Indians. First I will tell you how they take care of their babies. For a cradle they take a long branch of willow, which they bend into the shape of a long horse-







EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

"I think I'd better make my application after dinner."

### FRENCH ANAGRAMS.

OUR young readers have shown themselves so bright in guessing our Puzzles from Paris that now we venture to give them some that are a little more difficult than those offered at first.

It will not be necessary to explain it, for you all know the meaning, whether written in French or English, of the word "anagram."

Now to solve the first one, think of the pleasant journeys you have made, think of the sidewalks where you frighten pedestrians with your roller-skates, and then of the ragged street boys who often look so enviously at you.

J'ai six lettres, lectrice,  
Dont on fait, les remanant,  
Une bonne motrice.  
Un terrasser, un mendiant

Think first of your barnyard friends, then of what you will have to do when you get old like grandpapa, and your eyesight begins to fail.

De cinq lettres je me complique.  
On y trouve, en les changeant,  
Certain oiseau domestique,  
En optique un instrument.

What do we take our tea

out of? and who remembers the game in which "Simon says

J'ai cinq pieds: l'on peut le croire  
Pour pen qu'on ait l'esprit fin  
J'offre quelquechose pour boire,  
Et ce qu'on possède à chaque main.

What month is all smiles and tears, and whom do we dislike to have about us in our studies, our games, and, indeed, in nearly every relation in life?

De la belle saison  
J'annonce le retour,  
Si vous me renversez  
L'on me craint en amour.

A little word very often used; then who knows the French name for the game of ninepins, or skittles?

Sur quatre pieds je suis une conjonction;  
Je dirai même objection.  
Retourné je deviens un joli jeu d'exercice,  
Et c'est sur un endroit bien lisse  
Qu'on dresse mes soldats et qu'une chose arrondie  
L'ait tomber plus ou moins pour gagner la partie.

### BUILDING THE NESTS.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

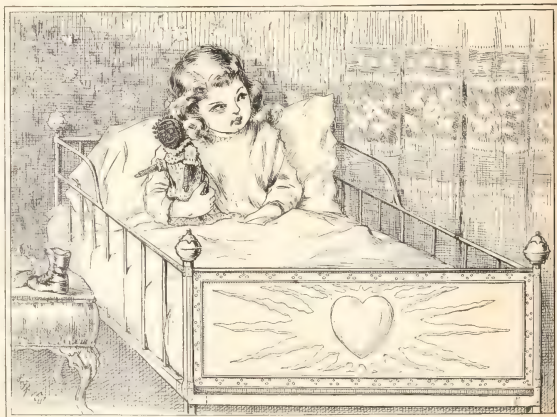
"TWIT! twee!" sang the robin; "I think we'll build here; I like the location." "And so do I, dear," His little spouse chirruped. So, high in the tree, They set to work making their nest merrily.

"See! see!" piped the bobolink; "here's a nice nook, Just down in a hollow, and over a brook." "Oh my! how delightful!" his mate exclaimed. "Look! What a sweet, pretty mirror we'll have in this brook!"

"Sweet! sweet!" trilled the bluebird; "the stump of this tree A very nice site for a mansion would be." "So sheltered and cosy! and then it's so new!" Replied Mrs. Bluebird. "And look at the view!"

"Dear! dear!" cried a cat-bird; "these house-hunting days A good, steady bird will be likely to craze. I've searched all the bushes—" "There, darling, don't fret," His sober mate sang; "don't be seen in a pet."

"Twit! twit!" chirped the swallow; "the old home is there. We'll move in this minute, its comfort to share. Let other birds wander to build a new nest, But, all the world over, the old home is best."



OUR YOUNGEST SUBSCRIBER'S IDEA OF THE ONLY GOOD KIND OF A "BOY-COT."



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PETE IS TAKEN TO THE FRENCH LADY'S HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 518.

## SILENT PETE; OR, THE STOWAWAYS.\*

"THERE TATLER," "MR. STODOL'S REVENUE," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" ETC.

## CHAPTER XI.

## A PROPOSITION.

**D**URING the entire night Jerry sat in a chair by the side of Pete's bed, refusing to lie down even for a moment lest he should fall asleep, and watching anxiously each movement made by the sick boy.

The little musician alternately slept and awakened, at intervals of about half an hour, and whenever he opened his eyes his first words would be to urge Jerry to lie down.

"I'll be all right in the morning," he would say; "and so long as there ain't anything you can do for me, why don't you come to bed?"

"There *might* be something you'd want if I should go to sleep," Jerry would reply, "and so I won't risk it. You see, I've been staying in bed too much lately, I think, and it'll do me a right smart o' good to sit up one night."

But when the morning came Pete looked worse than on the day previous. He was too ill even to make a pretence of being better, and lay so still and pale that several times Jerry leaned over to listen to the beating of his heart before he could feel certain that he was yet alive. The cordial which the young nurse administered very early in the morning failed to have as good an effect as before, and it was even difficult to arouse the invalid sufficiently for him to swallow it.

Jerry was in the greatest distress of mind. He sat by the side of the bed, his eyes full of unshed tears, until about seven o'clock, when Abe arrived, who entered the room softly, in marked contrast to his manner of the day previous. He took Jerry by the hand instead of speaking to him, and then leaned over the little sufferer, his face telling that he observed a decided change for the worse.

"I've got a carriage down-stairs, so that we can carry him up to that woman what's going to take care of him," the cook whispered. "Do you know where she lives?"

"I don't believe I do," replied Jerry, in the same low tone; "but Billy does, and I think he's in his room now."

"Go and turn him out, while I stay here with Pete."

It required but a few moments to awaken Master Chick, tell him what was wanted, and have him dress himself, after which Jerry led him to Abe.

"I'll take little Pete in my arms, with some of these bedclothes around him," the cook said; "and if the woman of the house goes to making any fuss, you tell her that we'll fetch 'em right back. Billy, you go on ahead to open the doors, and Jerry will bring Pete's clothes."

Abe lifted the little musician from the bed tenderly, while Jerry not only gathered up such articles as he thought the sick boy might need, but he also took Sweetness, knowing full well that when Pete was able to take notice of anything around him, his first thought would be of his beloved violin.

Billy mounted the box to show the driver in which direction to go, for while he could not tell either the number of the house or the street it was on, he knew perfectly well how to find it. Abe, with Pete held carefully in his arms, got into the carriage, followed by Jerry; and the coachman, after being cautioned by the cook against fast driving where the streets were rough, started the horses.

"Do you suppose the old French lady can help him any?" Jerry asked, his voice trembling with suppressed emotion.

"I think a woman's care is what he needs more than anything, and if she's what you say she is, he'll be as well off with her as he could be anywhere."

After this question had been asked and the answer given, nothing more was said until the sudden stopping of the carriage told that they had arrived at their destination. Without waiting to be told, Master Chick ran upstairs to inform the old lady that the sick boy had come, and almost before the carriage door was opened she was on the steps to show the way to her rooms.

"The poor child!" she murmured, half to herself, as Abe entered the house with his burden. "I had no thought he was so ill—and without father or mother!"

The old lady led the way to the room which the boys had entered when they called upon her, and where every preparation had been made for Pete's reception. The lounge had been transformed into a bed, whose snowy sheets and embroidered pillow-slips caused it to look wonderfully fresh and inviting, and after Pete had been laid upon it, Abe said: "I axes your parding, missis, for being so bold; but I'm going to get a doctor for this little shaver, and I want to say as how I believe that folks like you who takes a stranger in like him will get paid sometime or another for their goodness."

"It would be a hard heart that would not be warmed to a child like this," said the old lady, as she smoothed the sick boy's hair from his forehead. "I think it is well that a physician should see him, but I have not the means with which to pay him for his visits."

"Don't you be worried about the money part of it, missis, for me and them of my shipmates as was saved from the old *Clio* will take care of all that."

"Oh, you are, I think, the good cook of whom the poor child spoke when first I saw him?"

"Well, I allers ships as a good cook—A No. 1, according to articles; and if it so be that the little shaver thought enough of me to tell about it, I'm glad. Now where'll I find a doctor?"

After he had gained the desired information Abe turned to Billy, who was standing near the door, watching every movement made with the liveliest curiosity, and said:

"Now, then, my hearty, you carry them 'ere bedclothes where we got 'em from, and tell the woman that they've come back, so she won't accuse us of stealing."

Master Chick gathered up the clothes in a not very neat-looking bundle, and left the house in company with the cook, while Jerry, crouched close by Pete's side, neither spoke nor seemed to pay any attention to what was going on around him. All his thoughts centred on his sick friend, who lay, with closed eyes, almost as white as the snowy bedding with which he was covered.

"It is not well that you should sit there mourning," the old lady said, kindly, to Jerry. "You shall help me care for him; but first do you go out and buy the French paper in which the notice was to be printed. We will read it when he is better, and then he will know that everything has been done as if he were well."

While Jerry was out in search of the newspaper, the doctor and Abe arrived, and the former shook his head in an ominous way when he saw the sick boy, although he did not venture any opinion concerning him. He wrote a prescription, directed the old lady, whom he called Madame Bonn, as to what should be done for Pete, and then took his departure, after promising to call on the following day.

When Jerry returned he knew that the physician had been there, because he saw the prescription on the table, and he asked, eagerly:

"What did the doctor say? Does he think Pete is very sick?"

"He didn't have very much to say about it," replied Abe; "but he left this 'ere for you to get the medicine with, and he wouldn't 'a done that if he hadn't thought he could help him: now would he?"

Jerry believed, as Abe seemed to, that the physician's prescription was sufficient proof that he was sure he could

\* Begun in No. 336. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

help the invalid, and his heart was very much lighter as he ran to the druggist's for the medicine.

Abe waited until he had returned, and while Madame Bonn was following the doctor's directions he called Jerry into the hall.

"I'm going down to the dock to find Captain Sproul. He'd take it kinder hard if I didn't let him know poor little Pete was sick, and likely he'll come up here with me to-night or to-morrow."

"You'll surely come back, won't you, Abe?" Jerry asked, as if he feared he might not see him again.

"Of course I will. What are you thinking of to suspicion that I wouldn't hang around, now that I'm loafing, just as long as I thought I could do Pete any good?"

"I know you will, Abe; but I hate to have you go, 'cause you're the only man I know in all this big city, and while he is sick I want to have somebody to tell me what to do."

"I'll be here every day, lad, though I don't know as I'll be of much use; but I'll come all the same."

Then Abe left the house, and Jerry went back to where Madame Bonn was waiting upon Pete as tenderly and lovingly as if she had been his mother. Now that everything possible had been done for the sick boy's comfort, Jerry was in a painful state of uncertainty regarding himself. Madame Bonn had offered to care for Pete, it is true; but whether or no she was willing to have his friends in her apartments was quite another matter, and Jerry actually began to believe that he might be obliged to leave the boy he loved so dearly. Determined to settle the matter at once, he said:

"I don't suppose you want a great big fellow like me around in this little room after you've been so good as to let us bring poor little Pete here; but you don't know how much him and me think of each other, and if you'll let me stay as long every day as you can, I'll try to do a good deal to help you."

"Did you think, my poor little man, that I would have your friend brought here to remain without you?" and the old lady drew Jerry toward her in a motherly fashion, with her arm around his neck. "It is true that my apartments are small, but they are sufficient for three of us, as you shall see. It will not be that I can give you a bed, but I shall make for you a couch on the floor, where you will be with your sick friend all the time."

"You needn't fix anything," said Jerry, quickly, and wondering whether the old lady would be angry if he should kiss her. "I can sleep anywhere, and the rug is good enough for me."

"No, no, I would not allow that. When night comes I shall show you how it can be arranged, and now you may fan your little Pete while I read in the paper what the kind editor has said about him."

During the afternoon Master Chick called to learn how Pete was getting on, and Jerry said, as he met him at the door, leading him back into the hall:

"He's asleep now, so you'd better not go in to wake him up. I tell you what it is, Billy, Madame Bonn is awful good to let us bring Pete here; but I'm afraid it'll fuss her if too many keep calling, so whenever you come, stand on the corner and whistle. I'll be sure to hear it, and I'll run out to tell you about him."

"That's all right," said Master Chick, promptly; "but how are you going to get along if he's sick a good while, and can't go out with you to earn any money?"

"I don't know, Billy, and that's what's been bothering me this afternoon. I haven't got very much, and I suppose there'll be a good many things to buy for him. I reckon I shall have to sell papers or black boots, if you'll kind o' help me break into the business."

"Of course I will, any time you say. I'll be up in the morning, and you come out when I whistle."

"I'll be watching for you," replied Jerry, and then, as Billy left the house, he returned to Pete's bedside.

During the next three days the sick boy grew no worse, neither did he appear to be very much better. He would talk with Jerry now and then; but the exertion of speaking tired him so much that the physician forbade him to hold any lengthy conversation with any one. Abe had called each day, bringing Captain Sproul with him the first time, when arrangements were made with Madame Bonn, unknown to Jerry, relative to the expense she might incur by having the invalid at her house. Captain Sproul and the survivors of the *Clio's* crew, although they could ill afford such generosity, had agreed to pay all bills that might be contracted on Pete's account, and had sent Madame Bonn quite a sum of money for immediate use.

On the second day the cook called he had sad news. The boat in which Mr. Harding and a portion of the crew had left the sinking *Clio* had been picked up with her bow stove; therefore there could no longer be any doubt but that those who had taken refuge in the long-boat were the only survivors of the ill-fated brig.

Jerry had spent his own money whenever he had been sent for anything which Pete needed, until, on the morning of the fifth day after the little musician had been taken sick, he found himself with but thirty cents. He would have made no question whatever about going to work if it had not involved leaving his friend, and although he knew that Pete would receive every attention from the kind-hearted old French lady, even if he was not there, he had hesitated to leave him. Now, however, he could hesitate no longer. Not knowing what arrangements had been made by Captain Sproul, he believed it would be necessary to spend Madame Bonn's money if he did not earn some, and he was resolved to go to work at once.

The old lady had often urged in vain that he go out of doors more, and on this morning he said, not wanting to tell her what he was about to do: "If you don't care, I'll go down the street this forenoon, and perhaps I sha'n't be back for a good while. Pete, old man, you won't mind my going, will you?"

Pete seemed to be quite as pleased as was Madame Bonn that he had finally concluded to take an airing, and urged him to go. After kissing the sick boy tenderly Jerry left the house, feeling almost that he was doing wrong in leaving his friend, even though the necessity was so urgent. He was going in search of Billy, in order to get his advice as to what business a boy could best start with a capital of only thirty cents; but before he had walked half a block he met Captain Sproul, and, of course, stopped to speak with him.

"It seems to me as if Pete was a little better this morning," he said, in reply to the Captain's question; "but he hasn't asked for Sweetness yet."

"Have you heard anything from the advertisements?"

"Not a word. Billy Chick has been to the paper office every day, but there hasn't been any letter there."

"Where are you going now?"

"Out to find some kind of work. You see, we didn't have a great deal of money when Pete was taken sick, and it's about all gone now."

"Don't Madame Bonn pay for such things as Pete needs?" asked the Captain, not caring to tell Jerry what financial arrangements had been made with the old lady.

"She does as much as I'll let her. She ain't got a great deal of money, I reckon; and, besides, I'd rather get what Pete needs myself."

"I think you can leave business alone for a while," said the Captain, with a smile. "I want to have a talk with you, and we had better be walking toward the docks than standing still."

Jerry could not have refused to accompany Captain



Sprout even if his need of money had been more urgent, and he followed without hesitation.

"I came up this morning especially to see you," the Captain began, "and I am going to make a proposition which you must think over thoroughly before accepting or declining. I don't fancy that you have made any plans for the future, have you?"

"No, sir, I don't know as I have," replied Jerry, hesitatingly. "I kind o' allowed that after Pete got well and found his aunt I'd go back to New Orleans, for I don't like this city very well."

"And what will you do there?"

"I ain't so sure, unless I scrape up some money and buy half of the fruit stand Felix owns."

"I don't just like to think of your knocking about the streets, Jerry, for, from what I have seen of you, I think you are a pretty smart kind of a boy. Now how do you fancy going to sea?"

"Going to sea?" repeated Jerry, in perplexity.

"Yes; with a view of commanding a vessel some day. I have just got a fine bark, and I would like to have you ship with me. I'll agree to do by you as your own father would—give you a fair education, teach you navigation, and push you up as fast as you can go until you are my first mate."

Jerry was fairly staggered by this proposition, and it was several moments before he could make any reply; then he did manage to say,

"But suppose Pete don't find his aunt at all?"

"I don't fancy that he will, lad. If she had been in the city she would have made some answer to the notices before this, for I see that nearly all the other papers have copied them. Now if he does not find her, it is hardly

possible that he will be able to go on the streets playing for a very long time, even if he is ever well enough, and what will you be doing meanwhile?"

"I suppose I'll have to sell papers or black boots."

"And do you never intend to do anything but that? Would you be contented if you knew that when you are a man you could do nothing better?"

"No, sir," replied Jerry, quickly.

"I suppose if Pete gets well, and does not find his aunt, you think you ought to take care of him as you have been doing?"

"Indeed I do."

"Very well; then you ought to look for some steady employment, something in which you could advance as you grow older. Now if you will agree to go with me, at least until you are of age, I will see that your wages are sufficient to pay Pete's board and clothe you both. At the same time I will take care that you receive an education."

"But I can't leave Pete while he's so sick," said Jerry, piteously.

"I do not expect that you will. You shall stay with him until he—until he has recovered, and then you shall come to me. I will advance sufficient money to pay his bills, and it shall rest with you to say when you will leave him. I don't ask for an answer now, for I want you to know your own mind thoroughly before you decide. Go home and think the matter over. You need have no hesitation about allowing Madame Bonn to spend her money, for we will see that she loses nothing."

As he said this, Captain Sprout came to an abrupt halt, and Jerry could do no less than leave him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





## GENERAL MUFF.

**MUFF** is more than twelve years old, which is rather an advanced age for a cat, though he still seems in prime vigor. He is a true aristocrat, and so stately and dignified that one of his friends, who writes fairy stories, insists that he must be an enchanted prince. At any rate, he is a drawing-room cat, with dainty tastes and habits, that shuns the kitchen and servants, and delights in the company of poets and artists. His mother was brought direct from Malta, and was so much prized by her owners that it was said of them that they would only give her kittens to persons who brought satisfactory references of respectability.

When only a few weeks old, Muff was carried with his brother from their pleasant New Hampshire home to the great city of New York. The two little balls of animated fur were appropriately named Muff and Tippet. One day a party of mischievous children teased poor Tippet so much that he dashed through the window, and was never seen or heard from again.

Muff, however, remained and grew up, and has ever since been the man of the house in a family of ladies. He feels the dignity of his position, and moves about with a measured tread, unless he chances to catch a glimpse of a mouse, when he is quickly on the alert, and pounces like lightning on his prey, which he proudly exhibits to the household; for he is useful as well as ornamental, and a mighty hunter. On his mistress's last birthday he brought a mouse and laid it at her feet as the best gift he had to offer, and seemed much hurt when it was carried out on a shovel. The rapt expression and glint of eye in the picture, which make it seem so full of life, were called forth by the beatific vision of a bird that chanced to perch at that instant on the window-sill.

Muff is a handsome, large cat, with a long face, drooping white mustache, long, gracefully curving tail, and thick, glossy coat of blue-gray fur, not at all like the ordinary cat's hair, with a pile as deep as an otter's, and looking like plush with its beautiful lights and shadows. His breast, muzzle, and paws are white. His eyes, with their large dark brown pupils, are very fine in a subdued light.

The picture shows Muff in his evening dress, a beautiful lace collar, made by the Maya Indian girls of Yucatan, and presented to him by the wife of a celebrated Central American explorer. This he wears at the entertainments sometimes given at his house, which he never fails to attend, and where he is petted and praised to his heart's content. He is very fond of society, and always goes into the drawing-room to receive visitors and entertain them until his mistresses come in. One day a lady, after waiting for some time, left a note for the latter saying that Muff had made himself so agreeable that she had not missed them at all.

Muff has the gentlest of dispositions, and was never known to scratch or bite. Like Maltese cats in general,

he has dog-like sagacity, and is extremely intelligent. He is very affectionate, and welcomes his mistresses after an absence with demonstrations of delight. He has his favorites, and is very decided in his likes and dislikes. He has led a petted life. The only cloud on his happiness has been the recent addition to the family of a thorough-



GENERAL MUFF IN EVENING DRESS.

bred Persian cat, named Omar Khayyam, and known familiarly as the Shah, with which he lives on terms of armed neutrality, as he does with the canary-bird Victor, upon which he now persistently refuses to look, after having been several times chastised for looking at it too often.

Muff has a large circle of friends, and more than one artist has wished to paint his portrait, which is now given for the first time to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

## BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

BY DAVID KER.

## A YOUNG WARRIOR.

**I** REALLY don't know what to do with that boy," said a school-teacher, in the old English town of Market-Drayton, as he stood in the doorway of the empty school-room looking down the street after the refractory pupil whom he had been "keeping in." "He has good stuff in him somewhere, I'm sure, if one could only get at it; but he's certainly the most unruly fellow I ever had to do with."

Meanwhile the boy of whom he was speaking went slowly along the quaint old street, now all ablaze with the glory of the sunset. Young as he was, he had already a thoughtful, earnest look far beyond his years. He was strongly but clumsily built, and his features were so coarse and harsh that they would have been downright ugly but for their stern, fearless, commanding expression. His defiant bearing and the fierce impatience with which he shouldered his way through the crowd betokened a spirit that must always take the lead among its fellows, either for good or for evil.

"There goes 'Fighting Bob,'" said one man, pointing

to the lad as he went past, "with a black eye, as usual. He'd better turn prize-fighter when he grows up, for he'll never be good for anything else."

"Fighting Bob, indeed!" growled another. "Gallows Bob's what I call him, for he'll come to be hanged as sure as my name's Tim Trotter. I tell ye, neighbors, I'd as soon try to drive a mad ox to market as go for to manage that 'ere imp of a boy."

"His heart's in the right place, though, for all that," said the hearty voice of a sturdy, jolly-looking farmer beside him. "That little 'un of mine 'ud have been worried 't'other day by a big brute of a dog if Bob there hadn't run in and choked it off—ay, and he got bitten himself in doing it too."

"You should have seen him climb up the church steeple last spring," cried a fourth, "to get a bird's nest for little Jim Barlow, Widow Barlow's crippled boy. You've heard of it, o' course, but I saw it with my own eyes. 'Twas a market-day, and I was just coming into town, when, just as I got round that corner, I hears a great halloo, and I looked up, and there I saw him right up against the top o' the tower, looking no bigger than a cat."

"Ay, my Jack told me of that," observed one of the others, "for he was in the town that day."

"My heart was in my mouth the next minute," continued the farmer, "for all at once his feet seemed to slip from under him, and some of the women in the crowd gave a scream, and there he was swinging right out in the empty air, hanging by a little bit of ivy, like a spider at the end of a thread. He was a hundred feet from the ground if he was an inch, and I shut my eyes, and felt all nohow for a minute. But just then there came a hurrah from the crowd, and I looked up and saw that he'd got his foothold again, and was coming down all right. And when he touched ground the first thing he did was to give little Jim the nest and the eggs, which he'd kept safe and snug inside his jacket all the time."

"Well, that's better than I'd have thought of him, too," said Mr. Trotter, with unwilling admiration; "but, mark my words, he'll come to a bad end yet."

Whether the boy heard these complimentary remarks or not, his dark firm face moved no more than one of the statues which some of these very men were to set up in his honor years later. But all at once he started and looked round as a shrill cry of distress reached his ear, and the next moment he was flying across the street at full speed, with a flash of anger on his face which made it glow like heated iron.

Four or five big, coarse, rough-looking lads, who had been hanging round the corner of the market-place, had suddenly pounced upon a small, thin, pale-faced boy, evidently meaning to plunder the big basket under the weight of which he was staggering.

"Leave 'em alone—do!" pleaded the poor little fellow; "they're for mother, and she's sick."

"Hold yer noise, and hand over them things," growled a hulking lout, who seemed to be the leader of the gang, making a clutch at the basket.

But just at that moment a blow like the stroke of a hammer dashed the bully to the ground, bleeding and half stunned, while over him strode Fighting Bob, with a gleam in his dark gray eyes such as was seen there, years later, when he looked through the rolling smoke of the great battle that decided the fate of Southern Asia.

Then, without waiting for the rest of the gang to attack him, he flew in among them like a tiger, striking right and left so fiercely that his strong brown hands seemed to be in twenty places at once.

How this unequal fight might have ended it is hard to say; for while Bob held his own gallantly in front, the hulking fellow who had been knocked down at the opening of the fray scrambled to his feet again, and prepared to attack the young champion from behind. But just at

that moment three or four of our hero's school-fellows seeing a fight going on, and their chosen leader, "Fighting Bob," in the thick of it, came racing up at full speed.

The bullies had no mind to await this reinforcement, and disappeared as fast as they could down a dingy by-street, while Fighting Bob raised from the ground, as tenderly as a mother, the poor little fellow whom they had been tormenting.

As he did so he saw a hand stretched out to pick up the child's overturned basket, and, looking up, found himself face to face with a tall, upright, keen-eyed man who looked like a soldier. A soldier, indeed, he was, and a famous one—no other than the renowned Colonel John Blackadder, who had charged the French centre at Blenheim, and had been wounded at the Duke of Marlborough's side at Oudenarde.

"You're a brave lad, whoever you are," said the veteran. "What's your name?"

"Robert Clive," answered the future conqueror of India, in the tone of a general commanding an army.

"Well, you'll fight greater battles before you've done, I'll be bound," rejoined the old soldier, nodding his gray head approvingly. "I shall remember your name, for it will be heard of yet."

The Colonel was right, for both he and all Europe heard enough of that name twenty years later, when Fighting Bob came home from the East as Lord Clive, Baron of Plassey, and commander-in-chief of all the armies of British India.

## THE LAMENT OF THE ALLIGATOR.

BY MARTHA CAVERNO COOK.

"WHAT trouble can be greater,"  
Asks a frightened alligator,  
"Than has happened to our family of late?  
My brothers and my cousins  
Have been massacred by dozens;  
And, in truth, I fear the same unhappy fate,

"We are now the ruling passion  
Of those who follow fashion  
Implicitly in every latest craze,  
And the money market caters  
To this taste for alligators,  
And seeks to serve us up in tempting ways.

"What makes the matter worse is—  
Besides the bags and purses  
Which ingenious wretches make from out our skins,  
Besides the boots and slippers—  
Our teeth (those pearly nippers)  
Are set with gold, and worn as jewelled pins.

"If they catch us young and tender,  
Our chances are as slender  
As if our precious hides were tough and old;  
For they killed my baby sister,  
And, before we really missed her,  
She was stuffed, and for a paper-weight was sold,

"It fairly makes me shiver,  
When I crawl from out the river  
To take my sweet siesta in the sun,  
To think of all the dangers  
We risk from sporting strangers  
Who murder us for profit or for fun.

"One day I met a tourist;  
His aim was not the surest,  
But he hunted me with ardor so intense,  
In a momentary madness,  
To my everlasting sadness,  
I had to eat him up—in self-defence.

"Now it seems that my aggressor  
Was an erudite professor,  
Engaged in zoological pursuit

Of a *lucius crocodillus*

(As the scientists may style us),

Just to teach the young idea how to shoot.

"So I might have gone to college

With this man of wondrous knowledge,

And beautified a scientific room,

Where my scaly skin for ages,

In the company of sages,

Would have carefully preserved its youthful bloom."

## WHY THEY GO WEST.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

**W**HAT has become of the boy who used to run away to sea? Not long ago he was a prominent feature of our social life and literature, but he has run away in good earnest at last, and it is long since we have heard anything about him. Mothers no longer tremble lest, at the very moment when Tom seems especially appreciative of the buckwheats of home, he should make the startling announcement, "Father, I want to go to sea!" But what is he doing now, that he no longer cares to go to sea?

For the mothers still tremble. There is still a thunderbolt that may fall any minute on their hearts from the boys' lips. The spirited, adventurous lad who longed in the olden time for the excitement and novelty of the hard life on board ship still longs for excitement and adventure of some kind. Some morning, when he too appears to be very much absorbed with the buckwheats, there will fall quietly from his lips the simple announcement, "Father, I wish you would let me go West!"

West! into the country of Indians and rattlesnakes, and cyclones and grasshoppers, and rough people and disappointing crops, and hard work and no society—is this to be the end of their ambition for their boy?

If, however, they have been West themselves often enough, and to the right places, they will begin to understand the boy's point of view. They may still object to his going, but they will not object quite so seriously. Not because they have seen such desirable results from Western ranching, but because they have experienced that nameless fascination of Western life which makes them capable of appreciating the boy's feeling about it. For the singular part of the Western craze is that it not only lasts, but deepens and strengthens, even through disappointments and repeated failures. The boy who ran away to sea usually came back after his first voyage completely cured, and willing to take up any life that was not on the wild rolling wave. But the boy who goes West rarely comes back to the East again, except for brief and impatient visits.

It must not be inferred, however, that this fondness for the prairie comes from finding the work less difficult or success easier than the young ranchman had expected. On the contrary, practical ranching is far harder than any one who has not tried it can imagine; and probably any great success, certainly any very sudden success, is the rare exception. On the other hand, the explanation of a good deal of the fascination undoubtedly lies in the fact of the young man's feeling that if he doesn't succeed, failure at the West is easier to bear than even limited success at the East. To be young and poor in New York, with refined and expensive tastes, and rich acquaintances doing the things you would like to do but can't afford to do, is a trial intensely irritating to young blood full of spirit, and feeling in itself the right to happiness and the ability to conquer it. At the West you cannot make much difference in your life whether you are making money or losing it. All you can possibly do is to live simply. As there is no Fifth Avenue to aspire to, so there is no Tenth Avenue to be looked down upon. The young ranchman who is doing pretty well cannot "show off" in anything but

his bank account or his increased acres or animals. The young ranchman who is doing very badly need not go to bed supperless, as he would have to in New York if he happened to be without money in his pocket, and he can crawl into his bunk at night with an infinite cheerfulness born of the comforting thought that at least nobody knows how miserable he is.

I believe this, after all, to be the great factor in every young man's eagerness to try the West: "At least if I fail, I shall not be mortified."

To be sure, this apparently desirable phase has also its drawback. There are temptations in the life of a young man in a big city, where the effort to "keep up appearances" leads him into the speculations for trying to make money fast which are so apt to be fatal both to the money and to the young man's nature. But there are other temptations on the prairie of exactly the opposite kind, but still temptations; the temptation to grow indifferent to refinements or culture or grace; to think it of no consequence to sit down to dinner with clean hands; and having no interests but one's own to consider, to grow absorbed in self, indifferent both to the great political excitements moving the world, and to those opportunities for daily considering the comfort of other individuals which discipline character and give strength as well as grace.

But granting that the young man is to go, what is it that he goes to?

Certainly to far harder work than he anticipates. Whether he is rich or poor, he ought to begin prairie experience in the same way, with the practical training as to its simplest details without which he cannot hope for any great success. The young man with money and a fancied taste for ranching who buys a ranch, hires a foreman, and then settles down at a hotel in Denver, or Kansas City, or Omaha, or Tacoma, with the praiseworthy intention of running down, or up, or over to his ranch once a month or so, to keep "a sharp lookout" on the management, will never succeed in ranch life nor enjoy it.

He must begin at the very foundation, with herding sheep, if he happens to have chosen a sheep ranch. He will be expected to rouse himself before dawn from his slumbers in a rude "bunk" in the wall, where, nevertheless, he has slept extremely well, to swallow a very simple breakfast, for which, however, he will have an excellent appetite, to put some thick slices of ham between some very thick slices of bread, and carry them in his pocket or a pail for the lunch, to which he will be entitled when he finds, if the day is bright, that he can put his foot on the shadow of his head, and not to come home, however foot-sore, hungry, wet with rain, or threatened with sunstroke he may be, till just before sunset. If the day is bright he must open gayly, rather in love with the fine air and the novelty and the certainty of an easy day's work. For nothing seems simpler than to lead a gently wandering flock to the right spot on the prairie, somewhere near a clear spring, where the sheep can nibble quietly at the plentiful grass, while the happy herder throws himself on the ground, pulls out an illustrated magazine from his pocket, and beguiles the time with amusing or elevating literature.

Alas for such fond hopes! The sun grows hotter and hotter; there is no tree, not even a single bush, anywhere to be seen for miles and miles. He pulls his felt hat down over his eyes, and determines, anyway, to forget the heat in reading. But the timid, gentle herd, that seem so absorbed in feeding and to move so slowly, are really getting over the ground remarkably fast. They are slipping away from him before he knows it, and he must pocket his magazine and run after them.

Ah! how many a herder have I seen—sometimes a mere lad, sometimes a strong young fellow of twenty-five—come home at night from a first day's herding, too brave



A COW-BOY.

to complain, but with feet so swollen with weariness that it seemed as if he could not possibly start out again the next morning; but he does, and perhaps to even a harder day. The sky is overcast; the youth glances about, and decides that it will rain; but the sheep must go, and he has a vague impression that he would be laughed at if he took his umbrella. There seems no very good reason why one should not try to protect one's self on the prairie with umbrellas, but it is nevertheless a fact that the "tender-foot" would be unmercifully ridiculed who should take one; and indeed it is probable that the very first breeze would whirl it out of his hand in a minute, and that even if he could keep hold of it it would be no protection against the merciless sheets of rain that pour down on the prairie when it does rain.

But drenched to the skin though he may be at nine o'clock in the morning, he must not go back to the ranch till just before sunset. He used to think that a ranchman's life was infinitely easier than a farmer's; but he thinks now with a sigh of the men to whom farming has become the most lady-like of pursuits with the invention of machines that do all the hard work. But worse trials are in store: there are signs of the dreaded "scab" in the herd, and every individual sheep must be dipped in a hor-

rid preparation of tobacco that nearly kills the herder if it saves the herd.

Then there are the busy seasons of lambing and shearing, when the men are often up all night. And oh, to go out now with a herd of lambs, skipping, frisking, dancing, running, each in a different direction, perfectly tireless, and liking no playfellow so well as the poor herder, who leaps and plunges and runs, and only fires them with still greater energy to defeat him!

Then there are the dreaded prairie fires, when no man on the ranch must think of sitting down till the fire is out, though it may rage for hours; and the terrific thunder-showers, perhaps in the middle of the night, when all hands must turn out to protect the sheep from the floods of rain. For sheep are the most delicate animals in the world; if one falls on the side of a hill, with his back down, he cannot pick himself up, and he will die in a few hours. If you miss two or three from the herd after you think they are all safely corralled for the night, you must go back on the range and hunt them up; for a ranchman never becomes so hardened to his thousands of creatures as to be indifferent to the fate of one.

Then if anything happens to make them all rush together, the chances are that many of them will die from the crowding against

each other, so that when the great blocks of rock-salt were put out on the range, herders had to be stationed near them on horseback to prevent the eager sheep from rushing too violently toward the coveted delicacy. And in winter there are the snow-storms; they are not violent, as a rule, though this last winter they have been unusually severe; but the slow, quiet, innocent little flakes are like the slow, quiet, innocent little sheep—capable of working infinite mischief. And often in these storms the men are up all night, relieving each other at intervals, keeping the herds clear of the accumulating drifts.

Yes, it is a hard life. Even when the young ranchman comes to the dignity of having sheep of his own, he will hardly have any easier time; for then, in addition to sharing much of the hard work with his men, he has all the responsibility, and all the disappointments of fluctuations in the market.

Then what are the compensations?

Truly, it is hard to say. The word "fascination" alone explains the charm that the life, for all its wildness, has for even the most cultivated. It is easier to particularize the difficulties than the pleasures, but the advantages may perhaps be summed up for the anxious mother in the one sentence, "Your boy will like it."





CRICKET'S CONTRIBUTION.—SEE STORY ON PAGE 526.

## RUTH'S CRAZY QUILT.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"I've passed! I've passed! Only one more year of study, and then—no more hard work for poor old mother!" Ruth flung down her books, and threw her arms around her mother's neck. "Mr. Blake has promised me a school next year with good pay. Sit down, mother; you sha'n't do another thing to-night. I'll get tea. Here, Cricket—won't Cricket have plenty of new shoes when sister's making plenty of money?" And the lively girl lifted the little one to her shoulder, and seizing a pail, danced out to the spring, singing,

"Ride a fine horse to Banbury Cross."

She was the very picture of girlish health and happiness. Happiness in spite of her life of struggle, for those who know can tell that few things in life bring more joy than the overcoming of difficulties through the strength of the blessings of a loving heart and fresh young courage and energy, all borne up by bounding health. For years Ruth had shared as far as possible all her mother's cares, always looking forward to the time when she could bring her own earnings for the general help, little dreaming how far the every-day help given by her sunny sweetness of temper and her bright hopefulness went in lightening the load.

"I'll frow oo in," said the merry youngster, as she set him down beside the spring. "Zen oo be a bid fis." He gave her a little push, but she just then stooped to the water, and he lost his balance. With a little scream he seized her arm as she quickly turned to catch hold of him, and Ruth never could tell how it came about, but the sudden weight, coming in a manner for which she was not prepared, caused her to miss her footing. With a desperate effort she managed to swing the child back upon the grass, but in doing so she fell heavily upon the edges of the stones which bordered the spring.

"No, mother, I'm not much hurt; don't be frightened," as her mother ran out at sound of Cricket's cries. But her face was white, and she could not stand up, much less walk. She was obliged to wait until some of the nearest neighbors came and carried her in.

"I'll just lie down for an hour or two," she said, trying to laugh and to hide the pain she was suffering. But hours passed into days and days into weeks of the holidays which were to have been so full of delightful recreation and of help for mother. The doctor came and went, but never looked encouraging as she would say, "To-morrow I can sit up; yes, to-morrow I surely must be up, I have so much to do before school begins in the fall."

And the summer was almost gone, when one day she looked suddenly up into his face. "Doctor, do you know that school begins the week after next?"

"I believe it does, Ruth."

"And I'm not getting strong very fast. Vacation is almost gone. I can't help that now; but—how am I going to school if I am not stronger?"

He looked pityingly at her without any answer.

"Doctor, can't I begin school when it opens?"

"No, my dear," he said, gently.

"Then when?"

He could not bear the look of appealing misery with which she gazed in his face, as if waiting a sentence of life or death.

"Oh, some time. Soon; yes, very soon, my dear," he said, soothingly. "Be a patient, brave girl until you are well again." He went out of the room.

"Mother! mother!" she cried, in an agony of dismay, as the tender face appeared at the door. "What does he mean? When can I go to school? When can I be helping you again?"

The loving arms went around and drew her close. "Oh, my daughter! my darling! the good Lord knows when. Try to bear it for His sake and for mine."

"Mother"—her face was pressed against her shoulder—"will it be long?"

"I'm afraid so, dear."

"Will it be months?"

"Perhaps."

"Years?"

No answer came.

And then Ruth turned herself, body, mind, and soul, to the wall, and felt as if all the joy had gone out of the world. There was no brightness in the sunshine, no color in the flowers, and no music in the voice of the birds. Nothing was left in it but hopeless days of pain and weariness for her, and drag and drudgery for her mother.

"It would have been better for us all if I had been taken away at once," she said one day. "I used to think I could turn everything into gold for you, mother. But that was when I was well, and thought the world was full of gold," she added, bitterly.

"You keep all your gold away from me now, Ruthie," said her mother, shaking her head sorrowfully.

"I haven't any gold left, mother; I only give you more trouble, when my heart is aching to do something for you, and it cuts me like a knife to see you work so hard."

"You can do it yet, dear. I used to find half my courage in your cheery smile and your cheery ways. It's hard to lose them when I seem to need them most, daughter."

Ruth knew it, and began wondering if it would not be better to try to help in little things, now that the great things were gone beyond her reach. Mother's dear face and the affection of the little ones who came around her with soft cooings of, "Poor sister Ruthie!" were something to be thankful for yet.

"Give me the stockings to mend, mother." It tired her at first, but she found it pleasant to be busy again. She had her lounge brought into the family room, having fully made up her heroic little mind that she would smile for mother if she could never do anything else.

"I used to do a great deal of that sort of thing," her mother said, as Ruth finished her mending by working a rose-bud in satin stitch on the front of one of Cricket's stumpy little stockings.

"Let me have their best stockings, mother. I've read that it's the fashion for children to wear embroidered stockings, so ours shall be very stylish."

The soft, pretty work seemed just suited to her strength, and she amused herself by ornamenting the stockings with delicate flowers and traceries worthy of appearing on far finer hosiery than that of the little country children.

"Look what I have found for you!" said her mother, when these were done.

Ruth exclaimed in delight over the bundle of bright silks and velvets, and began busying herself trying how the pretty things could be wrought into things still prettier. She had seen little fancy-work, but the children brought flowers, and with patient fingers, now no longer round and firm and ruddy as formerly, but thin and delicate, she copied the daisies and pansies and lilacs until they almost seemed to stand out from the silk. With little aim but to pass away the long hours, she worked piece after piece, and her mother was fond of looking them over and declaring they were as pretty as water-color paintings, which indeed they were.

"Ess, ma'am, Oofie done 'e' posies on my tockies. 'S' deess sew 'em on wiv a needle 'n' fred. I'll so oo."

Ruth from her couch could hear Cricket chatting very freely with some one at the door, and called her mother, who presently brought in a lady, followed by Cricket with one bare foot, the stocking of which he held up for

inspection, in happy disregard of its streaks and stains. The visitor sat down beside Ruth, saying:

"I have been staying for a few days in the neighborhood, and I saw on Sunday some embroidered stockings on some little tots, the prettiest I have ever seen—the embroidery, I mean, and the tots too," she laughed, as Cricket still pressed his stocking upon the general attention. "And some one told me that if I came here I could see the person who worked them. You poor child, how long have you been lying here?"

The face was so bright and kind, the pressure of her hand so warm, and the voice had such a ring of earnest interest, that Ruth felt encouraged to tell all about her great trouble, and of all the trouble growing out of it, and to show her the other stockings; and she even ventured (so little did her visitor seem like a fashionable lady, or at least like Ruth's idea of a fashionable lady) to look curiously at a wonderful bag she carried.

"Crazy patchwork, you see. Did you ever make any?"

Crazy indeed it looked. Bits of silk of all colors and shades, square, round, three-cornered, oblong—every shape or no shape at all—were pieced together in a style utterly at variance with the old-fashioned ideas of careful measurement and straight seams. And from each piece a quaint bit of needle-work peeped out—a cat's head, or a squat teapot, or a sheaf of wheat, or an autumn-tinted leaf, or what not, all joined by stitches of various patterns, on which Ruth's eyes fastened.

"No, I never saw anything so beautiful," she said.

Mrs. Hill wanted some stockings embroidered. She came again, and came often, as she grew more and more interested in the young girl, and at last, in wishing her good-by, handed her ten dollars, and told her to work her best work on the silk pieces she should send her.

She worked through the fall and winter months, finding her fingers more skilful and her fancy more fertile as she went on. She had also begun putting together her own bits of work.

"I'll make a pincushion of crazy patchwork," she said to her mother.

But it grew fast; and she next said, "It will be big enough for a bag—a good-sized bag, too!" Then, "It will make a lovely sofa-pillow."

After that she rolled and basted it up to keep it clean as she worked at intervals upon it, grafting in piece after piece, beautified by the daintiest work her hands could do.

"There's a carriage coming up the hill. Who can it be?"

Ruth looked up from the apple blossom she was shading with infinite painstaking, and stared with the others at the unusual sight.

"It's stopping here—yes. It's Mrs. Hill!" The next moment she held Ruth's hands in a firm clasp.

"Ruth, I've come to take you home with me. Will you go?"

Ruth looked in her face in blank amazement. "I! Such as I to go anywhere!" She laughed, and then cried.

"My dear child, I've got it all arranged so that you can make the journey without pain or injury. There is to be a great exhibition of art work in the city, and I want all your work to send to it; and I want you to try change of air, if your mother can spare you. I have found just what I want," said Mrs. Hill, looking over Ruth's beautiful embroidery with great satisfaction; "something different from every one else's work. I did not send you a single pattern, because I wanted you to work out your own ideas. Fairies might have done this."

Last of all Ruth unrolled her crazy patchwork—a bundle which had not been undone for months.

"Here, mother, I have made this for you."

It had grown into bedquilt size, and was heavy with its weight of exquisite needle-work. Into it she had wrought

everything in the way of lovely model or original fancy which had come to her during these months of patient waiting. Upon it her mother could read a history which brought tears to her eyes; to any one else it was a study for more than one pleasant hour.

"This must go too," said Mrs. Hill, very decidedly. "I want to show it; it will make a sensation."

This is what mother found in a letter from Ruth about six weeks after she went away. A little bit of paper had fallen from it, which waited for notice until the letter was read:

"—So you see that is ninety dollars for the work Mrs. Hill sent me. And, oh! mother darling, I've sold your quilt—the quilt I have been eighteen months making for you, and which I thought you'd keep all your life; but I know you'll forgive me. For that is the reason I am sending you a check for three hundred and ninety dollars, mother—yes, indeed! Three hundred dollars for a crazy quilt! Just think how much money these city folks must have! And they all say it is not a bit too much for the work on it.

"The way it came about: Mrs. Hill sent it to the exhibition with the other things, and one day she told me that a lady had offered three hundred dollars for it. I knew you'd be thankful enough for the money, mother, but I told them about the bits of your wedding things and grandmother's dress and the scrap of father's army coat, and the lady said I could take those out. So I'm very busy just now putting other pieces in their place, and you may be very sure I'm putting my very best work upon it, when she is paying me so much money. So, mother, look and see if you ever thought such a little bit of paper could ever mean such a heap of money. And show it to Jack and Polly and Cricket; they'll hardly believe it, but you try to make them understand. And, oh, darling mother, I'm helping you after all!"

Polly danced about, and Jack flung his hat up to the ceiling, and Cricket rolled over on the floor, while mother wiped her eyes, and wondered if the dear daughter would not come home very soon now.

But she did not. Spring grew into summer, and Cricket, who had begun to believe that pretty things were made for the sole purpose of copying in silk embroidery, mourned over every new leaf or bud or flower which he brought in, and Ruth not there to admire and "sew it." Summer wore away, and latterly Ruth had not said one word about coming home. How long those days seemed!

"Somebody's coming! Hooyah! hooyah!" shouted Cricket one afternoon in late August. Once more a carriage was making its way up the hill.

"It's Ruth!" screamed Jack, rushing in. "I saw her face. Give me a chair to help her out." He seized one, and tore down the path, with Cricket toddling after. Mother would have followed, but sat down with trembling limbs on the door-step. Some one else was coming too—some young person, for she was running up to the house with light-stepping feet; and then mother's eyes dimmed, and her strength seemed gone, for it was Ruth's own bright face which looked lovingly into hers, and Ruth's arms which held her up.

"Oh, mother, here I am. Look at me. I'm well again, and strong, and come home to help you at last."

"All the gold has come back to me," she said on the morning when she was going again to resume the studies she loved and to carry out her old cherished plans.

"Refined gold now, dear," answered her mother, as she looked in the sweet face, and could read there much which only the two years of patient suffering could have written.

"Ah, Ruth, if you hadn't settled yourself to stocking-mending when you could do nothing else, this might never have come about."

## PERCHING BIRDS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

SOME of our most attractive birds belong among the "Perchers." Here are placed the sparrows, thrushes, robins, wrens, humming-birds, and other favorites of our fields and gardens. Birds of this class live in pairs, and mostly build their nests in trees, displaying great skill in their construction. Their slender, flexible toes



SUMMER YELLOW-BIRDS.

with long claws are well suited to these delicate labors, and their legs are so weak that these dainty, graceful birds have a habit of hopping instead of walking.

The pretty little song-sparrows are among the commonest of our summer visitors. Their cheery, melodious note is repeated over and over through the long spring days from early in the morning until nearly dark. Their snug little nests are generally hidden away in a grassy



THE CROSS-BILL.

bank, or placed on some low vine or bush, the male carrying the materials for building it, while the female weaves the nest. He is attentive to his mate, and when their home is completed, and she sits contentedly upon her eggs, he brings her food, and lingers near by to cheer her with his song.

The snow-bird is also one of the sparrows. Coming with the first cold weather, and staying with us through

the winter, when most other birds have left us, it is a general favorite. Snow-birds mostly go to Canada and other northern countries in summer to raise their young ones. Their nests are made on the ground, near the root of a sheltering tree.

Our pretty yellow-birds, or goldfinches, also stay with us through the cold weather, but their appearance at this season is so altered by their plain winter garb that they are scarcely recognized as the same bird, and we might easily fancy that the yellow-birds had all left us. With the early spring flowers they again assume their gay coats of yellow and black, cheering the landscape with their bright color, and delighting us with their sweet songs. These birds are fond of thistle seeds, and they quickly tear to pieces the downy tufts to obtain them.

Notice the peculiar, crooked beak of the cross-bill in the picture. This was formerly looked upon as a deformity, but an acquaintance with the habits of the bird shows that its bill is well suited to tear in pieces pine cones in order to reach the seeds which form its food. Clinging to



TWO-HORNED HORNBILL FEEDING ITS MATE.

a twig of the pine-tree with one foot, it grasps a cone with the other, then inserting its bill underneath the scales, it pries them apart by a sideways motion of the mandibles, and scoops out the seeds with its tongue.

Cross-bills are bright, happy birds. They fly in small flocks, often visiting our gardens and flitting among the evergreens, but their movements are very quick, and they will dart off as unexpectedly as they came.

The nest-building habits of the two-horned hornbill are exceedingly odd, as you will suspect from the picture. Having selected a hollow tree, the female takes her place within the hole, and makes a nest of her own feathers, while the male, from the outside, plasters up the hole with mud, leaving only a small opening for the beak of the imprisoned female. Through this hole she is fed by her mate until her young family is fully fledged, and she





BIRD-OF-PARADISE.

requires so much food that it is no slight task to keep her supplied.

Birds-of-paradise live only in New Guinea and neighboring islands, and there twenty different species are found. The ordinary birds-of-paradise most familiar to

us are largely destroyed for the plumes of downy golden feathers growing beneath their wings. The natives who capture them usually cut off their legs; hence the mistaken notion was formerly held that these birds had no legs, that they suspended themselves by their long feathers, and that they never touched the earth while alive.

Another interesting bird of the eastern hemisphere is the bower-bird in Australia. Its chief peculiarity consists in the curious bowers which it builds of branches and twigs closely interwoven. The bowers are entirely separate from their nests, and are used only as playgrounds, where these birds meet apparently to display their charms to the birds whose affections they wish to win. The entrance is brushed perfectly clean, and decorated with bright pebbles, shells, feathers, little bleached skeletons, and other ornamental articles, which must often have been carried for a long distance.

Our Baltimore oriole is a gay bird, with rich orange and black colors. The female bird has the same markings as the male, in duller tints, and a pair of these birds forms a handsome ornament to a lawn. The males arrive first from the South, and are not joined by the females until a week later. The males are then full of song, and devote themselves to wooing and trying to secure a mate.

The nest of the Baltimore oriole, like the robin's nest, is placed near the house, and is suspended from two or more twigs by strings and threads. Through these threads is woven a sort of coarse cloth into the form of a pouch, and inside is placed the true nest of fine grass or hair.



#### THE TWILIGHT ELF.—By J. M. L.

**W**HEN the Sun, in his white cloud nightcap,  
Gets tired, and says, "Good-night,"  
And sinks, where the sky is reddest,  
Completely out of sight,

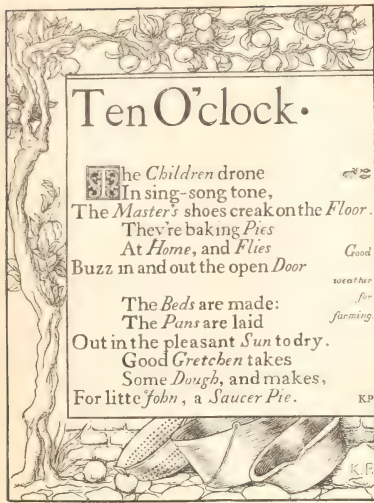
And the man, with his torch and ladder,  
Goes tramping up and down,  
Setting the lamps a-glowing  
And flickering through the town,

Then the little Twilight Elf,  
With a laugh and a merry smile,  
Slips out from his cosy corner,  
And travels many a mile.

O'er land and water goes he,  
This elf, with his face so mild,  
And as he goes he kisses  
The eyes of each tired child.

As soon as the kiss has fallen,  
They follow the drowsy god;  
They climb up the Dream-land ladder,  
And reach the Land of Nod.

Then all night long they travel—  
The journey wondrous seems—  
The elf still beside them,  
A-whispering, "Pleasant dreams."



## Ten O'clock.

**The Children drone**  
In sing-song tone,  
The Master's shoes creak on the Floor.  
They're baking Pies  
At Home, and Flies  
Buzz in and out the open Door.

The Beds are made:  
The Pans are laid  
Out in the pleasant Sun to dry.  
Good Gretchen takes  
Some Dough, and makes,  
For little John, a Saucer Pie.

Good

weather

for

farming

KP

K.F.

TO BEGIN IN THE NEXT NUMBER:

## FALSE WITNESS.

A SERIAL STORY.

By LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," "JO'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

Our readers will hail with delight the announcement of a new serial by Mrs. LILLIE, whose charming stories have won her an enviable place in the admiration and affection of thousands of young people.

"False Witness" will present characters as lifelike, and an interest as fascinating, as any of the author's previous works, while the task of illustrating the story has been entrusted to the dexterous and sympathetic pencil of Miss ALICE BARNER, whose charming work in "Rolf House" will be remembered by those who read that story.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

DEAR POSTMASTER:

I have two dolls; their names are Lottie and Lizzie. I have a scrap-book and a wagon. I study geography, arithmetic, and Third Reader. Santa Claus brought me at Christmas a pair of gold bracelets and a picture. I have one sister and one brother. I have a pet dog. I had a kitten, and it died. I go to school every day.

MAGGIE F.

NOTICE: HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

DEAR POSTMASTER, I TAKE HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. This is the first letter I have written to you. I have only one pet, her name is May. I have only one pet, and that is a large cat, yellow and white, and his name is Dandelion; we call him Dandy for short. I am a little boy named Henry. I go to school, and like it very much. I am nine years old.

HENRY P. R.

SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since Christmas, and like it very much, especially "Jo's Opportunity," which my oldest sister reads aloud to us; I say so, as there

In the summer borders come from further south to enjoy this pretty place. I have one dog, named "Yelp"; he is a bad dog. I have taken this HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years; mother gave it to me for a Christmas present. I am nine years old. I wish some boy of my age would write in the Post-office Box to me.

ELBERT J.

Having taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for some time, and read letters from many children, I thought I too would write. I am very fond of books, and I like best are Louisa M. Alcott's works, Longfellow's poems, and Dickens's novels (my favorite being *Old Curiosity Shop*). I should be very happy if some girl of my age (thirteen years) would write to me, and I will answer promptly.

EMILY SHIELDS.

3 Collins Block, Woodburn Street,  
East Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I thought I would write and tell you about the "Pop-corn Man." That is what he is called, because he has a very large wagon, all hung around the top with white and yellow paper to wrap the corn in. He has a very small stove, on which he pops the corn where every one can see him. It does look so delicious, and it is because you can buy it hot and see it made, and then, if you put some butter and salt on it, I think it is still better. I only wish you could have some of it. I go to a school called Classical School, and take history, arithmetic, grammar, spelling, reading, writing, and gymnastics. We have eleven dogs, eight of them being pugs, two hunting dogs, and one a little Bernese mountain dog that came all the way from Scotland in a basket. At the Glasgow dog show his mother took the first prize, and he the second. I must stop now, because I have to study my lessons.

NELLIE A.

BERKSHIRE, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school, and study reading, writing, drawing, and arithmetic. I have a pet cat named Daisy. I have two sisters and one dear little brother. My sister has written this for me, because I can not write very well yet, but I have told her what to write.

EDITH H.

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

I thought, as so many of your readers write to you, that I would try and tell a few interesting facts about the hospital. There are three large buildings, the main one built of stone, the other two of brick. My home is a pleasant new house on the grounds, built for the superintendent.

The three buildings altogether contain over one thousand insane people. For amusements, the doctors invite different people to lecture or give entertainments. There is a large amusement hall and a very nice stage. The doctors and attendants give very nice plays. In the winter they have roller-skating and dancing; it is very amusing to see some of the patients try to skate and dance. We have a chapel, and different preachers and professors from the college preach on Sunday afternoons; the patients enjoy the service, and are as still as sane people. It is a sad sight to go through the ward, and although many of the patients are very happy, and others harmless, I never feel afraid of them, as I have treated them the same as the well, and am used to seeing them. I go to a girls' private school, and study arithmetic, grammar, English history, and French; I like history and French the best. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and like it very much.

ALMA E. S.

MEDINA, OHIO.

I am a little girl nine years old. My brother Artie takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I like to read the letters which the little children write. I have a little kitten which has one blue and one yellow eye, and I have some nice plants, and one is in blossom. My brother Lottie has a guitar, and plays a melody. We have a big dog; he is black and white, and his name is Sheep; he is a good watch-dog. My papa and one of our neighbors made maple sugar this spring; they opened 75 trees.

MAMIE E. B.

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little Spanish girl ten years old. We are now living in Germantown, six miles from Philadelphia. I have two brothers and three sisters. My sister and myself take this charming paper. I think "Jo's Opportunity" was a splendid story. Does "Into Unknown Seas" come before it? If so, I should like to know how much it is.

CHRISTITA.

No. "Into Unknown Seas" is not published as a book.

OKEMUN, ALABAMA.

I am ten years old, and love to read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am much interested in the Post-office Box. I wrote to Annie S., and received a beautiful letter in reply. I have seen some pressed English flowers—primroses, daffodils, and mignonette. I go to school, and study arithmetic, philosophy, dictation, history, geography, and English. I would like to correspond with a little girl in France or Germany.

MAUD LOUISE ROSS.

NEW SELEN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I took HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in the year 1882. This year my sister and I take it together. I am thirteen years old; my sister is eleven. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* since January, and it puzzles me to tell which paper I like the better. I like to pick out the puzzles, but I do not send in the answers. I think "Jo's Opportunity" is a very interesting story. Will some of the little readers or the Postmaster please tell how to play some interesting games that can be played by any number of players out-doors and in-doors? I have one pet squirrel, and he is just as cunning and pretty as he can be. We had some very pretty kittens, but they died. We felt sorry.

GENEVA S.

You will find directions for two or three pleasant games in the Post-office Box this week. Please send in your answers to puzzles hereafter.

TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I am a Canadian girl twelve years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since January, and I think it is a lovely paper. I have no pets, but once I had a pretty little kitten, and it lost itself. I cook a great deal, and I thought I would send a receipt for the Little House-keepers. I will put it at the end of my letter. I have been to England twice, and I liked going very much. I learn French, drawing, and a number of English lessons. My greatest friend's name is Lilla A. L., and every Saturday we take turns in going to each other's houses to cook.

GEORGE E. T.

I WAS VERY LUCKY—Half a packet of gelatine, soaked in water about ten minutes, then pound with a potato-masher two large lemons, or three small ones, taking away all the juice; then pour the water from the gelatine and mix with it. Let the water with it and boil. Let the boil until all the gelatine has been dissolved; then strain through a piece of fine muslin into the mould and let it then stand out in the cold air for half-hour.

FOOT MOUNTAIN, VIRGINIA.

I am a little army girl, and my father is a first lieutenant in the Second Artillery. We are only stationed here for two years; our tour will be up in September. This is an artillery school.

Officers are sent here for two years, after which they go back to their regiments. This is a lovely spot. Outside, about one hundred yards distant from the fort, is a large, beautiful lake with a thousand people at this time it is full. Being a little army girl, I have no permanent home; I have lived in the barracks at Fort Mifflin, Fort Mifflin, Maryland; Fort Johnston, North Carolina (this fort is right in the little village of Smithville, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, about 100 miles from Washington); and at the post we went to the Arsenal, Washington, now called Washington Barracks; from there we were ordered to Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama. I have no pets. Last summer I raised a lot of chickens; the little things were so cute and I loved them so much I could not give them away. I hope you can find room for this letter.

MAGGIE TURNER S.

I am a boy ten years old. I love to school; I study arithmetic, drawing, verbal distinction, grammar, and geography. I have a dog, a cat, two chickens, a bird, and a cat. Eva and I have a calf. I have two sisters. Eva has a cat which will jump about four feet for bread. I have two birds. Those there will be room for this letter, and it is the first one I have written. My brother-in-law gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present. I think it is lovely. I was highly interested in "Jo's Opportunity"; I am now reading "Silent Pete." I live in a large house with a large garden in front of it. I am a good boy. CHARLES N.

My sister likes HANSEN'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I enjoy having the stories read to me, as I am only six. I wanted my sister to send you a letter with some of the letters I have written to you. I have asked my auntie to write for me. I tell her what I wish to say to you. I began to go to school in April. I read in the Second Reader, and I have been reading the book very fast, and by having it read to me, I think I learn easily to speak them. Oh, dear Postmistress, I wish you could be here, and go in the woods with sister and me, and pick the flowers, and see the birds, and the flowers. But, best of all, I wish you could see my grandmother's flowers. Her yard is just splendid. Next week the tulips will be grand; just some of the flowers will be in bloom. I have seen them have counted them by hundreds. Do you know that nearly all the flowers go to sleep at night? My grandmother says so, and she is right. I have seen many flowers watch them. What a pretty thing for flowers to sleep at night, like children! We live on a farm. Now we have some young babies, and a new baby, and a new calf, and a soft and nice, just like a bunch of down. I think it would be so nice for you to see all the trees in blossom—apple, plum, prune, cherry, and the flowers. I wish you could see the new pavements and brick walks, to rest your wearied eyes. I wish I could bring you here by wishing. Sister and I could amuse you for hours. I wish you could see the flowers. My flowers kindly, I am one of your fast friends,

HARRY F. B.

Thank you for the flowers, Harry. I wish I could see grandmother's garden, and sister and you.

## AN OUT-DOOR GAME.

*My Household*—Gather all the boys and girls, form them in a circle with hands clasping, and select one to stand in the middle of the ring. Let each child choose an animal: dog, cat, parrot, rabbit, bear, wolf, lion, mouse, etc. When each has selected his or her animal, the one in the middle must sing the following words, taking care to introduce a different animal in every stanza:

"I had a little rooster, and my rooster pleased  
me;  
I fed my rooster beneath that tree.  
My rooster went 'Cookery—cooery!'  
Other folks feed their rooster,  
I feed my rooster too.

"I had a little lamb, and my lamb pleased me :  
I fed my lamb beneath that tree.  
My lamb went M-a-a !  
Other folk feed their lamb,  
I feed my lamb too."

And so on. When the proper time comes, the child who represents an animal must imitate its cry, and the children who have already figured must join in with their cries. As this is not a very quiet game, it would be well to play it on a lawn or in a field at a little distance from the house. It might give mamma a headache or distress sister's nerves, and very possibly it would disturb papa if he were reading the newspaper; but it is a very innocent as well as fun-provoking game, and if you all lived in my house, I should

certainly let you play it. Perhaps you might even persuade me to be the one in the middle. Another version of the rhyme was printed in the last number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

## ANOTHER GAME.

*Frog-Pond.*—Each child must practise hopping like a frog. One child must be the duck that tries to catch the frogs. Escaping from the duck, every little froggie must have a den in which the duck does not dare to touch him. This is the frog's song:

"Come, friends, the moon is up,  
It's pleasant out here on the bank—  
Come, stick your heads out of the tank,  
And let us, before we sup,  
Go 'Kough, kough, kough!'"

"And let us, before we sup,  
Go 'Kough, kough, kough!'"

At "Kough, kough, kough," you must croak exactly like a frog; and do not let the duck gobble you up, for if you do, you must then be duck yourself.

For evening amusement in the parlor, I know no pleasanter game than "Come to Come!" Aunt says, "Come to come." Mabel inquires, "What to you come to?" She answers, "Come by c" or "by s," or "by p," as may happen, giving the first letter of something in the room, which all the children proceed to guess. Whoever first guesses the right word has the privilege of giving out another. It is very amusing to listen to the different guesses, as many things may be in a room and quite hidden from sight. As, for example, the lining under the carpet, the nails on which the pictures hang, or the springs of the sofa. Sometimes a letter chosen which indicates an article in plain sight, and just because it is so easily viewed it is the last thing guessed.

The out-door games here given are more fully described in *Games and Songs of American Children*, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

FOXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would write to you to-day, as I have not much to do. Some little girls and I have a literary club; there are six of us. We meet every Saturday, and make a book of brown paper. In this book we paste stories, poems, pictures, and puzzles that we write or draw ourselves; the stories must be original, but the pictures may be copied. On the following Saturday the president reads the book aloud, and we then make another. We choose characters from *Little Women*.

ALICE W. T.

A very happy thought, to make a book in that pretty way. Your club deserves to be very successful.

Elise C.: I do not wonder that you enjoy our

Post-office Box. I think it is really unique, and if you will hunt up that word in the dictionary, I am sure you will agree with me. How can a Post-office Box help being charming when so many charming young people take an interest in it?—**Trudchen:** To write stories and illustrate them—to do to do very clever work, and I am delighted that you can amuse yourself in so pleasant a manner—**Eva B.:** Try again, and make an enigma on some other theme than your name; it is not easy for children to guess an enigma to which the answer is somebody's name, to which they have no clew. Do you not enjoy writing

sters? Well, many people say the same, but most of us enjoy receiving them. And if you wish to receive letters, you must write them. Is that hard? No, it isn't. I have written them. So has Bessie Josephine, F. L. G., G. B., F. M., Ida M., and Kate R., Harry M., L. Farrar J., Ellie G., Ora P., Myrtle M., Ethel R., Eve H., Maude B., Herbert C. B., Emma B. (I am so sorry, dear, but there is not room for your story). Freddie J., Mima L. B., Edith B., your story also is very pretty, but cannot be included. I have written to you, dear, and I hope the first. Marion W. C., Lester O. N. H., M. H. M., Charlie H. K., M. H., Mary R. W. (your letter from Annapolis recalls some pleasant memories, dear, of that delightful old city). May B., Mamie J., D. B., and I hope you will write to me soon. I hope Albert S. and Marion Luc. O. will be able to send these dear children accept for himself or herself the thanks of the Postmistress for the letter which cannot appear in the Post-office Box. There are thousands of you writing, my dears, and I hope you will be able to send them. I hope you will see how impossible it is to publish everybody's letter. Some, which are acknowledge-

in this list, have been kept some time in the hope that room might be found for them. The little correspondents may all write again. The Post-mistress is always pleased to hear from them.—**Allen G.:** "Rabbits as Pets" was published in **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE**, No. 133, May 16, 1882.

Exchangers are reminded to read the notice of the publishers at the head of the column. Many disappointments and misunderstandings would be prevented if there was always an exchange of letters or postal cards, explaining everything fully, before the articles which you so much prize were sent away.

I hope every one who uses the Exchange columns will try to act with perfect honor and honesty. It would often be well, other things being equal, to effect exchanges, especially of large or heavy articles, with young people residing near your own home, so that there would be less expense in the way of postage or express rates. If you have only a few hundred stamps to exchange, you know how to keep on exchanging the number of thousands, and so it will be well to be quite sure that you are satisfied as to your correspondent's terms and articles before you exchange at all.

Please send each kind of communication by itself to the paper: answers to puzzles on one sheet, puzzles on another, and exchanges always on a separate sheet.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

Q. 1.

ENIGM.

First is in cat, not in dog.  
Second in hen, not in frog.  
Third in nine, not in three.  
Fourth in nest, not in tree.  
Fifth in frolic, not in play.  
Sixth in grass, not in bay.  
Hole is a game played every day. M.

## No. 2

ΟΥΛΠΕΣ

1.—1. Face of the moon. 2. A mineral. 3. Wound. 4. Part of the leg. H. L. JOHNSON.  
2.—1. An antelope. 2. A conjunction. 3. A vase.  
3.—1. One. 2. Part of the face. 3. Surrounded by water. 4. Full to overflowing. Two L's.  
4.—1. A wild beast. 2. A lake. 3. Endeavors. MARJORY I.  
4. Ease.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 344

 $\gamma_0 = 1$ 

E R N T E  
A D U A I  
D E R A N D  
N D U R A N C E  
R N N T Y  
E  
B R P E T  
R A K E R  
S A T I R  
B A B A A I R  
N S

J O N A S  
T A R  
S  
N E L T  
S E V E N  
H E N

No. 2.—Philadelphia (Hill. Philip. Pail. Head).

S O D  
O R E  
D E N  
L A M P  
A S I A  
M I S E  
P A T E

---

to Anagrams from Paris, published  
are: 1. Vapour-Pavon-Pavon. 2.  
Coupe. 3. Coupe-Pouce. 4. Avril-  
Mals-Siam.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Alfred and Marth Jeselson, Oscar Greenewala, Alfred S. Weill, Blanche Shannon, Cockade City, Eva Bard, Marjorie I. Jay Althe, Two L's, A. Munder, Buff, Harry Howard Hemstreet, Ford Jerome, Harry Johnson, Lillian Pease, Theodore Jenkins, Dora Duckworth, Paul Van Oissen, and Jennie Pease.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of entry.]



A COACHING PARTY.

## SEAL AND CYGNET.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

A SEAL had crawled from out the tank,  
And lay asleep upon the bank.  
A very great comparison  
To one who has his sea-legs on.

Within the tank a white swan kept  
Its stately way; the seal still slept;  
And all was peaceful and serene,  
With not a cloud upon the scene.

But presently the seal awoke,  
And saw a chance to play a joke.  
He winked his eye, he flapped his fin.  
The tank so near he tumbled in.

The swan extends its wings in fright  
And screams, and skips with all its might,  
While those who stand along the shore  
Wonder what causes this uproar.

The mystery they understand  
When Mistress Swansdown comes to land,  
The seal in tow, who, just for play,  
Has torn her rearmost plumes away.

Perhaps he needed such a quill  
To write a letter or a will,  
Or sought in this way to reveal  
The cygnet's likeness to a seal.

## THE EARTH'S CHILDREN.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

THE flowers and the grass must be  
Devoted to each other,  
For they can claim with equal love  
The old Earth for a mother.

I fancy when the Earth was young  
She told the birds and bees:  
'My children are the grass and flowers,  
My grown folks are the trees.'



SOAP-BLIND.

"Where's that towel? Seems it must be over here somewhere."

"Rough as a gunny-sack. Whew! it's my best coat instead of the towel."



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THE NEW PUPIL.—DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER.—SEE STORY ON PAGE 534.

## FALSE WITNESS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," "JO'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE PIERSONS.

"THERE! that is done, I declare, and it doesn't look so bad either."

Fanny Pierson, saying this, turned toward her mother and sister for approval. On her blond masses of hair was perched a bewitching dark red velvet "toque," the result of her afternoon's labor, and Miss Fanny, smiling serenely, did not need the duet of approbation with which her work was received.

"I declare you are a genius, Fan," exclaimed Louise, the younger sister. "I'm sure no milliner could have done better."

"Well, I hope it will have some effect," said Fanny, gayly, with another look into the mirror, which reflected a pretty pink and white doll face, blue eyes, rather a sharp mouth, and a round chin scarcely strengthened by the deep dimple which was Miss Fanny's special pride.

Mrs. Pierson leaned back in her arm-chair, regarding her eldest daughter with admiration and pride. Fanny was decidedly the beauty of the Pierson family "far and near," as the mother would have said. If strangers often found something more attractive in Louise's plain, sweet face and its look of patient content, neither the mother nor elder sister understood it; Fanny's wax-doll prettiness was so obvious, the grace of her slim figure so noticeable, and then her voice was, to use the family expression, so "divine."

Just what use this heavenly organ was to be put to no one had yet decided, but the Piersons expected a triumph somewhere, either with the voice or the ten supple fingers which Fanny rattled over scales and in and out of sonatas daily, feeling herself a prodigy, and quite content with the admiration her family and particular friends lavished upon her until the supreme time came when she was to electrify an entire public.

"I tell you what it is," said Fanny, still studying her reflection; "I hope it won't be copied right off by half the girls in town. Do you remember the way they acted about my muslin hat last summer?"

Mother and sister murmured a sort of assent, and Fanny continued:

"That Leigh girl wears a sort of a toque;" she looked at her own somewhat doubtfully. "It's old and shabby, to be sure. *This* will start all the others, I'm afraid."

"Never mind; yours is the first," said cheerful Louise.

And Fanny, smiling again, said: "That's so," and fastening it a little more securely upon her fluffy waves of hair, began to search for her gloves.

The room in which the family party was assembled was a sort of back sitting-room in the house which the Piersons had occupied in Halcorn, Connecticut, since Louise was a baby and her mother left a widow. It was an old-fashioned cottage on one of the principal streets branching off from what was known as The Avenue, where the wealthiest and most exclusive Halcorn families lived; people like old Miss Dyer, whose house with its gambrel-roof was historical; like Dr. Clinton, the principal physician; Mr. Crane, the leading mill-owner; and at one end, back of an elm-planted lawn, Mrs. Mostyn's fine old stone mansion, with its gardens, conservatories, picture-gallery, and endless attractions, making the young people of Halcorn wonder why Mrs. Mostyn cared to leave it six months of the year, and long for the day

when her nephew Guy would be old enough to leave school and settle down with his adopted mother.

A little more refinement would have made the Piersons' house a very attractive one, but unfortunately Mrs. Pierson was one of those women with no idea whatever of the beauty of grace in a home, whether it be in the decoration of a sitting-room or the modulation of a voice in the family circle. Fanny's taste was for everything showy, and Louise was of too little consequence to have her ideas taken into consideration; so rather cheap chandeliers and photographs in flimsy frames adorned the walls of the front parlor and the little sitting-room; what Fanny called the "latest thing" in crewel-work, of flaring colors and on poor stuff, was made into portières and mantel hangings, and the horse-hair or wicker furniture was on company occasions arranged at angles which took away from its homely appropriateness, and deprived the room of looking even as well as it might, while its every-day appearance was of general untidiness or a hurried-up sort of dusting and putting to rights at inconvenient hours.

Fanny attended the Academy, or principal private school in the town, where she was supposed to be one of the favorite pupils, and indeed she was popular both with teachers and the girls; her pretty face and manners, her quickness in learning by rote, her facility for carrying the class over hard places, and her general good-humor made her an easy and profitable pupil, while among the young people of Halcorn the fifteen-year-old school-girl, with her dimpling laugh and her bright eyes, was noted for that sort of wit which seems so valuable to many young minds, but which unfortunately requires some personal peculiarity for its purpose. In school, Fanny's so-called witty sarcasms were quoted and laughed over by her own particular set; the flippant, rattling comments she made upon teachers, new scholars, visitors, etc., etc., were regarded by her friends as most worthy of imitation.

But occasionally there came a period when, having exhausted her field, Fanny's chief occupation was gone. Such a time seemed to have fallen upon her a few weeks before. School offered not the slightest animation to Fanny. She came and went, yawned through the classes, talked the old subjects threadbare, and could find nothing new under the sun with which to start a laugh or cause any excitement. Perhaps, had her companions known it, Fanny came nearer in those days than she ever did before to abandoning her foolish ideas, for better things began to interest her. Activity of some sort was absolutely necessary to the girl, and the mere conning and reciting of lessons did not satisfy her. Suddenly an object for her interest or curiosity appeared.

Coming into the school-room one cold day like a full-blown rose in a gale, Fanny's eyes detected at once that something unusual had occurred.

The group of girls around the fire had evidently been whispering eagerly together, and glances of varied meaning from half a dozen pairs of eyes were shot at Fanny, whose entrance was welcomed by voices high and low, shrill and drawing, the principal demand being that she should "hurry up" and "come and hear."

Now it must be confessed that Fanny preferred being the one to give rather than receive any information, but school life had been so dull of late that any diversion was regarded by her as a boon. So she had joined the other girls very graciously, only remarking, as two or three began talking together, "Pray remember two ears can only stand one tongue at a time!"—a sally which produced a laugh, Belinda Myers, the tallest and most excited in the group, flushing a little as she answered, "All right; you'll be sorry not to hear me first."

And there was a general murmur of disappointment an instant later as a door was heard to open. Miss Leroy

entered, followed by a girl of about Fanny's age, and Belinda said, in a tone of suppressed elation, "There now, Fan, you can't hear about the new girl until recess."

## CHAPTER II. THE NEW PUPIL.

MISS LEROY came into the school-room with something less brisk and vivacious than usual in her manner. She was a tall, bright-faced, handsome, middle-aged lady, whom every one in Halcom liked and respected—a woman of pleasant words and kindly ways, but perhaps not given to reaching the depths of her pupils' affections. The warmth and enthusiasm of their love was reserved for her younger, more timid, and less brilliant sister Jane, who rarely came into the school-room, but was house-keeper and general provider of comforts, material and mental, for all the girls. To Miss Jane every one of the pupils, boarders or day scholars, carried her joys and sorrows. Many a question considered too trivial for Miss Leroy's time or attention was settled by tender-hearted little Miss Jane, who, in spite of a dread of ever interfering with her more important sister's province, continued to have a great deal to say where the girls' actual comforts were concerned.

Naturally enough it took a new scholar a long time to understand this. The girl who, with an evident shrinking, followed Miss Leroy into the large school-room on this winter morning, had not heard of Miss Jane as yet. She had come late the day before, had gone out soon afterward, and now was for the first time to be formally presented to her companions.

Twenty pairs of eyes were turned upon the stranger. But even before Miss Leroy spoke one word, Fanny Pierson had observed everything—the young girl's dress and general bearing; had decided she was poor and rather plain, and, in fact, a "nobody." But Belinda's hint made her keener to detect something unusual. As she stood still, Fanny swiftly decided that the girl had a "mystery" about her of some kind or description, and might it not be as well to conclude that she was "sly"? Just what meaning this adjective conveyed to her mind Fanny could hardly have explained, and perhaps it was the very vagueness of the word that commended it to her. Whatever of a questionable nature might be found against the character of the new-comer, Fanny Pierson could always point to the fact that she had from the first known her to be "sly."

A girl of fifteen or thereabouts was the new pupil—tall and slender, with a very childish though earnest face, certainly not justifying Fanny Pierson's swiftly formed opinion. Nothing could have been franker or more honest than the expression of the dark eager eyes that were fixed with a gentle sort of pleading upon the group of girls standing at a distance from her, and nothing more indicative of firmness of character than the lines of the mouth and chin; while if the face, with its framework of soft dark hair, was plainer than Fanny's pink and white countenance, there was something about it very attractive, and certainly suggestive of maidenly gentleness and high spirit combined.

The new-comer was dressed neatly, but so plainly that it amounted, indeed, to shabbiness. Her clothes had a well-worn, well-brushed, and carefully mended aspect, which suggested the toil and perhaps privation of her home, but no further complaint could be made; and as she stood waiting to be introduced to her new companions there was a certain air of dignity about her, which, had Fanny not been bent on another kind of criticism, she could not have failed to be impressed by or to appreciate.

But, as I have said, Fanny's state of mind was antagonistic, and she had been too long without any object upon which to vent her wit and sarcasm. The title of the "Marchioness" for the new pupil rushed into her giddy

head, based on the recent reading of *Old Curiosity Shop*, and an idea that anything so opposed to the new-comer would be funny, and she longed for an opportunity to give the girls the benefit of her brilliant idea. Fanny, indeed, was fond of giving everybody a title of some sort. She intended to be sarcastic and witty, and it had sometimes chanced that these nicknames, passing from one to another of her companions, reached the ears of those so called, and produced a feeling of animosity, if not of wounded pride. But Fanny had not received, so far, many lessons; she had, for some reason or another, glided over all the rough places made by her own folly, and had yet to learn that anything particularly unpleasant to herself might be the result of her fondness for sarcastic wit and small gossip.

"Young ladies," said the voice of Miss Leroy, "allow me to introduce to you a new pupil, Agnes Leigh. Belinda," the teacher added, addressing the owner of that name, "will you take Agnes to the desk next to yours—the one which Sadie Jennings left last week?"

No more could then be said. Class work was to begin in five minutes. Belinda led the new pupil off to the desk at her side, the other girls fell into their places, and although a great deal of half-suppressed whispering went on, books had to be opened, for the French master, M. Le Maître, was not one who tolerated any confusion during his hour of recitation.

When M. Le Maître addressed the new-comer in French, and was answered by Agnes in fluent words and with a very good accent, the girls stared a little, but to Fanny it only increased her feeling of animosity. When and how had this girl, with her shabby dress and—according to Miss Pierson's standard—half-formed manners, acquired the language over which she was struggling almost in despair? Decidedly there was something back of this; and so on during the morning Fanny fed the flame of her suspicions, until, before the hour of the general recess at mid-day, she had decided that the new pupil must have something in her history which, if found out, would be very unpleasant.

The recess bell had hardly sounded before Belinda and Fanny had rushed tumultuously to each other, the former delighted to find that her admiration and model, Fanny Pierson, was anxious for all the information she could give.

"Now, then," was Fanny's prompt exclamation, "do tell me, Belinda, all you know about her. Did you ever see such a looking dress? When she stood up I saw a large patch in the side breadth which her black apron could not hide."

"She comes from Boston, I believe, or somewhere near there," said Belinda, breathlessly; "and do you know she has not a soul belonging to her here, and she is boarding all by herself at Mrs. Jones's, and I believe she does some of the family house-work for her board?"

"Mrs. Jones!" Fanny exclaimed; "why, she lives just across the way from us! Now I know! I saw her arrive last week. She came up in the depot back with a boy about seventeen years old, who went away and left her. What does Miss Leroy say?" added Fanny, knowing that Belinda as a boarder would be likely to hear more from the school-mistress herself.

"I heard her say to Miss Jane that she hoped we girls would be kind to Agnes Leigh," returned Belinda, with a sort of sniff, "and not mind her being poor and shabby; and then I heard Miss Jane say, 'I hope they won't make it unpleasant for her about her father.'"

By this time a half-dozen of the girls had gathered near, while the object of their discussion was seated at her desk writing so eagerly that it was evident she had entirely forgotten the fact that her fate among the Halcom school-girls hung in the balance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





### "OUR SISTER."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

**H**AVE you never seen our sister? Take a look at her to-day. I tell you she's a master-hand at mischief, romp, and play. Father calls us "his four fellows." There's Hal and Will and me, and sister Flo she makes the fourth; papa's "tomboy" is she.

But we—we wouldn't change her for the best real boy at hand. There is no game a fellow plays that Flo can't understand. She pulls an oar, I tell you, like any fellow out; And when it comes to playing ball, Flo knows what she's about.

Climb trees! Aha! a squirrel's a goose to sister Flo: Why, there was never tree so high that she dared not to go. And coasting! You should see her fall face down on her sled; And be a fellow ne'er so swift, Flo always shoots ahead.

She wins no end of marbles; we're all afraid of Flo. You needn't think 'cause she's a girl we let her beat—oh no! She'd see right through that business, for our Flo is mighty 'cute. Though we wear the knickerbockers and she the "misses' suit."

She runs, she shouts, she "yodels" as we other fellows do. But she can't play leap-frog with us, though I think she'd like to, too. That's about the only thing that she never yet has tried; But in all things else she's with us, neck to neck, and side by side.

Oh, we're sorry for those fellows whose sisters "put on airs." That kind of girl who only for her dress and "fixings" cares. Give us our tomboy sister, our mischief-loving Flo— Just one of us "four fellows," the best boy of all, you know.

### A TALK ABOUT CRICKET.

BY HOWARD A. TAYLOR.

**S**HOULD this number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE be the centre of a little group who have gathered this evening on the tree-shaded porch of some large country farm-house, with its white sides gleaming in the descending sun, the reader of the party will note perhaps the fading light, and hurry on over the remaining pages. Possibly he is the captain and catcher of his village "nine," and when his eye glances upon anything connected with cricket, he thinks of the Fourth of July, his patriotism and his base-ball, and hastily passes on with a snuff of disgust.

Another group of young folks are seated at the same time around the library lamp in some city house, wondering why they ever had to be born in such a place, where no green fields stretch out for play-grounds, but where instead only the big policeman is visible, with his face peering around the corner of the street, a hindrance to all fun, and only made to trouble small boys. But the young folks in the library, and the old folks too, have lately wondered about this to some purpose, and the number of

cricket clubs whose pretty grounds are now bordering the large towns and cities of the East attest the popularity of the old game in its new hands.

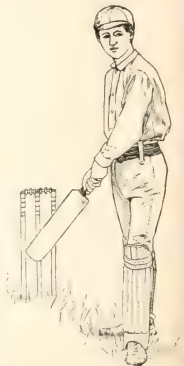
Every afternoon the cricketers are crowding the way-trains from Philadelphia to its suburbs, and from twenty such places as Nicetown and Stenton and Ardmore and Belmont the shouts of the players are mingling with the whack of the batting and the whiz of the hard balls as they fly through the air. Just outside of Boston, at Longwood and Cambridge and Jamaica Plain, the practice nets are now up, and hundreds of boys and young men are getting into form for the next match. A cricket bat is seen here and there of a summer afternoon on the deck of a Staten Island ferry-boat, or with its owner crossing the North River to the St. George's grounds in Hoboken. Baltimore, Detroit, and Chicago present the same sights, and the "Stars," the "Alerts," and various other "nines" seem lately to have been pretty much left by the city boys to the care of the street Arabs. During this last year the official authorities in Boston and New York have each set apart separate grounds for the old-time game. And so all these facilities for play have proved a great piece of good luck for thousands of boys who had formerly no other play-ground than a city lot. We can certainly adopt cricket as an American game.

No doubt there is many a boy who can well remember that happy moment when his first good-sized trout was safely landed, or perhaps when his new pony first successfully brought him over that little fence in the field behind the farm-house, or when that home run of his snatched the victory away from the "nine" who lived in the town across the river. Then if he has well before him all these remembrances, he can pile them up one on top of the other, leave plenty of room for more between, and he will form some idea of that blissful hour—for it lasts more than a moment—that he made his first big cricket score. He went to the bat perhaps a little nervous, and was half surprised that the first ball didn't take his wicket at once. But his confidence returned, and pretty soon the balls were skimming over the field on this side or that, while running between the wickets was not the least trouble so long as some disgusted fielder was running too, though for a different purpose.

Finally, after a good hit for four to the border, he was a bit careless, and down went his wicket. But it really didn't matter, for the game was won for the side, and its best part was yet to come, as he ran up to the club-house blushing



WICKET-KEEPER.



"PLAY!"





FORWARD PLAY.

and smiling, his hat raised a little from his head, and hearing the last of the applause only as the door of the club-room shut behind him, and he was ready to dress for home, and hear the battle told again and again.

Yes, cricket taken rightly is the most fascinating of sports. But, such as no other, it requires the utmost attention and practice. And so it must be set down as a disagreeable but true warning that those who have not the facilities for joining some club, and being taught to play in correct style, will never be able to find the true pleasures in the game, will never see that hour whose delights are chronicled above. But if a number of boys club together, they may not be able to afford a professional to teach them the game, yet they can doubtless find some Englishman who may be a "bit out of form," perhaps, but has not forgotten the right way. But before they start in there is one other thing to remember. The general quality of their grounds may not be of particular moment if they do not object to an occasional knock on the nose, but without a twenty-five yard square of perfectly level turf which can absolutely be depended upon for a correct bound, the batting cannot be worthy of the name.

The description of the game itself can be found elsewhere by such players as do not know it already, for it is only intended here to give a few hints on some of the plays. For this purpose it is best to divide the game into its three departments—fielding, bowling, and batting—remembering always that through every part of the game extend the three "p's" (named in order of their importance) that constitute a basis for every successful player. They are "patience, pluck, and practice."

Cricket fielding is what has chiefly brought the game into disrepute in this country, and yet I fancy that the first time our base-ball captain of the farm-house porch gets in the way of a swift "liner" he will find it a more difficult job to hold on than if he was merely playing at short stop on his nine. The fielding, however, goes upon the same principle in both games. Base-ball requires a greater quickness of thought on account of the varied nature of a fielder's duties. Remember that in cricket there is nothing to do but to get the ball as quickly as possible, and, unless specially ordered by the captain, to return it every time to the wicket-keeper. There is no use commenting on "fly catches." A

boy isn't worth much who doesn't take to them naturally. As regards the "grounders," it is always best to run for such a point in fielding the ball as will enable the fielder to arrive there first, fielding on the run always being a bad plan. Always field with feet touching, and the knees as little bent as possible. Face the coming ball directly when possible, and put out both hands to it squarely, instead of making a flying dab at it with one, and then a grimace as it passes.

The bowler holds the one position in the game that requires a good head, and in bowling this should always be kept in mind. In order to get a correct "pitch," he should see to it, even in practice, that the wickets are the correct distance (twenty-two yards) apart. Young players in learning to bowl are too anxious to acquire speed, or "pace," and this idea usually so upsets all their other bowling qualities that they become total failures in the art. Accuracy and "pitch" are the great essentials, and until they are acquired nothing further should be attempted. It is a good plan to practise bowling without a batsman, simply endeavoring to hit a piece of white paper fixed securely on the ground, eight or nine feet from the batsman's wicket, in a direct line between the "stumps" (wickets). A bowler who has perfect pitch and accuracy, even with nothing else, is not to be despised by the best batters.

It is a better plan to bowl from "around the wicket" than from "over the wicket," as in the latter case the ball, coming directly at right angles, is easier for the batter to gauge. The next accomplishments to be acquired are the "spins." "Shooters" (balls which do not rise from the ground after pitching) are generally a matter of luck. Last of all comes speed, which to an inferior batsman is an obstacle, but not at all so to experts.

A thorough command once attained over the ball, the bowler must next bring in his head-work. He should endeavor, before the game, to find out the peculiarities of each opposing batsman, and place his field and suit his bowling accordingly. Pace, pitch, spin should all vary continually. But of course suggestions on this score are unnecessary to a boy of fair common-sense. Mr. George Wright, perhaps the most successful amateur bowler of America, finds a varied pace of more use than any other change. After one swift delivery, a slow ball straight on the wicket is often sufficient to put the batsman into enough of a hurry, and lead to a most thorough "hole in his bat" and his immediate disappearance from the scene of action.

But, after all, in the batting lies the great beauty and skill of the game. The first thing to recollect is that though plenty of science is necessary for good batting, it is strictly a mechanical performance. There is one and only one correct method of meeting every ball. A



HIT TO LEG.



BACK PLAY.



THE CUT.

\* The "pitch" is the point of ground between the wickets that the ball first strikes before reaching the bat. A correct pitch is about three yards in front of the batsman's wicket.

little variation of free or close hitting is sometimes allowed in consideration of the state of the game or the position of the field, but this is only in the case of a thorough expert. Patience is the most important virtue for the young batsman, and yet the one which he is most often tempted to neglect. His base-ball friends will taunt him with his "poky" methods of play, and he will perhaps see some of them take the bat, and in a few hard "swipes" run up a score of twenty. But never does the motto of "slow and sure" apply better than in this case. "Driving," even in good cricket style, is always dangerous, and assuredly a beginner should content himself with simply "blocking" all balls that come on the wicket. But in a correct block it should not be that the ball hits the bat, but rather that the bat should be brought out cleanly to meet the ball. A stray run is often made in this way.

In blocking use a distinctly forward or distinctly back play, and in each case make up the mind as to which it shall be as speedily as possible. If the left shoulder is not well thrown out in the forward play, the bat will not come straight down upon the ball, the first requisite for a true defence.

Patience being, then, the first necessity in defensive play, pluck is the first in offensive play. A leg ball to a beginner is always a disagreeable matter, for if he takes the privilege of the base-ball player and gets out of the way, he can never accomplish anything at the bat. Let the front foot wander where it will, the back foot (except for a deep cut) must stand absolutely in its place, no matter if a leg ball or any other is coming down the crease bent on destruction. Request the bowler to bowl leg balls in practice very slowly at first, as otherwise a nervous manner of play is often the result. There are for leg balls distinctly forward and back plays just as in blocking, and one or the other always should be used. The pluck to stand his ground once acquired, a player will seldom get out on a leg ball, and at the same time will be surprised to find himself much less frequently hit when looking squarely at what he is doing than if he makes a mere dab at the ball, accompanied with a leap to get out of its way.

The "off" side of the wicket looks as if it were the ideal place to hit the ball, but in truth it is a sad deceiver. The least bit of carelessness there or the least poke will pop the ball right into the hands of "slip" or "point." The first rule for successful play in the "cuts" consists in recognizing the fact that a great many balls there must be entirely let alone. A beginner especially should avoid hitting all balls that come to the "off" side on a short bound, as he will almost surely pop up an easy fly. "Slips" should always be avoided as slovenly plays, as a deep cut, a much prettier and safer hit, produces the same result. If in beginning a cut a player lifts his bat above his head, it will produce that necessary habit of cutting down. As regards playing on or off the wicket, the ball must always be returned in exactly the same direction as it comes—for example, an off ball should never be pulled across the wicket to leg. Finally, in the words of old Morley, the Philadelphia professional, "Never be in a hurry to 'it'; but when you do 'it,' 'it' 'ard."

## THE READY RANGERS' NEW MEMBER.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

TWO years before Tom Burgess went to spend a summer in Berks, Billy Barlow was called the brightest and at the same time the stupidest boy in the village. He was the son of widow Barlow, who lived in a little cottage on Squire Bacon's place which the Squire allowed her to occupy rent free because she was so poor, and because he and Mr. Barlow had been classmates in college.

Billy Barlow had worn patched clothes ever since he could remember anything, and had always been on the

lookout for chances to earn money, even if it was only a penny, with which to help support his mother and younger sister Beth. He never joined in the games of the Berks boys, because he had no time for games. He did not attend school regularly, for the same reason, but only went when he could do so without neglecting whatever work he had on hand. Thus it was impossible for him to keep up with the other boys, and he was always nearly or quite at the foot of his classes. In fact, he went to school so little that the wonder was how he managed to keep along with his classes as he did.

This would have been explained to any one who could have seen his mother going to his room night after night, and hearing her say:

"Now, William, you really must go to bed. It is after midnight."

"All right, mother," he would answer, cheerily, or more often, "Yes, mother, the moment I have finished this problem."

So most of the boys called him a stupid fellow, because he did not know any games, nor even how to swim, and because he was always at the foot of his classes.

His fathers, for whom he worked, and who had a suspicion of how his evenings were spent, thought differently, however, and some of them went so far as to say that he was the brightest boy in the village.

Will Rogers did not understand Billy Barlow, and though he had never spoken a word against him, he had not invited him to join a single one of his secret societies. This was understood by the others to mean that Will did not care to associate with the poorly dressed, hard-working Billy.

When Squire Bacon was elected to Congress he found that he was entitled to make an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis of a boy from his district, not over eighteen nor under fourteen years of age.

One day he came home from Washington, and that same evening called at the little cottage of the Widow Barlow. After chatting with her for a while, and petting little Beth, who was a great favorite with him, he asked where Billy was, and if he might see him.

"William is in his room reading, I think," said Mrs. Barlow. "I will call him."

"No," said Squire Bacon; "don't call him. If I may I will go up to his room, for I want to have a little private talk with him."

A minute later Billy, who sat in his shirt sleeves digging away at a problem of geometry, was greatly surprised at receiving a visit from the Squire.

"Billy," said this gentleman, proceeding at once to business, "how would you like to enter the United States navy?"

"Not at all," answered Billy, promptly, who thought the Squire meant how would he like to ship in a man-of-war as a sailor boy.

"Why," said Squire Bacon, "I thought almost any boy would jump at the chance of going to Annapolis."

"Annapolis!" cried Billy. "I should like to go to Annapolis; but I don't suppose I shall ever have the chance."

"Yes, you will," said the Squire, "for I am going to offer it to you. I am going to obtain your appointment to the Naval Academy, where, if you can pass the examinations, you will be given a splendid education, and have a life-long career of honorable usefulness opened before you. Not only this, but you will be paid for receiving your education. The government allows cadets \$800 per year, which not only supports them while in the Academy, but gives them a nice little sum of pocket-money when they graduate. In addition to this, four gentlemen of this place have agreed to give \$50 apiece each year for four years to the mother of the boy who shall represent Berks creditably in the Naval Academy. What do you

say, now? Will you undertake to sustain the honor of your native village in this way?"

What could Billy say but, "Oh, yes, sir; indeed I will!" Wasn't he one of the very happiest boys in the country that night? Didn't he tear down-stairs, even ahead of the Squire, in his breathless haste to tell his mother the wonderful news? And wasn't the little household thrown into such a flurry of excitement that they hardly thought of becoming sleepy or of going to bed at all that night?

Within three weeks after Squire Bacon's visit Billy received an imposing-looking document from the office of the Secretary of the Navy, in which he was ordered to report immediately at Annapolis for examination.

The Squire had already provided the money for his expenses, and so Billy started that very night on a train that passed through Berks at ten o'clock in the evening. Thus his departure was unknown until the next day, and even then his destination and the object of his journey were unsuspected.

The boy's first experience at Annapolis was not very happy. Even his best clothes, in which he went to be examined, were patched, and as not another candidate wore patched clothes, his was very noticeable; and, as such as they saw him, all the cadets called him "Billy Patch." Although he passed a splendid physical examination, and did fairly well in mathematics, in English grammar, composition, history, and geography he was very nearly found deficient. So when it was finally announced that he had passed and was actually admitted to the Academy, his name was the very last on the list. As one of his fellow-cadets put it, "You're in, Billy Patch, but you had a narrow squeak of it."

The news created quite a commotion amongst the Berks people. Some of them said it was splendid; but others, and among them most of the boys, every one of whom would have liked to be in Billy's place, said that Squire Bacon might at least have made an appointment that would reflect some credit upon the village.

"To think he stands at the foot of the list, too!"

"If he had only appointed Will Rogers now!"

"Or his own son Hal!"

"It is a wonder that a fellow who always stood at the foot of his class ever got in at all!"

All this and much more was heard on the street and in the houses.

Will Rogers said nothing about the matter, because, while he had his doubts of Billy Barlow's ability to become a credit to Berks in his new position, he was too manly a boy to judge any one without giving him a fair trial. Nor did Hal Bacon say anything regarding the appointment, for he was too well-bred to question anything his father might see fit to do. Finally, as the Berks people saw nothing more of Billy Barlow for two years, they ceased to talk of him, and almost forgot his existence.

Of course many letters from Annapolis found their way to the Barlow cottage, and Squire Bacon used to go down to hear them read. Most of them were brave, bright letters, though at first they told of many discouragements and unhappy days. But they also told of the natty uniform that had taken the place of the patched clothes, of the warm friendships that were being formed, of the gradual rise, step by step, from the foot toward the head of the class, of the pleasant summer cruise in the frigate *Constellation*, and of a hundred other things of interest to him and them.

At last, early in the summer that Tom Burgess was spending in Berks, Mrs. Barlow received a letter from Billy saying that he was to have a two months' furlough, and would be at home about the end of June.

About this time also, the Ready Rangers, an organization of which Will Rogers was Captain, and to which most of the boys in the village belonged, were making

preparations for a day at Berksmere, a pretty lake about a mile beyond the village. They had, for the time being, formed themselves into an athletic club, and their day at the lake was to be devoted to private trials of their athletic skill. These were to determine who were the best men for the club to enter in the athletic games they were to contest with the boys of the neighboring village of Chester on the Fourth of July.

This picnic, though a strictly business affair, as the Rangers told their friends, was thoroughly enjoyed by them, and the results of the games were most satisfactory.

It was late in the afternoon when they came to the long-distance swimming-match, which was the last event on the programme. For this the only starters were Will Rogers and Hal Bacon, who were to swim across the lake, a distance of a mile, run up the beach and touch a certain big boulder, take to the water again, and swim back.

As Hal had just finished his mile walk when this last event was called, his cousin Tom begged him not to try it, as he was too hot and tired to undertake so long a swim. But Hal said:

"Oh, pooh! the swim will do me good, and, besides, my joints are all limbered up now, so that I'm in prime condition for it."

So they started; and, with long graceful strokes, swam swiftly and evenly across the lake. They were seen to reach the opposite shore, rush up the beach and touch the boulder apparently at the same instant, and then plunge into the water again for the home stretch. On this they had hardly started before one was seen to be gaining on the other, but which was ahead could not be told. Both were seen half-way across the lake, and then three-quarters of the way, with one of them far in the lead.

"Will Rogers is ahead!" cried some of the boys.

"No, it's Hal!" exclaimed others.

Just then came a loud shout of "Hello, boys!" from behind them.

All turned in time to see a light open buggy drive up. In it were seated jolly-faced Squire Bacon and a tall slender lad wearing a blue navy cap on which the device was a single foul anchor, a blue shell jacket with brass buttons, and white duck trousers.

Such a uniform had never before been seen in Berks, and at first the boys did not know what to make of it.

Then some one shouted, "It's Billy Barlow home from the navy!"

Sure enough it was Billy Barlow, or "Billy Patch," as his fellow-cadets still called him, though now as a term of affection rather than one of reproach. The handsome, sun-tanned fellow had reached home that very day, and after spending some hours with his mother and sister Beth had accepted Squire Bacon's invitation to drive out with him to Berksmere and surprise the boys.

For a minute the Rangers were so occupied in greeting these new-comers that they forgot all about the race they had been watching so intently, and were only recalled to it by sudden cries of "Help! help!" from the lake.

As they turned and looked for the swimmers, they saw only one where a moment before had been two. The one was Will Rogers, and he was no longer swimming toward them, but back over the course he had just come.

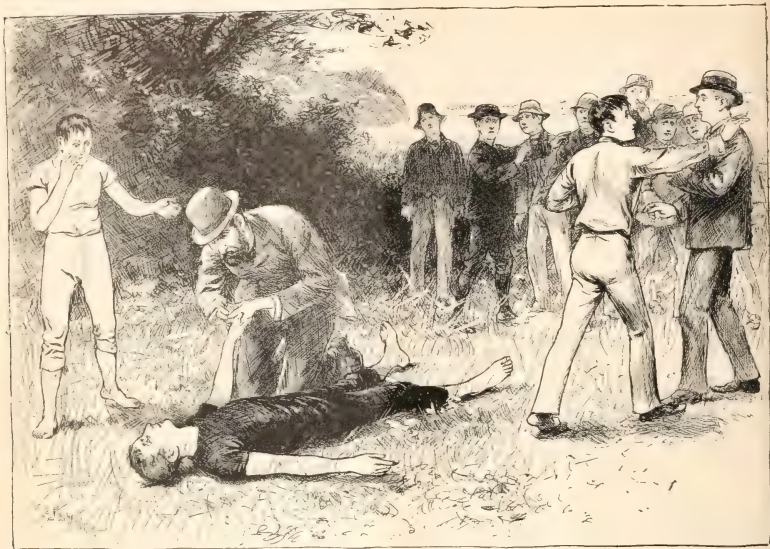
Suddenly there was a rush past them, and the newly arrived naval cadet, without cap, jacket, or shoes, sprang far out into the clear water, and with such strong, splendid strokes as they had never before seen, swam rapidly toward Will Rogers.

As he reached Will he exchanged a few words with him, and then with a great spring he disappeared beneath the water.

How slowly the seconds passed! Fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, forty-five! Surely the brave cadet must be drowned. No; there he is!

They saw him rise at quite a distance from Will, dash





"BILLY BARLOW ORDERED THE BOYS TO STAND BACK."

the water from his eyes, and begin to swim slowly toward shore. He was evidently bearing a burden of some kind, and in a moment Will Rogers was beside him helping him with it. As they neared the beach, Squire Bacon, who could not swim, rushed into the water, and taking from them the body of his son Hal, bore it to the shore, and laid it, limp and lifeless, on the grass.

"Roll him on a barrel!" "Hold him up by the heels so that the water will run out of him!" shouted the boys, in their ignorance of what really should be done, as they pressed eagerly about the unconscious Hal.

"I think, sir, I can restore him to life if you will let me try; it is one of the things they teach us at Annapolis," said Billy Barlow, stepping up to the group.

The unhappy father was chafing his son's hands, and moaning piteously that he was dead and would never speak to him again. He was so helpless in this emergency that he willingly allowed the young cadet to take charge of the case, saying, "Oh, Barlow, only save him, and you will save my life as well."

Armed with this authority, Billy Barlow at once ordered the boys to stand back so as to give Hal plenty of air. Then he sent Tom Burgess in the buggy to the village for a doctor, blankets, and stimulants. Turning to his subject, he stripped him to the waist, and laid him face downward on a cushion made of several rolled-up coats, and placed directly beneath his breast. Covering his right forefinger with his handkerchief, Billy carefully removed a frothy substance that had gathered in Hal's mouth and throat. Then placing Hal's right arm under his head, and telling one of the boys to keep it in that position, the young cadet began to turn his patient quickly on his side and back again on his face, pressing with both

hands on his back, between the shoulder-blades, each time that the body was returned to the latter position. He turned the patient in this way about fifteen times each minute, and kept up the operation for about five minutes.

Squire Bacon and the boys watched all this with the most anxious attention, and when at length Hal drew a sort of a gasping breath, and then another and another, they gave a suppressed cheer of joy.

Billy Barlow did not stop to shout, but began to rub Hal's cold limbs briskly upward, and told his assistant to do the same. All this was so successful that by the time Tom Burgess returned with the doctor and blankets and stimulants in a carriage, Hal was breathing easily, and the blood had again begun to circulate through his veins.

Fifteen minutes later he lay in his own bed, very weak and tired after his terrible experience, but conscious, and on the high-road to recovery.

Standing beside the bed, Squire Bacon held Barlow's hand in both of his, as he said, reverently and with deep feeling, "I do thank God, William, that He directed me to send you to Annapolis, where you gained the knowledge that has enabled you this day to save my dear son's life."

At the same moment the Ready Rangers were holding a meeting outside, under the trees of the lawn, and their Captain, Will Rogers, was saying, "All those in favor of this motion will express themselves in the usual manner."

"Aye," shouted all the Rangers, as with one voice.

"Contrary-minded?" A dead silence.

"Then," said Will, "I declare William Barlow, of the United States navy, to be unanimously elected a member of our noble order of Ready Rangers."





A LITTLE WAIF.

## TOM FAIRWEATHER AT MANILA.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U.S.N.

"It is a curious old place," was what Tom Fairweather said after his first trip ashore at Manila. "There are more churches and monasteries and barracks than in any place I have ever seen, and the houses have such funny little windows. They told me that the panes were not made of glass, but of thin oyster-shells; and if that is so, I don't see how any light gets inside."

"You must have been looking at the older part of the town, Tom," replied his father; "for there are some very modern houses."

"I don't know what part we were in. We only had an hour to-day, and we went through the plaza, and then on through a lot of crooked streets. On the plaza there is an old tumbled-down cathedral, and it is the most beautiful ruin you ever saw. One side of it has completely fallen, and the moss and vines have almost hidden the rest. Just as we were coming back, the sun going down behind it made a perfect picture. We saw some young men dressed in a very strange way. They wore checkered trousers, patent-leather shoes, tall hats, and carried canes; but they had no coats or waistcoats. They wore their shirts outside in the most extraordinary manner. But they strutted along with an air as though they owned the most of the place."

"Those were the Manila dandies. Didn't you see any of the poorer people dressed in a similar fashion, but in homespun material?"

"I don't know that I noticed their dress so much."

"Did you remark anything about the native women?"

"Do you mean their beautiful hair?" asked Tom. "Why, it reached nearly to the ground. I think Manila must be a very nice place, and I am going ashore early to-morrow. I only had a glimpse to-day."

The next day he did see a great deal more of Manila, as he had more time to look about in; he found that every one was not dressed quite as he had imagined the day before.

The streets were clean and well paved, and were filled with busy people, whose costumes varied, but were always picturesque in their contrasts. The dress of the Europeans seemed plain and sombre as it appeared here and there amidst the striking colors displayed by the half-castes. Portly priests moved sedately along, and glittering Spanish officials clanked their swords as they marched on; while Chinese coolies and porters in the scantiest of costumes squatted at the little eating stands for their noon-day meal of rice and stew. In and out of the shops tripped the young native women—delicate and pretty girls, with their fair complexion framed in a wealth of dark hair which fell in a careless but graceful way almost to their very feet.

The river Pasig divides Manila into two parts. On its banks the cocoa-palms grow in perfection, and close by them another stunted species of the same tree. Here many of the native dwellings are built. They are not much more than huts erected upon piles, and are made so light of bamboo and palm leaves that house and furniture will hardly weigh two hundred pounds. As Tom walked along, it was an interesting sight to see whole families bathing and frolicking in the river, girls carrying water vessels on their shoulders, women and children gathering shell-fish on the banks, and canoes paddling up and down. But the most curious spectacle was afforded by a half-dozen urchins standing upright on the backs of huge buffaloes, and riding, with shouts of laughter, into the water. Every one seemed happy and lazy, as though there were nothing to do but eat rice and fish, frolic, and sleep.

On the river were odd boats called *cascos*, used for transporting cargo to vessels in the bay. They were long and narrow, with square bows and sterns, and had ridiculously large rudders. At the banks were platforms of

bamboo poles, along which the natives propelled the *casco* by poling. Both ends of the boat were covered over with thatch-work. In the after-part the coxswain lived with his family, and forward were housed the native crew. There were little passenger-boats, with bamboo outriggers to keep them from capsizing, and the passengers were protected from the sun by awnings made of bamboo strips. Then there were curious little ferry-boats for the canals that run through the city—square boxes with stanchions at each corner to support an awning. For a penny you could be pushed across the canal in one of these primitive ferries.

When Tom and his companions went to lunch at a hotel on the plaza he had a chance to see something of the interior of a Manila house, and he found that it was furnished very much in the style of houses in other places, but he had never before seen the ground-floor used for stables and ware-rooms. It was odd to see men drive horses into the house, turn them into stalls, and then quietly and as a matter of course walk up one flight to the parlor. Over the stable Tom thought there should be a loft, but instead here was a fairly appointed hotel.

"In Manila, people do not use the ground-floor on account of the damp," said Mr. Jollytarre.

"That is very well, I suppose," replied Tom; "but I would put my animals in some other place. Why, I saw pigs running about in one of those rooms below, and it can't be very pleasant."

During lunch a Mr. Lalla, the proprietor's son, suggested that he should walk about with them during the afternoon. He spoke a little English, and as neither Tom nor his friends felt very sure of their Spanish, they were induced to accept his offer. In that way they obtained many interesting details. The cathedral, which Tom had before remarked, was brought to its present condition by an earthquake, and if Mr. Lalla was right, Tom considered that Manila must be an undesirable place to live in, for at nearly every turn there was pointed out some ruined building with the remark, "Earthquake." Manila is indeed subject to very severe shocks, and only a few months afterward, when the *Neptune* was in Japan, news was received of an earthquake which brought even the cathedral ruins level with the ground.

Mr. Lalla took them to the cigar factories. These are in the hands of the government, which monopolizes all the trade in tobacco. In some of these factories as many as nine thousand people are employed, and it was a wonderful scene to which Tom's party was introduced. In one of these low stone buildings they were first shown into an immense room over one hundred feet in length. It was light and well ventilated, and along its whole extent stretched rows of benches about two feet from the floor. At each bench ten or fifteen young Indian girls sat cross-legged in the Turkish fashion. Each had a quantity of tobacco in her lap, and each was certainly as busy as any bee. Their hands fairly flew, and it was surprising how quickly a handful of tobacco assumed shape under their dexterous fingers, and how readily a cigar was finished, tossed aside, and another begun. They are paid according to the work they do, which had the natural effect of stimulating their zeal and attention. At some benches the girls combined: one selected the tobacco and rolled it, another cut out the wrappers, and a third finished the cigar.

Every four benches had an elderly woman for an inspector, whose duty it was to preserve order, give instructions, and provide everything that was necessary for the work to be carried on. The girls were too industrious to talk much, but each had a little flat piece of iron with which she hammered the leaf to give it a smooth and glossy appearance. The noise from a thousand hammers was something deafening to the stranger visitors. As soon as their presence was noticed throughout the room the spirit of mischief arose in these young women. As though by a

signal, down came all those hammers at once, with a most startling effect.

It was in Manila that Tom for the first time got into trouble. He had heard his father speak of buying a supply of Manila cigars, and it occurred to him one day that he would get them and make his father a present. Cigars were very cheap, and he knew just where to buy the best. So, late one afternoon, he made his purchase, without consulting even his friend Lieutenant Jollytare.

He had started about dusk to find a shore boat to take him on board. He had several boxes of cigars under his arm, and as he sauntered leisurely along he wondered whether his father would like his selection. Near the wharves he found himself suddenly confronted by a stalwart policeman, or custom-house guard, who demanded in Spanish to know what Tom had in his packages. Now Tom didn't understand Spanish, and, moreover, he was a good deal startled by the brusque manner in which he was addressed. He stammered and flushed up, not from any sense of guilt, but from mere embarrassment, and this action on his part was evidently very differently construed by the guard. The customs regulations in Manila are very strict in regard to the exportation of cigars, and the officials exercise great vigilance to prevent smuggling by the merchantmen in the harbor. Tom was dressed in plain clothes, and ought not by his appearance to have given any cause for suspicion; but as he could not make himself understood, even after he had regained his presence of mind, he utterly failed to put himself in a proper light. If only some one would come along who could speak both English and Spanish, or if he could get word to his friends, there would be an end to this absurdity. The more helpless he felt, the more annoyed he became, until at last his tone grew angry and threatening.

That was a bad policy to adopt, for the tall guard, with sword and cloak, stalked up, and taking him by the shoulder, turned him in the direction of a guard-house near by. There was nothing to do now but march, and march Master Tom did straight into a little bare room with nothing but a bench for furniture. To his repeated questions in English he gained now but one reply, "Mañana," which word he understood very well as meaning to-morrow. And he knew too that Spaniards never hurried themselves, and that he had a very good prospect of remaining all night in this den of a room as an arrested smuggler. He stopped talking, and the guard left him behind a locked door. Tom was hungry and tired, and did not fancy the situation, but he hoped that when he was missed on board, something would be done toward looking him up. But an hour passed, and then two hours: no one came near him, and he fell asleep to dream that he had been captured by a band of smugglers and put to work in a cigar factory. The hammers made a monotonous din, and suddenly came down with a bang. He opened his eyes to see his father and a custom official standing over him.

"Well, young man," said Captain Fairweather, "what have you been doing? Here I have had all the guard-houses in town inspected, and all the streets and suburbs searched. I'd like an explanation."

"Father," said Tom, "I have done nothing to warrant my being arrested. I bought some cigars for you, and as I was coming down to the wharf I was arrested and brought here. I tried to explain, but I couldn't. There are only three little boxes of cigars, and I have seen the officers carry off many more than that."

"Ah, but they were wise enough to first obtain permission from the authorities. I'll have to put you into some sort of uniform, or else you'll have to learn French and Spanish, that you may tell who you are and what you are on demand. Come along now; you are released, cigars and all, and can leave this hole at once."

So Tom went on board, and the next morning he was seen busily at work with a Spanish grammar.

## SILENT PETE; OR, THE STOWAWAYS.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,' ETC.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### THE SEARCH ENDED.

AFTER the conversation with Captain Sproul, Jerry neither went in search of work nor directly back to Madame Bonn's. He wanted to think over what had been said to him, and in order to do so calmly and uninterruptedly, he walked around the block at least half a dozen times. He was a boy of rather more than average common-sense, however, and the more he considered the matter, the stronger was his belief that he should do as the Captain proposed, especially if Aunt Nannette was not found. When his walk was ended, Jerry had decided, and he went home to learn his friend's views on the subject.

Very much to his delight and surprise, he heard the sound of Pete's violin while he was yet on the stairs. It was the first time he had heard Sweetness "speak" since the little musician had been ill, and he entered the room with a glad smile on his face.

"Well, if that don't do me more good than anything I ever heard, my name ain't Jerry Hicks!" he exclaimed, as he seated himself on the floor by the bedside, listening and watching Pete as he tremblingly drew the bow across the strings, calling forth the sweetest but saddest strains Jerry had ever heard.

The invalid was too feeble to play very long; but as he laid Sweetness on the bed beside him in a tender, loving fashion, he really looked as if the music had done him bodily good. His face was slightly flushed, his eyes unusually bright, and, as it seemed to Jerry, his movements were less languid than they had been for several days.

"Why, Pete, I do believe you're going to get well right away! You look almost as good as you did the day we got here," and Jerry wondered why it was that Madame Bonn should be crying, when the invalid had improved so very much.

"I'm feeling different every way, and the ache has all gone from my head," the little fellow said, as he held out one thin, wasted hand for Jerry to clasp.

"Well, now, I'm gladder to hear you talk like that than I would be to get a hundred dollars. I wanted to tell you something, Pete, but I didn't know as I dared to, 'cause you were so sick."

Then Jerry told his friend of the conversation he had just had with Captain Sproul, and he concluded the story by saying, "You know, Pete, we haven't found your aunt Nannette yet, and it may be a good while before we get at her. Now it ain't no kind of use to talk about your playing on the street when you get well, for I ain't going to have it. If I do as the Captain wants me to, I can earn money enough to keep you like a regular nob. Some of the time you can go in the vessel with me, and when you don't do that you can board here with good Madame Bonn. I'll pay all the bills, and you can 'tend school and fiddle all you want to, and have a good time every day. Now what do you think of it? Shall I tell Captain Sproul I'll go with him?"

"Come closer, so I can touch your face," and as Jerry laid his head on the pillow, little Pete put his hands on his friend's cheeks in the old caressing way that was so sweet to Jerry. "You've been awful good to me all the time, and if I do go up in the sky like we talked about when we were on the boat, and thought we were going to be drowned, the very first thing I'll do will be to tell God all about you. I've heard Madame Bonn and Abe talk-





"THE WHISPERINGS FROM THE VIOLIN BECAME FAINTER AND FAINTER."

ing of it when they thought I was asleep, and though I knew before what a good boy you'd been, it seems as if I remembered everything all at once. I wish I could treat some other fellow like you've treated me, just so he'd love me as much as I love you. Now, Jerry, don't cry, but I want to tell you something. I heard the doctor say that when the ache went out of my head, I'd die sure, and this morning it seemed to me just like if I saw mother waiting to have me go with her. I wouldn't like to leave and have you sleeping in the streets like we used to do sometimes in New Orleans, and if Captain Sproul is going to take you with him, I'll feel better about it, 'cause I know he and Abe will be good to you."

"But, Pete, old man, don't talk about dying when everything is going so nice for us!" said Jerry. "What would I do without you? Don't go away and leave me here all alone! Don't do it, Pete! Don't do it!"

"Don't you feel bad, Jerry—don't feel bad. I wouldn't go away from you if I could help it, though I know you'll get along better when I ain't here to bother. I'll wait for you up in the sky, and I'll be just as glad as God will when you come too. But you'll go with Captain Sproul, won't you, Jerry?"

"I'll do anything you want me to, Pete; but—"

Jerry could say no more. The sobs that shook his frame prevented the words from being spoken, and nestling his face close to Pete's neck, he gave way to his great grief.

It was while he was in this position that a low knock, all unheeded by him, was heard at the door, and in another moment Captain Sproul and Abe entered, the latter carrying in his hands a large box. Madame Bonn whispered a few words to them, and they approached the bed softly, Abe patting Jerry's head tenderly, while the Captain looked inquiringly into Pete's face, seeing there a change that told him that the little musician was fast drawing near to that valley whose shadow is death.

It was some moments before Abe could control his

voice sufficiently to speak; and then he said, almost in a whisper, "Do you know, Pete, my lad, that Bill Barlow and some of the rest o' the crew made up a little purse to buy you a new fiddle, 'cause Sweetness got used up so bad, and I've brought it to you with their best love?—that was what Bill told me to say."

As Abe spoke he held up a violin, inlaid around the edges with bits of pearl, and glistening with varnish.

"They sent it to me," said Pete, in a low tone. "Tell 'em that I won't ever forget, not even after I'm up in the sky, how good they all were to Jerry and me. And tell 'em that I wish I could play to them once more; but I like them just as much for sending it as if I could."

"Won't you try it?" the Captain asked, and as Abe handed the instrument across the bed, Jerry moved his head that Pete might receive his gift.

The little fellow looked at the violin in a listless way for a moment, and then as

he handed it back to Captain Sproul, he said, "Yes, it's fine, and a good deal more handsome than Sweetness; but I wouldn't give her for a dozen like that," and he hugged the patched and worn violin to his side as if it were a living thing that could return his caresses. Then turning to Jerry, he said, "You'll always keep Sweetness, won't you, Jerry?—you won't let anybody take her that would use her hard, will you?"

"Nobody shall touch her, Pete," replied the weeping boy, as he kissed the little fellow's lips again and again.

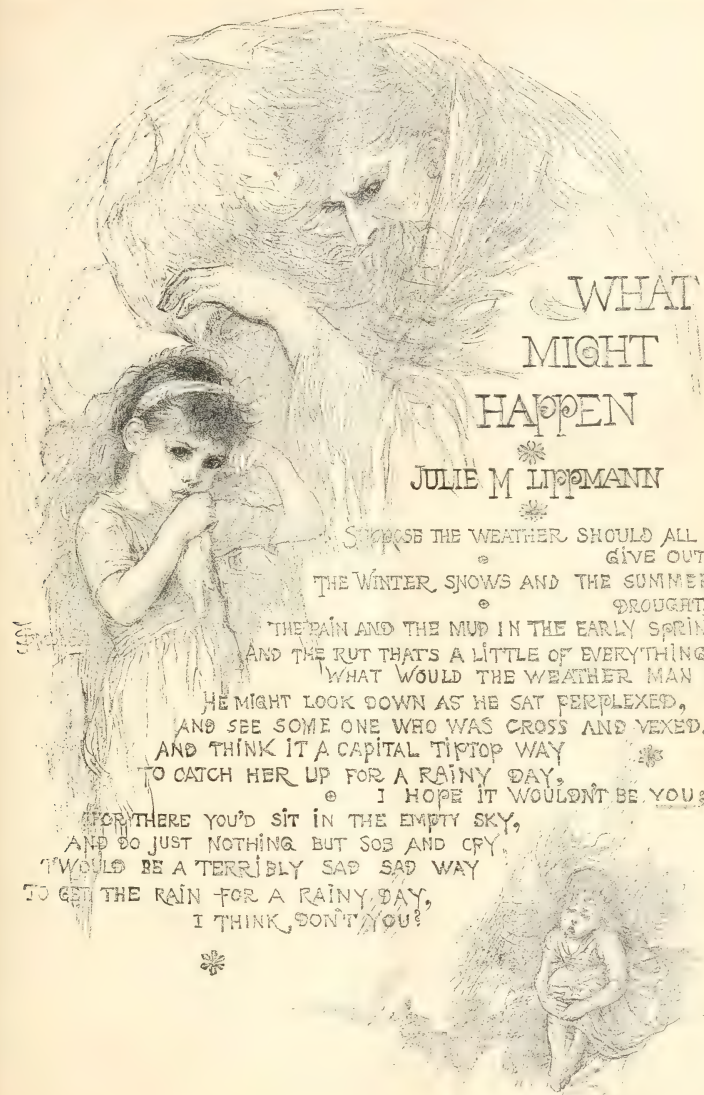
Then, as Jerry covered his face, Pete pulled the old violin closer to his side. With his eyes shut, his head resting on pillows softer than he had ever known before, he gently touched the strings of his beloved instrument until it seemed to be whispering to him.

"Bill was awful good to send me a fiddle," Pete said, in a low voice, as if talking to himself; "but I couldn't use it, 'cause it would be like throwing away the only friend I had for a long time—except Jerry, of course. Sweetness has talked to us when Jerry and me have been alone; made us forget when we were cold or hungry; been sorry when we were sorry, and glad when we had some place to live in. Sweetness loved me and I loved her, and she would feel just as bad to see me playing on some other fiddle as I would feel if she talked for somebody else. If I should play any more, she shall she shall—be—be—the—one—"

The voice grew lower and more indistinct, while the whisperings from the violin became fainter and fainter as the fingers grew weaker, until all was silent, save for Jerry's sobs.

A joyous band of choristers who sing eternal hallelujahs had come for the gentle soul, thenceforth to make melody before the Throne; and who shall say that even there is Sweetness forgotten by Silent Pete?—silent on this earth for evermore.





# WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN

JULIE M. LITTMANN

SUPPOSE THE WEATHER SHOULD ALL  
GIVE OUT,  
THE WINTER SNOWS AND THE SUMMER  
DROUGHT,  
THE RAIN AND THE MUD IN THE EARLY SPRING,  
AND THE RUT THAT'S A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.  
WHAT WOULD THE WEATHER MAN DO?

HE MIGHT LOOK DOWN AS HE SAT PERPLEXED,  
AND SEE SOME ONE WHO WAS CROSS AND VEXED,  
AND THINK IT A CAPITAL TIPTOP WAY  
TO CATCH HER UP FOR A RAINY DAY.

I HOPE IT WOULDN'T BE YOU;  
FOR THERE YOU'D SIT IN THE EMPTY SKY,  
AND DO JUST NOTHING BUT SOB AND CRY.  
TWOULD BE A TERRIBLY SAD SAD WAY  
TO GET THE RAIN FOR A RAINY DAY,  
I THINK, DON'T YOU?











A YOUNG NATURALIST'S FIRST DAY IN THE FIELD.

"Oh, good Mr. Darning-Needle, please don't sew up my ears. I'll never catch another insect in my life if you'll only let me off just this once."

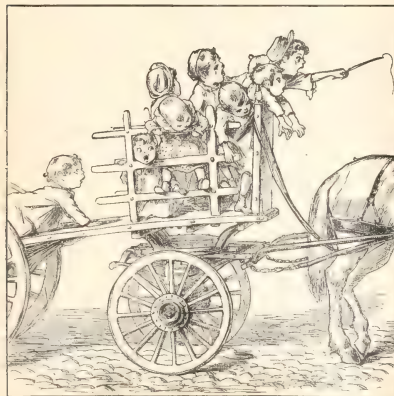
## BIPEDS AND QUADRUPEDS.

**T**HIS merry game may seem trifling, but if any wise scoffer thinks he can play it without making many ludicrous mistakes, let him try it and see; for simple as it is, it keeps the attention on the alert and the faculties on the strain. The players stand in two lines, facing each other, with a leader at

the head of each line. It is the duty of the leaders of the lines to call out the letters, which they can change as often as they please. There must be an umpire chosen also, who sits at the head of the lines, at an equal distance from each. The umpire must call out the numbers, which are number two and number four, and also count ten slowly while each player is guessing. He calls out either one of the above numbers the moment the leader has given out the letter, and then begins to count. When the leader of the right side gives out a letter, the second in line on the left side listens to the number called by the umpire, as he knows that number two refers to a biped and number four to a quadruped, and that he must name some member of the animal kingdom answering to the above description which begins with the letter called by the leader of the opposite side. If he fails to do this correctly before the umpire counts ten, he must cross over and take his place at the foot of the opposite line. The umpire must see that there is no mistake, such as repeating any name once used, or giving to any animal too many or too few feet. When the player on the left has answered, whether correctly or not, the leader of the same side in his turn calls out the same or any other letter, the umpire follows with his number, as before, and if the second player on the right fails to answer correctly, he crosses over and belongs to the left side, standing at the foot of the line. If the player answers the question properly, he keeps his place, and ties a white handkerchief around his neck to show that the next question addressed to his side must be answered by the player who stands next him in the line. When the game has gone on for half an hour, the umpire calls out "Time," and the side which has the most players is declared the victor.

The game must go on with great rapidity, and the efforts of the players to answer rapidly without mistake are very amusing, as most of them make the most ludicrous blunders, after which they are obliged to march across to the other side as prisoners.\*

\* From *New Games for Parlor and Lawn*. By GEORGE B. BARTLETT. New York: Harper & Brothers.



BUMPS OF EXPERIENCE—A STOLEN RIDE.



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A SUMMER SCENE IN THE CITY—THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN.—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

## AT THE HELM: A WORD TO YOUNG SKIPPERS.

BY LIEUTENANT WORTH G. ROSS, U.S.N.

WHILE boat sailing cannot be taught by precept alone, an intelligent knowledge of the theory of the art will enable any one, with a little additional practice, to handle a boat with skill, freedom, and perfect safety. The limits of so brief an article will not admit of minute instructions bearing on every situation likely to arise, yet the few practical hints and details that follow will, if carefully noted, be found of service to the youthful mariner. The latter will understand that the principles of true seamanship apply with equal force to all boats, of whatever size, build, or rig. These remarks will in great part have reference to the sloop—a simple type of craft, with a single mast, main-sail, and jib.

**Helm.**—This is a term applied to the steering gear, including the rudder and tiller (or wheel).

When a boat carries a *weather helm*, her head has a tendency to come up "into the wind," or nearer the direction from which the wind blows, necessitating an action of the rudder to keep her on her course. This troublesome habit is generally caused by too much after-sail or a faulty stowage of the ballast. To carry a *lee helm*, or an inclination to fall off or away from the wind (the opposite of that just described), is even a worse trait, and should be counteracted, if a smaller jib, a shorter bowsprit, or a larger main-sail will remedy a defect due to too much head-sail.

When the helm is "put to starboard" or "port" (to right or left), the tiller handle is moved in the direction named, but the boat's head is carried the contrary way by the operation of the rudder. Fig. 1 will illustrate this point, the arrows denoting the course the vessel will take with each helm. When the boat is pressed backward through the water (or has what is called *stern-board*), the action of the rudder is reversed.

**The Care of the Sheets.**—Sheets are ropes that confine and trim the jib and main-sail when set. They usually lead along the deck to the helmsman, and in squally or threatening weather should never be so tied or made fast

that they cannot be eased or cast off at a moment's warning. It has been truly said that the main-sheet is the key to the whole science of boat sailing, and for that reason great care should be exercised in its proper management. No good boat will capsize unless the sails are hampered by the sheets. A skilled boatman will take advantage of every change of the wind, however small, to trim the sheets so that the sails will stand full and receive the most favorable pressure.

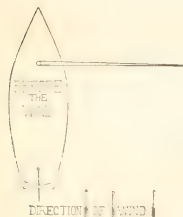


FIG. 3.

**Close-hauled, or By-the-Wind** (Fig. 2).—This is the situation a boat is in when she is pointing as near the direction or "eye" of the wind (with the sheets trimmed flat aft) as will insure her progress through the water. The boom is kept at a small angle with the keel, as shown in the cut. A well-balanced craft will sail within five points ( $56^{\circ} 15'$ ) of the wind. If the boat gets too close, an experienced eye will detect a ripple along the forward edge of the main-sail, owing to the fact that the wind is pressing

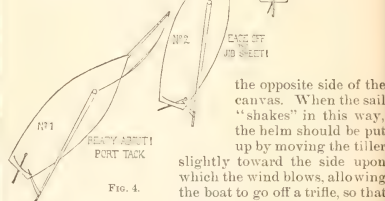


FIG. 4.

the opposite side of the canvas. When the sail "shakes" in this way, the helm should be put up by moving the tiller slightly toward the side upon which the wind blows, allowing the boat to go off a trifle, so that the sails will stand full. To keep a craft up to her work,

without letting her shake or fall off, is one of the surest signs of a good helmsman, and many a race has been won, or bad weather saved, by skillful management in "beating to windward." A boat's sails can be trimmed flatter aft in smooth water than in rough, as it is impossible to sail so near the wind with a lumpy head-sea against you; neither will she lie so close after reefing.

**Before the Wind** (Fig. 3).—When the sails receive the direct force of the wind from astern the boat is said to be "running before it," or "scudding." With a sea on, and the boat first rising on the top of the wave, and then burying her bowsprit under at the next moment, this will be found the most difficult situation for steering. Great care should be taken not to let the main-boom jibe; that is, allowing it to swing around on the opposite side by the sail getting aback (the pressure coming on the forward

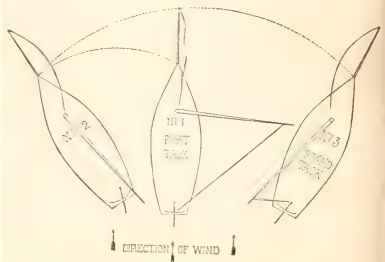


FIG. 5.

surface) either by a shift of wind or bad steering, which would easily happen to a heedless yachtsman. Such a manoeuvre might carry away your mast in a jiffy.

**Tacking** (Fig. 4).—The process of putting a vessel about by working her up against the wind, so that the latter will act on the opposite side. When the gear is all clear, the sails full, and plenty of headway, give the order, "*Ready about!*" then put the helm down by pressing the tiller end *a-lee* (in an opposite direction to that from which the wind blows), and as the boat starts into the wind, "*Ease off the jib-sheet!*" When nearly head to the wind the jib is borne out to leeward and held aback to assist in sending the bows around. As the craft gets past the direction of the wind, and the main-sail begins to fill, pass the word to "*Let draw!*" and at once trim down the jib-sheet. If the boat gets sternway (goes stern foremost), the helm has to be shifted. Pushing the main-boom over to windward as soon as the jib-sheets are let go will aid a sluggish craft in this manoeuvre.

**Jibing, or Wearing** (Fig. 5).—This is a delicate evolution, and should only be adopted, unless by the most experienced, in light summer winds. When the boat will not go about by turning to windward, the helm is put up, and she is allowed to go off before the wind. With the latter pretty well on the quarter, haul the main-boom rapidly amidships, and as the helm is gradually shifted, the sail will take on the other tack, and the main-sheet may be slackened. If the boom is carelessly allowed to jibe, it will whip round with force enough to part the sheets or snap the mast. It is a good plan before jibing to settle or lower the peak of the sail.

**Reefing and Furling**.—As soon as the boat begins to wet, it is a safe plan to reef, and always before bad weather sets in. Bring the boat to the wind by putting the helm down. In reefing a jib lower away on the halyards so as to tie the reef-points beneath it, lash the outer clew to the bowsprit, and shift the sheets. To shorten a main-sail lower it a trifle below the boom in order to get at the

reef band; stretch the foot out by means of the reef pennant, make fast the tack, and pass the points last (tying with a square knot) either around the boom, or foot of sail, or to a jack-stay on the boom, according as the boat is rigged. The boat is kept hove-to (stationary), head to the sea, by securing the tiller *a-lee*. In shaking out a reef (the boat being brought to the wind), first undo the points, then cast off the tack, and lastly the reef pennant. Always keep to windward of the sail.

**Getting under Way**.—Hoist the main-sail and loose the jib; heave away on the cable until it is *short*. If in a tide-way, cast the boat's head in the direction you want to go, by means of the rudder; break out the anchor and set the jib. If there is no tideway, cast the boat's head with the sails.

**Anchoring**.—On the approach of a thunder-shower it is advisable to go quickly to a harbor. If caught in a gale of wind, however, on a bad shore, often the safest plan is to anchor at once, if you can find a good place. Let the boat come to the wind, haul down the jib, and as soon as she has sternway let go the anchor, and pay out considerable cable before checking it, then veer away as much more as will hold her. Furl the main-sail and make everything snug.

**Some Practical Advice**.—Be particular about the sails being properly set; get the wind out of a sail if you want to manage it. Do not sit on the gunwale, stand on the thwarts, or let go the tiller. If caught in a hard squall, put the helm down at once, let fly the sheet, and lower the sail. Do not overload a boat; keep weights amidships; a laden vessel carries her way (progress through the water) longer than a light one. Endeavor always to maintain steerage-way, and do not put the helm down suddenly or too far over. Abstain from all reckless exploits; the best sailor is the one who shows the greatest caution. Be cool in emergencies. Keep the halyards and sheets clear. Do not attempt to navigate strange waters without a chart and compass. *Learn to swim* before sailing, and never play pranks in an open boat.



BY HOWARD PYLE,

AUTHOR OF "PEPPER AND SALT," ETC.

ONCE upon a time there was a man whose name was just Master Jacob and nothing more. All that Master Jacob had in the world was a good fat pig, two black goats, a wife, and a merry temper, which was more than many a better man than he had, for the matter of that.

"See, now," says Master Jacob, "I will drive the fat pig to the market to-morrow; who knows but that I might strike a bit of a sale?"

"Do," says Master Jacob's wife; for she was of the good sort, and always stroked him the right way, and nodded when he said "yes," as the saying goes.

Now there were three rogues in the town over the hill, who lived in plenty; one was the Clerk, one was the Provost, and one was the master Mayor—and which was the greatest rogue of the three it would be hard to tell.

"See, now," says the Clerk to the other two, "Master



MASTER JACOB BRINGS HIS PIG TO MARKET.

Jacob, who lives over yonder way, is going to take his good fat pig to market to-morrow. If you have a mind for a bit of a trick, we will go snacks in what we win, and each of us will have a rib or two of bacon hanging in the pantry, and a string or so of sausages back in the chimney, without paying so much as a brass button for them."

Well, of course that was a tune to which the others were willing to dance. So the Clerk told them to do thus and so, and to say this and that, and they would cheat Master Jacob out of his good fat pig as easily as a beggar eats buttered parsnips. So the next morning off starts Master Jacob to the market, driving his good fat pig before him with a bit of string around the leg of it. Down he comes into the town, and the first one whom he meets is the Master Clerk.

"How do you find yourself, Master Jacob?" says the Clerk. "and where are you going with that fine fat dog?"

"Dog!" says Master Jacob, opening his eyes till they were as big and as round as saucers—"dog! prut! it is as fine a pig as ever came into this town, I would have you know."

"What!" says the Clerk, "do you try to tell me that that is a pig, when I can see with both of my ears and all of my eyes that it is a great fat dog?"

Just then who should come along but the Provost, with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth, looking as high and mighty as though he owned all of that town, and the sun and the moon into the bargain.

"Look, friend," says the Clerk, "we have been saying so and so and so and so just now. Will you tell me, *is* that a pig or *is* it a dog?"

"Prut!" says the Provost: "how you talk, neighbor! Do you take me for a fool? Why, it is as plain as the nose on your face that it is a dog."

"Come, come," says the Clerk; "let us have no high words over the matter. No, no; we will take it to the Mayor. If he says that it is a pig, we two will give you ten shillings; and if he says it is a dog, you will give it to us as a bit of a penance."

Well, Master Jacob was satisfied with that, for he was almost certain that it was a pig. So off they marched to the Mayor's house. Then the Clerk told all about the matter, for he was used to talking. "And now," says he, "*is* it a pig or *is* it a dog?"

"Why," says the Mayor, "it is a dog, and a big dog, and a fat dog into the bargain!"

So there was an end of the matter, and Master Jacob had to march off home without his pig, and with no more in his pockets than he had before. All the same, he saw what kind of trick had been played on him, and, says he to himself, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. If one can pipe, another can whistle. I'll just be about trying a bit of a trick myself." So he went to his wife and told her that he had a mind to do thus and so, and that she must do this and that, for he thought of trying his hand at a little trickery as well as other folks.

As I told you before, Master Jacob had two goats, both of them as black as the inside of your hat at midnight.

Well, the next day Master Jacob tied a bit of rope around the neck of one of the goats, took down a basket from the wall, and started off to the town over the hill, leading his goat behind him. By-and-by he came to the market-place and began buying many and one things, until his basket was as full as it could hold. After a while whom should he see coming along but the Clerk and the Provost and the Mayor, walking arm in arm.

And what was Master Jacob going to do with his little black goat? That was what they should like to know.

Oh, Master Jacob only had a bit of an errand for his little black goat to do, that was all.

Then what did Master Jacob do but hang the basket around the goat's neck. "Go home to your mistress," said he, "and tell her to boil the beef and cabbage for dinner to-day." And he gave the goat a slap on the back, and off it went.

As for the Clerk, the Provost, and the Mayor, you may guess how they grinned at all of this. Did Master Jacob really mean to say that the little black goat would tell the mistress all that?

Oh yes, that it would. It was a keen blade, that little black goat, and if they would only come home with him, Master Jacob would show them.

So off they all went, Master Jacob and the Clerk and the Provost and the Mayor, and after a bit of a walk they came to Master Jacob's house. Yes, sure enough



MASTER JACOB GOES TO TOWN WITH HIS GOAT.





THE LITTLE TIN HORN HAS NO EFFECT.

there was a black goat feeding in the front yard, and how should the Clerk and the Provost and the Mayor know that it was not the same one that they had seen before?

And just then out came Master Jacob's wife. "Come in, Jacob," says she; "the cabbage and the meat are all ready."

Dear! dear! how the three cronies did open their eyes when they heard all of this! They would like to have such a goat as that—indeed they would!

So they bargained and bargained, till the upshot of the matter was that they paid Master Jacob a hundred dollars, and went off with the goat as pleased as could be.

Well, the three rogues were not long in finding out what a trick had been played on them. So, in a day or two, whom should Master Jacob see coming down the road but the Clerk, the Provost, and the Mayor, and anybody could see with half an eye that they were in a great rage.

In Master Jacob went to his good wife. "Here," says he, "take this bladder of blood and hide it under your apron, and then when I do this and that, you do thus and so."

Presently in came the Clerk, the Provost, and the Mayor, bubbling and sizzling like water on slack lime. [What kind of a goat was that that Master Jacob had sold them? He would run on no errands, and would do nothing that he was told.

"But stop a bit," says Master Jacob. "Did you say, 'By the great horn spoon!' when you told the goat to do this or that?"

No; the cronies had done nothing of the kind, for Master Jacob had said nothing about a great horn spoon.

"Why didn't you remind me?" says Master Jacob to his good wife.

"I didn't think of it," says she.

"You didn't?" says he.

"No," says she.

"Then take that!" says he; and he whipped out a great sharp knife, and jabbed it into the bladder under her apron, so that the blood ran out like everything.

"Ugh!" says the good wife; and then

fell down and lay quite still, just for all the world as though she were dead.

When the three cronies saw this they gaped like fish out of water. Just look now! Master Jacob had gone and killed his good wife, and all for nothing at all. Dear! dear! what a hasty temper the man had!

"Tut! tut!" says Master Jacob; "the broth is not all in the ashes yet. Perhaps I am a bit hasty, but we will soon mend this stocking."

So he went to a closet and brought out a little tin horn. He blew a turn or two over his wife, whereat she sneezed, and then sat up as good and as sound as ever.

As for the Clerk and the Provost and the Mayor, they thought that they had never seen anything so wonderful in all of their lives before. So the end of the matter was that they paid down another hundred dollars, and marched off with the little tin horn.

By-and-by they came home, and there stood the goat in front of the house.

"So!" says the Provost; "was it you that would do nothing for us without our saying, 'By the great horn spoon'? Take that, then!" And he fetched the goat a thwack with his heavy walking staff, so that it fell down and lay with no more motion than a stone. "There," says he, "that business is done. And now lend me the horn a minute, brother, till I fetch him back again."

Well, he blew till he was as red in the face as a cherry, but the goat moved never so much as a single hair. Then the Clerk took a turn at the horn, but he had no better luck than the Provost. Last of all, the Mayor had a try at it; but he might as well have blown the horn over a lump of dough, for all the answer he had for his blowing. "We'll put this Master Jacob in prison right away," said they. And off they went to do as they said.

Master Jacob saw them coming down the road, and was ready for them this time too. He took two pots and filled them with pitch, and over the top of the pitch he spread gold and silver money, so that if you had looked into the pots you would have thought that there was no-



MASTER JACOB AND THE THREE CRONIES MEET IN THE WOODS.

thing in them but what you saw on the top. Then he took the pots off into the little woods back of the house. Now in the woods was a great deep pit, and all around the pit grew a row of bushes so thick that nothing was to be seen of the mouth of the hole.

By-and-by came the Clerk and the Mayor and the Provost to Master Jacob's house.

Master Jacob's wife did not know just where he was, but she thought that he was in the little woods just back of the house yonder gathering money.

Phew! and did money grow so near to the house as all that? So off they went to the woods, hot foot.

Yes: there was Master Jacob carrying two pots, one on each arm.

"Hi, Master Jacob! what have you there?" said they.

Oh, nothing much. It was little or nothing that Master Jacob had. The pots were almost full of pitch, and there was only just a bit of money or two on the top.

Yes, yes, that was all very well, but they knew the smell of money from the smell of pitch. Now, where did Master Jacob get that money?

Oh, Master Jacob could not tell them that; if they wanted money, they would have to look for it themselves. Only they must not go near to those thick bushes yonder, for there was a deep pit hidden there, and they would be sure to fall into it.

When the Clerk and the Provost and the Mayor heard this, they nudged one another with their elbows and winked with one eye, for they thought that the money was hidden in the bushes for sure and certain.

"See, now," said the Clerk to the others, "just you stay here while I go and see whether there really is a pit, as he said." For he thought to himself that he would just go and get a pocketful of the money before it would be share and share with his comrades. So into the thicket he jumped, and—plump!—he fell into the great deep pit, and there was an end of Number One.

By-and-by the others grew tired of tarrying. "I'll just go and see what he is waiting for," says the Provost; for he thought to himself, "He is filling his pockets, and I might as well have my share." So into the thicket he jumped, and—plump!—he fell into the great deep pit, and there was an end of Number Two.

As for the Mayor, he waited and waited. "See, now," says he, at last, "what a fool am I to sit here twiddling my thumbs, while yonder two rogues are filling their pockets without me! It is little or nothing but the scraps and the bones that I will come in for."

So the upshot of the matter was that he too ran and jumped into the thicket, and heels over head into the great deep pit, and there was an end of Number Three.

## FALSE WITNESS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROSE HOUSE," "JESSE OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AMBITION.

ON her return home Fanny Pierson had given her mother and Louise her own version of the new pupil's appearance, and had expressed her opinion that there was "something" concealed in her history or the reason for her entering the school. She admitted that in the short conversation she had had with Agnes Leigh, nothing very trustworthy had been said. The girl seemed, indeed, to have nothing especial to say about herself. She had questioned Fanny about the studies of the class, and had spoken of her music as being what she chiefly desired to improve. A day or two later it was learned that she was

taking lessons on the violin of old Herr Hofmeister, and it was reported among the girls that she played remarkably well.

Fanny had discovered that Mrs. Jones, their opposite neighbor, knew no more of Agnes Leigh than that she had come to her, recommended by a former boarder, all alone; but then the good woman admitted her friend Mrs. Robertson had written her that she hoped Mrs. Jones would look after the child as though she were her mother.

All of this, you may think, was slight enough material to build up a story which would create a feeling against the new pupil at Miss Leroy's school; but there is nothing so powerful as prejudice. Belinda Myers was one of those girls of weak enough mind to be glad of any position in which they can seem important or conspicuous, and as Fanny's ally in ridiculing or disapproving of Agnes Leigh she had a sort of reflected glory. Fanny having at once asserted that she for one would not accept Agnes on the ordinary terms of school-girl comradeship, felt compelled to prove her case.

Miss Leroy herself had accepted Mrs. Robertson's recommendation of Agnes as a pupil, and asked nothing further; the girl was quick, studious, and well-mannered. With the smaller feuds among her girls Miss Leroy never troubled herself; indeed, it was said in Halcom that the good lady was too unobservant of such matters, since, provided her scholars did her credit in a general way, she troubled herself but slightly about any personal considerations which entered into their daily lives, and Miss Jane was always snubbed by the elder sister when she attempted too decided an interference on behalf of any girl.

As is the case in many country towns, Halcom contained a "set" of youthful society, girls and boys of Fanny Pierson's age, who had various small clubs and societies, and were, if not always included among the elders at tea parties, etc., frequently invited to certain houses when charity organizations were on foot. Fanny looked forward to a day when her good looks and perhaps her own special brilliancy would make her a sought-after guest among that set of people known in Halcom as the "best," and where, it must be confessed, the young girl never felt quite sure of her own powers to please. The afternoon when we found her finishing her red velvet toque was a very pleasant one for the Pierson household: Fanny had received an invitation to tea that evening at Dr. Clinton's, and as she stood before the mirror in the room she shared with Louise, putting the finishing touches to a very elaborate costume, she rattled on to her younger sister, promising her a treat when she returned.

"Kate Lewis is sure to be there in her eternal brown silk," she said; "and I know just how she will sing! Oh, if only Guy Mostyn were there to have some fun with!"

"Well, he won't be," said Louise; "for he never goes out nowadays, even when he comes up to Brier Lawn. I wonder why it is. Do try to find it out to-night, Fanny, when his aunt is expected home."

"I hope she will stay in Europe all winter," said Fanny, for Mrs. Mostyn was Fanny's one dread—the *grande dame* of Halcom was this elderly widow lady, whose beautiful, luxurious home on The Avenue had been closed this year longer than usual. In spite of Fanny's fear of Mrs. Mostyn's criticism or disapproval of herself, she could not but long for an acquaintance which would put her on an intimate footing in the well-known mansion, and often, when passing and repassing the beautiful iron gateway she had looked up the garden paths to the wide threshold of the gray stone house, wondering if the day would ever come when she would really be received there as an invited guest. Well enough Fanny knew how kind and loving the tall, dark-eyed lady could be, and something in the foolish, flippant nature of the girl told her that such affection would be hard to win. No,

she would say to herself, she knew she was not Mrs. Mostyn's "kind." But Guy—the lad of sixteen, who, of all Mrs. Mostyn's nephews, was the only one left to comfort her in life—Guy was a different person. He was a gay, good-humored boy, fond of anything like fun, and whatever his private opinion of Miss Fanny Pierson might be, he always enjoyed an hour's talk with her, and encouraged her wildest sallies of sarcasm and ridicule of others.

## CHAPTER IV.

## SOWING THE SEED.

DR. CLINTON'S house was a very pleasant one, two or three blocks distant from the street in which Mrs. Pierson and her daughters lived. Fanny always enjoyed going there. On this occasion she found the room full of young people, most of whom she knew, and with whom she chatted with eager familiarity while wraps were laid aside and loose locks of hair and ribbons and laces set straight. The toque had been worn, and on being laid aside in a conspicuous place occasioned a chorus of admiration.

"Yes," Fanny admitted, standing before the long pier-glass, "I think it is pretty; but red is such an awfully trying color. But the worst of those things is the way they so soon become common."

Suddenly Fanny became conscious of another reflection near her own. A slim little figure in a plain dress of dark green serge, with only a gold chain for ornament, and some carefully mended and very fine old lace in neck and sleeves. Fanny stared in surprise. Could it be? Yes, it certainly was Agnes Leigh, and in one of her school dresses, but without the little old-fashioned gray felt bonnet which Louise had called motherly, and Fanny had ridiculed as an old poke.

Fanny flashed around a quick look at her as she acknowledged her salutation with a careless nod—a look curious, eager, intrusive, all at once—and somehow Agnes Leigh's return glances made Fanny feel her own cheeks burn.

"I beg your pardon," Agnes said, pleasantly, as she moved into Fanny's recent place at the glass, and quietly—a very little anxiously, perhaps—scanned her own reflection, while Fanny, wondering how she had come to be invited, joined the group going down the stairs.

"What are we expected to do?" she said to Josephine Phillips, one of her chosen friends. "Of course Mrs. Clinton has not asked us here for nothing."

"I think Dr. Clinton is going to tell us about the new hospital," Josephine answered. "At all events, I know that Mrs. Clinton said something to mother about it. But there will be some music."

"Oh! indeed." Fanny pursed her lips together significantly. "Then that accounts for it, I suppose. I wondered why that Leigh girl had been invited."

All unconscious that the Leigh girl was behind them, Fanny swept down the last steps of the staircase, and giving her dress a few little pulls and shakes, made her way into the front parlor.

Agnes had caught the tone more than the words. She stood still a moment on the staircase, clasping the balustrade suddenly with her hand. What did it mean? Why should her invitation have to be accounted for? It had seemed quite natural to her when old Mr. Hofmeister had told her that Mrs. Clinton wished to hear her play, and to have her spend that evening at the Doctor's house.

Everything in her young life, even the hardships she had encountered, had seemed to come so quietly, that she had never learned to suspect people's motives. But Fanny's tone, the laugh which had accompanied her words, were unmistakable, and Agnes hardly knew what might follow. From the stairway she could see the bright, well-filled rooms: Dr. Clinton's portly figure just by the centre table; Mrs. Clinton, kindly and attentive, moving from one to another of her young guests, who looked smiling

and well cared for. All evidently felt themselves at home, while she was fairly bewildered, and as she made her way to the parlor door and stood still an instant, seeking for a familiar or a kindly face, it was hard to keep the tears from her eyes.

Tea was over, some games had been played in the parlor; then, while sitting by two of her most admiring friends, Fanny suddenly thought of Agnes, and looked quickly about, wondering where she was. The long rooms were well filled; at the further end of this one she saw Agnes Leigh and Mrs. Clinton speaking together. A moment later the young girl had risen and taken her place at the piano, where an old gentleman was waiting for her. Presently a violin case appeared and a violin, and Fanny saw that the young girl was about to play upon it.

The music began. The gentleman at the piano accompanied Agnes Leigh, and every voice was silenced as the beautiful strains of one of Raff's cavatinas floated upon the air. The simple, almost childish, little figure in the homely green serge dress was the centre of respectful attention. Never had Fanny heard anything like that music, yet all that occupied her mind was the singularity of a "girl's playing the fiddle," as she expressed it to her neighbor. When the music ended, there was a rapid murmur of applause, and several people began talking of the young stranger. In Fanny's party was Kate Lewis, who was an acknowledged favorite, and when she began to talk of this Agnes Leigh, every one listened.

"She comes from somewhere near Boston," said Kate, "and is taking lessons of this old Mr. Hofmeister. It is queer that she should board alone, but then, I suppose, she can't help it. She wants to get some children as pupils. Think of a girl of fifteen trying to do such a thing!"

And here was Fanny's opportunity. What she said could not have been recalled five minutes later in actual words, but she contrived to give her companion an impression that there was something hidden or "sly" in the life of the young stranger. Perhaps if Fanny Pierson had known how all-important tones, gestures, and half-veiled suggestions can be, she would have been silent; but her tongue rattled on heedlessly.

A little later Kate Lewis was saying to her mother: "Mamma, I wish that Agnes Leigh was not a queer kind of girl. Fanny Pierson says that there is some curious secret in her life."

And Mrs. Lewis, who was one of the best of women, but foolishly afraid of her daughter's knowing any but the "right kind of people," said, quickly: "Well, my dear, it's well to know it in time if she isn't the proper sort of person to teach Freddie."

"Oh, perhaps—" Kate was beginning, a little dismayed at the quick effect of her words, but Mrs. Lewis added, "My dear Kitty, we can't be too careful!" and when the minister's wife came up to discuss Agnes Leigh's music, a cold look had settled upon Mrs. Lewis's face, and, without actual words, a strange impression was conveyed, which dampened the ardor of little Mrs. Bland, who had settled in Halcott too recently to feel entirely at home among her husband's parishioners.

As for the innocent cause of these feelings, she sat somewhat apart after her beautiful music, but very well contented with her evening. When Dr. Clinton came up to thank her and talk to her, the girlish face brightened, and she looked up at the kind old gentleman with a glance in which was so much sweetness and simplicity, and such a curious something in the eyes, that the good Doctor felt a little spasm cross his heart and send a queer feeling to his throat. If his girl had lived, she would have been just this one's age, and would have looked like her, too. The same quiet, trustful, innocent young face, with that power in it which came from lessons patiently learned within.

"You play as if you loved it, my dear," said the old Doctor, sitting down by Agnes and smiling half sadly.





"THE GENTLEMAN AT THE PIANO ACCOMPANIED AGNES LEIGH."

"Love it! Yes, indeed, sir!" she said, earnestly. "I have always loved it. It was my father's wish that I should do something good with my music."

"And where is your father, my dear?" the Doctor asked.

A faint blush came into the girl's face. "Near Boston, sir," she answered, in a low tone.

"Ah! And you have come here to school, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer, more readily given. "I used to know people here; at least when I came, there seemed to be an opening—I mean for pupils."

"Oh, you'll get them, no doubt," said the good Doctor, cheerfully. "You must only have a little patience."

Poor little Agnes! After the Doctor left her she had old Mr. Hofmeister to talk to for a few moments, and then she sat still in her corner of the sofa feeling quiet and tranquilly happy, planning a golden future of work and honestly earned money, and then—Agnes felt her cheeks flush and her heart beat as she thought of the end and aim of all this, and had no suspicion that Fanny Pierson from the other side of the room was watching her with profound curiosity, had noted the quick color in her cheeks, the misty look in her eyes, and ascribed them to affectation or pride in her musical triumphs.

"Don't you hate to see a girl so set up?" Fanny remarked to Dick Clinton.

"I didn't suppose a girl could play the violin so well," he replied, coldly; and to Fanny's surprise, with a hurried word of excuse, the lad strode across the room, and in a few moments he and Agnes were chatting pleasantly over her beloved instrument.

"I wish you could hear Guy Mostyn play!" young Clinton said, eagerly. "He has a real genius for music."

Agnes looked delighted. "Oh, I know," she began. And added, "I am so sorry his aunt is away!"

But, indeed, as the young girl might have told him, many such things had been a disappointment since her coming to Halcom, bravely borne because of those at home whom she wished to spare pain. She might have gone on to speak of how her courage had failed when day after day had come and no answer to the letter forwarded to Mrs. Mostyn. How long ago it did seem since the winter morning, when, on calling at Brier Lawn, she was told that Mrs. Mostyn had just sailed for Europe. Guy was standing in the hall at the time, and had volunteered to forward the letter Agnes had brought directly to his aunt, adding, in his cheerful voice, "You are sure to have an answer in a few weeks." But so far none had come, and the young girl was beginning to feel that chill of disappointment which long-deferred hope so surely brings.

"I believe you are going to teach, yourself, are you not?" said honest young Dick, who thought it a very plucky thing in the fifteen-year-old school-girl.

"Yes," she answered; "if I can get the pupils. I thought I might find some small ones, you know—children who would like to learn."

All of this was very interesting to Dick, who shared his friend Mostyn's enthusiasm for music. So it was rather dampening when, the next morning, on his beginning to talk of Agnes Leigh and her violin playing, his mother said, quietly: "I am not so sure, after all, that we did right in inviting that girl here. It seems, from what Mrs. Lewis tells me, no one really knows anything about her. As Mrs. Lewis says, we cannot be too careful with whom our young people associate."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

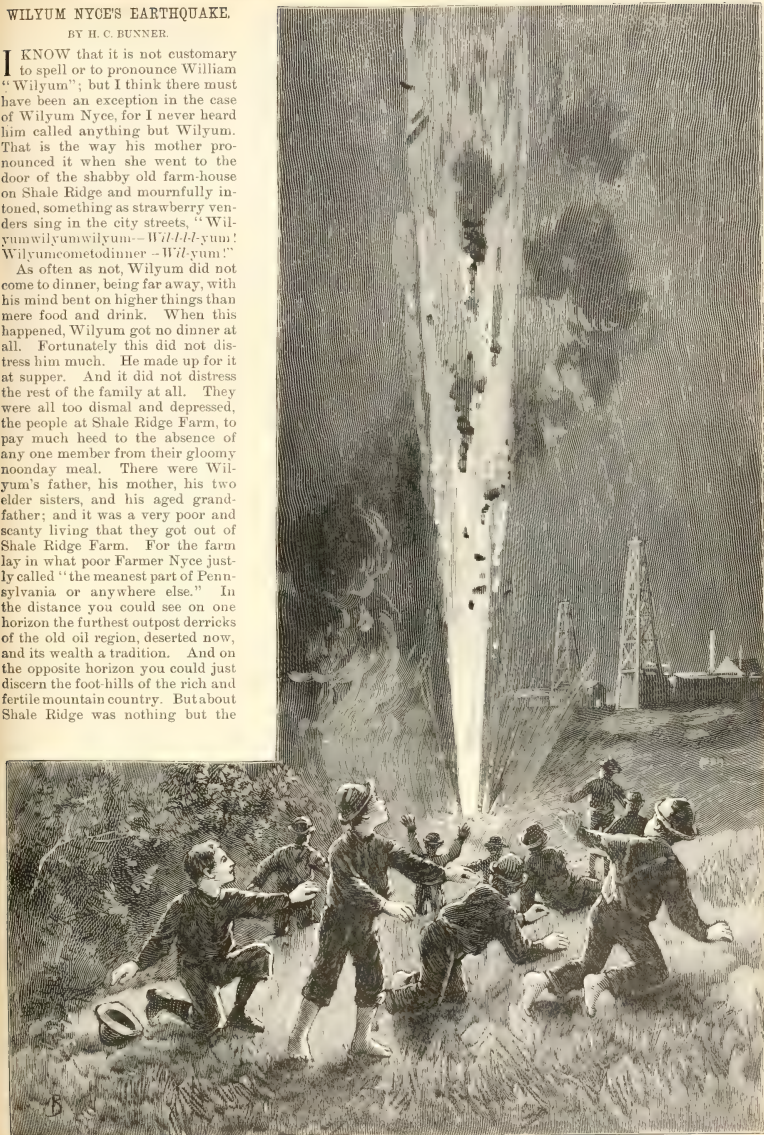


## WILYUM NYCE'S EARTHQUAKE.

BY H. C. BUNNER.

I KNOW that it is not customary to spell or to pronounce William "Wilyum"; but I think there must have been an exception in the case of Wilyum Nyce, for I never heard him called anything but Wilyum. That is the way his mother pronounced it when she went to the door of the shabby old farm-house on Shale Ridge and mournfully intoned, something as strawberry venders sing in the city streets, "Wilyumwilyumwilyum—Willyum! Wilyumcometodinner—Willyum!"

As often as not, Wilyum did not come to dinner, being far away, with his mind bent on higher things than mere food and drink. When this happened, Wilyum got no dinner at all. Fortunately this did not distress him much. He made up for it at supper. And it did not distress the rest of the family at all. They were all too dismal and depressed, the people at Shale Ridge Farm, to pay much heed to the absence of any one member from their gloomy noonday meal. There were Wilyum's father, his mother, his two elder sisters, and his aged grandfather; and it was a very poor and scanty living that they got out of Shale Ridge Farm. For the farm lay in what poor Farmer Nyce justly called "the meanest part of Pennsylvania or anywhere else." In the distance you could see on one horizon the furthest outpost derricks of the old oil region, deserted now, and its wealth a tradition. And on the opposite horizon you could just discern the foot-hills of the rich and fertile mountain country. But about Shale Ridge was nothing but the



loose, slaty stone which gave the place its name, broad stretches of sand, and patches of low, scrubby woods. Mr. Nyce had the poorest farm in all the region. He could hardly make a living out of it and pay his taxes. He raised a little buckwheat, a little corn, and a few vegetables. He had two thin and weak cows, some thin and muscular chickens, and a herd of razor-backed swine. The swine were the only things on the place that flourished. They took care of themselves. Nobody knew what they ate. Perhaps they liked shale.

Although Wilyum was thirteen years old, he did not greatly help his father on the farm. He was not needed, however. There was not even enough for Mr. Nyce to do, so little could be got out of that barren land. And Wilyum was not by any means a practical person. The other members of the family had no more imagination or originality than so many wet dish rags; but Wilyum's head was full of the crotchets of genius. When he was not hunting for robbers' caves or Captain Kidd's treasure, he was trying to make the cat hatch out a "set" of robins' eggs. His poor father said of him once, kindly but despondingly, "I know what's goin' to come of that boy: some day he's goin' to invent perpetul motion, and then they'll put him in the ijot asylum and bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

But although the rest of the community agreed that Wilyum was not worth "shucks," the boys worshipped him. He was a born leader, and they looked up to him. He made himself a cross-bow, after a picture in a school-book, and with his cross-bow he shot three squirrels and cut a gash in Jimmy Brink's scalp. This little accident did not lessen his popularity, for he himself sowed up the wound—it was a small one—and for some time thereafter it afforded great amusement to the rest of the boys to pick the basting threads out of Jimmy's head. Young Brink, being a humble and grateful boy, felt repaid for the annoyance by the conspicuousness and importance of his position.

It was in vain that Mr. Nyce endeavored to win his son to more serious occupations. The old man had had a proud ambition for Wilyum. He had hoped that some day Wilyum would go to Reading, like Bart Nobles's eldest boy, become a clerk in a grocery store, and send home two hundred dollars a year to his aged parents. But this wild dream seemed unlikely to come true. Wilyum grew flightier and flightier every day, and devoted himself more and more to the boys.

It was on a day in May some twenty years ago—for, you see, it is an old story that I am telling you—that Wilyum Nyce conceived the plan whose performance led him to sever his connection with Shale Ridge. Wilyum had been inactive for some time, and he felt that he must do something to assert his supremacy as a leader. He summoned the twelve boys who delighted to hail him as chief, led them to his latest discovery in the way of a robbers' cave, supplied them with birch twigs to chew, and made a speech. Wilyum was oratorical when he felt important.

"Fellows," he said, "we have never celebrated Fourtherjuly right. Gettin' up in the mornin' and buildin' bonfires is no good nowadays. We want to do sumpin new. Now I've got a resolution to propose. I resolution that we celebrate next Fourtherjuly by an earthquake."

"An earthquake!" cried the boys, derisively.

"Yes, an earthquake," repeated Wilyum, undismayed.

"Where are you going to get your earthquake?" asked Johnny Otis.

"Goin' to make it," answered the undaunted Wilyum.

"G'way!" shrieked the boys, in chorus.

But Wilyum would not go away. He proceeded with his discourse, and unfolded a plan so simple that even

the least scientific of his hearers could see that it was practicable. He proposed to dig a hole one hundred feet deep and as broad as a well, and at the bottom of this hole to place a barrelful of gunpowder. The hole was then to be filled up with wet sand, through which a well-wrapped fuse would establish connection with the powder; and this buried magazine was to be exploded at one minute past twelve on the morning of the Fourth of July. Wilyum reasoned that the explosion would be unable to lift the wet sand, and would expend its force laterally—"sideways all round" was what he said—and would communicate to the crust of the earth a gentle but satisfying thrill, which would be felt, according to his calculations, in Philadelphia, probably in Constantinople, and even possibly in New York.

There had been an earthquake a year before, which had broken three plates in old Mrs. Dimmick's kitchen; and it had struck the boys as being a pleasurable exciting event. The notion of having an earthquake of their own making seemed to them an inspiration of genius. Only Jimmy Brink, who, not being ignorant of suffering, had learned to feel for the woes of others—only Jimmy Brink suggested that there might be danger of shaking down the whole Ridge and hurting somebody. But it was argued in reply that if a real earthquake, which it was well known had gone all around the world, could do no more than break a few stone-china plates and shake old Mrs. Dimmick out of her rocking-chair, it was not likely that a small private earthquake would give anything more than a gentle wobble to the surrounding country.

The motion of Chairman Nyce was put, and was carried without a dissenting voice; and then the congress excitedly resolved itself into a committee of ways and means. It was determined to form gangs of three and four to do the digging in leisure hours, and it was unanimously resolved that every boy should give every cent he could get during the next two months to the purchase of powder, even to the point of giving up the circus, which was due in June. You see, they were in earnest.

The job of digging a hole one hundred feet deep did not frighten them at all. If Wilyum had proposed to them to excavate a thousand-foot shaft they would have taken the contract with the utmost confidence. But the getting gunpowder was a more difficult matter. It was not, however, impossible. Everybody in the region was a sportsman, after some fashion. As soon as a boy was big enough to shoulder his father's heavy old-fashioned muzzle-loading shot-gun, he tramped off into the woods squirrel-shooting. Every house had its stock of ammunition; and, as some of the bolder spirits suggested, so good a cause might justify a boy in drawing on the family magazine to any extent that would not excite comment. Then there was gunpowder, of a poor quality, to be bought cheaply at the cross-roads store. And besides all these there was a still more promising source of supply. Sportsmen from Philadelphia and southern Pennsylvania often stopped at the Junction, three miles down the Ridge, on their way home from Pike County, and these good-natured strangers generally had a few ounces of powder left in their flasks, which they were willing to give away to any one bold enough to ask for it.

From the date of the meeting until the end of June there were eleven boys on Shale Ridge who were incessantly and mysteriously busy when they ought to have been idle. They disappeared from the sight of man, and nobody even suspected that they went to a deep-sunken hollow in one corner of the Nyce farm—a place far below the level of the surrounding country, thickly covered with low woods, and far out of sight or hearing of the fields where their seniors were working. But that first week in May four farmers on the Ridge earnestly but vainly inquired after four missing spades.

Of course Wilyum met with some discouragements in his great task. The impossibility of digging a hundred-foot hole soon became clear even to his sanguine mind, and he compromised on fifty, and then on thirty. The boys got tired more than once, and became as mutinous and skeptical as the sailors of Columbus. It needed all his generalship to keep them in order. And in June Phil Dimmick broke the solemn compact, and spent twenty-five cents to go to the circus. For this he was promptly expelled by the United Order of Earthquakers, and had to buy his way back with seven pounds of powder. I should state that it was the sense of the meeting that it would have been indelicate to ask Mr. Dimmick where he got the powder; and if his relations with his father were strained for some days afterward, no one was inconsiderate enough to comment on the fact. It is very probable, however, that Master Dimmick had good reason to regret that he had ever doubted the success of Wilyum Nyce's great undertaking.

In the end pluck, perseverance, and Wilyum Nyce carried the work through, and on the 3d of July, which happened to fall upon a Saturday, eleven highly excited boys gathered around the mouth of a pit nearly thirty feet deep, and wide enough at the bottom to hold the carefully calked and tarred flour barrel which they lowered into it. In the barrel they put forty-nine pounds of gunpowder. There were just forty-nine pounds less half an ounce, for they measured it laboriously by means of a six-ounce powder-horn. Wilyum drew up a memorandum showing the amount of each individual contribution. This is the memorandum:

|                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| W. Nyce         | 16 pounds      |
| Sam Burgess     | 5              |
| Jimmy Brink     | 3              |
| Jimmy Otis      | 7              |
| Frank Robles    | 5              |
| Phil Dimmick    | 6              |
| Pete Smith      | 2              |
| Rube J. Jackson | 2              |
| Sam Katz        | 1 and 10ms     |
| Artie p. Ritter | 2              |
|                 | 49 and 1/2 lbs |

Having a taste for statistics, Wilyum added to this a further analysis as follows:

|        |                        |
|--------|------------------------|
| bort   | 17 pounds              |
| barrel | 10 pounds 4 ounces     |
| given  | 8 pounds               |
| found  | 15 pounds 8 1/2 ounces |

I do not know where they "found" it. But then why should I?

When the powder had been carefully laid in the barrel, it was covered up, all except one small opening, where the end of the fuse was fastened. The fuse was made of rags wrapped about a core of powder, like the "tail" of a fire-cracker. The boys had found two worn-out cucumber-wood pump shafts, and had spliced them together "end on," and this tube two of them held upright with the fuse stretched through it, while the others shovelled

the excavated dirt back into the hole, and packed it down.

They had plenty of time, for it was a Saturday. The Fourth falling on Sunday, of course the holiday was changed to the fifth.

But that Sunday was a hard period of inactivity for General Wilyum and his aids. They wandered restlessly and nervously about, meeting by twos and threes in out-of-the-way places, and trying to look as if nothing was going on. This ought to have awakened the suspicions of the community, but it was a sleepy community, and it did not notice the boys.

At two minutes before twelve that night ten very uneasy boys stood at the end of the long fuse that stretched over a hundred yards of carefully cleared ground to the mouth of the buried pump shaft. There were only ten of them, for Jimmy Brink had been overcome with fear at the last moment, and could not be aroused by any amount of gravel thrown against his window-panes. So with chattering teeth they had voted him a coward and a traitor, and had left him to inglorious loneliness.

In the deep silence of the summer night they could almost hear their hearts beat. Their mouths were dry, and each boy felt as though he had a large cold empty space inside of his small body. Wilyum held a lighted match in the hollow of his hands. At last the church clock at the Junction sent the first note of twelve on the air, and with it came the dull report of the old howitzer with which the Junction Sons of Liberty saluted the new year of Independence.

Wilyum bent and touched the match to the fuse. The boys started as the quick flash lit up their faces. They saw the first yard of the fuse go in a breath, and then they turned and made one wild, panting, choking rush for the hill. It was a mad scramble, and when they dropped on the damp grass, two hundred yards higher up, their hearts thumping and jumping, and turned their white faces toward the hollow, they saw the tail of the fiery snake disappearing in the mouth of the shaft. There was a horrible long half second; then came, all together, a little shiver of the earth, a heavy boom, like a "plunk" on a gigantic bass-drum, and a spout of dirt and barrel staves above the bushes. And then—a crash, an awful tremor of the earth, a terrible long drawn roar and rush, like a thousand peals of thunder, and something burst from the pit, and flew hundreds of feet into the air, and staid there, roaring and thundering, a great wavering column that flashed in the moonlight.

An hour later Farmer Nyce, guided by Jimmy Brink, found ten sick, trembling, frightened boys lying on the wet hill-side.

"Who done it?" he asked.

Wilyum crawled up, and grasped his father's leg.

"It was me, pop," he said; "but I didn't mean to. Can't you stop it? I don't care how much you lick me, if you'll only stop it."

"I ain't goin' to lick you, Wilyum," said Mr. Nyce; "and I ain't goin' to stop it, neither."

"Is it an earthquake, pop?" gasped Wilyum. "Shall we all be killed?"

"It's ile," said Mr. Nyce—"it's ile you've struck, and your old pop's a rich man; and I guess you can have your own grocery store down to Reading."

He did better than that. Wilyum lives in New York to-day. Since his father's death, five years ago, he has been president of the International, Occidental, and Shale Ridge Petroleum Company. I meet him sometimes on the street, and he always speaks kindly to me, although he is a very rich and influential citizen. And I always say, very respectfully, "Good-morning, Mr. Nyce." But I am sure that up in his handsome house on Madison Avenue his wife calls him Wilyum.



## HUMMING-BIRDS AND OTHERS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

OUR pretty little humming birds are universally admired for their small size, as well as for the metallic lustre of their plumage. Their throats are especially brilliant, and are often adorned with a variety of beautiful colors. The bills of these birds are always long and slender, but it has been observed that they are either straight or curved, according to the shape of the flowers they frequent.

These active little birds visit the flowers not so much to obtain honey as to capture the insects that have been attracted there by the sweet juices. The tongue, however, contains two hollow tubes, and it is divided at the end, thus serving the double purpose of catching insects and of sucking the juices from flowers.

The humming sound which accompanies the flight of these birds, and from which they take their name, is produced by the exceeding rapid motion of their wings. They seldom alight when taking their food. By beating the air they hover before the flowers long enough to secure the feast; then they dart so suddenly from one blossom to another that we are scarcely able to catch more than a glimpse of the glitter and sparkle of their bright colors.

Humming-birds live in pairs, and the male defends his little family with much spirit. Indeed, the female herself is not wanting in courage, and is slow to abandon her nest even after it has been torn down. A brave little humming-bird once won the admiration of her observers by sticking to her nest and raising her brood after the branch on which the nest was situated had been cut from the tree. As soon as it was discovered, the branch was immediately tacked up on a

fence near by, and fortunately the birds did not allow their domestic arrangements to be interrupted by the accident.

These birds sometimes return to the same tree for several seasons in succession, and the young birds appear to stay with their parents until the fall, when they all go south together.

The cup-shaped nest of our common humming-bird (the ruby-throat) is a tiny affair, made of soft down taken from the stems of ferns. It is then covered with mosses and lichens so closely resembling the branch on which it is placed that it is extremely difficult to find the nest.

In many cases of discovering these nests the birds have betrayed their own secret by their suspicious activity. In one instance that came to our notice the birds made frequent visits to a black-berry bush, where they collected cobwebs and carried them to a certain spot on the branch of a tall tree. Curiosity was excited by their movements, and on examining the spot, after some time had been allowed to pass, a beautifully finished nest was found, containing two white eggs scarcely larger than peas.

Bobolinks arrive in New England early in the spring, and sing very sweetly for a few weeks. They are mostly seen perched on twigs or spears of grass in the meadow, pouring out a flood of melody as they tilt up and down on their slender supports. Their nest is generally placed near by, at the root of



RUBY-THROAT AND NEST.

At this season the male is dressed in a mottled coat of black and white, while the female is of a yellowish-brown. Later in summer the male assumes the quiet garb of his mate, and they set off toward the south in search of good things to eat. They find attractive feeding grounds among the reeds and marshes of the Delaware River, and they





PRINCESS HELLNA'S COQUETTE.

grow fat upon the seeds which are so abundant at this season. They are now called reed-birds in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and being considered a great delicacy, they are shot in large numbers to supply the tables of the luxurious. Those that escape the gun of the sportsman next visit the rice swamps of Carolina, where they feast greedily upon grains of rice, and pass by the name of rice-birds.

The character of the bobolink undergoes a complete change during this time. In spring the bird is very musical; it seems to know that it has come among friends, and it becomes tame and familiar. But after starting on its southern journeys, it loses its refined and musical taste, grows silent and shy, and gives itself up to the pleasures of appetite. Thus the bobolink in its extended migrations, which are supposed to reach from Labrador to Patagonia, plays the part of three birds, differing in character as well as in appearance.

Swallows are excellent fliers, since their long pointed wings and forked tails are both favorable to great speed. It is estimated that these birds fly from sixty to ninety miles an hour. They delight in places where insects abound, and here they are seen during twilight flying in large circles. All swallows have a sticky, glue-like saliva, which serves them a good purpose in nest-building.

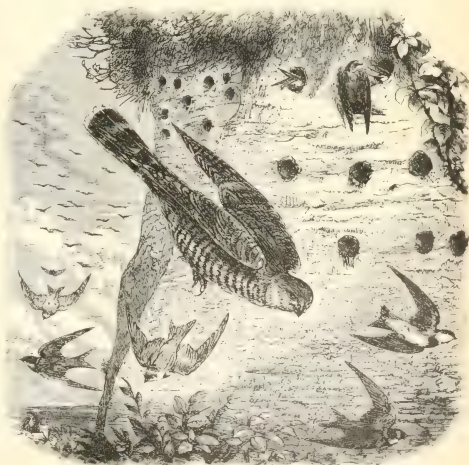
The edible birds' nests so popular among the Chinese are built by a species of swallow. These nests are made of a certain kind of sea-weed which when boiled yields

a good quality of glue. The birds first swallow the seaweed, then deposit the softened material from their mouths in layers around the edge of the nest, and the whole hardens on exposure to the air. So the birds' nests are in reality a fine gelatine. These nests are glued upon rocky cliffs and inside of deep caverns on the sea-shore, where they are gathered with great difficulty and danger.



NEST OF EDIBLE SWALLOW.

Bank swallows, when seen at all, are found in large companies. They dig holes for their nests in perpendicular bluffs of fine sand near some sheet of water. These holes extend into the bank for two or three feet, and at the farthest extremity is placed a loose nest of hay jauntily lined with a few short goose feathers, stood upright. The holes are placed so close together in the bank that it would seem almost impossible for each bird to know its own; still they return to their respective nests with unerring precision.



HOME OF THE BANK SWALLOW.



# Twelve O'clock.

The Dial marks the hour of Noon;  
The Men will come to Dinner soon,  
And Gretchen takes the Beer-Mugs down  
Into the Cellar, cool and brown.

The Bread is cut, the Soup is hot,  
The Cabbage simmers in the Pot;  
The Mistress scolds a clumsy Maid,  
And Towzer dozes in the Shade.

K.P.



## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

LETTER FROM TEXAS, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am an American girl. I came out here six months ago with papa, mamma, my brother, and a young lady. This is a very funny place. The houses do not have glass windows, but inside blinds and outside shutters. They do not plaster themselves; they make the walls and ceilings of wood. Even the kitchens are not in the houses, but in separate buildings out-of-doors. They are very small and hot. Across one end is a brick wall, in which are six or seven little holes in which to burn charcoal; they cook over those holes. I wish you could see the way the washing is done. A woman will go and sit on the edge of a stream, dip some clothes in the water, take them out and soap them, then lay them on a flat stone, and pound them with small stones of a wooden paddle. Out in front of our place is a large open field, the "Champ de Mars," and the first Sunday morning of every month the Haytien soldiers have a dress parade there. It is very funny, for some of the soldiers have no cap, others no coat, or shoes, or gun; they do not stand up straight, and instead of being placed with the tallest soldier at the head and so on down, sometimes there will be a very tall one, then a very short one, then one of medium height, then perhaps a short one, and so on. The President of Hayti rides around, to the beating of drums, and salutes the soldiers. The markets, too, are queer. They are large squares of ground all covered with little huts, in these huts the Haytiens, women sit and sell meat, vegetables, fruit, and so forth. All around the edges sit women selling sandals and taffie, native taffie. I could tell you a great deal more about Hayti, but I am afraid my letter is too long already.

BESSIE C.

A descriptive letter is very seldom too long. We like to visit strange places with our young friends and Bessie might have written as much again had she wished to do so.

NEW MIDDLETON, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a young boy, only, as I have the misfortune of being a boy, I don't suppose it is very much to be envied. I have been to school much, so I don't know as much about boys' games and ways as I do about girls'. My twin sister Daisy and I are just exactly alike, and but for the difference in our dress even the boys folk could not tell us apart. Our mother is very delicate, and has been staying in India-na for a year, and we have seen her but once, with an aunt. We have so much fun! Daisy played with dolls until this spring; then we went

here, very nice for a bicycle, and we have a long veranda, which does finely for our roller-skating. We have a lovely shady place for our hammocks, and a croquet set. I take lessons on the piano with Daisy, and we play the French harp together. Daisy can play as well as a boy. Your friend,  
DAVE S. J.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I thought maybe you would like to have some fern and "everlasting" from this sweet country place. I got it from a very nice man on a hill-side near the station. You may imagine what a sweet, cool, delightful place it was, with the music of the water running over pretty stones. Dave has written a very long letter, so I am afraid you will get tired of so much from one house.  
Lovingly,  
DAISYANNA.

WINDSOR, NEW YORK.

It has been some time since I have written to my favorite paper. I am going to school at the academy. I am in the highest room, but in the second class; we have only two classes in a room. After the close of school on the 15th of June, I expect to have some fun. Will some one be kind enough to suggest some amusements for the summer? I have heard of some amusements, but they are really too familiar and common to me. I have seen you could see the pretty flowers that we have in our little Southern town. To-day I gathered some of the most beautiful flowers I have ever seen this year; I wish I could send some of them to the Postmistress. We have four birds' nests in our yard; the little birds look so cute! For the last two months I have been taking dancing lessons, and I cannot tell how much I have enjoyed them.  
HANNABH H.

If any reader can think of some novel play or picture for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, the POSTMISTRESS will very cheerfully insert the letter describing the play or picture, and the writer will receive a very merry spirit, and health, even old amusements are not to be despised.

HENRIETTA, NEW YORK.

I am always eager for Tuesday to come, for on that day I get HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am a girl of fifteen, but every one says I am older, and I say I am. I like to read, and I like to write, and I like to see the new things that come out. I do adore that, but have no taste for embroidery or painting. I have been taking dancing lessons, and I cannot tell how much I have enjoyed them. I am always fond of reading, and spend every rainy day curled up in an easy-chair, and reading a book. My favorite authors are Sir Walter Scott, and the Brontës. I am a P. Roe, Jane Porter, Miss Alcott, and Wilkie

Collins. I have read some of Mrs. H. B. Stowe's books, which I liked very much. I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box very much, but I wish the older girls would write more. I would like so much to make the acquaintance of a girl of my age and tastes, living abroad (England or France preferred), that we might correspond for our mutual pleasure.  
MILDEED E. HARCOURT.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I have long wanted to write to this dear paper, but have put it off until now. When I was about five years old, I wrote a letter to you, but I do not remember whether it was printed. Sometime I hope to come over to New York and see you. In our vacation, in April, I went to spend a short time among the mountains. Part of Pottsville is on the mountains and part in the valley. I had a very nice time. I have the dearest little canary, and he has been with me for years old, and he is as gay as a lark. My sister has taught him to lie down on his back in her hand, and he looks exactly as if he were dead. He eats sugar from our lips, and kisses us, and is not afraid of anybody. He scolds, too. We did have a beautiful Maltese cat, but he was either poisoned or stolen, and we have lost him. Who ever did it, I think he was a very clever fellow. I was six years old, and am in the Third Grade in the Grammar School. If nothing prevents, I expect to go to the White Mountain Mammoth and the country place, and to Camden this summer. I have a darling little nephew, who will be three years old to-morrow. My brother Will is an electrician, and we have quite a number of electrical things in our house. The door-bell rings by electricity; all the gas is lit by electricity; the dinner bell is a drum, hung up in the upper hall, and is beaten by electricity; etc. May 1. H.

RANCHO CUTE, SAN JOSE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

I have been thinking for some time of sending you a letter, but I cannot write yet, so I have to ask some one to write for me. I am a girl of six years old. I have a little sister seven months old, and her name is Edith. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a long time, and I have all the earlier numbers bound. I like the Jimmy Brown stories best of all. I am very much interested in "Silent Pete." I live on a ranch. I have a collied dog named Flip, a cat, and a Siamese cat named Dot. I have a great many toys, and one Christmas I sent a large box of them to the Flower Mission in San Francisco, for the little boys and girls who have no paper or toys or money to buy them. I like to have read to me the letters in the Post-office Box. I have learned my letters, and am now learning to read. When I can write myself, you shall hear from me. M. B. Goodby.  
WILFRED P.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little girl nearly eleven years old. I go to school, and I will be in the Third Grade next year. I live in San Francisco, but as it is vacation I am in the country. In the place where I am spending my vacation there are horses, cows, sheep, dogs, birds, and chickens. I have a great many flowers of all colors, but there are more of yellow than of any other color. A poet has said that the reason we have so many yellow blossoms in California is because we have so much gold under the earth. When HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was first published, I took it. My grandpapa took HARPER'S MAGAZINE when it was first published, and my mamma took HARPER'S WEEKLY, and so you see we could not get along without Harper & Brothers. Good-by.  
BIBOU S.

MASS., MASSACHUSETTS.

For pets I have a dog and a canary-bird. The dog is a mastiff, and very large; its name is Bob. I do not go to school now, but when I do go, I look very nice. I have a very nice school, and I am home now. We have a splendid school and teacher. I am going out in the country this summer. I have a little sister who is nineteen months old.  
BESSIE A. T.

14 KEENE STREET, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have just to-JOHN B. G.'s letter. I will say that I was told by one of my teachers that I was a very good writer, and the word in our language, and I am glad there are none longer. I should like very much to have some girls of fifteen or over write to me, especially from England.  
ELIZABETH C. BAKER.

MONTICELLO, NEW YORK.

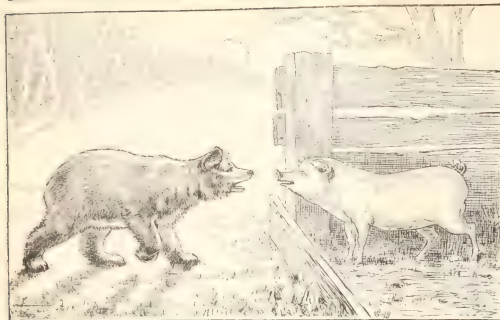
We live on a very pretty farm, and there is a nice little brook running through our yard, and there are apple trees, and the longest the longest with my two sisters one day, but did not catch any. But we expect to go again to-morrow, and I hope we will have better success.  
CLARA B.

BULLA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am the only little girl mamma has, and am ten years of age. I have three pets—a little dog named Don, and two bantams, besides eight dol-







**LITTLE BEAR.** "Well, you are the funniest little fellow I ever saw. I should think you'd take cold."

**LITTLE PIG.** "You are the queerest little pig—if you are a pig—I ever saw. Say, why don't you get shaved?"

### PUZZLES FROM PARIS.

**T**HIS time we shall introduce a new word to our puzzle solvers. Heretofore the names of our puzzles, borrowed from the Greek or Latin, have been the same in French as in English. But unless we use the unsatisfactory term "pun," we have no name for the amusing *jeux de mots*, or play upon words, which the French call

#### "CALEMBOURS"

This is a mistake which I do not think any of our young readers would have made. They are too well acquainted with French history:

(1.)

Un maître d'école dictait à son élève: "Louis XIV., roi de France et de Navarre," etc. L'élève écrit: "Louis XIV., roi de France et de Navarre," etc.

Boys and girls who like to lie abed late in the morning will solve this:

(2.)

"Savez-vous mon ami que mon père m'a donné?" "Quoi?" "Une que j'étais trop jeune."

Think how alarming it would be to meet with such an experience as this:

(3.)

Ce monsieur m'a effrayé, car il entra dans ma chambre sans avoir son nez.

There are a good many ways of becoming rich. This is one that would soon make lion-hunters and the proprietors of menageries *millionnaires*:

(4.)

"Vous savez bien, n'est-ce pas?" dit-il, à M. A. de la B. "vous pouvez compléter votre lion en deux." "Comment cela?" "Vous auriez alors

Here is a new way of getting warm when one has no fuel to burn and no blankets for one's bed:

(5.)

"Si vous voulez avoir chaud en hiver comment ferez-vous?" "Je louerai un appartement avec cinq fenêtres, et je les ouvrirai; j'aurai alors cinq ouvertures."

How pleasant it would be if we could change winter into summer as easily as this!

(6.)

"Que faut-il faire pour changer l'ordre des saisons?" "Il faut donner les *thés d'été* en hiver et par ce moyen on fait de l'hiver le saison d'été."

See how the addition of a single letter changes the following thought:

(7.)

Il ne faut pas avoir peur de son ombre; mais quand on est éterné par l'ennemi on peut bien être épouvanté de son ombre.

The business of a bookseller does not resemble that of a grocer very much, yet the following may be true:

(8.)

"Monsieur, quel est votre état?" "Je vends les livres de théologie. Vous êtes libraire?" "Non; je suis épicier. Je vends des livres de théologie."





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A GREAT BIG FISH!—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

## THE TRAVELLING SHOWMAN'S STORY.

BY DAVID KER.

I REMEMBER well enough when I first took up with a circus, although I was quite a small boy then, and good reason I have to recollect it, too. You see, there was a lot of fever all round the west of England that year, and it was particularly bad in our village. Ever so many folks died, and others got frightened and ran away, and at last there was hardly anybody left.

I also was among those who suffered, for though I did not have the fever myself, my father and mother were both taken with it, and before I realized how ill they were I found myself an orphan. You may guess how I felt—at least, I hope you can't, for I hope you never lost one of your parents, let alone two within a few hours of one another. But, as I was saying, I had hardly got it through my head that I was actually alone in the world, with no one to love and care for me, and was sitting down crying, when I heard a step at the open door.

"Hollo!" cried a strange voice behind me; "what's the matter here?"

In the doorway stood a tall man, with a big stick in his hand, looking in at me in a puzzled kind of way. When he heard what had happened, he seemed quite taken aback, and he came up to me and said,

"My poor boy, you can't stay here all alone. Will you come with me?"

I went with him, not knowing what else to do; and we walked right out of the village to a great wide common, with two or three wagons in the middle of it, and a lot of people sitting round a fire eating their supper. But the thing that took my fancy was a real live elephant, the first I'd ever seen, standing among the wagons as if he were quite at home there. I was so taken up with staring at him that I hardly noticed a thin little man with a rather pleasant face, who came forward to meet the man that was with me. They whispered together for a minute, and then the small man said to me, in a little chirping voice just like a bird's,

"Come and have some supper with us, my boy; you look as if you wanted it."

When I awoke next morning, the people were packing everything into their wagons and harnessing their horses for a start. Presently up came the little man with the jolly face, and told me that he and his brother (the one who had brought me in) were owners of a travelling circus, which went from place to place all round the country, and that if I hadn't any one to take care of me, I'd better just stop with them till something turned up.

It wasn't long before I got to be as much at home with them as if I'd known them all my life; and great fun it was. Now and then, to be sure, we had a hard time of it; for circus travelling isn't quite the paradise that those silly boys think who read about it in penny papers, and run away from home to join 'em—and the more fools they, say I. Many's the time we've dragged along all day through the mud and the rain, and then had to perform at night with hardly anybody there, so that we didn't even earn enough to buy our supper; and then we'd go to bed as tired and hungry as soldiers on a march. Then it was that "Chirpey," as we called the little thin man, showed what he was worth. Just when we were at our very worst, in he'd come with as jolly a face as ever, and say, in his cheery way, "Never mind, boys; we must just take the rough with the smooth."

But in the fine summer weather it was quite a treat to wander among the green lanes with their tall hedge-rows, and the mossy banks covered with wild flowers, and the queer old-fashioned farm-houses, where the creeper twined round the little diamond-paned windows. Then in the evening we would halt our wagons under a big tree on a bit of smooth greensward, and light our fire and cook

our supper; and I used to laugh to see "Hassan the Terrible Turk" washing the black off his face and starting to fry sausages, and "Seraphina the Fairy" throwing aside her shining wings, and stirring the onion soup.

My greatest chum, however, was the big elephant, which drew our largest wagon. I used to bring him nuts and cakes whenever I could, and he soon got to know me so well that I could make him do anything I liked.

Well, it would make too long a story to tell you how, bit by bit, I got to be head man of the company, and how at last the whole thing passed into my hands when Chirpey and his brother grew old and retired from the business. For some time after I took the command we made money fast; and then, all at once, business began to fall off like anything. But I soon found out what was wrong. In the big towns, which we were trying now, the elephant (our great attraction) wasn't such a wonder as among the village folk. Worse still, all his tricks were just what performing elephants always do, and he was getting too old and cross to learn anything fresh.

I was strolling about the outskirts of Stafford one evening, thinking all this over, when suddenly I heard a great shouting and screaming a little way ahead. I ran forward, and found three big fellows pitching into a poor old ducky in a queer outlandish dress, something like our circus Arabs. One whack of my big stick felled one of them flat; but the other two showed fight, and I seemed likely to come off second best, when the coming up of some of my men scared 'em away, and we carried the old Hindoo (as he turned out to be) home with us in triumph.

The elephant was standing by his wagon as we came up, and the minute he caught sight of the Hindoo he threw up his trunk and ran forward, trumpeting like a post-horn, and went round and round him just like a child about its father. The old fellow seemed to know *him* too, and said something in his own lingo, when down popped the beast on its knees, picked him up with its trunk, and put him on its neck.

Then a bright idea struck me. Out I went, and soon had bills all over the town announcing "the great performing elephant, accompanied by the veteran Asiatic hunter whom he had carried so often through the pathless jungles of Bengal," and all that sort of thing; and then I added that he'd pick out the Hindoo, among thousands of people, in any disguise whatever; for, you see, this old chap had had the charge of the beast when it first came over, and it hadn't forgotten him a bit.

Well, that took first rate, and the next night there was as big a crowd as I'd ever had. I rigged up old Ismail as like an Englishman as possible, and put him in a dark corner where his brown face wouldn't show, so that nobody knew whether he was really there or not. Then, when the time came, I brought out the elephant, with a crimson cloth on him, and ever so many bright-colored ribbons about his head, and I whispered to him some gibberish that Ismail had taught me, meaning "Go and find your master."

Away the beast went, right up the passage to the corner where Ismail sat, and touched him with its trunk. Up he jumped, and throwing off his English dress, appeared in full Asiatic rig, with a dagger in his belt, and his turban all asparkle with sham jewelry. The elephant perched him on its neck, and he rode round the ring in such a shouting and cheering as I'd never heard before.

Well, sir, that elephant trick just coined money for us, and we're keeping it up yet. When it's done, we send round the elephant with a hat to collect for his master, and if anybody pretends to put in and don't, it'll shake the hat at him, and give a roar, and set everybody laughing. We're going to have a special performance to-morrow night, and if you've nothing better to do, you might come and look at us, and make a story of it for the papers.



The King. Dr. Foster. Jack-a-Dandy. Chief Cook. The Queen. Dordala. Dorothea. Kitty. 1st Pedler. 2nd Pedler.

#### PROPERTIES

Several tea-bells; money-bags; sixpence; two pedler's baskets with finery; a cap; a ribbon bow; a loaf of bread; large carving-knife; tall step-ladder; jar labelled "Honey"; large cooking spoon; a bag of rye; a medicine vial; a large pill-box; a jar of pickles; large pan covered with brown paper to represent the pie, inside of which are "four-and-twenty blackbirds," made of black cambric, with a few feathers gummed to each (strong black threads attached to the birds and carried over the top of the scenes enable them to "fly away," with the aid of one or two persons behind the scenes, who pull the threads sharply at the proper moment, and who also perform on the bird whistles); a double throne, composed of two arm-chairs elevated on boxes; parlor table; kitchen table and chair; several bird whistles; a handkerchief stained with red ink or beet juice.

#### COSTUMES (Medieval).

For the King and Queen, brilliant crowns; for the Ladies of Honor, small tiaras and veils. The Cooks should wear white aprons and white paper caps. The Court Physician should be dressed entirely in black, and wear owl-eyed spectacles.

#### CHARACTERS

THE KING, who loves his pretty little sixpence.

DOCTOR FOSTER, the Court Physician.

JACK-A-DANDY, a Court Page.

CHIEF COOK.

THE QUEEN, who is fond of "sugar and spice and everything nice."

DOROTHEA, Ladies of Honor.

DORDALA.

KITTY, MISS DISNEY DIDDLEY, the Maid.

FIRST PEDLER.

SECOND PEDLER.

Chorus of COOKS, COURTIERES, etc.

#### OVERTURE.

Anything the pianist pleases to select, interspersed with bells, bird whistles, toy drums, trumpets, tambourines, etc., at the option of the conductor of the orchestra.

#### ACT I.

SCENE 1.—The kitchen. Empty cupboard at back. (C.) The Cooks are discovered all *a-ron*, with a tea or dinner bell in each hand.

#### Chorus.—COOKS.

Air: "Maryland, my Maryland."

VOICES. It is the birthday of our Queen—

BELLS. *Ting-a-ling, a-ling, a-ling*

VOICES. And if the King were not so mean—

BELLS. *Ting-a-ling, a-ling, a-ling*

VOICES. We'd have a jolly holiday.

With little work and lots of play—

But don't you know, the people say— [All whisper.

BELLS. *Ting-a-ling, a-ling, a-ling.*

VOICES. He keeps us on short commons too—

BELLS. *Ting-a-ling, a-ling, a-ling.*

VOICES. Which sort of thing will never do—

BELLS. *Ting-a-ling, a-ling, a-ling.*

VOICES. Although we shirk, we want good pay,

And not to work eight hours a day.

Let's "strike," it is the only way.

BELLS. *Ting-a-ling, a-ling, a-ling.*

[Enter King (L., first E.), with his hands at his ears. He surveys the Chorus with signs of disapproval and expostulation.

#### Recitation.—THE KING.

Why and wherefore sound those bells?

Horrid bells!

Much I fear their din foretells

Something in a sort of chime

I'm forgetting every time.

Horrid sounds! Though in his prime

Once a Poet wrote about 'em;  
Called their jingle Runie Rhyme!  
Faith, I'd gladly do without 'em,  
For their tintinnabulations.  
With their sharps and flats and trills,  
Mean a public free ration—  
For which I must foot the bill.  
Oh, the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Oh, the horror and the "sorra" of the bills!

#### RECITATIVE, DUET, AND CHORUS. (Airs from "Pinafore.")

##### RECITATIVE.—"Hail, Men-o'-war's men."

KING. Ha! cooks and scullions, wherefore this commotion?  
To give the Queen a feast I have a notion.  
It costs so much! Oh, would her *début* here  
Were February twenty-nine—leap-year!

##### Duet.

Air: "I'm called Little Buttercup."

KING (examining cupboard, etc.).

Now, what's in your cupboards?

Sure, Old Mother Hubbard's

Was never more empty and lean.

No bone's here for Towser,

No crumb for a mouse, sir—

Spratt's platters were never so clean.

What! no curry powder?

There *should* be clam chowder

Left over from yesterday's lunch.

Why, as I'm a sinner,

Here's nothing for dinner—

Not even a flask of cold punch.

There's flesh and there's fish, sir,

Whatever you wish, sir.

If Kitty to market may go.

I'll think it all over.

And when I discover

My mind, I'll at once let you know.

##### Chorus.—COOKS.

Your Royal Highness,

We hope that no shyness

Prevents you from speaking your will?

KING (weeping). Oh, deem not these tears, sirs,

Arise from my fears, sirs,

I'm shy, not of you, but the bill.

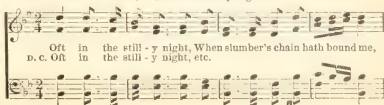
[Exit King (R.), with handkerchief to his eyes. The Cooks dance the grand chain.

##### Curtain.

SCENE 2.—The parlor. The King discovered seated on a throne "counting of his money." A table and money-bags before him.

##### Solo.—KING.

Air: "Oft in the still night."





MAID. Sir, that last sentiment, though no eavesdropper, I overheard, and think it highly proper. I fain would serve your Majesty's command, sir, But as this pose fatigues me, beg to stand, sir.

KING. Rise, faithful maid. I think your name is—hum!—ha!

MAID. They call me Kitty; 'tis my *nom de plume*—ah! *(Sighs.)*

[Aside] Since I stole oranges I never show.

Under the name my sponsors did bestow.

Until that little accident—ah me!

My friends all called me Dingy Diddlety.

KING. A royal feast I give at three—not later—

And for the banquet you, my dear, shall cater.

But list; I'm tired of fish-balls, though no glutton,

And *ditto* as to capers-sauce and mutton.

MAID. What shall I choose? Her Majesty likes scallops,

And lobster salad, and, I think, veal collops.

KING. Better one dish that's savory and tasty;

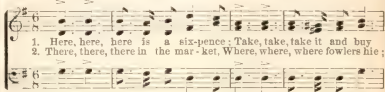
I should prefer it in the form of pastry.

Let it be done, and quickly, too. Now tread it.

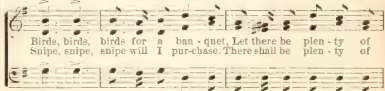
MAID. Your Majesty, I cannot buy on—credit.

Duet.—KING and MAID. (Air: "Am I not fondly thine own?")

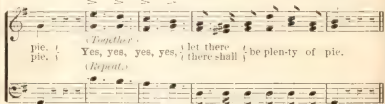
(First verse, King solo; second verse, Maid solo.)



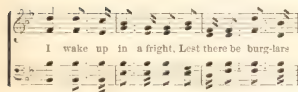
1. Here, here, here is a six-pence: Take, take, take it and buy  
2. There, there, there in the mar-ket, Where, where, where fowlers hie;



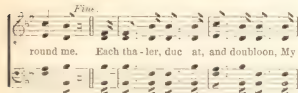
Birds, birds, birds for a ban-quet, Let there be plen-ty of  
Snipe, snipe, snipe will I pur-chase, There shall be plen-ty of



pie. *(Together.)* Yes, yes, yes, yes, let there be plen-ty of pie.  
*(Repeat.)*

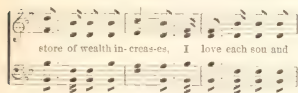


I wake up in a fright, Lest there be burg-lars

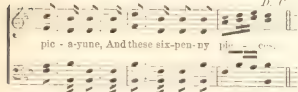


*Fine.*

round me. Each tha-ler, duc at, and doubloon, My



store of wealth in-cres-es, I love each son and



pie - a-yune, And these six-pen-ny pie.

Though in the stillly night, etc.

When I remember all  
The pains I've had, and trouble,  
To fill these bags so tall,  
And make them weigh just double,  
It is not strange I love my change,  
Each crown, and mark, and shilling;  
Yet when 'tis meet that I should tread,  
To spend sixpence I'm willing.  
For in the stillly night, etc.

(Enter Maid, and kneels before the King.)



The Maid & the Peddlers



KING {The Royal Privy Council now must know  
(spoken). Of this transaction. Fare thee well. I go.

MAID (courtesying profoundly). Sire, on your  
KING. Without there, guards! What ho!

[*Exit KING (L.) in a dignified manner, with  
his arms full of money-bags, which he  
keeps dropping. Maid examines the six-  
pence, suspiciously, during which enter two  
Peddlers (R.) with baskets of jewelry, etc.  
Maid receives them with delight.*

SCENE AND DUEL.—PEDDLERS.

Air: "Buy a broom."

FIRST PEDLER.

From Boston I come, with a pack full of notions;  
No pedler has prettier trifles, I trow.  
Here are ribbons and necklaces, powders and lotions,  
And here is a pretty and stylish new bow.

Buy a bow—buy a bow!

"Tis only just *stapence*, this stylish new bow.  
(*The Maid shakes her head sorrowfully.*)

SECOND PEDLER (Air: "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins").  
Here's a cap to catch a lover;

'Tis as sweet as can be.

Set those pretty tresses over;

How becoming! only see!

No one can deny who has half an eye

That it lends you grace and improves your face.

If the cap fits, you must wear it.

Prithree buy—prithree buy.

[*The two airs are then sung together as a duet.*

The Maid's reluctance is gradually over-

come; she permits the Peddlers to fasten on

the cap and bow. They lead her to looking-

glass (B. C.). Delighted with her appear-

ance, she turns and gives them the sixpence.

The same airs are now played as a duet

on the piano, to which music the Peddlers

dance, after which they go off (R.). The

Maid turns again to the looking-glass.

Enter Jack-a-Dandy, Lady Dorolot, and

Lady Dorolay (L.).

DOROLOT {Aha! 'tis thus you waste your time in  
(spoken). drinking;

You will regret it some day, I am thinking.

DOROLAY. Such vanity too oft doth lead to sin.

MAID. Bother this bow! I say, have you a pin?

JACK. The King desires you'll straight to  
market go.

DOROLOT. He gave you money.

(Maid starts in affright.)

DOROLAY. What's the matter? (Maid searches her pockets.)

MAID (in accents of anguish). Oh-h-h!

(She shakes her head and wrings her hands in dismay.)

ROUND.—Tutti. (Air: "Day is gone.")

1st Voice. 2d Voice. 3d Voice.

Where has it gone? How should I know? Here's a ver-y pret-ty  
go..... We are un-done.

[*The Maid swoons, and falls very stiff on chair (C.). The others  
assume attitudes of tragic despair. Tableau. Curtain.*

SCENE 3.—The kitchen. A chair and footstool (C.). Tall step-  
ladder (L.), on top of which is a jar labelled "honey," and a large  
tin spoon. Table (R.); on it a large loaf of bread, and a huge car-  
ving-knife. Enter Chief Cook (L.), and casts himself dejectedly into  
chair, wiping his brow, fanning himself with a large fan, and show-  
ing many signs of fatigue.

Recitation.—CHIEF COOK.

I've searched the larder through myself,  
I've searched the scullery,  
But every pot and pan and shelf  
Is bare as bare can be.  
Nor lord nor lackey without cash  
Will to the trouble go.  
The Queen declares she won't eat hash,  
And echo answers, "No."

[Enter Maid, weeping violently.]

Ballad.—CHIEF COOK.

Air: "Kathleen Mavourneen."

Kitty mavourneen, oh, what is the matter,  
And why do you sorrow and take on like that?  
Though you broke my dish, and though you spoilt my batter,  
Oh, say, over evil committed, do grieve?  
Such deeds have you found neither safe, wise, nor witty?  
Oh, say, as aforesaid, Kitty mavourneen?



The Queen & the  
Court Physician.

MAID (spoken). I know that in this cap and bow I'm pretty,  
But I am good no more, and more's the pity!  
Sir Jack-a-Dandy thinks himself so fine,  
I longed to show him some one else could shine,  
And so I've gone and done a horrid thing!  
You have? What is it? One, two, three, four—sing!

COOK.

Duet.—KITTY, CHIEF COOK.

Air: "Gobble, gobble," from *Masculine*.

MAID.

The sixpence I have lost. Oh dear,

With grief I own I've speculated.

COOK.

Grief come to stay, I'm told, when'er

Trust funds are misappropriated.

MAID.

But I repent; behold these tears!

Oh, how shall I my sorrow smother?

COOK.

Poor little Maid, dismiss your fears;

Regard me as a man and brother.

[*He brings from cupboard the pocket of rye.*

MAID.

What's that? A pocket full of rye?

COOK.

Go, strew it where the blackbirds be.

MAID.

When they sing their sweet warble, warble, warble?

COOK.

When they twitter, "Chee, chee."

BOTH.

Ah-h-h-h!

MAID.

Why should I accept this rye?

COOK.

Then you can catch the birds, you see,

MAID.

As they sing their sweet warble, warble, warble?

MAID.

As they twitter, "Chee, chee."

BOTH.

Warble, warble, warble, "Chee," etc.

MAID.

Oh! some good fairy, hear my cry.

COOK.

And help me by assistance bringing.

MAID.

Just take this pocket full of rye.

COOK.

And his where dickie-larks are singing.

MAID.

I don't see how 'twill help me out

COOK.

Of this great trouble and disaster.

MAID.

Bring me the birds—and don't you pout;

COOK.

I'll bake them in a pie for master.

MAID.

You'll bake them in a game pie?

COOK.

Yes; you may trust to me.

MAID.

And they'll never more warble, warble, warble.

COOK.

No more twitter, "Chee, chee."

BOTH.

Ah-h-h-h!

You'll bake, etc. [Repeat.

[*Exit Cook and Maid on opposite sides of stage, weeping  
bitterly. Enter Queen, attended by Lady Dorolot, Lady*

Dorolay, and the Court Physician.

DOCTOR (spoken).

Desist, your Highness, from your rash intention.

QUEEN.

The consequences dire I scarce dare mention.

Don't take the trouble to hunt up a rhyme,

We shall know, doubtless, in the course of time.



QUEEN. What is the matter? Do somebody stop her.  
 MAID (*tragically*). 'Tis gone!  
 DOROLAY. What's gone?  
 MAID. My nose. See how it bleeds.  
 DOROLAY. Thus wicked people pay for their misdeeds.  
 QUEEN. You've been dishonest, if report says true.  
 JACK. And soon or late all sinners get their due.

*Solo.*—JACK-A-DANDY.

*Air:* "Juanita."

Kitty, oh, Kitty, you've been doing very wrong,  
 Which is a pity, as I'll prove in song.

'Tis what everybody says,  
 And no doubt it is quite true,  
 She who pilfers oranges  
 Will prig lemons too.

Kitty, oh, Kitty, though I know 'tis not your name,  
 It is a pity, but you're much to blame.

Go with your tricks hence, we can give no "recommend."  
 You've stolen sixpence, and betray'd your friend.

Girls who do such things as these  
 ('Tis as true of boys, I deem),  
 Money take, and oranges,  
 Forfeit our esteem.

Kitty, oh, Kitty—though 'tis not your name, I know—  
 It is a pity; but you'll have to go.

QUEEN. The character you've lost I can't restore;

KING. But here's your salary, and there's the door.

Madam, the *moral* is—well, not to prose,

As plain to see as is—or *was*—her nose.

But let that pass. It's getting very late—

A fact, it seems, quite impolite to state—

So each assume your station and your pose;

It is high time to make our bows and close.

Permit me to conduct your Royal Highness.

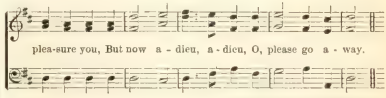
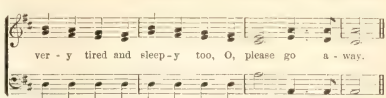
(*He leads Queen to the throne, where they sit.*)

Now, Chorus, give us something nice for finis.

*Finale.*—CHORUS (*in unison*).

*Air:* "Oh, come, come away."

(*To audience.*)



(*Kiss hands to audience.*)

Oh, please come again,

When we are not so weary.

We'll sing for you and play for you

On some other day.

Just now we can but yawn (*all yawn*) and sigh

Upon our little beds to lie;

And so—good-by! good-by!

Oh, please go away!

Oh, please don't be vex'd!

(*This verse concludes our chorus.*)

The curtain then will be "rung down,"

And so end the play.)

We thank you more than we can tell;

For—(*bell*) Hark! there goes the prompter's bell.

And so—farewell! farewell!

Oh, please go away!

(*All bow and courtesy. Curtain.*)



## FALSE WITNESS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," "JO'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE HOFMEISTERS.

MR. HOFMEISTER, the old musician, who, with the exception of his daughter and of Dr. Clinton, was Agnes Leigh's only friend in Halcorn, lived in a little house curiously situated at the back of a little court or alley, and thither Agnes on this morning directed her steps. Youth and a natural buoyancy of temperament still kept the young girl's spirits equal to her battle, and she had not lost her sense of enjoyment of certain small things that brightened the way. She liked the little quiet

court-yard and the look of the old musician's room, with its window full of plants and its strip of red curtaining. The brick walk of the court was shaded in summer by a fine old tree, enclosed when the street was built up at either side, and hung with icicles, that shone in the sunlight, which Agnes called the old man's jewels, it gave in winter a look of cheer to the still place.

The narrow staircase leading up to Mr. Hofmeister's abode had an old-fashioned window, where the musician's only daughter, a cripple, kept two geraniums, and Agnes had grown fond of their color and bloom as she passed them in her weekly visits, and was given to nodding a good-morning to them as she went. But to-day her heart was almost too heavy to greet her little scarlet friends, who were waiting for her, freshly watered, and in a sunny part of the window. She hurried up the stairs, and knocked with a nervous hand upon Herr Hofmeister's door.

The "come in" was cheery enough, and Agnes obeyed





"'I SUPPOSE I AM TIRED,' SHE SAID."

it quickly. Margaret, the musician's daughter, was in her accustomed place near the fire, and she looked up with a bright smile of welcome for the visitor, which faded as she saw how pale and tired and anxious Agnes seemed.

Margaret, or Gretchen, as her father liked best to call her, had been a cripple from childhood, but, like many so laid down in the rush of life, she was happy and contented, caring only to see her father prosperous enough for their daily bread, and living a life of her own among her books and flowers, and giving out the rare sunshine of a peaceful, blessed spirit to those who came within her circle. These were few enough—in Halcorn, besides Agnes, only some little children of the neighborhood who came daily to her for lessons, and who learned at her side more than their primer and multiplication table. They were poor little waifs whom Margaret had found out with her usual instinct for those who were in need, and priceless as was their friendship to the lonely girl, it did not enlarge her exterior life. They came and went daily; but their crippled friend, who made them so happy for two hours every morning, was never known through them to any but their tired, overworked, sometimes careless, mothers.

"Agnes, my dear," Margaret exclaimed, stretching out one of her thin hands to her visitor, "how tired you look!

What is it, my child? Papa is out for a little; come here and sit down. You are cold!"

Agnes slowly obeyed. She took off the little gray bonnet and pushed her hair back wearily from her brow.

"What is it?" Margaret urged, gently.

Agnes tried to smile. "Oh, Gretchen dear," she said, looking at the other's quiet, fair face, "nothing; only I have failed in some pupils, and one or two people have said harsh things to me, and—I suppose I am tired!" Two tears formed under Agnes's dark lashes and rolled silently down her cheeks.

"Ah, poor little one!" said Margaret, compassionately; "it is hard, but don't mind it. Don't be downhearted; something better may be done."

"But, Margaret," Agnes continued, "I find I must give up my room at Mrs. Jones's. She told me yesterday she had a better offer for it, and that she could not undertake the care of me any longer; and I don't know what to do."

"But your friend Mrs. Robertson," said Margaret, eagerly—"where is she?"

"She has gone to Florida," returned Agnes. "I wrote last week, and my letter was returned with a line from the house-keeper. The doctor has ordered her away for her health; and she is not to be troubled about anything, so the house-keeper says."





A SUMMER SHOWER.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH, N.Y.

Margaret looked thoughtfully into the fire for a moment before she said anything. Her interest in the little stranger was intense. Begun from motives of pure kindness, a real love for the child had grown up in the German girl's warm heart. She appreciated better than Agnes could the loneliness of her position, yet she had hesitated to ask questions which, it was evident, pained the child to answer. She saw her working and studying patiently and bravely day after day, and she knew how sweet and true and generous a nature Agnes possessed.

"Listen to me," Margaret said, finally. "The landlady of this house has a little room to let upstairs. Why not come here, and then you would not be so lonely. There is father," she added quickly, with a smile, as the door opened on the tall, slender figure of Herr Hofmeister, who came in, bringing with him a whiff of crisp air and a feeling of good cheer to the quiet little room. Gretchen was the first to speak, and she laid before her father Agnes's perplexity and her own suggestion. He received it very hopefully, and at once proposed that they should go and look at the little room.

They found the landlady in her part of the house; and as she conducted the musician and Agnes upstairs, she eyed the latter narrowly, and questioned her in a pert, although well-meaning way, much to the old man's annoyance; but he knew that Mrs. Slater's intentions were kindly, and whispered a word of encouragement to his little pupil when they were shown into the attic room.

When these arrangements were made, the master and his pupil went to their lesson. Gretchen delighted in their music. The strains of the violin awoke in the invalid girl's mind the remembrance of old days in Munich, when she had "dreams," and lived on hopes that came to nothing; but when one thing was taken, more had been given her.

Margaret leaned back in her chair, her eyes fixed lovingly upon Agnes's slim little figure against the light of the window. "Perhaps," she was thinking—"perhaps it was the very best thing that could have happened to me. I should have been carried away by music that was so much mine. As it is, I can love it and think of it best as part of other people's lives." And some thought came into the cripple's mind of how that morning, when one of her little friends had said to her, "Miss Hofmeister, you are always happy, and you know how to be good too, don't you?" a pang had crossed her heart, and then a thrill of calm joy. Yes, she had learned to say, "Thy will be done," and to feel that she might perhaps be thankful for that which had been actually taken from her.

"You will come in at tea-time, dear," said Margaret to Agnes, when the younger girl was preparing to depart.

Agnes returned her kiss and smile with a grateful assent. As she passed the little court, pausing this time long enough to nod to the geraniums, she was conscious of a new light in her heart. It is true that that morning she had received a rather grumbling and unsatisfactory letter from her only brother, who was in a store in Boston, but she had too long been the little mother of the small household which had once included her father and brother and herself, not to feel kindly toward the boy. He had not approved of her taking so much of their small capital for the winter's enterprise in Hallowell, and he had announced himself as very much disgusted with Mrs. Mostyn for not answering Agnes's letter. Still, perhaps, thought Agnes, as she passed the iron gateway of Briar Lawn, that kindly door would soon be open to her; perhaps the mistress of the mansion would come home, Bob assisted to the employment out West he longed for, and she— But Agnes's hopeful "perhapses" were too many to recount. She had one more errand before returning to Mrs. Jones's. There was a letter to be mailed, and she bent her steps in the direction of the post-office.

Some one whose figure was familiar stood at the little

stamp window when Agnes, holding her letter still in her hand, approached. It was Fanny Pierson, and, seeing Agnes, she flashed a quick look upon her, a criticising, contemptuous smile just touching her lips.

In the next moment this look had vanished. Fanny's heart fairly stood still. Here, within two hours of her decision against Agnes, was what she considered proof positive in support of her most malicious theory.

Agnes, as I have said, held her letter with frank carelessness in her hand, and Fanny's eyes, travelling from the little music teacher's face to the square envelop, were riveted upon it. The superscription was in Agnes's own plain and precise hand, easily read, as follows:

HERMANN LEIGH,

Dorefield Prison,

Dorefield, Massachusetts.

The unconscious girl put on the stamp, dropped her letter in the box, and went on her way, but she left an enemy behind her.

For a moment Fanny stood still, fairly bewildered by her new piece of information. What could she do with it? was her first reflection. The mystery, if it had grown, was nearer solution. "That girl's" father was in prison! For what? Visions of terrible crimes floated through Fanny's excited brain. She saw in herself a sort of heroine who would be distinguished in Hallowell as the person who discovered an impostor. But to whom should she go first with her terrible discovery?

"I must be careful," was her shrewd reflection. "Perhaps it will be well, however, just to give Mrs. Lewis a hint of this;" and Fanny turned her steps in the direction of the Lewises' pleasant home.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MORE DISAPPOINTMENT.

A CHEERFUL little party sat down to tea that evening in the Hofmeisters' humble sitting room. Lamp-light and fire-light combined to illumine the dark furniture, and Margaret's good taste and refinement showed even in the simple arrangement of the tea-table, the few ornaments of the room, and the prettily draped windows.

Margaret and Agnes were both puzzled by an incident of the afternoon, but all determined to make the best of it. Mrs. Bland, the minister's wife, had sent for Agnes, and, much to her surprise, told her that it would not be possible to give her the desired place in the Sunday-school. The kind-hearted though easily prejudiced little lady had tried to soften this, murmuring something about Agnes's youth and inexperience, and hoping she would get on, etc. And so the poor girl had been politely dismissed, reaching the outer air of the minister's house with a chill at her heart keener than the November weather.

Agnes, as she made her way toward the Hofmeisters', wondered what it meant. Perhaps, after all, the young girl tried to think, it was only one of the chances of life; yet looks, half-tones, cool bows and words, from people she had fancied took an interest in her, came back; and on going to school for the afternoon French lesson the air of coolness among all the girls had been unmistakable. We all know that nothing is more depressing than this indefinable "manner" which can suggest so much. Agnes, standing in one of the doorways waiting for a special word with M. Le Maitre, had been passed by half a dozen of the girls with a hastily polite though chilling manner.

Agnes felt decidedly cheerful by the evening. It gave her a peculiarly home-like feeling to busy herself about the room, putting away the tea-things, settling Margaret comfortably in her arm-chair, and then taking out her little roll of mending for a quiet hour of talk and work by

the pleasant fireside. The two girls planned their home life with all the enthusiasm of their age and experience. Margaret had long wanted some more active assistance in her household cares; Agnes was eager and anxious to render them; and in return, was it not much for the poor little lonely stranger in Halcorn to have the protection of even so humble a home as this?

Thirty dollars remained of her small capital. Her school bill at Miss Leroy's was paid up to the end of next month, and of course her living and various other expenses had to come out of this sum. Two pupils she had obtained—nice little boys, young enough to profit by her instructions; but, thought Agnes, with a chill, and then a rush of color to her cheeks, what if she should lose them like the others, and for what reason? Was it, she thought, the way all who struggled for themselves might expect to be treated?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### THE OLD FLAG.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

THE martial strains that filled the air,  
And of the nation's birthday told,  
Were borne by wandering zephyrs where  
A battle-flag, all worn and old,  
With reverent fingers had been hung.  
Its stars had long since lost their gleam,  
And bloodstains lurked its folds among;  
But as I saw it proudly wave,  
I fancied that its memories woke;  
And then, as if some spirit gave  
It utterance, thus methought it spoke:

"Again, again the rolling year  
Brings back to me the day of days;  
Again the bugle call I hear,  
And greet the cannon's joyous blaze.  
When through the land, from South to North,  
Rings out the welcome to the Fourth.

"My starry crown and milk-white bars  
The stains of many a conflict bear;  
My tattered folds are but the scars  
That veterans ever love to wear.  
I am the sign of Liberty,  
Beneath whose folds all men are free.

"Your grandsires gave a wondrous shout  
When first upon the lambent air  
My glowing colors were flung out,  
And they could see me waving there.  
They knew that radiant summer morn  
Had seen a powerful nation born.

"Our mother-land beyond the sea  
Forgot how old her sons had grown,  
That in our parents' likeness we,  
Who were so much her very own,  
Must surely claim our freedom when  
From boys we changed to grown-up men.

"But, ah! upon this cottage wall  
For full a hundred years I've hung;  
I've learned how time may conquer all,  
And many changes may be rung.  
Full wondrous are the things, I ween,  
That in this hundred years I've seen—

"A hundred years and half a score,  
And all forgotten is the strife.  
Our mother country, ours once more,  
Now feels with us a common life;  
With mutual love our pulses thrill,  
And we are England's children still.

"Her adult strength with ours combines,  
And faith and confidence increase,  
And o'er our common pathway shines  
The radiance of the Star of Peace.  
While, ever clasping hand in hand,  
Land echoes back again to land.

"I've lived to see my Stripes and Stars  
Blend with the banner of St. George,  
While all forgotten are the scars  
Of Lexington and Valley Forge.  
Old England with Columbia vies  
To see where most affection lies."

### FIRE AND WATER.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

THE sea along the western coast of Scotland is filled with numberless islands, which look on the map as if they might have been broken from the solid land. One of these is a tiny island lying close in the embrace of a larger one. Though it shows as a mere speck on the map, this little island of Staffa is known the world over for its wonderful natural formations. On the edge of the sea, rising direct from the water, is the well-known Fingal's Cave. The regularity of its formation is so remarkable that it is hard to believe it to be a work of nature. Lofty columns of regular shape stand up out of the sea, built up, it would seem, of block upon block of solid stone carefully chiselled and as carefully laid upon each other.

On the northern coast of Ireland, at the point which is nearest the Scottish coast, is another wonderful assemblage of these columns, roofless, and running out into the sea, called the Giant's Causeway.

An old story makes these two wonders the ruins of castles built and inhabited by two unfriendly giants. The cave has received the name of the Scotch giant Fingal. There are many old poems, sung among the Highlanders in the far past, of which Fingal is the hero, but we now know that no man's or giant's hand helped to lift these great blocks of stone one upon the other. They were built up by the fires under the earth. The melted stone poured out of the volcanoes above and spread over the land, and there, as it hardened and cooled, split up into great crystals or columns. The water dashing for thousands of years against them washed away the earth around and the broken fragments, but was dashed back again by a few of the hard unbroken columns, and so were left Fingal's Cave, the Giant's Causeway, and other formations like these.

Too long ago for you even to imagine it, there was a great bridge of these columns reaching from Scotland to Ireland; the Giant's Causeway was one abutment, and Fingal's Cave another. In the thousands of years that have passed since, the rest of the bridge has been swept away and destroyed, with only here and there an island of columns between to tell the tale.

These rocks—hardened volcanic rock—are called basalt. They are not the only things which in drying contract and split into crystals. Take some common starch, dissolve it in water, and let it gradually dry; you will find that it is not a plain flat sheet, but that it, too, has split up into crystals. Nothing, however, splits up as regularly as basalt does.

Sometimes where there has been a wide crack in the older rocks the melted basalt has run into and filled the crack. In that case the stone as it hardened split up the other way, and instead of columns, it looks like piles of logs. On the coast of Lake Superior there is a remarkable instance of this; the surrounding rock has worn away, leaving the hard basalt lying like a carefully arranged pile of cord-wood.

The great central fires of the earth are constantly at work, sometimes acting with shocks, and sometimes quietly and steadily changing the face of the earth. In India, seventy years ago, one of these sudden changes took place which was very remarkable. There was an earthquake shock, and a great piece of land fifty miles long and sixteen broad was suddenly lifted up ten feet higher than the country around, and there it has staid, with a straight wall around the edge called by the natives "Ulah Bund," or, "God's Wall," from the mysterious way in which it arose.

Without any earthquake shock or sudden movement continents are in some places slowly sinking and in others as slowly rising. It might seem as if it were the waters which were rising or falling, but a moment's thinking



will show you that this cannot be so. Water soon comes to a level, and as there is nearly the same quantity in the oceans all the while, it must be the land that is changing.

There was a great many years ago, before Christ came



FIG. 1.—FINGAL'S CAVE.

into the world, a temple built on the Gulf of Baïæ near Naples. Three pillars are still standing of this temple, though they have seen many ups and downs since their building. The original pavement was of beautiful mosaic, and so well built that it still remains, though the earth on which it stands slowly sank for many years. About two hundred years after Christ a new floor was

laid *six feet above* the old one, showing at that time how much the earth had sunk. Down, down the pillars went into the sea, till they had sunk twenty-six feet. Then came a terrible eruption of volcanic lava, and the temple was lifted bodily more than twenty feet, the pillars still standing upright. Twenty-six feet above the first pavement, and for twelve feet below that line, the pillars have been fairly pitted by some small sea animal which had burrowed into the marble when it was under the sea. The story of the temple's travels is written on the face of the pillars. Now the temple is again slowly sinking at the rate of an inch a year.

Our own continent is tilting up in some places and sinking down in others. The Florida coast is sinking, the North Carolina coast is rising. Near Boston the land is rising, and Greenland for six hundred miles is sinking so manifestly that the Greenlanders have learned not to build their huts close by the sea. An island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence is gradually tipping; its southern coast is dipping down and its northern rising into high bluffs.

The water and the fire in doing these mighty works, in gradually turning and tilting continents and islands, and wearing them down again, do not forget some smaller duties in the way of carving and ornamenting and beautifying the earth.

Near where famous old Troy stood are some marvellous salt springs. The place is a valley enclosed in mountains, colored by the minerals in the water—gorgeous reds and blues and yellows. The floor of the valley is a variegated crust, through which jets of hot, intensely salt water come up. In one place from the rocks at the side jets of boiling water spout out like fountains at play, and flow away as a rivulet of salty, steaming water.

But there is no country in the world which has more wonderful hot springs than our own. The hot water, filled with carbonic acid, which comes from the fires beneath the earth has the power to dissolve certain minerals; these it brings up to the surface of the earth. The carbonic acid goes off in gas when it comes to the air, but the lime and other minerals are allowed to settle; there they harden and form a cup, from which the water drips down, forming limestone icicles or stalactites. Finally cup after cup is formed in this way (Fig. 3), most wonderfully ornamented. In one place in Italy such a spring, which is at the top of a hill, has encased the whole hill in a layer of stone formed from its settlements.

In carbonated springs like those in Fig. 3 most of the lime settles at the bottom, as earth will in water; but there is a still more wonderful kind of spring which builds its own basin, and after a while makes itself into a fountain. Such a spring is called a geyser. These are very rare, because it takes so many different things acting together to form them. They are the children of fire and wa-

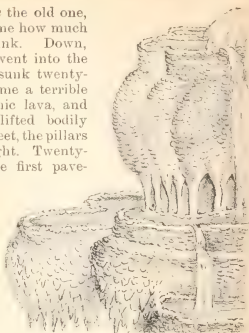


FIG. 3.—CARBONATED SPRINGS.

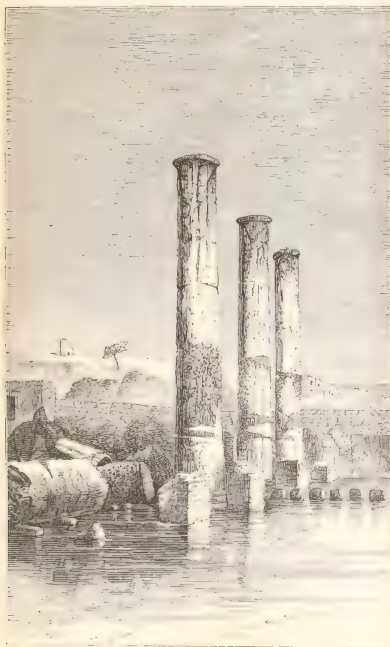


FIG. 2.—TEMPLE OF SERAPIS





FIG 4—A GEYSER

ter. Geysers are found in Iceland, New Zealand, and our own Western country (Fig. 4). Those in the Yellowstone National Park, in Wyoming Territory, are perhaps the largest and most curious in the world. Indeed, that region abounds with wonderful examples of Nature's handiwork, which must be interesting to all students of geology.

A geyser begins by being a little hot spring; it ends by being a natural fountain. Geyser water has been put into a basin, and allowed slowly to dry up. It is then found that the settlements from this water are not on the bottom, but that, as the water dried, it left a solid rim around the basin, and as it sank, the rim broadened downward.

In the geyser water there is a white and glassy substance that, as it settles, builds a cup for itself; when the water overflows the cup, it naturally runs out of the lowest place. Here the solid rim is built up by the glassy silica till that gets higher; the water then shifts and flows over the lowest place left, building slowly the lowest places in the rim, till, instead of a cup, it makes a high tube with a mound of silica all around it.

Sometimes the water will lie quiet in the tube for a good while; but the fires beneath are turning water into steam, and when enough steam forms, it lifts the water in the tube, in its struggles to get out, until finally the water is thrown up into the air violently, like the jet of a mighty fountain. The steam escapes in a single burst or in several; the water sinks back and lies quiet for a while, till steam is again formed, and the fountain jets again.

A toy geyser can be made of an upright tube of iron filled with water, and two gas jets burning against the tube, one above another. Every different way that a geyser plays can be imitated on this simple little arrangement. It would take too long to explain why some geysers are too young to play and why some are too old; why some play at fixed times, and others only when a clod of earth or something of the kind is thrown into the tube; but if you could see the experiment tried on the toy geyser, it would not be hard to understand.



WHICH IS YOUR FAVORITE FLOWER?



## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WE give the place of honor this week to a young writer whose home is in Honolulu. She tells us about the Hawaiian Islands. Using the word "Aloha," she does not translate it, but the Postmistress knows what it means, and so, Mary, in the name of all the children, she says, "Aloha!"—Love to you."

Away out on the Pacific Ocean, with a beautiful climate and most charming scenery, which suggests paradise to the weary sea-worn travelers, you will find the Hawaiian Islands. As you look from the deck of the steamer, looking along their shores, no scenery can be more picturesque—the clouds resting upon their mountain tops; the slopes of the mountains broken into numerous terraces, covered with ferns and trees, and green with the richest summer foliage; with the water falling here and there into numerous little streams. They present the most beautiful picture of nature you can imagine.

As you approach nearer the land, plantations of sugar cane attract the eye, with groups of coco palms bordering the white sand and shore, and near by the native huts, the natives themselves strolling along the beach or sporting in the waves.

As the steamer passes Diamond Head, Waikiki, with its cocoa-nut groves, comes into view; then the city of Honolulu, almost hidden from sight by the trees, in the distance; behind all the lofty mountains; in front, the white-capped breakers, rolling high up on the beach—form a grand sight, and one that will never be forgotten by the stranger. The land rises so suddenly that the ocean keeps its dark blue tint within a mile of the shore, then as suddenly changes into a variety of colors.

Another thing that adds to the beauty of these islands is their wonderful sunsets.

Honolulu, the capital, seat of government, and residence of the King, is the only city in the group. The stranger is amused at the unusual sights that meet him at every turn. The dark faces and bright dresses of the natives look very curious to him before he leaves the deck, but the cheery "Aloha!" which greets him as he steps for the first time on the shore of Honolulu makes him feel at home. Away from the busy centre of the city the houses of native and foreign inhabitants are found.

The foliage of the trees is beautiful, a few of them being the cocoa-palm, louloua (or screw-palm), the bread-fruit, ohia (or native apple), the fig, the houn, and kukui (or candle-nut-tree). Many of the trees have been imported from foreign countries, and have grown large and spreading. Among these are the tamarind, the mango, the Chinese orange and the sweet orange, the lime, the alligator-pear, the citron, the fig, banana, peach, date-palm, algaroba, monkey-pod, the royal and the palmyra, the banana, and the loquat. The houses are almost concealed by the foliage of these trees, while the gardens contain plants and magnificent flowers in great variety. Among the most showy creepers is the Bouganvillea, which, in spring, attracts the attention of many strangers by its brilliant clusters of flowers.

Some of the views of the Hawaiian Islands have very few superiors in the world. The view from the Pall cannot be surpassed by even California. From Punch-bow Hill is a very fine view, also from Round Top, and still higher, Mount Tantalus.

The valleys and variety grow profusely in the valleys and mountain gorges. The valleys of Nuanun, Pauva, Palolo, and Manoa are very beautiful.

MARY L. LEITCH, 11 years.

HONOLULU, HAWAII.

SUMMITTOWN, ILLINOIS.

I was very much interested in *Fourty Days*, and hope the Sunday-school will be a success. My favorite stories in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* were "Roll House," "Our Little Duncie," "Pearl's Easter at Marville," "Wakulla," "Story of a Venture in Florida," and "The Ring." I also think "The Ice Queen" and "Left Behind, or Ten Days a Newbury," very interesting stories. My aunt likes "Silent Pete." I remember when the Postmistress asked Maria C. if she had ever read "We are Seven." I think she must have found it a very pretty piece of poetry. I agree with Lena G. in thinking Miss Alcott's *Little Men* and *Women* very interesting; I wonder if she felt sorry when our little Beth died.

The florists' guides tell us to plant the portulaca, or sun-plant, in the sunniest spot in the yard. We have planted them so for several years, and they are just as true as the tender blossoms soon wilt beneath the ardent rays of our southern sun, and after ten o'clock a.m. the lovely blossoms with their gorgeous coloring wither, and their bright petals fall. The following morning, when they bloom again with the sun's first kiss upon the dewy buds.

There are a great many mocking-birds here, also many robins and paper-colored painted birds, that are so gentle they fly down on our flower beds while we are looking at them. I was out walking one day, and saw a pair of robins build a nest in a very small tree leaning over the waters of the Atchafalaya. We have a cat named Sinkat, so called after a battle fought in Egypt. This cat makes warfare upon the pretty birds; as soon as the eggs are hatched, he eats all the nestlings. There is a little wren building just under my window.

I have seen a great many nests, but have never seen their young. I once saw a flock of thirteen young partridges, all in the wood under the oak-leaves. On July 1st, I saw a hawk that the mother had flown far away. I think there must have been a hawk near. Her object in doing this was to coax the hawk away, where she was, and then fly back to her young ones.

EVA K.

It is hard to be patient with Puss, although she only follows out her nature when she sets her affections on your pet birds. There is a gray cat in the neighborhood of my home, which stole into the house one evening, and frightened a pet of mine so that the poor thing shied at me, and has not sung a note since. I have no doubt the prowler would have killed my darling bird if I had not heard a flurry of wings and a cry of distress, and rushed to the rescue. What a close watch I am keeping on the gray cat you may all imagine!

ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I should like to write and tell you about my visit to Hovey's Garden, at Cambridge. I went last Friday with my mother and some friends. There are a great many rhododendrons there about one thousand. I believe; we went principally to see them. They were perfectly beautiful, and were of many different colors, such as purple, pink, white, and lilac, lavender, and almost pure white. There were a great many azaleas too, which were very beautiful, especially the flame-colored ones; other colors were scarlet, crimson, and pink. An arbutus hedge was around them. I must close now; and I send a puzzle. With love,

ALICE W. T.

Thanks for both letter and puzzle.

BROOKLYN, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Seeing so many girls write to you, I thought I would try, and see if my letter would be published. I am eleven years old, a brother, Louis, is four years older than I. He takes the *Fourth Companion* and I *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I have a canary-bird and a collie dog for my pets. This summer my mother and father and I went to a place called all black. Louis has a gray squirrel and a chestnut horse Roney. We expect to have a nice time this summer, because now we can ride together. We go to Newport in summer. I must tell you something funny. A few mornings ago Louis woke up, and to his astonishment saw the collie bark and jump at his feet, and he was gravely crying him. When Frisky saw his master awake, he gave a little scream, and jumped around him so much that Louis thought something had happened; so he jumped out of bed, and looking into the cage he saw two little squirrels. He called me in to see them. They were very nice, and I gave them a nut. I am a Spunky and happy.

NATHANIEL S.

MANASSAS, INDIAN TERRITORY.

I have never seen any letters from the Indian Territory, so I will write one. I am twelve years old, and have lived here six years. I go to a private school, and expect to go to a public school summer—that is, for two hours every morning—until we go out camping. I have five brothers and four sisters. My youngest brother is eight

months old. Every summer we go out camping, although last year we did not stay very long; but this year we are to camp up the spring and have a bath-house and new tents and a large arbor. The place to which we intend to go is called Timber Hill. There is a hill here called Chimney Mountain, made up of two immense stone chimneys; and we have another called Skeleton Hill, for there is an Indian grave upon it, and there are lots of beads in it besides a skeleton.

MAUD S. T.

WAILUKU, MAUI, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a girl, fourteen years old, who lives on the Hawaiian Islands. I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for four years, and think it is a delightful book. I enjoy reading Mrs. May's books very much. I wrote to Annie Scott, and she sent me a very pretty pattern mat. I have never written to *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* before, and I do hope I will see this in print.

ADELE C. W.

NORTHBRIDGE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have attended a private school at Marlboroughville, about a mile away. It closed last week for the summer vacation. I have one sister and one brother, and we all went to the same school. My school is a very good one, and I like it very much. I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for two years; it was given me by an aunt for a Christmas present, and I think it makes a very nice book. I enjoyed the pieces by Lucy C. Little more than any others in the book. I also enjoyed some of the pieces by Howard Pyle, but of all I have seen I liked the piece by Annie Scott best. I wrote to Annie Scott, and she sent me a very pretty pattern mat. I have never written to *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* before, and I do hope I will see this in print.

ANNA L. F.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

There is no river within ten miles of this place, though the small streams do not brook them. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, written and practical arithmetic, physiology, grammar, and geography, besides music and writing. Not wanting to crowd out your correspondence with others, I will close. Asking some little girl that is also a lover of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* to correspond with me, I remain your true friend,

ESSIE FISHER.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Permit me to give expression to the continued pleasure I get from reading *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. From the issue of the very first number to the latest date I have found each one more attractive than the last. The articles upon Natural History can not fail to excite an interest in the inexhaustible text-book of Nature, and will lead to a higher appreciation of the Creator. I am sure that the value of your publication—the placing in the hands and before the minds of children, not merely amusement but also instruction—deserves the consideration of home circles.

The continued stories are calculated to arouse an interest in reading, supplemented as they are by the amount of moral instruction and the much patience for another chapter of "Silent Pete" as any boy or girl, though no longer a young person, that lessons of kindness and self-control may be learned from a story so charmingly written.

The letters in "Our Post-office Box," from home and abroad, awaken interest among the young people, and will result in the cultivation of habits of observation and description.

In conclusion, I can but express the wish that every one, both old and young, who can read, may become, as I am, yours, gratefully,

MARY C. HARRAUGH,

Assistant Librarian, State Library.

TRINITY, TEXAS.

I am a boy of thirteen, and live in Texas. My brother has been taking your paper for the first time, and he expects to take it another year. He is a very good boy, and he is a very good student. I do not think any one else here is taking it. I have four brothers and three sisters, and I am the eldest of the boys. We are not going to school now, but we have plenty of work to do at home. We have a nice large flock of goats, which I help herd, and two twin brothers, their names are Tom and Tip. We are not going to school now, but we have plenty of work to do at home. We have a nice large flock of goats, which I help herd, and two twin brothers, their names are Tom and Tip. We are not going to school now, but we have plenty of work to do at home. We have a nice large flock of goats, which I help herd, and two twin brothers, their names are Tom and Tip.

BERTIE W.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

This is the fourth year I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I enjoy it very much. I am ten years old, and I like to read about the world, grammar, spelling, reading, writing, dictation, and I am in Compound Numbers in arithmetic. I like two other papers besides *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, they are *My Life* and *My World*. I wish to say to M. F. S. that Gipsy, Dot, Spot, Topsy, if one is black, and Beauty are nice names for kittens. I think Cats are very nice names for cats. I have had six cats at different times, but my only pets now are a large black cat and her little gray and white striped kitten. I am very fond of reading, and my favorite au-

thors are Miss Alcott, "Pansy," and Miss Warner (author of *The Wide, Wide World*), which is one of my favorite books. I send you a capital receipt for sponge-cake. Let me know how you like it, girls. I also send two puzzles. With lots of love from your little friend,  
FLORENCE J. A.

Thanks for the puzzles. Here is the receipt:

**SPONGE-CAKE.**—Three eggs; beat the yolks with one cup of sugar and two tablespoons of cold water, beat the whites to a froth, add a capital receipt of baking powder with one cup of flour; beat all together. Flavor with lemon, and bake immediately.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

My father gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present. This is the second year that he has given it to me, and I have not been bound. My favorite authors are Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie and David Kerr. My favorite stories are "The Unknown Seas," "Two Atoms," and "The Little Fish." Is *Games and Songs of American Children* a pamphlet or a book, and what is the price, and where can it be obtained?

HARRY P. (aged 9 years).

*Games and Songs of American Children* is a large and beautifully bound book, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who will send it by mail, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.50.

MADISON, WISCONSIN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have a cousin living in England who takes your paper. She is much older than myself (she is over twenty, and I am under), but she likes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and I love her dearly, although I have never seen her. She has asked me to write a letter to you, and if you are so kind as to publish it, will tell her that it was written by her American cousin. I cannot think of a more interesting subject than my ponies, but I think I will tell her about them, and you will see them of some of them. When I was four years old, Uncle "Tom" bought me a pony. Her name was Bessie, and every one who saw her used to say, "What a pretty pony!" She was so cute she could run away with or throw almost any one, but always behaved well with children. I used to ride and drive her in it, and when I was ten years old, when mamma was with me. The third summer I had her she became lame, and papa said she must be turned into the pasture, and have a long rest, so she stayed there until the end of September. One evening, when it was nearly dark, papa was walking through the pasture, and found Bessie standing quite still, and a little wee with her. Papa tried to start her for home, but she refused to move; so he took the dear little colt in his arms and started, thinking the mother was following. Still she did not move, and when he neared piteously; then papa went back, and found that her leg was broken. We never found out how it was done, and although the bone was set, everything done for her that could be done, she got worse all the time, and suffered so that she had to be killed when the colt was a week old. The colt was the loveliest I ever saw. I wrote you a small that I could lift her easily, and jet black like her mother, with only a white stripe down her face. Early the morning after papa found poor Bessie he discovered the comet which was so brightly visible that fall; so he called the colt Comet, and that was how my second pony got her funny name. After her mother died, and I was a year and a half, and for a long time we did not expect her to live, for she was so weak she could not stand alone; but after a while she began to mend, and then she was not long before she was the fattest and most roguish of ponies. She was put in a loose stall, and every night that winter at twelve o'clock papa went to the barn to feed her. Now she is over three years old, and I drive her, and this summer I shall ride her. Papa has taught her several funny tricks, and is sure to do them. He likes her very much, and I love her. Ollie? do you love mamma? and she shakes her head every time. Then he inquires, "Do you love me?" and she rubs her nose against his. Now she is the most affectionate manner, and she would like so much to take you for a ride behind her. She weighs eight hundred, and trots very fast for a pony. I hope you would enjoy her very much. Your loving little friend,  
OLLIE M. D.

#### NAUGHTY WILLIE.

In a remote part of a village named Creston, in Iowa, there was a large house used only in summer. Being summer, the family were all there, and consisted of a mother, a father, a son, and the children, Alice and Willie. Now Alice had a beautiful French doll, of which she thought a great deal. Alice's doll had the same name as herself. One day while she was playing with it, which was not far from the house, Alice dropped her doll into the water, and it was carried away by a current. Before she could get it, the doll ran to the house, and told the cook that Alice was drowned in the brook. The cook said, "It can't be possible." "Yes, it is," said Willie.

Cook ran to Mrs. H., and told her. As soon as Mrs. H. heard the news she fainted. Mr. H. ran to the brook, and found that the doll was floating in the water, and went to capture it, but could not. Alice's doll. They ran to the house shouting for joy, and there they found the real Alice with her mother, crying for her doll. It was soon restored to her, but it was ruined by its bath. I think Willie will never do such a thing again. Do you?

MABEL E. B. (age 12 years).

LEICESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

The hero of this little story played what we call a practical joke, and if the story is true, he ought to have been sent to bed, with bread and water for his supper. Practical jokes are never very amusing, and are almost always cruel.

BAKES, WISCONSIN.

I live at the Taylor Orphan Asylum, which is situated about three miles from the city. I have two brothers here and two away from here. We find a good many wild flowers out in the woods, but they do not press very well. There are twenty-eight children living here. In winter we go out skating, and have nice times. I am thirteen years old.  
NELLIE P.

KNOX'S LAUNDING, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little boy eleven years old, go to school, and study geography, reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, and composition. I have the first five volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; I received them while at "Cisno." I have read here about one year and a half. I wrote once before this, but it was not published; I hope to see this letter in print. I would like to correspond with you, but my age is ten, and you have no pets. I am making a collection of stamps.  
CARROLL CRAWFORD.

CUFTON, BRESTON, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little boy ten years old. I have one brother and three sisters. We have a very pleasant view from where we live. Cufton is a very pretty place. We live about twenty minutes' walk from the Suspension-Bridge. We go to the Zoological Gardens nearly every day. We have only one pet; that is a canary, which we keep up in the nursery. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly a year and a half, and like it very much. I have been to a day school for two years, and I won a prize and five certificates.  
J. H.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have written to you before, but I suppose you do not remember all the young people's letters from Lincoln. I go to school here in a beautiful new brick school building. I study arithmetic, grammar, history, writing, spelling, and reading. I like to read very much, and I like to read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. The population is over twenty thousand. We are about to put in a new system of sewerage. We have electric lights and street cars. There is a series of ball games going on here now, and it is funny to see the cars so full that people are sitting on top of the car. I am only eleven years old. I am over five feet in height, so that no person who does not know my age thinks I'm under fifteen. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I was five years old. I have written to you before. I have Volume I, No. 1, and only two or three numbers missing.  
HELEN G.

A word to those of you who have the care of pets. Please remember that the little bird or pigeon, rabbit or squirrel, which is your own, depends on you for food, shelter, and comfort. See that it has fresh water to drink, plenty of the food it likes and thrives on, a clean cage or house, a nice bed, and a happy life. It is very sad, but some children—never mine, I trust—allow their pets to suffer cruelly, simply from want of thought. Pets should receive care every day.

George F. Oliver, Jun.: The publishers cannot send you the numbers containing the articles you want unless you write them a list of the titles. If you will add the numbers of the papers in which the articles appeared, they can find them more easily. The price would be five cents for each number.—Apple G.: Your little story is like a stirring with so many trains a day.—Gladfield K.: An Iowa boy, only five years old, who takes a mile every day to school, and speaks pieces about Bonaparte, Wellington, and Washington, is a little more.—Ella B.: I do not think Nizger a pretty name for a black cat. Why not call him Ebony or Soot?—Marjorie D.: When I have a disagreeable thing to do, and I know it

must be done, I always go at it at once and get it over with. Then something pleasant may come afterward.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in candy, but not in sweet.  
My second is in hat, but not in Bonnet.  
My third is in pine, but not in nut.  
My fourth is in cat, but not in dog.  
My fifth is in April, not in June.  
My sixth is in goat, but not in bell.  
My seventh is in no, but not in yes.  
My whole is a well-known city.  
HORACE F. LUNT.

2.—In joy, not in sorrow.

In land, not in sky.

In Monday, not in Tuesday.

In burglar, not in thief.

In manna, not in dew.

In sun, not in day.

In yellow, not in blue.

My whole is a month.

DAISY M. PETTIGREW.

3.—In low, not in high.

In land, not in sky.

In garden, not in yard.

In injured, not in married.

In year, not in day.

In grass, not in hay.

My whole is a famous modern composer.

BUTTERCUP.

No. 2.

ACROSTIC.

Initials give the name of an ancient city. My first is a city in Colorado; my second, a city in Greece; my third, a city in Spain; my fourth, a city in India; my fifth, a country in Africa; my sixth, a city in China; my seventh, a mountain range in the Russian Empire.

BUG AND BETTLE.

No. 3.

Vlao regat nem lal demrin us.  
Ew am kame ruo senb limbuze.  
Nad pintarde veale denbui su.  
Oototrips no het snads fo meti.

GRACE AND DAISY.

No. 4.

CHARADE.

My first it is sin to steal;  
It has a prick that all can feel.  
My second is not often still.  
When farmers need the busy mill.  
My whole is something bright and fair.  
That patriots like any where.

TEDDIE.

No. 5.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.  
My 11, 3, 4 is in the table of measures.  
My 11, 3, 4 is a sharp cry.  
My 12, 3, 13, 14 is a fruit.  
My 15, 13, 2, 11 is a girl's name.  
My 14, 5, 12, 2 is a cable.  
My 6, 9, 14, 7, 8 is the opposite of best.  
My 10, 16 is no more.

My whole is a famous park. K. H. L.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 316

No. 1.—Tennis.

No. 2.—D I S K G N U  
I R O N N O R  
S O R E U R N  
K N E E  
U N I T  
L E A D  
I S L E A I M S  
T E E M E R E S T

The answers to "Puzzles from Paris," on page 561, No. 348, are: 3. Drogas au lit. 4. Drogas au lit. 5. Ching couvertures. 6. Le saison de de.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Nellie E. Mason, L'Ami, Rula, Hula, Hula, Fred Wells, Jay Aitch, Anna Miller, Robert Wilkinson, Fannie M. P., Buttercup, A. Munder, Harry Howard Hemstreet, Florence A., Beatrice Atkins, Louise Bobbitt, Daisy M. Pettigrew, Clara, Ella Long, Clara Long, Gertrude Puffer, Ellen Lewis Jennings, Alice Hastings F., Mary Hewitt, Odell Cyclone, Louise Simmons, The Original, John, Ethelinda, Polish, Annie and Mary Cox, Edith Aikman, Bertie S. Wickham, Alice W. T., Gertrude M. Holmes, John Thomson, and Fannie W. Pearsall.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]





LAWN-TENNIS IN DARKYVILLE—AN EXCITING MOMENT.

## A USEFUL DOG.

**T**HIS animal, whose intelligence was certainly greater than that of a good many men and women, belonged to the French statesman M. Léon Gambetta, and those who knew him say that

he was never tired of telling stories about his favorite.

One day M. Gambetta was returning to his home at N—, a short distance from Paris. He was driving his own light carriage, and having a great deal to think about, was letting his horse take its own easy way. Suddenly the animal started and reared, almost overturning the vehicle to which it was harnessed. M. Gambetta jumped out to see what had caused the disturbance, and found a peasant lying almost across the road, so that he must have been severely injured had the horse gone on.

Annoyed at the man's recklessness, he addressed him sternly, and asked what he meant by thus risking his life. The unfortunate peasant replied that he desired to die. He had been sent by his master to collect a bill. The money was paid in gold, but owing to the ragged condition of the pocket where he placed it, he had lost it, piece by piece, until now only two of the coins were left.

M. Gambetta smiled, and took the gold pieces in his hand. Then he called to a fine pointer dog which had been following his carriage, and allowed the dog to smell them.

"Allez chercher!" he cried, pointing down the road.

The dog understood him at once. He started on his errand

at full speed, and, one by one, picked up the coins in his mouth, and brought them to his master. The joy of the poor peasant knew no bounds. As for the dog, he already had all the world could give him. He had added to his fame, but his place in his master's heart had long been assured.



THE UPS AND DOWNS OF SEESAW.

Fido joins in the sport uninvited.

With a disastrous result.



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A CHILD OF THE SUNRISE LAND.  
SEE POEM ON PAGE 582.

## A CHILD OF THE SUNRISE LAND.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A DEAR little child of the Sunrise Land!  
Far and away o'er the deep green sea  
A friendly breeze, that came as I fanned  
With a Japanese fan, told this to me—  
That Iso San,

Born in old Japan,  
Is a little lady of high degree.

This gossiping breeze, if it told me true,  
With its thrilling whispers of East and West,  
Said, what with the learning of old and new,  
Poor Iso San will have little rest.

She must try to please,  
She must write Chinese,  
She must prattle in English with the best.

She must hold her teacup with dainty grace;  
In the prettiest way she may coquet  
With her lap-dog's ears; with a smiling face  
Her singing-bird or her doll may pet.

I have understood  
She must not be rude,  
And they'd send for the doctor should Iso fret.

She is sometimes naughty and sometimes good,  
Like other people, I have no doubt;  
But what would happen if Iso should  
Sulk or clamor, or frown and pout?

The breeze confessed  
He had never guessed;  
He had sought in vain, and had not found out.

The Sunrise Land is a land of flowers,  
Beautiful things that bud and blow,  
Timing their lives to fragrant hours  
'Neath Fusi-yama with crown of snow;  
And Iso San,

Learning all she can,  
The lore of the flowers will surely know.

The blossoming quince, a torch ablaze,  
In hedge and garden shall kindle pyres,  
And hint to children in merry days  
Of nights forgotten by the fairies' fires.

Of wishes three  
That may granted be  
If the wee folk list to the child's desires.

Small Iso San, of the Sunrise Land  
Miles and miles o'er the deep green sea,  
With a fluttering fan as I softly fanned,  
I beckoned a breeze that talked of thee,  
Sweet Iso San,

Born in old Japan,  
A quaint little lady of high degree.



## LIVING BAROMETERS.

BY E. D. WALKER.

BAROMETERS are instruments which foretell the weather. The best are long glass tubes filled with mercury, the upper end closed, and the lower end resting in a basin of mercury. The height of the silvery column changes with the atmosphere. It falls when a storm is coming, and rises before fair weather. A commoner barometer, hanging by many doors to give advice

about umbrellas, is a chemical solution of camphor, which becomes cloudy as rain approaches, and clears before a fair sky. At least it is supposed to do so, but it often shows only when it is raining and when it is not, which most people can tell without a barometer.

Many animals are weather prophets, and their predictions are more reliable than instruments, almanacs, or signal bureaux. They are very convenient indicators of the coming skies, as they are scattered everywhere, and always attend to their duty. One who is familiar with nature can find in all places some friendly creatures warning him when storms are near, or inviting him to enjoy a rainless day. Bugs, birds, and beasts shout at him their secrets about the changing atmosphere.

Do you ask how they know what the weather will be, and how they tell others? In the same way that the true barometer does. The air about us is an ocean fifty miles deep, constantly moving in wind tides and taking new forms. As our life is at the bottom of this thin sea, which weighs down on us with a pressure of over a ton to each square foot, everything about us feels the influence of these changes. We cannot see them, any more than we can see the clear breezes, warm and cold, which unite into a black thunder-cloud. But the tubes of mercury or of camphor solution notice the lighter weight of the air, and tell us hours or even days ahead that a storm is preparing. Thus the smoke from the chimney rising in a straight line prophesies that it will be a fine day, for the air is dry; but when it hangs near the ground, the dampness causing this behavior proves that rain is near. The moist air preceding showers sets the furniture to snapping also, and makes the atmosphere wonderfully clear, so that distant objects are seen as through a telescope.

Men are barometers as well as other animals. We often hear folks say, "I feel in my bones that it will snow soon." Some persons are oppressed or exhilarated in advance of the weather by the subtle influences which are brewing foul or fair days. Rheumatic people can tell coming storms by their aching joints. As soon as the rain begins to fall they are relieved. Their painful members are always a day or more ahead of the weather. A rheumatic limb or a well-developed corn is a small fortune to a wise farmer, though he is not always as thankful for his infallible indicator as he should be.

The "lower animals" are higher than man in their sensitiveness to the delicate suggestions of the air. Birds fly from a place where cholera or other infection is advancing. It is a familiar saying that rats desert a doomed ship.

Dogs act very queerly before large storms—eating grass, biting wood, and seeming to have changed their natures. Cats also take unusual freaks, and are very drowsy. Cattle are very uneasy because of the flies that bother them specially then. The screaming of hawks, the low flight of swallows, the jerky motions of the crows, and the general disturbance of the whole bird creation, are also storm signs. The herons flying inland from the sea-shore caution farmers to hurry in their hay, or it will soon be wet. All the sounds of animals are peculiarly shrill before rain.

The sympathy of animals with atmospheric changes is most noticeable in small creatures. Insects are the most sensitive of all, being violently affected by the delicate shiftings of electricity and moisture which usher in new weather. Those which fly keep near the ground for hours before the rain, and the birds feeding on them follow suit. Crickets chirp with twice their usual voice to announce rain; the ants run very wildly about, and the flies bite more fiercely, as if excited to bloody vengeance by the disturbed elements. Spiders order their web-making by weather principles. When you see numbers of newly spun webs in the morning grass, you may be sure of a rainless day, however cloudy it may appear. Ant-hills built to an unusual height are another assurance of a pleasant sky. These dainty little architects feel all through

their joints, far more keenly than a gouty invalid, what the skies are going to do, and never waste their precious time by raising useless houses. On the ocean rocks the whelk shells crawl very high when storms are at hand.

Reptiles are intimately acquainted with weather matters. It is claimed that a very accurate barometer can be made of a frog in a bottle of water. Give froggy a stick to climb up on, and he will stay out of the water during fair prospects, but will go below for a long bath when rains are nigh. A turtle or water lizard would do as well as a frog, and a careful observation of its habits in connection with the weather would develop many useful indications.

The most surprising prophecies are those which point to probabilities months ahead. Occasionally the opossums make their winter-quarters in trees instead of in the ground, relying upon a mild winter. When the hibernating creatures, as snakes, toads, flies, etc., come out unusually early, an advanced summer is sure.

Many similar signs will be noted by those who study out-door life. But any one or two marks are never safe alone. The sea-captain compares the winds, the clouds, the glass, and the magnet before he speaks with confidence of the next day's weather, and sometimes makes a mistake even then. It must be remembered that in a long stretch of monotonous weather, drought or rain, the ordinary indexes fail, but there are always some signs which a good judgment can use safely. The common weather proverbs are misleading, frequently false. The best collection of weather maxims, based chiefly upon animals, is contained in the following verses by Dr. Edward Jenner, the English physician who discovered vaccination. All of these indications were verified by the naturalist Darwin.

#### SIGNS OF RAIN.

*Forty reasons for declining a friend's invitation to a long walk.*

1. The hollow winds begin to blow,
2. The clouds are black, the glass is low,
3. The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
4. And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
5. Last night the sun went pale to bed,
6. The moon in halos hid her head;
7. The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
8. For, see! a rainbow spans the sky.
9. The walls are damp, the ditches smell;
10. Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
11. Hark how the chairs and tables crack!
12. Old Betty's nerves are on the rack.
13. Loud quacks the duck, the peacocks cry;
14. The distant hills are seeming nigh.
15. How restless are the snorting swine!
16. The busy flies disturb the kine.
17. Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
18. The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
19. Puss on the hearth with velvet paws
20. Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
21. Through the clear streams the fishes rise,
22. And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
23. The glowworms, numerous and light,
24. Illumed the dewy dell last night.
25. At dusk the squalid toad was seen
26. Hopping and crawling o'er the green.
27. The whirling dust the wind obeys,
28. And in the rapid eddy plays.
29. The frog has changed his yellow vest,
30. And in a russet coat is dressed.
31. Though June, the air is cold and still,
32. The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
33. My dog, so altered in his taste,
34. Quits mutton bones on grass to feast.
35. And see you rooks, how odd their flight!
36. They imitate the gliding kite,
37. And seem precipitate to fall,
38. As if they felt the piercing ball.
39. 'Twill surely rain. I see with sorrow
40. Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

Barometers are used also to measure the height of mountains, and the live creation matches them in this respect too. Every kind of growing thing is limited to a small range of elevation, and is seldom found on lower

or higher ground. The varieties of flowers, insects, birds, and quadrupeds dwelling on lowlands are unlike those on the hills. As one ascends a mountain-side, these keep changing, becoming scarcer and more brightly colored, until on the highest peak the few living things are of more brilliant hues than any of their kindred further down. On the Alps and Andes the blossoming plants receive a richer quantity of the sun's coloring power, and their shades are livelier than any of the similar species below, just as the tropical plants and animals have stronger hues than those in temperate zones. A skillful naturalist, therefore, climbing a mountain, can tell his height at any time with fair accuracy by the life around him.

#### CARL THE LAPP.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

LITTLE Carl Nossor was awakened from a sound sleep, one cold winter night, by such a commotion that he thought at first a wolf or bear, or perhaps one or two of the reindeer, had got into the tent; for Carl lived in Lapland, and when night came he fell asleep as soon as he got under his sheepskin.

Yes, he slept under a sheepskin, and over one too; and in very cold weather he got into a sort of bag made of reindeer-skin, with fur inside. This was in place of a night-gown, and it kept him as warm as toast. Carl liked the warmth, and he dearly liked to be comfortable. It was not at all comfortable to hear this noise and talking in the night, and at first he tried to go to sleep again, and forget all about it. But presently the thought of his mother and little Marta, and Lars, the kind, generous father, made him feel ashamed, and he started up, quite awake, to see what the trouble was.

It was a queer-looking place inside the tent. Right in the middle, under the opening at the top, a bright fire was burning, and over the fire was swung a large brass kettle with reindeer meat cooking in it. How good that meat did smell, and how Carl wished that he could have some! They were making coffee, too, and he liked the smell of coffee.

There were the large chest and reindeer-skins on the floor to sit on; and many things, such as pots, pails, saddles, and clothes, were lying around. Overhead hung the baby's cradle, and reindeer horns, skins, harness, and pieces of frozen meat.

There were several people and two or three dogs. All these things Carl was used to seeing, but the tall stranger in the group was something new. This was an Englishman, travelling to Sweden. An accident had compelled him to halt and arouse these worthy people for a bed and a supper.

After a while Carl's mother saw the boy's great round eyes wide open, and when the guests had been attended to, she slipped over to the bed with a nice bit of meat, whispering, as she popped it into his mouth, "Lie down to sleep again, little one; the stranger will not hurt thee."

"Then he isn't a giant, mother?" whispered Carl.

"No, indeed," said the mother; "he is a good man and very tired. See, I'm going to make his bed."

Mrs. Lars spread fresh skins on a pile of young birch-tree branches, and soon all was quiet once more.

The next morning the little Lapp boy took breakfast with the strange gentleman; and when he saw his pleasant, laughing eyes and kind smile, he thought he would like to show him his own reindeer that was given to him when he was born, which is the fashion with Lapland babies.

When he saw this wonderful reindeer, Mr. Thorne praised its handsome antlers and its pretty color, and laughingly asked what Carl would take for it. But Carl



"OPEN YOUR MOUTH"

only hugged his pet the tighter, and the animal replied with an affectionate grunt.

Then Carl put on his snow-shoes, which were queer things made of fir-wood, and longer than Carl's height. But he strapped them on and ran about, leaping from one snow-heap to another, and shouting with glee. When the stranger tried to get about in them he tumbled down awkwardly, and made Carl laugh.

They became good friends during the next two days, while the visitor was getting ready to proceed on his journey; and when the time came to start, Mr. Thorne offered to take Carl home with him. He had fallen quite in love with the little Lapp boy.

At first the good Lars and Margarita looked troubled,

for they did not want to lose their little Carl; but then they said, reverently, "God will take care of him as well there as here. God is everywhere. It is for Carl's good. We will consent."

Then Carl got his beloved reindeer and his snow-shoes ready, never doubting that he should need them in England. His mother made up a little bundle of clothing, which she gave him with a long good-by kiss; his father solemnly blessed him; so, feeling quite like a man, Carl started off with his new friend.

After a while he began to ask: "Do they have such beautiful snow in England? Are there forests there of birch and pine and fir? Do you have warm skins to sleep under, and nice bladder-puddings to eat? And do you hunt wolves and bears?"

"Oh no," replied Mr. Thorne, laughing. "You will not need your snow-shoes. And I'm afraid your reindeer will starve unless you can get it to eat something else besides moss."

"Then," said the boy, solemnly, "I'll go back to mother, and stay in Lapland. It is not good to be where everything is strange."

And Carl went back to the tent with the queer hole in the top to let the smoke out, and all sorts of handy things scattered around.

Mr. Thorne was not offended, and when the guide went back he sent the little fellow a box full of delicious candies, and just in the middle was a white sugar reindeer. It

was beautiful; and around its neck was a slip of paper on which was written "Selma," the name of Carl's own pet reindeer.

"It must have come all the way from Stockholm," he said, in a tone of awe.

On top of the box was a dear little Bible with Carl's name and "A gift from his English friend" written in it.

This was a great prize, for though the Bible was well known in the tent of Lars Nosser, Carl had never had one of "his very own."

The good Margarita clasped her boy in her arms when he returned, and said, "It is well; the home and the Bible are all that one needs."



## A NAUTICAL EXPERIMENT; Or, WHO KNOWS BEST?

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "WAKULLA," ETC.

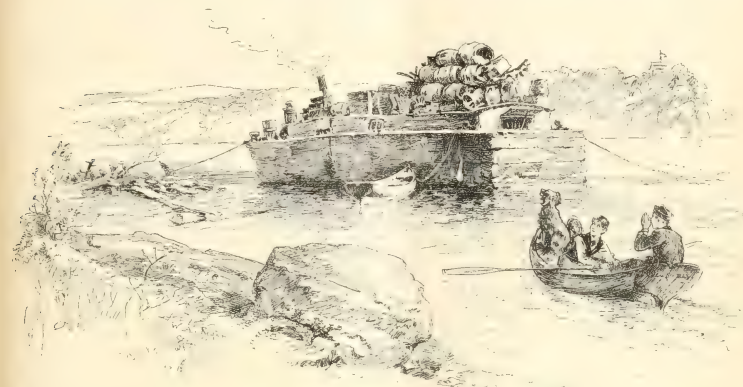
## Part I.

NO boys had happier or pleasanter homes than Nelson Bryce and Harry Teller; and yet no boys along the entire length of the river were more anxious to leave them, and seek their fortunes elsewhere, than they. They lived on the eastern side of the Hudson, just above its grand Highlands; and as their fathers were wealthy men, they were indulged in all the luxuries that money could buy or boys desire. They had ponies and boats and bicycles to their hearts' content; but of these they had become tired, and had decided that what they wanted most

the shed roof, and down the grape trellis, to the ground. He very nearly screamed with fright as he reached the bottom of the trellis, and something black, with glaring eyes, sprang from close beside him, and darted away like a shadow, or a cat, around the corner of the house. At the same moment, however, a soft whistle sounded from a clump of shrubbery near by, and Harry's courage was restored by the knowledge thus conveyed that Nelson was there waiting for him.

From Nelson's neck hung, by a cord attached to a ring in its handle, the kitchen carving knife, and in his arms he bore a bundle of what he called "stores for the cruise," and which had been made up in his mother's pantry. He waited for Harry to put on his shoes, one of which had been stuffed into each pocket of his jacket, and then they stole like a couple of young burglars down the well-known path leading to the river.

It was so very dark in the boat-house that if Nelson



"THE TIRED BOYS PULLED UP ALONGSIDE THE BUM-BEAT."

of anything was to go to sea. In this their fathers did not think it best to indulge them, as in their judgment going to school was, at the age of fourteen, more important than going to sea. But Nelson and Harry were not to be convinced that they did not know best, and after many grave consultations they determined to take the matter into their own hands, run away, and enlist on board the naval training ship that they had seen lying at anchor in the Hudson off the foot of Twenty-third Street when Harry's father had taken them to New York about a month before.

"Just think," said Nelson, who was a few months older than Harry, and who generally took the lead in their expeditions, "you only have to stay on board the *Minotaur* two months, and then you get transferred to another ship and sent off to the West Indies, where pirates live, or to the Mediterranean, where you may fall in with corsairs from the 'barbarous' coast, and so you go sailing all over the world, and have all sorts of adventures."

"Yes," said Harry, who was not fond of his books, "and you don't ever have to go to school; you only take lessons in seamanship, climbing masts, and making knots, and belaying, and such things."

It was very dark and very still that night when Harry, trembling with nervousness, slipped out of bed, drew on his clothes, climbed out of the back entry window, over

had not had a couple of matches in his pocket they would not have found the oars belonging to the *Nelly Bly*, Harry's pretty little row-boat, in which they were to attempt the journey down the river. At length everything was ready for the start. Harry sat in the boat holding an oar with which to push off, and Nelson, with his precious stores under one arm and the end of a lighted match in his hand, was about to step aboard. Suddenly the match went out, and in the dense darkness Nelson missed his footing, stepped on the gunwale instead of into the bottom of the boat, and, with a smothered cry and a tremendous splash, pitched head-foremost into the water.

"Oh, Nelse!" cried Harry, who had been nearly thrown out of the boat by Nelson's mishap, "where are you? are you drowned?"

"Hush!" said Nelson, who had regained his feet, and now stood in water up to his waist groping about for the "stores" that had been flung far from him as he fell; "don't be a goose. You'll wake the whole house if you call out that way."

That the noise in the boat-house had roused somebody was evident from the hoarse barkings of Rover, the Newfoundland house-dog, who always slept on the front piazza, and whom the boys now heard bounding down the path toward the boat-house.

"Shove off—quick!" said Nelson, as, abandoning the "stores" to their fate, he crawled in over the stern of the boat. "If Rover catches us, we can't get rid of him."

The *Nelly Bly* shot from the boat-house out into the river, and Harry tugged vigorously at the oars; but it was too late; Rover had scented his young companions of many a jolly frolic, and, determined not to be left behind this time, he sprang into the water with a joyful bark of recognition, and swam after them.

Harry rowed hard, and Nelson, as sternly as his chattering teeth would admit, said, "Go back, sir! home with you!" But Rover seemed to think he said, "Come on, sir! in with you!" and only swam the faster toward them.

At last Harry said, "It's no use, Nelse; I can't row any harder, and I'm afraid the poor old dog will keep on till he drowns if we don't take him in."

So they waited, and when Rover reached them, Nelson helped him in over the stern of the boat. Once safely in, he gave himself such a shake that poor Harry, who was nearest him, received a shower-bath from the shaggy coat that left him nearly as wet as Nelson.

After some trouble, they got Rover to lie down in the bow of the boat, and each boy taking an oar, they rowed vigorously for some time in silence, intent as much upon getting warm as upon making headway; for it was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and two o'clock of a morning late in the fall is apt to seem a pretty cold time even to boys who are not wet. The silence was at length broken by Harry, who asked, "Do sailors have to stay up much nights, Nelse? and do you think they get very wet?"

"Of course all sailors have to stand their watches, and dog-watches, and tricks at the wheel; but they have sou'westers and oil-skins and things, and it's only fun."

"I guess we'll let Rover stand all the dog-watches on this cruise, won't we, Nelse?" and at this joke they both laughed so that for the moment they forgot that they were a couple of very wet, uncomfortable, runaway boys.

In the deep shadow of old Storm King they met a fleet of small sailing vessels slowly stemming the tide on their way up the river. These moved so noiselessly, and appeared and disappeared so suddenly, that with their shadowy sails they seemed the ghosts of old Hudson River packets, and it was with difficulty that the boys avoided being run down by several of them. As they narrowly escaped being struck by the bluff bows of a schooner that rose suddenly dead ahead of them, and which they probably would not have noticed but for Rover's warning bark, a hoarse voice called out: "Why don't you fellows show a light? Don't yer know it's agin the law to be out on the water after dark without showing a light ten feet above yer deck? It's my opinion ye're no better'n river-thieves, but yer can't catch the cap'n of the *Nancy Jane* a nappin'."

The boys knew well enough, for they had often heard it before, what the hollow booming sound was that reached their ears while they were in the narrow passage between West Point and Constitution Island, where the great iron chain once spanned the river. It was the beat of the wheels of one of the Albany night boats on her way down the river, and as she drew rapidly near, the hollow booming increased to a roar, echoing among the Highlands until the air was filled with it, and it produced in the minds of the boys such a sense of terror and impending danger that they would have gladly abandoned their expedition if they could have been safely at home again and in their own beds. On came the boat, like some huge fiery monster, seeming to occupy the entire breadth of the river from bank to bank, until the boys thought they must be borne down and ground to atoms by her. As they screamed aloud in their terror and helplessness the vast fabric swept past them, so close that the spray from her wheels dashed in their faces, and left them hardly able to realize that they had escaped.

Soon after this a gray light began to steal over the sur-

face of the river, and a few clouds sailing over Bear Hill took on a pinkish tinge. These promises of day were welcome enough to our two would-be sailors, who by this time were thoroughly benumbed with cold, sleepy, and hungry. Five miles below West Point, in the mouth of a little creek emptying into the Hudson near Fort Montgomery, the boys saw a bum-boat at anchor near the shore, and they determined to board her and see if they could not obtain something to eat.

A "bum-boat" is a sort of a floating grocery store, and looks like a big scow with a low house built along its entire length. The roof of the house is generally covered with boxes and barrels, and inside of it are kept all sorts of goods, to be sold to the crews of passing sailing vessels, or canal-boats being towed in great rafts up and down the river. The goods are carried off to these, and the trading is done by means of small steam-launches, one or two of which are attached to every bum-boat.

The sun had just risen as the tired boys pulled up alongside the bum-boat, made the *Nelly Bly* fast, and, followed by Rover, clambered on board, and walked aft to where a most savory smell of breakfast and considerable smoke were issuing from a small door in the low house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

### THE WAY WE TALK.

AS you are all studying grammar, as a matter of course you are expected to speak properly. Aunt Marjorie is convinced that most of you know why some modes of speech are right and others wrong, according to the rules of syntax and of polite usage, but she fears, nevertheless, that you do not always pay attention to these rules in your home conversation.

Charlie's sister Bertha asked him at breakfast this morning whether he intended to go to the great base-ball match in the afternoon, and he promptly answered, "You bet!" Fancy such a reply addressed by a young gentleman to a young lady in the presence of a refined family circle!

"Ain't that lovely, mamma?" said Louise, alluding to a white rose which was blooming on the bush in the window. Now, in the first place, the word *ain't* is so vulgar that it makes your Aunt Marjorie almost faint whenever she hears it drop from pretty lips, and in the second place, being a contraction of *are not*, it is not possible to parse it if you use it instead of *is not*.

"I ain't coming!" shouts naughty Phil when his brother Tom calls him from the play-ground at dark. But Phil, naughty as he is, need not break a well-known rule which does not permit a plural verb to tie itself fast to a subject or nominative in the singular. "I'm not coming," is what Phil meant to say.

A great many of you have quite fallen out of the pleasant habit of bidding each other and your friends good-morning and good-evening when you meet, and you say, by way of greeting, "Hallo!" Aunt Marjorie confesses that she never has grown used to having her boy friends hail her in this manner, and she always glances around to see whether they do not intend the salutation for somebody in the background. But when Ed Wells and Theo Haight say, distinctly, "Hallo, Aunt Marjorie!" she cannot help returning the salutation with a courteous "Good-morning, boys." Perhaps they expect her to say, "Hallo yourselves!"

Hundreds of people, when they speak of persons, say *party* when they should say *person*. "I met a party down-town, and he told me there had been a terrible accident on the Central Railroad." The person speaking should say, "I met a person."

Some of us say *nice*, when we mean charming or beautiful or satisfactory. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, for instance, is not a nice paper only, it is an excellent paper—nice because it is neat and clean, but worthy of much higher praise than that, as you all are agreed. A nice taste in the use of words will prevent you from using nice except when you mean particular, fastidious, or dainty. "Grandma is very nice about her caps," as any one may see who observes the snowy bit of lace above the silvery hair; but grandma is more than merely a nice old lady, which sounds too patronizing when one is speaking of the dearest grandma in the whole world.

## FALSE WITNESS.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," "JO'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### SICKNESS AND WANT.

"WHAT is that?"

Agnes put down the cup and saucer she was wiping, and looked at Margaret. It was a bitterly cold night, although snow was falling, but mingled with it were hail and sleet, so that the two girls in the Hofmeisters' sitting-room did not expect any visitors; but the sound which had attracted Agnes was certainly a knock at the door.

"It is a child's hand," said Margaret; and Agnes hurried forward, opening the door and sending a blast of cold air into the room. A curly-headed little boy of seven years of age, Margaret's special pet and pupil, stood outside in the entry, his eyes bright and his round cheeks flaming. Quickly as he entered the room, Margaret detected something unusual in his manner. His step was languid and his eyes looked heavy.

"Phil," cried the invalid, stretching out her hands, "come here. What is it? You don't seem well."

The little fellow nestled close to Margaret, who lifted him tenderly in her arms and let him rest a very tired head against her shoulder.

"I'm tired," the child said, wearily. "My head aches."

"It's very hot," Margaret said, soothingly. "Do you want to stay with me to-night?" she added, coaxingly.

The little fellow nodded slowly, and Margaret beckoned to Agnes, who was standing in the window.

"See," she whispered. "Will you go with the other little one to Phil's mother, and say I will keep him for the night? It is very near."

Agnes was glad of any errand of mercy, especially for Margaret; and taking the other child's hand in hers, she hurried down-stairs and out into a side street, to the house where Phil's father and mother lived.

*Lived!* Could it be called living, Agnes wondered, as she made her way into a crowded, dirty tenement, in one room of which Mrs. Finegan and her idle, good-for-nothing husband were sitting with some neighbors. The request was speedily granted. Mrs. Finegan followed Agnes to the door, blessing Margaret for her goodness to the "child," and explaining, with much elaboration, that he hadn't been well for days.

"It's from running down in thin marshes, miss," the poor woman said, as if apologetically; "but I can't keep my eye always on 'em; sure there's sivin more of 'em besides him!"

Agnes knew too little of illness to understand just what this might mean. She had heard that in spite of the frost a great deal of fever existed in certain parts of the town, but the woman's words did not carry to her mind any

suggestion of danger. Cheerfully enough she returned home and assisted Margaret in arranging a bed on the sofa for the little fellow.

Coming in at five o'clock the next day, Agnes found Margaret waiting for her with feverish impatience. Little Phil was unquestionably very ill. Dr. Clinton's assistant had been there, and the child was to be sent at once to the hospital. It was undoubtedly scarlet fever.

Agnes felt appalled. She looked at Margaret with eagerness, but saw at once that no fear of contagion had occurred to her friend, and only that very day she had learned that in parts of Halcorn the fever was raging. She did not, however, hesitate to make the sick child ready to go, and herself accompanied him in the hospital ambulance.

A special ward had been prepared for the children suffering from this fever and diphtheria. As Agnes followed the nurse and little Phil into it, Dr. Clinton's assistant, Dr. Tabor, looked at her in some surprise.

"Is it possible," he said to her, when she had announced herself as Margaret's friend, "that you do not know how contagious this fever is, Miss Leigh? Your friend Miss Hofmeister told me she had never had it; yet she did not seem in the least disturbed."

Agnes smiled. "Oh no," she said; "Margaret is always peaceful over everything. I do not think she is afraid."

"But she must be careful," he said, urgently. "I think I will call in a day or two and see how she is."

But three days went by before Dr. Tabor appeared. The fever was increasing rapidly; not only children, but many grown people, had been taken with it, and Agnes rejoiced that she had gone through the disease, so that she had no such new foe to dread; but it was different with poor Margaret. Weak as she was, it was easy to strike her with any disease so contagious, and before a week was over she was in the delirium of the fever.

Agnes determined to care for her friend. She banished Herr Hofmeister to her little room, so that he might carry no contagion to his pupils, and installed herself as Margaret's nurse. Happily for herself, at this time her thoughts were all absorbed in the care of her friend; for the feeling against her had risen to a decided prejudice; indeed, to more than that, since Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Pierson and half a dozen other ladies, anxious to preserve their daughters from all possible association with evil, had decided to exclude Agnes from their fresides.

"Whatever it all means," was Mrs. Pierson's carefully worded decision, "it is best to be on the safe side."

But Agnes, watching day and night at Margaret's bedside, grieving as she saw Mr. Hofmeister's diminishing work and saddened spirits, guessed nothing of all this. Poverty—not only straitened means, but actual poverty—was staring her in the face; and from Dorefield came word before November ended that her father lay at death's door, and she dared not go to him.

Care as she might for Margaret's slender store of money and her own fast-failing purse, Agnes could not but see that soon they might actually need food and fire. The Doctor came daily, praised Agnes's skill, and gave her a tonic to bring some color into her own face, but he could not minister to wants of which he suspected nothing, and he too had heard the floating gossip of the town.

"The daughter of a murderer!" he said to himself, one dark, snowy afternoon, as he stumbled down the dimly lighted, narrow staircase. "Can it be possible?—and her mother a strolling player! Well! well! who would believe it?" For by this time the town of Halcorn had arranged Agnes Leigh's belongings in this fashion; what had before been only hinted at was now openly spoken, as if it were fact, and Mrs. Pierson said she shuddered to think how near they had all come to "taking her up."

Agnes stood at the window on that very afternoon, watching the softly falling snow, while Margaret dozed in the twilight room, thinking over a far-away past.

\* Begun in No. 347, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.





"'I'M TIRED,' THE CHILD SAID, WEARILY. 'MY HEAD ACHES.'"

The picture this snowy scene brought back was not an unpleasant one. It was of a large, old-fashioned, firelit room in the house on The Avenue whose gates had so long been closed. She could see herself, a tiny child, standing in the window watching the snow-flakes falling in soft showers on the stone-flagged terrace, and wondering how soon it would be Christmas. It was a beautiful room, as Agnes recalled it, with oaken wainscot and dark crimson hangings, and near the fire her mother, her pretty dainty mother, was seated with Mrs. Mostyn. What *they* talked about, Agnes could not remember. She knew it was her mother's school days at Halcom, and Christmas-times, but that one picture faded quickly; others took its place, with the shifting colors, the changes of an eventful life, and for the most part it all looked to the girl shadowy and dim; but was there not always a to-morrow?

Agnes's tears gathered, and she dashed them away. Hope is hard to deny to youth, but want and suffering will do much toward it. The poor girl turned to look at Margaret's white face upon the pillow, to listen to her weakly drawn breath. The Doctor had ordered beef tea. She must go out for the needful materials, so she hurried down-stairs and out into the snowy streets.

When the meat was purchased, Agnes looked into her

purse with dismay. It contained every farthing she possessed—exactly one dollar and a half—and only that morning Mr. Hofmeister had declared himself too ill to work any longer. He had said he would go to the hospital if Agnes would remain with his child. There seemed to be no other course to follow; and yet to what would it lead?

It was snowing fiercely; the streets were crowded, and Agnes hurried through them, feeling weak and exhausted, and yet only anxious to get home.

Just at Marsh's door she stopped a moment, struck by something familiar in the face and bearing of a lady who was coming out—a tall, beautiful old lady, with dark eyes and a proud, sweet face. She was richly wrapped in velvet and furs; a footman held an umbrella over her head as she made her way to the luxurious carriage in waiting.

Once, for half a moment, the lady turned her beautiful dark eyes on the slender, weary young figure, half hesitating, lingering near her. Where had she seen that face before? thought Agnes; but her tired brain refused to work it out. The lady entered her carriage, and was driven swiftly away over the snow-covered roads, while Agnes hurried on, memory growing more and more confused as she tried to make clearer her impressions of the past.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





OCEAN GROVE—SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 590.

1. A Procession on the Beach.

2. Sea-shore Treasures.

3. A "Surf Meeting" for Children.

4. A Canvas Home.

5. The Lake.

## TENTING BY THE SEA-SIDE.

ANDREW MCINTYRE, Jun., and his sister Pansy, were very much afraid that their summer vacation would have to be spent in the city this year, and great was their grief over the prospect. Ever since they could remember, they had spent at least three of the summer months at their grandmother's, among the New England hills. Now the dear grandmamma was in heaven, the old homestead had passed into stranger hands, and their father said he felt so poor that he did not see how he could possibly take them to any of the sea-side or mountain resorts, where they would be obliged to board.

Their mother, to whom the children went for sympathy in their disappointment, said: "My darlings, the prospect of spending your vacation in the city is one of God's trials, sent on purpose to test us. He will not make it too heavy for us to bear, and in good time He will sweep away all difficulties."

As the school term came to a close, and the prospect of going away seemed as dim as ever, impatient little Andrew cast many an anxious glance at his mother's face. Although he did not say anything, she read his meaning, and answered him with such reassuring smiles as comforted him greatly, and made him feel that her faith was still as strong as ever.

One evening, about this time, Mr. McIntyre told his wife that on the following day he should be obliged to visit a place on the New Jersey coast called Ocean Grove. He explained that it was a Methodist camp-meeting ground, and that their Sabbath-school had been especially invited to visit it in July to take part in the opening exercises of the great Annual Sabbath-school Assembly to be held there.

"We have accepted the invitation," he said, "and I must run down there, get acquainted with the place, and make all necessary arrangements."

The following evening, when Mr. McIntyre came home to a late supper, wearied and hungry after his trip, his tired face was radiant with such a look as the children could hardly remember having seen on it before.

They knew it meant something good, and they besieged him with questions about the excursion and about Ocean Grove; but he bade them have patience until he had become sufficiently refreshed to tell them a long story.

So the children waited, and wondered what the story could be about, until their father had pushed his chair back from the table, and then, big boy and girl as they were, they clambered on his knees, and begged him not to tantalize them any longer. The mother sat down close beside the little group, and Mr. McIntyre began his promised story with:

"Well, my dears, from what I have seen and learned to-day, I believe that you can spend your vacation in the country after all."

"Oh, goodly!" cried Pansy.

"Hoo-ray!" shouted Andrew.

"Really, husband?" exclaimed Mrs. McIntyre, while a little choking sensation arose in her throat.

"Yes, really," answered Mr. McIntyre; "and not only in the country, but at one of the most charming of sea-side resorts. I have found at Ocean Grove the very place best suited to us. It is inexpensive, unfashionable, easily reached from the city, is delightfully cool, perfectly healthful, and, above all, it is a community of religious, God-fearing people, who maintain peace, quiet, and perfect order within its limits. It is about six miles south of Long Branch; is two hours' ride from New York by train, or three if you take a steamer to Sandy Hook, and train from there. It is a village of pretty cottages and white tents, nestled in a grove of oak and pine trees, with a beautiful fresh-water lake on each side of it, and the ocean in front. It is laid out in streets, broad avenues, and parks. There

is a fine church, an immense open-air auditorium in which the camp-meeting services are held, and an especial building for children's services. The entire grove is supplied with delicious water by means of Artesian wells, and the sanitary regulations of the place insure perfect cleanliness. Besides all this, there is a broad sea-beach of clean white sand, grand surf bathing in the ocean, and still-water bathing and absolutely safe boating in the lakes."

"Are the roads good for bicycles?" asked Andrew, who is an enthusiastic young wheelman.

"Capital," replied his father. "I saw several boys riding bicycles while I was there."

"And can we learn to row?" asked Pansy.

"I shouldn't wonder if you could," was the smiling answer. "And, moreover, I shouldn't be at all surprised if you children could have a boat all to yourselves, for I find that for \$10 I can engage a safe light rowing skiff for the entire season."

"Oh!" gasped the children, almost bewildered by the extent of the vista of pleasure opening up before them.

"But, husband, can we afford it all?" inquired Mrs. McIntyre, with just a trace of anxiety in her tone.

"Yes, my dear, I believe we can. I find we can hire a cottage for the season, which means until the end of October, for from \$150 to \$300, according to its size and location. I also saw large tents, with kitchen and dining-room attachments, in the shape of tiny cottages, to rent for \$75 the season."

"Oh, a tent! take a tent!" cried both the children, in a high state of excitement. "Won't it be jolly?" And, "Just think of living and sleeping all summer in a tent!"

"What! do you look forward to sleeping all summer?" inquired the father, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh no, of course not," replied the embarrassed Pansy, who had made the remark. "I only meant that when we did have to sleep, how perfectly lovely it would be to sleep in a tent."

"And how do you regard the tenting plan, my dear?" inquired Mr. McIntyre of his wife.

"I think it a good one. It has novelty and cheapness to recommend it, and but very little furniture will be required in a tent. Yes, I vote for a canvas house."

A week later found the McIntyres established, and making themselves thoroughly at home for the summer, in Ocean Grove. Their tent, with its canvas windows, little canvas portico in front, boarded floor, and tiny cottage in the rear, seemed to them a marvel of airy beauty and compact comfort.

Last Saturday they had the pleasure of welcoming some of their city friends, who went down on the excursion to take part in the opening exercises of the Sabbath-school Assembly, and with them they marched in procession through the principal avenues, with banners flying, to the music of sweet songs.

A feature of Ocean Grove life that the children especially enjoy is what Andrew calls "Beach Church," and what other people call "Surf Meetings." These are the open-air Sabbath evening services held on the sea-beach to the accompaniment of the foaming breakers or singing wavalets of the ocean. Sometimes these services are held entirely for children, as is shown in one of the illustrations on page 589.

Already the little McIntyres have formed many pleasant acquaintances among the other children of the Grove, who call Andrew "Good-Morning," and Pansy "Good-Afternoon," because their initials are A. M. and P. M. They are enjoying all the more their summer in the country because they expected to spend it in the city; and if any readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE choose to call on them this summer at Ocean Grove, I think they will find them having about the very best time of any two children in the country.

## HAND TO HAND WITH A GRAY WOLF.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

I HAVE a friend up in Canada who is an engineer, and has spent several years in laying out the lines for, or in superintending the building of, railways on the frontier. He has brought a good many trophies home from the wilderness, and can tell many a story in respect to them. One of these trophies is a wolf-skin, which lies before the fire.

"Where did you get that?" I asked him once.

"Well," he answered, with a comical, shame-faced kind of smile, "I'm not sure I want to tell that story, for it doesn't sound very heroic. Still, as I do not pretend to be a hero, or even a hunter, and as I came out ahead in the encounter, I suppose I needn't hesitate."

"Was it a fight?" I exclaimed, eager to hear a thrilling tale of some hand-to-hand struggle.

"Partly; at any rate, it came within one of it."

"How was that?"

"After we had stopped surveying on that railway in northern Manitoba last fall, with the coming of the snow, I staid in the region a while hunting buffaloes with a party of French *métis*, and on our return I thought it would be a good thing to trap one of the big wolves that are always hanging about a herd of buffaloes in the hope of getting a meal by dragging down some calf or a wounded or very aged animal. These wolves do not move in large packs, like the European ones that are the subject of so many Russian stories, but in small family parties of three or four, and, perhaps for that reason, are generally very cowardly, so they are not much feared by the plains-men unless cornered. Well, one night we set a steel-trap close by the carcass of a buffalo cow which had just been shot."

"Had you seen wolves about?" I interrupted.

"No, but that was of no consequence. The wolves get so white in winter up there that they are all but invisible, and spring out of the snow, at the most unexpected times and places, like spirits. Their scent is amazingly keen too, and I knew it would be only a short time before some wandering band would discover the quarry."

"We baited and set our trap in the afternoon, and after our camp supper that evening, it being moonlight, we sallied out to see whether anything had been caught. Sure enough there was a big fellow nipped by one foot."

"As I was a stranger and their guest, my French friends insisted that I should have the excitement of going forward and despatching the captive with my rifle. Now I am not a very good shot, and I wanted to get as near as possible, in order to kill him with my first barrel; so I walked up to within twenty yards of the trap. Even this did not quite satisfy me, however, and I was going on a few paces further, when, to my amazement, he suddenly sprang forward, broke the chain of the trap, and dragging it along with him, came bounding toward me, with open jaws and the angry howl of a wild beast at bay."

"The hero and sportsman I have spoken of would have coolly dropped the brute in his tracks, no doubt; but I confess that I was so startled and frightened that I dropped my gun, and would certainly have run if he hadn't been upon me almost before I could turn around. I had just wits enough left to remember my belt knife, snatch it from the sheath hanging by my side, and hold it before me in a trembling hand with a confused sort of hope that the wolf might run against it and so kill himself."

"Just what happened then I hardly know, but I saw the beast spring as if into my face, heard a rifle crack right at my ear, and when the smoke cleared away there was the wolf lying just at my feet, with a bullet through his shoulder, and a stab in his breast."

"It was a fearful shock, and I am not sure I enjoy even looking at the skin, which, as you see, shows the hole where the Frenchman's bullet entered, and so saved me a good mauling, if not a miserable death."

## MR. THOMPSON AND THE CRAB.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.



THOMPSON was lying in the stern of his boat, one warm morning last summer, thinking of nothing in particular, and was just dropping off into a doze, when his attention was attracted by a crab partially concealed under a bit of sea-weed in the water.

The crab was slowly waving its claws back and forth and hitching from side to side with a sort of rhythmic motion, as if performing some sort of a dance in time to imaginary music. Mr. Thompson watched its antics for some moments, and finally muttered, "What on earth is the thing doing?"

The crab paused for a moment, and said, snappishly, "I'm not a thing, and I'm doing nothing on earth; I'm shedding in the water."

"Shedding?" queried Mr. Thompson.

"Yes, shedding. What do you do when your clothes are too small for you?" said the crab.

"I get some that are big enough," replied Mr. Thompson, mildly, heaving a sigh as he thought of his tailor's bill.

"Well, I shed," said the crab, resuming his mystic dance.

Mr. Thompson leaned a little further over the edge of the boat, and watched the operation. The upper shell slowly began to separate from the lower at the back, and small triangular cracks appeared in the large claws.

"Why, your shell is bursting at the back!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson, in surprise.

"Of course it is," replied the crab. "What does your coat do when you outgrow it?"

"It generally gives way at the buttons," said Mr. Thompson, with a smile, as he glanced down over his ample waistcoat. "But how do you get new clothes when you have a—a—"

"Shed," interjected the crab.

"—When you have shed your old ones?" pursued Mr. Thompson.

"They grow on," answered the crab. "Come over here, and I'll tell you."

"But I'll get wet," objected Mr. Thompson; "I'm doing nicely where I am."

"Take hold of my claw; it won't hurt you as long as you keep hold of me," replied the crab, extending one of his big claws.

Mr. Thompson grasped the claw readily, and dropped over the side of the boat. He says that he can't exactly tell when the change took place, but when he touched the water he was a crab—a big, well-made, hard-shelled crab—and remembers admiring the beautiful blue tint under his claws, and the dark olive green of his back, for he could turn his eyes so as to see all over himself. He experienced a strange feeling of delight on touching the water, and the first thought that entered his mind was that he would be obliged to pay for no more clothes, but when he wanted a new suit he would "shed."

"How jolly it must be to be a crab!" he murmured.

"Well, I don't know," answered his new friend, evidently well pleased, and taking Mr. Thompson's remark as a compliment. "We have our troubles as well as other people. Men try to catch us. Now I have dodged your net three times this morning, and just escaped being pulled into a boat by letting go of a most delicious piece of meat that I was making my dinner off yesterday."

Mr. Thompson thought of the crab that he had failed to catch, and said nothing.

"Then while we are soft," the crab continued, "we have



"HE HANDED THE UNFORTUNATE CRAB TO MISS ANGELINA."

to be continually on the lookout. Men appear to be especially anxious to get us when we are soft. Do you like men when they are soft?" he continued, inquiringly.

"No, I don't," answered Mr. Thompson, emphatically.

"That's funny," mused the crab; "yet you said yesterday that one soft one was worth a dozen hard ones." Mr. Thompson ventured no explanation, and the crab continued, cheerfully, "But, you see, we have to hide when we are going to shed, for, besides the men, the toad-fish are after us, and sometimes swallow us whole." Just then one of the hideous toad-fish swam lazily by, and the crab shrank behind Mr. Thompson. "He can see you are hard, and dare not touch you," he said.

"How long does it take you to shed?"

"About an hour," replied the crab. "It depends upon the weather; we shed more easily on warm days. When we first come out of our old shells our skin is as soft as that on your face, and we are very weak from the exertion, but quickly gather strength, and in about four hours the skin begins to grow rough and papery, like brown paper, and in about seven hours our new shell is almost as hard as the old one; we are very thin, though, and are awfully hungry, for we can eat nothing while soft."

"That's the reason why the soft crabs in the markets are so thin and watery," exclaimed Mr. Thompson.

Fortunately the crab did not understand what he meant, for it said, doubtfully: "Perhaps so. I can't say. I don't think I've ever been in the markets; but I've noticed a curious change when some of my relatives have been killed at that time. The fat in a healthy crab is yellow, like the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, and in a paper shell it is a dirty greenish-brown. When we are first hatched we are not much bigger than spiders, and are very lively; then we shed three or four times a day. When we grow very large we only shed once or twice in a season. Another curious thing is that if one of our claws or legs is broken off, a new one forms, and remains

soft for a long time, folded close up to our body until we shed, when it comes out as good as the old one."

"Well, that is nice," exclaimed Mr. Thompson. "I think I'd like to remain a crab." He suddenly thought of Miss Angelina, however, and regretted his wish; at the same moment he heard a feminine scream, and realized that he was lying in the water.

"Oh, Mr. Thompson is drowned!" shrieked Miss Angelina, rushing to the bank, and pulling Mr. Thompson out of the water before he fairly knew what was the matter. Then, when she found he was all right, only a little wet, she promptly fainted.

After Mr. Thompson had succeeded in reviving her, she inquired, "What were you doing in the water?"

"I was talking to a soft crab," replied Mr. Thompson, with as much dignity as he could assume under the disadvantages of a very wet alpaca duster.

"I can't believe it. You must have been dreaming," said Miss Angelina, briskly.

"But there is the soft crab," urged Mr. Thompson, pointing down into the water where his friend, who had in the mean time succeeded in getting rid of his shell, was lying in the first exhaustion and helplessness of softness.

"Oh, isn't he a beauty!" exclaimed Miss Angelina. "Do get him for me. You know I adore soft crabs."

Mr. Thompson felt guilty, almost like a cannibal, as he stooped down to catch his friend. But Miss Angelina's word was law with him, and reaching down into the water, he handed the unfortunate crab to Miss Angelina. All the way back to the house that young lady commented admiringly upon the softness of its shell and its plumpness and weight. But Mr. Thompson insists that he could see an accusing look in the poor creature's eyes when she announced her intention of having it fried for lunch. For his own part, Mr. Thompson remembered his wish that he might always remain a crab, and shuddered at the thought of the fate he had escaped.



# a famous cup of tea.

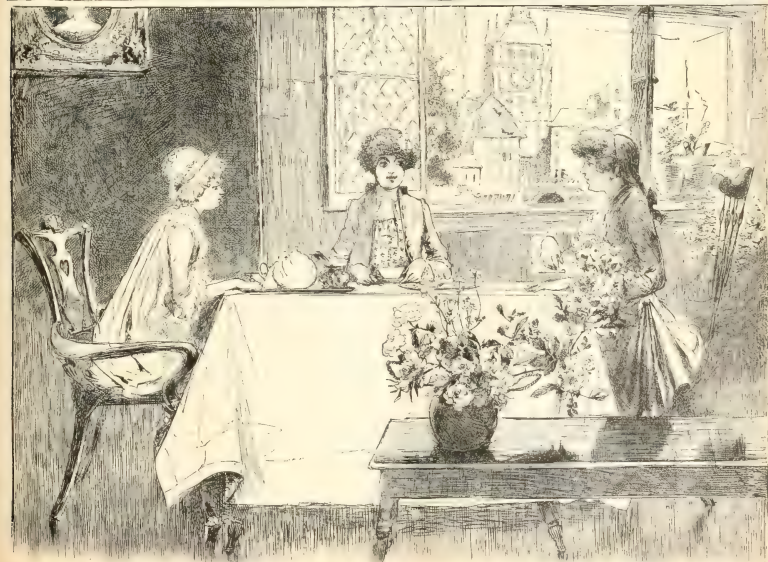
For Young People &c  
these presents  
E. From Abbeville.



My Wife is famous, you will see,  
At pouring cups of fragrant tea;  
That is, would be if all her due  
Were dealt to her--: But th<sup>is</sup> 'tis true  
Were Fortune not so fickle, you,  
And maybe I, were famous too,  
Time out of mind.

The tea was drawn at four for three  
(My Wife of course, and you, and me)  
And pleasant chat began to flow  
With easy zest, just as you know  
It will in such a bright trio:  
The dainty cups were passed--  
When lo!

"My dear, look here"  
Wife said, "I see  
I have not poured a cup for me."





"LOOK OUT! HERE COMES A BIG ONE!"

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

JEROME SALTER, SMITHFIELD, ENGLAND, MAY, 1888.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a girl living in a pretty little town near Wales, once its capital, situated on the river Teme, a tributary of the Severn. We had a most frightful flood this month, so thinking that it may interest the many readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I am going to try and describe it.

It was a great flood even the oldest inhabitant, an old lady over ninety years old, does not remember any flood like it. Houses, hay-stacks, men, children, cows, horses, sheep, pigs, and fowls were whirled down the stream at the rate of thirty miles per hour.

About 11 P.M. on Thursday, the 13th of May, the water, owing to the steady four days' rain, began to rise rapidly. It rose so quickly that at five o'clock on Friday morning the water was ten feet above its ordinary height. Between 5 and A.M. two dead men floated down, and five cows, six calves, fourteen sheep, and dozens of pigs and fowls followed during the day.

Higher and higher rose the water, as it swirled along like an angry horse, bearing on its yellow crest the debris of walls, houses, palings, trees, and other things which had been blown down. A beautiful chest of drawers and a really splendid carved oak clock were seen. People near the water—and some did not live five yards from it—were in their attics and even, then, in some cases, the water was over the floor.

About 11 A.M. the water began to abate, but it was very slow. All the rest of the day, and the next day, people were in a frenzy of excitement. Our good Mayor called a Council meeting, and a subscription was raised to help them in distress. He had a rowing boat, and a boat was also found, and with these and several ladders they rescued the poor frightened people.

But when the water had fully subsided, the mischief done by its angry violence was found to be double what was expected. Two railway bridges were washed away and a road bridge rendered unsafe. A tan-yard had been despoiled, and there was not a bit of bark or a drop of the tan liquor left. The loss in Ludlow alone is between three and four thousand pounds. I think everybody ought to be sorry for a miller who has lost between two and three hundred sacks of corn.

Upon this subject I could write much more, but as I have already written a long letter, I will conclude with best love and wishes to the Postmistress, from her little friend

MARIE ETHEL C. (aged 13).

SMITHFIELD.

I have taken this interesting paper ever since it was first published, and it has been the greatest comfort to me during the two years that I have been away from my own country and my playmates. I enjoy the Post-office Box especially; it is like having friends in all parts of the world. I am quite contented here, for I am gaining fast in my studies. When holidays come—which they frequently do—as one does not work on the feasts of the church, we go to the Bois, or have little excursions down the river to the ruins of St. Cloud, to the old palace of St. Germain, or some other interesting spot. Last Saturday there was a grand Fete des Fleurs, or Flower Festival, in the Bois de Boulogne. It was patronized by the fashionable world of Paris, and as the subject was flowers, the illuminations were expended on decorations in order to draw a crowd. The park was filled with elegantly dressed people in carriages or sauntering over the beautiful lawns, and the illuminations were superb. There were fountains of golden stars that seemed to spring out of the lawns. The trees were hung with orange-red globes, and green and crimson lights were thrown over everything. The sky was full of rockets, that burst over our heads, while bands of music were playing under the trees. No one can imagine

how beautiful it was, and although we did not leave till midnight, the gaiety then was just as great as ever. Your constant reader,

MABEL D.

I am a boy of eight, and I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in, and like it very much. I like reading the letters, and thought I would like to write one. I live in the town of Nottingham, where stockings and a great deal of lace are made. I live quite close to the Castle, which is now turned into an art museum, and which was opened by the Prince of Wales about eight years ago. I often go and look at the pictures. I have only one little brother; we go to school together. I like school, and I am very fond of drawing. We have a dog—its name is Carlo—and a canary.

ALICK G.

Here is a practical letter to two obliging girls. As many of you are working during your vacation, for fairs and bazars to be held in the autumn, or are making your Christmas gifts in good season, you will preserve this letter for reference:

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

We write in reply to repeated inquiries about pen-wipers. We have several kinds, some very simple, others quite difficult to make. One is a miniature boat about six inches long, and the sides of the hull are covered with black velvet; the bow is embroidered with a scroll-like vine; the deck is covered with silk as nearly like black velvet as I can get, and is finished with a narrow edge with fine gold cord. The hull is filled with shot. We took a bottle from an old-fashioned wooden inkstand, and let the nose just cover the cork, for ink. The mast is in the centre, and has one sail, and a red, white, and blue pennant from the top. The sail is rigged with fine gold cord. The outside of the sail is pink; the inside, flapping on which to wipe the pens.

Another is a large butterfly, about six inches from tip to tip of wings, made of black and bright red velvet, and almost covered with gold and fancy beads and embroidery. The under side of the wings is used for wiping the pens.

Still another is a little dog with three little pupules, lying cosily on a round mat of broadcloth, the edges pinked. The dogs are made of the silk covering of a high hat, striped from the frame. We each had one made for our own school pen-wipers, but they always had a very bad habit of straying away. One of them forgot his mistress entirely, and never came back, faithful creature!

A simple but droll pen-wiper is made by dressing a negro china doll in two skirts. The doll should be about three inches long. The first skirt of red flannel, pinked or notched the lower edge; gather and fasten around the waist. Make the outer skirt of dark cloth of the same length and in the same manner. Care should be taken not to have the skirts too full, as that would make the doll too buncy around the waist. Strap a narrow ribbon over one or both shoulders, around the waist, to hide the gathering of the skirts, and tie in a small neat bow behind. A little embroidery on the outer skirt improves it. The hands, made of white paper, are here is one simple enough for the smallest readers: Cut four pieces of heavy cloth or flannel, two bright and two dark. Pink or notch the edges all around. Fold them evenly by half, and then in half again; that will make one-quarter of the original size; tack neatly together on the under side, so that the four corners will show a light, one dark, and one light quarter alternately, the points all coming to the centre, and you will have a perfect circle again. Tack neatly and draw the corners together on the under side, making a bright little pompon or button in the centre. A few stitches of embroidery with bright silks will improve this simple pen-wiper, sometimes, but the four pieces should be round, and the size of a teacup.

Another very simple pen-wiper is made by taking a strip of dark broadcloth three inches wide.

Cut each side into a fringe one inch deep; that will leave one inch in the centre plain. Commence at one end of the strip, and roll firmly and evenly until you have a roll an inch or an inch and a half in diameter; fasten it firmly, so that it will not become loose. Finish with a bright band one inch and a quarter wide, neatly and richly embroidered, sewed around the centre or plain part. The fringed ends serve for the pens.

Before closing we must tell you how to make people out of apples. Select some very small apples, pare them very smoothly, and insert a small round stick, about three inches long, into the stem; put it in a warm place near the fire, where it will dry quickly. As soon as it looks withered, take the handle, make a hole in the centre of the fruit; pinch up a little for the nose; crease a little place under the nose for the mouth, and another little dent just below the mouth, and then on the sides of the face for the cheek hollows; pinch a little round place for the chin. Repeat this process every day for about a week, or until the apple is thoroughly dried.

Sew on a little hair if you choose; stick black pins in for eyes; on the head put some style of cap; wind the stick with cloth to form a body; for arms, fold some white cloth in the round, and sew firmly to the body. First put on a skirt of heavy writing-paper doubled, that it may stand when done. The dress may be made as simple or as elaborate as you wish. If you are plainness. Men can also be made, only they require two sticks for legs. It is surprising what a variety of expressive countenances can be made by the use of these apples. Now, boys and girls, let us make apple artists of a very high order, if the dear Postmistress doesn't make "pl" of us.

GRACE AND MABEL D.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have just begun to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I am ten years old, and have no brothers or sisters. I have two dogs—a pug, whose name is Bismarck, and a spaniel, and a boy Macgregor. I have also a cat with a white tip on the end of her tail, and two birds; and love them all very much. I had a lovely lady in Coney Island, and she was so kind and so kind, and his horses went like the wind, so that they almost took my breath away, but it was great fun. He looked like Santa Claus, and his coat was like velvet, and so nice. When on it, it was so cold. I go to school every day, take music lessons on Mondays and Thursdays, go to dancing school on Mr. ... on Saturdays, and have French an hour every day; so you see what a busy little girl I am. But I always find time to read my Young People.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that I have a lovely little pony, Diamond—because he has a white diamond in his forehead.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am fifteen years old. I have a brother and sister. My sister had the bound volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE given her for a birthday present, and she likes it very much. I study French, German, literature, history, geography, music, drawing, etc.; I am going to begin Italian soon. My mother and father are very kind to me, and my brother goes to school. We have a good many fowls, some pigeons, two cats, and a pony. My brother has some white rabbits with pink eyes. Part of the year we live near London, and instead of going up by train, we drive up in a little open pony-carriage; it takes two days, so we put up at Cranford, and then we drive up to London, and down three times, and always had beautiful weather. We go to London about the beginning of June, and come down here the end of August, and stay about two weeks.

My father is named Bismarck, and the other a Belgian settler; his name is Pith, and he can understand nothing but French. Bismarck is a very good man, and he has a large stable broom and ran off with it to the front of the terrace where we live. Another day two men were going along, and one of them was under his arm; Bismarck seized a piece and went off with it. The man accused his friend of playing him a trick, but he soon showed him our dog and his brother. I like "Boif Boif" very much. "Arrows," and "Jo's Opportunity" very much, and think that the fairy stories are very good. We have a very good horse, and I am afraid my letter is too long. But I hope you will print it; if so, I shall be glad to write and tell you more about Bismarck.

ETHEL L.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little girl of seven years. I go to school, and study reading, writing, geography, spelling, drawing, and French. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have taken this paper since Christmas, and I like it very much. My sister and I are both in the Post-office Box. I always look at the Post-office Box first. My sister takes St. Nicholas, and she used to take the Youth's Companion. I think perhaps some of the little girls who read

your paper would like to hear about my dolls. I have eleven of them; their names are Madge, Rose, Emma, Annie, Clara, Clara, Clara, Clara, Clara, Clara, Clara, Clara. Don't you think that these are funny names? I have a large dolls' bureau with three drawers, a table, a chair, and a sofa that my mother gave me on Christmas. I have everything for my dolls. My sister is writing this for me. This is a very long letter, but I hope you will like it. I can find room to print it, as I wrote once before and my letter was not printed. I must stop now, for I am very tired. F. N.

SIOUX FALLS, S.DAKOTA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—I am a little girl nearly nine years old. My name is Emily. I have no brother nor sister, but I have a little kitten and some dolls. I have a very nice mother and she has ever taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I think it is very nice. E. J. S.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS—I am a little girl eight years old, without either sister or brother. I do not go to school, but study all the lessons I give my mother. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was given me by my father for a birthday gift, and it is great company for me. I am much interested in "Silent Pete," and look for my weekly treat very anxiously.

I know an anecdote of a Chihuahua dog (pronounced Chih-wah) who belonged to a man named A. Her wee, wee doggie Lillie had three puppies, which slept in a box with their mother in a warm corner of the kitchen. One day my little uncle, who is a big man now, who was very fond of and kind to all animals, brought a young kitten, which he had saved from being drowned by some boys, and placing it on the floor, gave my grandfather to permit him to keep it. The cries of the kitty attracted the attention of Lillie, who left her puppies, and going to the kitty, took it up gently in her mouth and placed it on the floor with her puppies, and it shared their natural food with them. Poor little kitty lived about five or six weeks, but being younger and smaller than the puppies, who were rough and playful, she had not strength to bear their romping ways, though Lillie would often growl and give them a hearty nip when they would cry out. When kitty was dying, Lillie carried her to another room, out of the puppies' reach, and lay down beside her, and seemed to miss her greatly when she died.

My grandmother says this act of love is like real Christian charity. I hope you will like my anecdote, and that I shall see it in the Post-office Box. ELISE G. P.

## A LITTLE SQUIRREL.

Once upon a time there was a little squirrel named Dick. He was a red squirrel, with a bushy tail that curled right over his back. Sometimes he would run along on a fence rail, and when he stopped and looked up his eyes were as black and as bright as beads. Dick was very fond of nuts, and when it was pleasant weather in late summer, when the birds were deep blue, and the white clouds floated about like ships, when the flowers were all in bloom, and butterflies hovered over them, when the birds sang sweet songs, and the crickets chirruped, then Dick would climb up the trees and gather nuts. He would get hickory-nuts, and walnuts, and butternuts, and hazel-nuts, and pig-nuts, and acorns, and carry them down into his little hole, which was in a big tree—and there he would pile them up. "For," said Dick, "when winter comes, some of the squirrels will not have any food, and I can share mine with them." So when it was cold and dreary, and there was deep snow on the ground, and the winds blew shrill, and icicles hung on all the trees, Dick would whisper to the other squirrels would come. He asked them into his house, and then he gave them sweet nuts. They would sit and eat them for hours, and then the shells out of the door, and they were very, very happy. W. W. B.

It was very kind to send this story to please our little readers.

## MY CAT.

A TRUE STORY.

Some cats are very funny, and others are not quite so nice. We have a cat that is old, but very comical. She would jump upon papa's shoulders at meals and try to eat out of his mouth. Once we had our minister to dine, and when taking him for papa, jumped up on his shoulders. He was very much frightened, and knocked him off. We all laughed, and he laughed too. Almost every day, when papa is up and about, she will jump on the bed, and if I am asleep, he will tap my face gently with his little paw. If I do not awake then, he will put his nose under the clothes, then if I would not, he would lift up the clothes and he would snuggle down in bed and sleep there until morning. But sometimes he would sleep on my shoulder. But sometimes when we were at dinner, he would jump on the back of my chair. Once when papa was standing up carving the meat, he jumped from

my chair to papa's shoulders, which was about three feet, and quite a jump for him.

BESSIE VASSAR (aged 8 years).

CENTREVILLE, DAKOTA.

I have not seen any letters from Dakota, so I thought you might like to hear from me. We live on a farm of 320 acres. We have seven calves, and two little colts named Dunny and Nan. For pets I have a large gray cat named Tom, and a dog named Tip. Tip is a very good dog, he drives cattle, my papa calls him nearly half a mile after the cattle. I am six years old, and can't do much on the farm, but I can weave my mamma's dresses and her table-cloths of the baby. I will send you a few wild flowers; we have so many lovely ones here.

ARTHUR G. N.

LEICESTER, KENTUCKY.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years, and I have hardly ever failed to read the stories, and I do enjoy them so much! We have a very pretty place in the country, and spend our summer there. I hardly ever see a letter from Louisville, and I thought that I would write to you. I will be obliged to you if you will put my letter in print. BRECKINRIDGE C.

## MAMMA'S LITTLE SOLDIER.

Mamma's little soldier  
Is very fond of play,  
He whistles and he marches  
The liveliest day.

And when his papa comes,  
He climbs upon his knee,  
And whispers in his ear  
"Play soldier now with me."

Then Willie takes his sword,  
And papa takes his gun,  
And then they play they're soldiers,  
And papa has such lots of fun.

Then mamma calls her little boy,  
And puts his nightgown on,  
Then tucks him in his little bed,  
There free from every harm.

ANNIE H. E.

WYTHEBORO, CONNECTICUT.

I have no pets, but I live near the cove, and my father owns two boats, and I go fishing nearly every day. I do not catch much, but some people catch a lot of eels, bass, perch, and catfish, and so on. I am a boy of ten years of age, and go to school. I went on a picnic twenty-one miles from Hartford, the capital of Connecticut, where they gave away lemonade, and I saw a rattlesnake that had fourteen rattles, hanging to a swing rope. I go over across the river to a grove called Miners' Grove, where there are swings, flying horses, and teeters.

WILLIAM H. L.

I am the eldest of six children. I have two sisters and four brothers. We spent last winter in Paris, and we saw a great many beautiful sights. My sister and myself went up in the tower of Notre Dame. You could see all over Paris; it was a lovely sight. My aunt sent the lovely paper to us while we were in Paris. I am eleven years old. Good-by.

LOLA E.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

I am a little girl twelve and a half years old. I have not written to you before, but as I saw such a lot of little girls' letters, I thought I would send one. I go to school, and learn French, music, and drawing, besides my English lessons. I take in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, The Girl's Own Paper, and Little Folks. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and the story "The House" especially. I have a little brother named Tom, and a sister named Winnie; Tom is nearly eight years old, and Winnie is five.

GRACIE P.

BUTTE, MONTANA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I was born in Texas, and have lived in Montana only a few months. This is the third year that I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I have wanted to write to you for a long time, but was afraid you might not think my letter worth publishing. I have taken lessons in the violin three years, and like it better than any other instrument. I have only two pets—a canary bird named Bob and a greyhound named Luffa. I found the name in the "Land of the Lake," and as it was a greyhound's name, I thought it would be a nice one for my dog. I go to school, and learn French, reading, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and spelling. I like to go to school, because my teacher is so kind. I have four dolls, and one is a Chinese doll, and is so cute.

META A. B.

LEITCHFIELD, NEW DUNDEE, SCOTLAND.

I once wrote before, but it was so shabby a letter that I thought I should never write again; but I broke this resolution (if resolution it might

be called) some time ago. My sister and I have taken this paper for a year and a half, and think it delightful. I am afraid I am writing this very badly, being in bed with a very bad cold. My sister and I, with some of our friends, have drilled with a certain Sergeant B. twice a week. I enjoy it very much. Good-by. MABEL L.

BUCKENHAM, NEW YORK.

I live in New York city in the winter. I am now in the country. I have a large dog; he knows a lot of tricks. I have also a large cat, whose name is Jumbo. I had two piglets, but they died last winter. FRED C.

NEWBORN, NEW YORK.

I am thirteen years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly four years. I like it very much, and hope I may continue to take it for many years. I have been going to Gormly Seminary two years. During the Easter vacation we had a fair at school for the benefit of the Home for the Friendless, and made \$325.19. I have no pets except a flower-garden, which I take care of myself. I would like to correspond with some little girl about my own age.

MIRIAM A. HENRY (140 Lauder Street).

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Guess the word indicated in the stanza, and make the other words from the six letters contained in the first.

*In the ocean, bold you will see,  
Why I'm friend to Ah Sing Lee,  
And how much you owe to me,  
For my checks and my laundry.*

1. I made a Cardinal of Pole.
2. Along Broadway I smoothly roll.
3. I climb the leaves away from off of sight.
4. I hideous make the summer night.
5. We fought with Perry on the Lakes.
6. Her tea with me the gossip takes.
7. O'er Gothic aisles I spring with grace.
8. I copy many a homely face.
9. I went with Greely and his band.
10. I trouble ladies through the lane.
11. Brother am I to trout and salmon.
12. Though cats I hate, I date on gammon.

K. S.

No. 2.

HIDDEN WORDS.

1. I sternly bade Harry to withdraw, or use words without listening to. 2. Are you going to the place by land or water? 3. The dessert will be composed of cakes, which are browning beautifully beside the fire. 4. The teacher is so cross that no one knows how Elsie manages to please her. 5. The south eyrie is the haunt of the fierce eagles. 6. Lucy will read the chapter to her aunt.

CHARLIE B.

No. 3.

DIAMONDS.

1. A letter. 2. A cry. 3. A flower. 4. A tree. 5. A letter. SHIRLEY.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 347.

- No. 1.— G uinea.  
R at.  
E dith.  
E ye.  
C arnation.  
E leven.
- No. 2.— Birmingham. Newcastle. Gloucester. Cambridge. Ipswich. West. F. M. A. R. T. W. Williams. Dora Atkins. The Original Puzzle Club. Hereford. Huntingdon. Salisbury.
- No. 3.— Buttercup.
- No. 4.— F M  
D I P H O A  
F I L I D M O U S E  
P Y D A E

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Dimple Dodd, S. W. John, J. Lane Johns, Walter Dauphine, Frank Farnham, W. W. Morris, Dora Atkins, The Original Puzzle Club, Mary Hay Kemper, Miriam M. Woolson, Beattie, W. S. Peebles, Lella Lee, Harry Howard, Edmunds, F. M. A. R. T. W. Williams, F. M. A. R. T. W. Williams, William R. Smith, Annie H. Helen Kellogg, Maria Reeves, Annie and Mary Cox, Anna, William, and Charlotte T. A. R. T. W. Williams, George, Emily, Basil, Albert, Canfield, Q. R. Thompson, Marjorie Dade, Ella Forsyth, Adnee Vincent, Theodore Rockwell, Francis Deacon, Jeannette P., and Lizzie E. Smith.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]





"IS OO RINGING OO DINNER-BELL?"

#### THE RAT AND THE RAILROAD.

**Y**ES, he was a very wonderful rat. There can be no doubt about that. At the same time we must make allowances for him, for he certainly could not have known what he was doing, or what fearful consequences might result from his awkward attempts to find a hiding-place.

The station-master at the little town of D—, in Pennsylvania, had long been fretted and worried by the rats, which had established themselves in whole settlements and colonies under-

neath the platform, and in various nooks and corners of the little building where he spent his days and no small part of his nights.

The fact is that there was a freight depot attached to the station, where the farmers used to store their grain whenever they had a quantity to send to market. This it was that attracted the rats, for their sharp teeth enabled them to gnaw through the bags without difficulty; and a good meal of fresh wheat or corn is to a rat what a dinner with all the luxuries of the season is to us.

Finally, however, the rats behaved so badly, they destroyed so many bags, and scattered and wasted so much grain besides what they ate, that the station-master decided upon destroying them or driving them away.

One night, when he knew that they had all left their holes, and were having a fine feast in the main room of the freight depot, he rushed in among them with a party of boys, all beating tin pans, rattling pieces of iron, and making the greatest possible noise and din. The rats started to fly for their holes. But the station-master had provided for that. Two or three boys stood at the head of the staircase, down which they must go, and so their only chance of escape was the open door. Out they flew, and the station-master ventured to hope that after such a scare they would never return.

But an hour later an alarming event happened. Along came the midnight passenger train, and, to the horror and dread of all who saw the occurrence, it ran off the track. The engine ploughed its way into the bank at the side of the road; the cars swayed and bumped, and almost turned over. Fortunately the train was slackening up, or great mischief would have been done.

What was it? Why, one big rat in search of a hole had rushed along the track, fancying, apparently, that he was in some narrow tunnel leading to a splendid refuge. He had come to the switch, shoved the loose rail aside, and thus arranged for the wrecking of the train and the loss of any number of lives.

Had not the train stopped at that station, some terrible mischief would have been done. As it was, no one suffered but the rat. He had run so fast that he had wedged himself tightly in between the rails, and when the train passed over him he was very quickly killed.



DRESS REHEARSAL OF THE KITTENTOWN CIRCUS.

RING-MASTER.—"If you can't smile any sweeter than that, you'd better go to catching mice for a living."



# HARPER'S

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## AUNT LOU'S PUG.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

I AM Dick Plum, and the adventure I am going to tell you about happened last spring. We had moved down to our country house on the Kitterstix River earlier than usual, and my aunt Lou Ripley, my cousin Mabel Cornell, and her brother Frank, were visiting us. Aunt Lou is a young lady, Mabel is eleven—almost as old as I am—and Frank is nine.

"FEELING HIMSELF SINKING, HE DROPPED THE BASKET."

We had been in the country about two weeks, and it had rained a good part of that time, so we didn't have our row-boat put in the water. But at last one Saturday morning the weather turned warm, and on his way to the station father told Sam, the coachman, that he could get Tim, the gardener, to help him launch the *Lily*, and left permission for me to take Mabel and Frank for the first row of the season. So none of us minded being left behind on the carriage drive, which at lunch mother proposed to take with Aunt Lou down to Ocean Pines. They were going to stop for father at train-time, and a seat would have to be saved for him.

Pink was to go, though, but just before the carriage came mother found him with a chicken-bone under the parlor table, and for punishment Aunt Lou took his best blue ribbon off, put on his every-day one, and said he shouldn't have his drive.

"Now, Dick," said mother the last thing, "take good care of Mabel and Frank, remember not to venture near the channel, and be sure to be back by half past five."

"I'm going to row you to the cutest place," I told my cousins, when we were left standing on the piazza. "I call it the shore channel, but it isn't a bit deep, and mother meant the regular steamboat channel, out in the middle of the river. This other one winds in and out among the sedges about a quarter of a mile below the house, and we can have no end of fun down there."

"Oh, Dick," exclaimed Mabel, "then can't we take Pink with us? He always feels so bad when Aunt Lou scolds him. And I can hold him on my lap, so he won't be in the way."

"Yes, I don't care," I answered; and so the pug was put aboard, and we swept off down the river at a fine rate.

"Just wait, though, till we get into that shore channel!" I exclaimed. "Then you'll see her scoot."

And scoot she did, but it had been so long since I had had anything to do with the river that the real cause of this never struck me till we had got more than two miles away from home. Then I suddenly realized that I must have had the tide with me all the way, and that therefore it would be against me going back.

"I must turn around," I said, after looking at my watch. "It's quarter past four now, and we ought to get home before the carriage does."

But I soon discovered that something else besides the tide was going to be against the *Lily* on the return trip, and that was the bottom of the river. That inside channel was now so narrow that I had to get Mabel to help me head the boat the other way. Then I took to rowing again with a will, for I knew I must beat the tide if I wanted to get back in time for dinner.

But at last there came a time when I couldn't get her to move. Bow and stern were both stuck fast, and after Mabel and I had pushed and pushed on separate oars, and then united our strength on one, and finally got Frank to help too, and then couldn't budge the *Lily* either way, I just dropped down on the seat and gave it up.

"But what are we going to do, Dick?" asked Mabel.

"Oh, it isn't the doing of anything that's going to trouble us," I replied, laughing. "It's the seeing how long we can sit still without doing anything. But wait a minute," I added, with a glance at the point where my knickerbockers ended, just below my knees. "Perhaps it isn't too late to try one more 'do.'"

Then getting Frank to unlace one of my shoes for me, I set to work with all speed at the other, and in less than two minutes I was ready to step overboard.

Ugh! how cold the water was! It almost seemed as if some sharp steel-pointed instrument had been run up clear through my body. But I ground my teeth together, and began to tug on the *Lily's* painter. Very soon, however, I discovered that my feet had grown warm in a very queer way, and then it seemed impossible to brace myself

to pull. The next instant I found out what was the matter. I was sinking into the muddy bottom of the river, which was enough like a quicksand to make me straddle the bow of the boat quick as wink to keep myself from going down any farther. So that way of getting ourselves out of the fix had to be given up.

"And there's no wading ashore and leaving the *Lily* either," I added, to myself, as I dangled my legs in the water, trying to get the mud off.

"How long did you say we'd have to stay here, Dick?" inquired Mabel, gravely.

"Why, till the tide goes down and comes up again."

"And how long will that take?" she went on.

"About two hours and a half," I replied.

"Oh, Dick!" exclaimed Mabel, on hearing this, "then we can't get home in time for dinner."

"And I'm so hungry!" chimed in Frank.

"And won't your mother be just wild about us?" continued his sister, in a low voice.

"Can't you holloa for somebody to come?" suggested Frank.

For answer I pointed to the woods that lined the shore at this point on one side, and to the wide stretch of sedge-grass that separated us from the main channel of the river on the other. We were quite cut off from the rest of the world, although we could see plenty of houses half a mile or so away.

Suddenly Mabel burst out with, "Oh, Dick, have you got a pencil and a piece of paper?"

"Here's a stub and the back of a steamboat time-table you can write on," I replied, after rummaging in my pockets.

"Oh, I want you to do the writing!" she exclaimed, as she patted the pug in her lap. "Write a note to your mother and send it by Pink."

"By Pink?" I cried, in rather a disgusted voice. "Why, I never heard of a pug being taught to fetch and carry."

"But let me tell you, Dick," interrupted Mabel. "Don't you remember the other afternoon when it cleared off for a while, and Aunt Lou and I took Pink and walked along the shore down this way, looking for a certain kind of seaweed? Well, I'm certain we came as far as this, so don't you think Pink will find his way back to the house by scent, if we should put him ashore here?"

"We'll try it, anyway," I answered. "Now what shall I say?" and I began to write:

"A-ROUND IN SHORE CHANNEL,  
"HALF A MILE BELOW THE HOUSE."

"DEAR MOTHER,—"

"I don't care," replied my cousin. "Only be sure and ask them to send a shawl for me."

"And something to eat," put in Frank, quickly.

Then I went on:

"Don't worry. We are not drowned, but have got to stay here till about eight o'clock, when the tide comes up. Please send us some sandwiches and a shawl, and don't be frightened. Your affectionate son,

"DICK PLUM."

Mabel said that would do, and I tied it very carefully to Pink's second-best ribbon with a piece of string I had. Then I picked the pug up, and was just going to drop him overboard, when Mabel caught me by the arm.

"Oh, Dick, stop! He'll sink in the mud, and—and the note'll get all wet."

This last was certainly to be avoided, so I put the trembling dog down in the bottom of the boat, and meekly inquired how I was to get him ashore.

"I—I forgot all about that part of it," returned Mabel.

I looked at the sedge bank, not three yards from the *Lily's* gunwale, and then proposed building a bridge with the oars. Frank helped me do this, but even after we had put the name-board over the handle part of the oars, the pug would not trust himself on it.

It was now nearly six o'clock, and really chilly, and I could imagine mother walking up and down our dock, thinking all sorts of terrible things had happened to us.

"Mabel," I exclaimed, "Pink doesn't want to leave you. You must be cross to him. Give him a slap, and say, 'Go home, sir!'"

"But, Dick," she objected, "just think how cruel that would be when Pink is going to do so much for us."

"I can't help it," I persisted. "You can make it up to him afterward by stuffing him with chop bones all day long if you like. But, don't you see, this is a case where little things must suffer for the good of great ones."

Mabel seemed to understand what I meant, and having put Pink's paws on the bridge, shut her eyes, and crying, "Naughty Pink, go home, sir," gave him two or three light taps on the head.

I was afraid they weren't heavy enough, but the pug seemed to think differently, and giving a sudden spring, scudded across the oars with a rush that sent the name-board splashing into the water.

"Oh, Pink's tumbled overboard!" screamed Mabel.

"Hush!" I commanded. "Don't call him back. He's off splendidly now."

And he was. After he had got ashore, Pink kept straight on toward the house, and pretty soon we couldn't see him any more.

"Do you think he's got there yet, Dick?" Mabel would keep asking, while Frank wanted to know more than once if I was sure the note had been tied on tight.

At last it got to be half past six, and I had just discovered that the tide had turned, when Frank suddenly jumped up on the seat and cried, "Here they come!"

I hopped on to the bow locker, and began to wave my cap and pocket-handkerchief, as I made out the forms of five people hurrying along the shore toward us. Mabel sprang up too, and began to cry, "Here we are! here we are!" in a succession of shrieks.

In about three minutes I was able to make out Sam and Tim ahead, one with a boat-hook over his shoulder, and the other with a coil of clothes-line around his arm; and behind them was father carrying a basket and helping mother through the tall sedge-grass; and then came Aunt Lou with a shawl, and Pink capering along at her heels.

"Three cheers for the pug!" cried Frank, jumping about in a way that would certainly have toppled some of us overboard had not the boat been so firmly settled.

You see, he thought our troubles were all over now; so did Mabel, for she began to laugh at the funny look that relief procession had as it came marching along the shore, picking its way around the marshy spots in the sedge. But I had my doubts all the time.

I kept them to myself, though, and when they all came up and stood there on the bank about ten feet away from us, I said I was awfully glad to see them, and asked if they had found out where we were by the note Pink had carried.

"Oh yes," exclaimed Aunt Lou, catching the pug up in her arms, and then letting him drop quickly when she found how muddy his feet were. "Wasn't it cute of him? He came panting up to the dock, where we all stood watching, half wild to know what had become of you children, and I saw that bit of paper tied to his ribbon the first thing. And now I've forgiven him for being naughty this afternoon, for if it hadn't been for him, you might have had to stay here till dark night."

But, Pink or no Pink, it seemed as if we would have to stay where we were till dark, after all; for although the boat-hook, the coil of clothes-line, and Sam, Tim, and fa-

ther were all combined in one tremendous effort, not an inch could they budge the *Lily* out of the mud.

Father had already flung the shawl to us, but it had gone too far, and landed just out of reach among the sedge-grass on the other side. Now, after they had failed to move the boat, Tim took off his boots, and declaring that "the childer shouldn't starve for their suppers" if he could help it, caught up the basket, and, in spite of my warnings, started to wade out to us with it.

But two steps were enough for him. Feeling himself sinking, he dropped the basket and stretched out both hands toward Sam with the cry, "Och, murder! it's the laythen Chinee as afeer draggin' me down to thim!"

And there was the basket of provisions floating off on what little water there was, and everybody so excited over Tim that nobody thought to try and fish it out with the boat-hook till it was too late.

I laughed; I couldn't help it, though I was so hungry, and I laugh now whenever I think of how father, mother, Aunt Lou, Sam, Tim, and the pug stood there on the bank for the next half-hour looking at us, and we at them. To be sure, it was worth something to have their company, but then it seemed so aggravating, after we had gone to all that trouble of getting Pink off with the note, not to have the successful delivery of it do us one bit of practical good; for it didn't, and we never got a thing to eat till the tide came in and floated us off in time for an eight-o'clock dinner at home.

## THE DRAWING CLUB.

BY ALICE DONLEVY.

### IV.

DR. LEE and his three sisters were as much interested as Leonard in the Saturday meetings. All gave cordial invitations to the children to come after school hours during the week to talk over the last drawing or to discuss the next. Aunt Ida always praised something. If the whole length of a line was not right, she would point out the smallest part that was good.

"Do not discourage yourself by drawing small flowers too soon," said Aunt Ida.

When flower day came, the array of lilies showed that the whole Lee family had been busy collecting callas, from buds to blossom. "Look at the Lee lily show," said Leonard to the admiring members of the club.

Just then Dr. Lee came in, bringing a plant potted with its native earth around its roots, in an old tomato can.

"Oh, Doctor, where did you get that jack-in-the-pulpit?" inquired Edith.

"A patient of mine who lives in the woods sent this by mail, at my request," answered Dr. Lee. "I knew how anxious you are to draw flowers."

"I'll ask my Florida cousin to send the club some orange blossoms," said Dora.

"This is not a lily show," said Dr. Lee, looking at the jack-in-the-pulpit. "As Leonard was christening it when I came in. Leonard's aunts tried to select for this drawing meeting specimens of a flower nearest like a leaf during its various stages of growth. Aunt Ida has placed the unfolded leaf and the unfolded developed flower side by side. Look with your eyes



CALLA-LILY BUD.



ROSA'S UNFOLD-  
ING BUD.

half shut, and you will see the likeness gradually. At first the bud seems like a swelling of the stem. Both leaf and flower buds taper to a point. The stem is a very important part of most plants. Slender as stems are, comparatively, I advise you to draw a line (to serve as an imaginary centre) through stem and bud and flower. Then draw the real outlines both sides of this imaginary line. This method will prevent the flower from looking patched on. Growth is gradual. Lines to express a growing plant should be curved. These curves should be nearer to a straight line than a part of a circle. Double curves will give your plant a 'broken-back' appearance."

For several reasons Leonard was very popular. He liked to help. He could use his hands, and was always glad to mend a kite or make a boat. Up in the garret he had a work-shop that had already become a resort for boys on rainy Saturday afternoons. As Leonard liked company, he never complained of the weather. All boyish sports were impossible for him. He could not run, or skate, or jump, for he had been lame from infancy. Dr. Lee

had drilled the idea thoroughly into Leonard's head that there was as much bravery in the endurance of physical pain as in the risk of a fall or a bruise.

As Leonard's aunts had read to him since his early appetite for stories had shown itself, and as he had a good memory for the principal points of a historical event (though he could not quote a line), he was very willing and able to help his cousins and other girls with that weekly bugbear, the school composition. In his work-shop there was an illustrated dictionary, an encyclopedia, and a score of classified picture



JACK IN THE PULPIT

scrap-books. For instance, one was black and white and colored pictures of the animals that school-boys find "too numerous to mention." Another was devoted to birds. A third was filled with tools of all countries and of all ages. Instead of destroying, Leonard's energy had been conducted into acquiring property.

His aunt Ida had suggested them, but Leonard had made the wooden supporters that held up the



LEONARD'S LILY.

colored backgrounds behind the flowers. The wood was a foot high, and eight inches broad, and half an inch thick. A quarter of an inch from each upper corner were two screw hooks. The backgrounds were of paper-muslin, such as is used for dress linings, hemmed all round. The pieces of muslin were the same size as the wooden supporters, and had two brass rings sewed to opposite corners, so as to easily fit on the screw hooks. The supporters had each one wooden leg secured by a hinge.

The muslin backgrounds were wrong side out. This was to avoid the glaze of the right side hurting the eyes. Aunt Ida had selected and made the backgrounds, and had arranged the lilies an hour before the club met. Every background was different in color—white, lemon, orange, rose, garnet, beet-color, gray, lilac, black. The white background was nearest the window, and in front of it the greenish-yellow bud.

"This is easy," said Dora, as she began to draw.

"The contrast in color helps us to see the form better," explained Clarita.

"These backgrounds certainly help," agreed Marian.

"Drawing a white flower against a white wall is like having your dinner all ice-cream," said Edith.

Next to the fullest blown calla, and like it arranged against a black background, was a white piece of paper folded cornucopia fashion. The pointed end was stuck in a bottle of water. The quiet sisters talked about it in a low tone to each other—they were sure it meant something. At last the elder left her seat and stood behind Leonard, who was drawing one of the straight-est lilies in the room.

"Mirabel, do you want anything?" asked Leonard.

"Sister and I want to know if the white paper in the bottle is a sign of something we ought not to do?" asked Mirabel.

"Oh no; it is only a silent hint from Aunt Ida to block out the calla lily with straight lines before trying to get the curves," answered Leonard.

"It looks as if it was put there on purpose for something," continued Mirabel, still in the same low tone.

"I am glad you thought about it, Mirabel," said Norman.

"Do you see," said Clarita, "the jack-in-the-pulpit has a comical likeness to the calla? That must be the reason the Doctor sent for it. Look! the lily spreads its flower tip back—Jack folds the tip over."

"I'll try Jack," said Norman.

All the club except Cla-

CLARITA'S LILY  
PLANT.

CLARITA'S CONTRAST.



CALLA LILY



rita drew the lily too large; they were delighted to find that the lily could be drawn with so few lines. Marion, who was acknowledged to make the best-fitting dolls' dresses in her school, suggested that the drawings be "taken in." Leonard and Norman looked puzzled. Clarita understood. Marion was only applying what she had done with her needle and thread (when making a larger garment fit a smaller doll) to the large flower drawing.

So Clarita and Marion both explained: the present outline was to be considered like a basting thread, and the real outline was to be drawn farther inside all around, "just like taking in the seam of a dress."

"Now comes the comfort of a background!" exclaimed Leonard. "You can work over the first lines very black, and make a dark background."

Several tried this plan, making a coal-black ridge around the lily bud. All were pleased at the prospect of saving "rubbing out," which is as trying to the patience as it is to the paper.

"My drawing is clean enough to please my mother," said Dora, as the meeting broke up.

"All the flowers look white to-day," said Edith.

By contrast with the white background, this was true. None of the club noticed that by repeating the shape of the outline in solid black (as Edith and Dora did around the lily bud and leaf), the object looks as if it were coming out of a hole.

However, they went away feeling that this meeting had taught them how to work quicker, and that next time they could work better. This was a step forward.

Before the members of the club separated, Leonard asked them to let him keep the various studies of the lilies and jack-in-the-pulpit, in order that he might place them among his treasures in his attic room. This they consented to, thinking that it would be very interesting to compare these early efforts with the work they would accomplish a year or so later, and thus the drawings come to be used to illustrate this article.



FOLDED LEAF.



DORA'S BUD.



### THE NESTLING AND THE BUTTERFLY.—BY MARGARET DELAND.

**T**HROUGH the sunny summer sky  
Came a sailing butterfly—  
Wings that seemed with jewels set,  
Gleams of rose and violet,  
Bars of black in velvet fold,  
Bright with glints of dusky gold—  
Dancing through the sweet sunshine,  
Glad with clover's ruddy wine,  
Stopping just to gayly sip  
A wild pansy's purple lip,  
Or to softly swing and rest  
On an apple blossom's breast,

Or to steal the fluffy gold  
That the buttercups do hold,  
Or to watch the blossoming grass  
Ripple when the light winds pass,  
But still sailing on and on  
Till she finds the sunshine gone.  
Frightened then by fading light  
And the softly gathering night,  
She would chase the flying day.  
So she stops to ask the way—  
Lights upon a swinging nest.  
"Right or left? which way is west?"

And the young bird answers low:  
"On toward the sunset's glow.  
But just say, before you fly,  
Is it beautiful—the sky?  
Shall I see it, do you know?  
Tell me that before you go."  
So, ere her bright wings she spread,  
This is what she softly said:  
"Yes, oh yes. On some glad dawn.  
When night's stars are dimmed and gone,  
Look straight up to the blue sky,  
Fearless spread your wings, then—fly."

## "WILYUM NYCE" AGAIN.

IT seems from the letter which we print below that Mr. Bunner's story, "Wilyum Nye's Earthquake," has caused a little private earthquake in a respectable family. Master Thomas J. Thompson is a little hard on Mr. Bunner. That gentleman told the story simply to amuse our readers, and not to instruct them in the science of earthquakes. Besides, Master Thompson did not follow Wilyum Nye's plan strictly. If the former had waited until he had dug the hole thirty feet deep before charging it, we feel certain that the accident would not have occurred.

DEAR SIR, I'm a little boy, and I think it's mean for a big man like Mr. Bunner to be getting me into trouble. The way it happened was this: My uncle, Mr. John Thompson, whom that Mr. Forman writes about—and I think he might be in better business than making fun of Uncle John, who is generally a nice man—he sends me the paper. He came out to our house to spend the Fourth of July, and when he came he gave me two dollars to spend for fire-works to keep the Fourth with. Now I'd been reading about Wilyum Nye's Earthquake, and I thought it would be a good thing to make some money and help papa to get rich, and then we could make all our own kerosene too. So I spent most of the money for gunpowder, except seventy cents that I bought some fire-crackers and some chasers with. I worked all the morning to dig the hole; and Miss Angelina, who was out to visit mother when Uncle John came, said, "Gracious! what makes that boy so quiet?" because I only set off three packs of crackers all the morning. I could not dig a hole thirty feet deep, because I didn't have time, and my hands got blistered, and the dirt was so hard that I couldn't make the shovel go down, so I had to cut it with the carving-knife, and Bridget was using the big one, and said, "Arrah! go 'way wid yez," and I don't see how mother expects me to grow up to be a noble man and President. I guess Mr. Cleveland's mother didn't let him be bossed by a cook. I had to use father's best carving-knife, and the handle came off. Then, when I had the hole all built out in my lawn, where an oil well would look just elegant spouting up under the trees, I put in the powder, and covered up the hole with a piece of turf, and fixed a long fire-cracker fuse to it, and went in to dinner.

I almost shivered when Uncle John asked me if I read *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and said I must read it careful, because there's lots of instruction in it; and mother said that she didn't like "Wilyum Nye's Earthquake," because it put bad notions in a boy's head, and Uncle John he laughed, and said it wasn't true, because Mr. Bunner was a yommoist. And I don't think a man that writes stories which are not true, to get little boys into trouble, is a nice fellow, even if he is a yommoist, and I just thought how surprised papa and Uncle John would be when they saw kerosene oil spouting up in the yard almost a thousand feet, and worth over so many dollars. Then all mother would have to say would be, "Bridget, go out to the oil fountain and fill the lamps." In the afternoon I thought I'd wait and set off the fountain in the evening, and Uncle John and Miss Angelina went out and sat under the trees. So I set off some fire-crackers and chasers, and played on my drum, and blew my tin horn, and made believe it was the battle of Bunker Hill, and was just as quiet.

I don't know just how it happened, but one of the chasers went off in the grass, and there was a great explosion, and Uncle John and Miss Angelina went up in the air almost ten feet, and came down all covered with dirt, and she put her arms around Uncle John's neck and said, "Oh, darling, are you killed?" and Uncle John revived just as sudden, and didn't mind the dirt on her face a bit, but he kissed her, and they sat with their clothes and hair all full of dirt and bits of grass, and looked and acted foolish; and the folks all came running out on the piazza, and father took me by the collar and talked about my ingratitude to Uncle John, and shut me up in my room, and I wish Mr. Bunner didn't have anything for his supper on the Fourth of July except bread and butter, when the rest of the family had cake and strawberries and ice-cream; then maybe he'd stop writing stories which are not true, and give up being a yommoist, and getting little boys into trouble. But Uncle John and Miss Angelina came to my door in the evening, and because it was locked, Uncle John slid a five-dollar gold piece through the under door crack, and Miss Angelina said, "Bless the boy!" When papa lets me out, I'm going to be a pirate, and if I ever catch Mr. Bunner I'll take away his diamonds and make him walk the plank.

Yours in the Bastille,

THOMAS J. THOMPSON.

## FALSE WITNESS.\*

BY LUCY LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOSE," "JO'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. MOSTYN.

"GUY!" It was Mrs. Mostyn's voice, speaking from the small study adjoining her library.

"Yes, aunt."

The boy left his seat at the centre table, where he had been diligently examining a large portfolio of prints, and drew back the portière which divided the two rooms.

The old lady was seated before her desk, sorting over some papers. Since her return from Europe, one month before, she had postponed this task, having so much to see and hear of important household matters; but on this crisp December morning she had decided to devote herself to it.

Mrs. Mostyn held up a small envelop addressed to herself in a girlish hand.

"Guy," she said, anxiously, "do you know when this letter came?"

Guy looked at the letter in a puzzled way, and said he could not remember it.

"It is very strange. How did it get there, and how remain so long? Ring for Mrs. Brent, dear, if you please."

The house-keeper appeared, and Mrs. Mostyn cross-examined her as to what she knew of the letter. But it was some time before she and Guy together suddenly remembered that a young girl had called at the house and left it, to be sent to Europe after the mistress of the house.

"Yes," said Guy. "I remember now: she gave it to me, and I gave it over to Mrs. Brent."

"And all I can say, ma'am," said Mrs. Brent, in tones of anxious apology, "is that I must have forgot it. I remember that I was dusting the desk, so I must have thrown it down, and it went clear out of my mind."

Mrs. Mostyn's face was gravely, almost sternly, anxious.

"I don't know how much harm it may do," she said, taking the letter again from its envelop. "That will do, Mrs. Brent; it was very careless of you, but I suppose we can't say anything about that now. Guy," the old lady added, when they were alone, Mrs. Brent having departed with a conscience-stricken, crestfallen air—"Guy, did you ever hear anything in my absence of an Agnes Leigh?"

Guy screwed his face up thoughtfully, and then said: "Why, yes, aunt, I think she was the girl who was at Miss Leroy's school this fall. There was something queer about her, people said. She played the violin. I know I heard from Fanny Pierson that her father was a convict, or something of that kind."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Mostyn spoke in her sharpest tone. Guy well knew what that ring of decision and rebuke meant. "Fanny Pierson indeed!" the old lady continued, rising and locking up her desk with an expressive snap. "I should think, my dear Guy, you would know better than to care for the idle chatter of a girl like that. Now go and order the carriage to be brought here at once. The poor child!" she added, half to herself, "what must she have thought of my silence?"

The note, written many months before, was as follows:

"DEAR MADAM,—I write to you in remembrance of a promise I made my mother that if ever I was in need of a friend I would apply to you. I have come to Halcorn hoping to take some music lessons, and perhaps to get some very young pupils, as I have studied music since I was a very little girl. Will you kindly advise me, and allow me to come and see you?"

"Mrs. Robertson, an old friend of my mother's, has recommended me to board with a Mrs. Jones, No. 14 Baker Street, and she promises to look after me a little. Will you name any time when I may call? I hope to be no trouble to you. All that I want is work and a little encouragement. Very sincerely yours,

"AGNES LEIGH.

"P.S.—My mother was Kate Barter."

It was like Agnes herself. Simple and straightforward, and it recalled vividly to Mrs. Mostyn's mind the single-hearted, frank Kate Barter of former days, the younger sister of Mrs. Mostyn's dearest friend, whose marriage and home in the far West had separated her from earlier associations. Once only, on the occasion which Agnes had recalled, had her mother visited Brier Lawn, for the tide of life, with its strange ebb and flow, its drift of sad circumstances and poverty, had carried her away from Mrs. Mostyn's knowledge, but the sight of Agnes's handwriting, the few simple words, the modestly put request, brought back a warmly colored past to the old lady's mind. Her eldest son would have been Kate Barter's husband had he lived. This recollection, among many others, stirred deep feelings, and made Mrs. Mostyn's heart beat with painful, beautiful, far-away remembrances.

Mrs. Mostyn decided to go at once to Miss Leroy's. Belinda Myers from the upper school-room window saw the carriage stop, and called the attention of the girls near her to the tall, gracious, elderly figure in rich furs and velvets crossing the garden path and entering the side door which led to Miss Leroy's special portion of the house. It was not an hour for an ordinary visit, and the girls wondered what had brought Mrs. Mostyn. Miss Leroy was no less surprised when the old lady followed her card rather unceremoniously up to the private parlor of the principal of the school, and Miss Jane, who was there for the purpose of discussing a school treat with her sister, jumped up, quite understanding that she was not wanted on any such occasion, but, luckily for what followed, Miss Leroy said, a little sharply, "Sit down, Jane," and Mrs. Mostyn shook hands with both sisters, too certain of her being at any hour a welcome visitor to make much apology for the intrusion.

"Is Agnes Leigh with you?" was the old lady's hasty inquiry.

Miss Leroy looked very grave.

"Agnes Leigh?" she answered. And added in a tone of unmistakable severity, "No, Mrs. Mostyn, she is not."

"Where is she?" demanded the old lady.

"I am sure I cannot tell you, was the answer. "Agnes Leigh—Well, she is not quite the sort of girl I care to have among my pupils."

"Why not?" Mrs. Mostyn asked the question with one of her most direct glances.

"Oh, sister—" began Miss Jane, eagerly bending forward; but Miss Leroy waved her aside.

"It is rather hard to say," she answered, not looking at her younger sister or heeding her supplicating tone, "but, in point of fact, the mothers of several of my pupils spoke to me in such a way of the girl that I could not reconcile it to my conscience to keep her, and then—"

Here Miss Jane broke in, and would not be silenced. "And then the scarlet fever broke out," she said, "and the poor dear child nursed some children and old Hofmeister's daughter through it."

Mrs. Mostyn smiled. "Was that the cause of complaint, Miss Leroy?" she said, coldly.

Miss Leroy's face flushed. "That would have obliged me to dismiss her from the school," was the answer, "but I did not refer entirely to that. Very disagreeable rumors went around about her, and before I had time to investigate them very thoroughly, the fever, as my sister says, made taking her back quite out of the question."

Mrs. Mostyn hesitated a few moments before deciding what to do; then she arose and said, politely enough, but still with some coldness of manner, which, it must be said, troubled the school-mistress: "I will do the investigating, Miss Leroy. I am sorry that, for the child's sake, you did not consider it necessary to continue it, in spite of her having left your school. Did you forget she was all alone in the world?"

And Mrs. Mostyn, scarcely hearing Miss Leroy's fluent and not unkindly explanations, swept out of the room, and, the good-by's over, was leaving the house, when Miss Jane's voice, from the side door of the room she had entered while her sister and the guest were still talking, detained her. The good little lady's eyes were full of compassion, and her voice quivered as she spoke.

"Oh, Mrs. Mostyn," she said, anxiously, "I wish you would find out just what it all means. For my part, I don't believe there was much foundation at all for any of the unkind things said about poor Agnes. Indeed, I never could find any one who could be pinned down to particulars. I really think it was all Fanny Pierson's chatter. If I can help you in any way, do let me know."

"Is Fanny here now?" Mrs. Mostyn answered.

Miss Jane's face fell a little. "Yes," she admitted.

"Then please let me see her."

"Wants to see me?" was Fanny Pierson's exclamation, as the summons from Miss Jane came just as the girls were beginning to wonder anew what had brought Mrs. Mostyn there.

Fanny arose with a decided air of importance, and, smiling at the group, made her way from the room.

Mrs. Mostyn was standing in the window of the little study where she had been talking to Miss Jane, and the latter, half fearing her sister's disapproval, walked about rather nervously, and greeted Fanny with a smile in which was some apprehensiveness.

"Do you know where Agnes Leigh is, my dear?" said Mrs. Mostyn, quietly, and turning her dark eyes calmly upon the showy, animated little figure before her. One of Mrs. Mostyn's greatest charms was her voice. In spite of her years, it was sweet and silvery and sympathetic; and even now, when her face was stern and sorrowful, the musical tones softened what might have seemed an imperative demand.

Fanny flushed, more from satisfaction than from any embarrassment.

"Oh, dear, no, Mrs. Mostyn," she said, smiling significantly. "She was not the person exactly we wanted to know; she was—well, I hardly know what to say—no one could—but everybody felt just so."

Not a very coherent statement of the case, but Mrs. Mostyn's keen mind understood it at once. She had not lived thirty years in Halcott to no purpose, and its spirit of gossip, which, unfortunately as she knew, the young people of the town were beginning to take up, always pained, annoyed, and jarred upon her. She looked at Fanny, at the pretty, self-satisfied face, the brisk, alert young figure, and wished that she could for five moments make her feel how much harm or good that careless, eager little tongue of hers could accomplish; for something within her very heart told the old lady that by such slights as Fanny Pierson and her set were capable of giving, Agnes Leigh had been driven from the school.

"My dear," the old lady said, quietly, "I must see you again about this. There has been a terrible mistake made, I feel sure, and I have determined to set it right."

Mrs. Mostyn went at once to the Hofmeisters' former abode, but here a great disappointment awaited her. The rooms were swept and cleaned and advertised to let, and Mrs. Slater, greatly impressed by her visitor's dignity and the fact of the liveried carriage in waiting, related all the story of Margaret's illness, of the poor musician's being compelled to go to the hospital, and finally of





"'GUY,' SHE SAID, 'DO YOU KNOW WHEN THIS LETTER CAME?'"

how some friends in Boston had come and taken them away. Agnes Leigh had staid on a week—and here Mrs. Slater's account grew somewhat confused, the actual fact being that the poor woman had been unable to keep her for nothing, and Agnes, fearing to pain her by disclosing her own absolute poverty, had gone away in search of the Hofmeisters once more, with whom she hoped to do something. Just where they had gone Mrs. Slater could not tell. She *thought* it was to Boston.

The old lady wisely said nothing to Guy during dinner. The meal was eaten rather silently. Guy was absorbed in a plan for the next day's skating, and, as we know, Mrs. Mostyn had her own sad thoughts for occupation. As a rule, nothing could be pleasanter than dinner, which, contrary to general custom in Halcorn, the lady of the mansion always took at six o'clock. The dining-room was as

beautiful as rich, soft hangings, dark oak, fire-light, pictures, and the glow of wax candles would make it, and the table, furnished with dainty silver and china and sparkling glass, was bountifully laid, and winter and summer made lovely with flowers. The silence to-night between the old lady at the head of the table—with the soft lights falling on her beautiful, tranquil face, on her dark satin, her laces, and the jewels at her throat, and on her delicate white hands—and the fine-faced happy-looking boy at the other end, was most unusual. Parker, the old family servant, noticed it, and felt obliged to put down every dish noiselessly, and to leave the two alone together as soon as possible.

Then Mrs. Mostyn, with a sigh, said, gravely, "Guy, I am going up to see Fanny Pierson about these stories circulated against Agnes Leigh, but first I feel it necessary to hear from your lips just how much of the idle gossip you have been responsible for. We must trace it all directly to its source, and I cannot call a stranger to account until my own boy has rendered his."

Over the lad's face a flush of honest shame passed quickly while his aunt spoke. He looked at her intently. "Yes," he half faltered, "I did laugh with Fanny about her. You know, aunt, how absurd she can be; but I never told anything except when Mrs. Bland and young Dr. John asked me what I thought one evening. I said there seemed to be something queer—really that's all."

"But enough," interposed Mrs. Mostyn, "considering you had not one fact in your possession. Now, Guy, you must help me in this—trace it backward carefully and let me see just where it began."

Guy, really conscience-stricken and anxious to repair any wrong he had done, did as he was bidden, and between what she had heard, with her own intuitive knowledge of the world and what Master Guy could tell her, Mrs. Mostyn came to the conclusion, to the profound conviction, that the origin of it all was in the Piersons' idle chatter; the result of which was that about ten o'clock the next morning Miss Fanny received a little note which surprised her greatly, and set the family party into quite a flutter. It presented Mrs. Mostyn's compliments, and asked Fanny and Louise to come to Brier Lawn as soon as possible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





## ARCHERY FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

Author of "The Whimsies of Archery," etc.

## I.

Of all the out-door sports in which girls and boys may join, archery presents the greatest variety of exercise, both physical and mental. There is a healthful stimulus to the imagination, as well as the freest and fullest muscular and nervous excitement produced by bow-shooting. The sport fills well the golden mean between the extreme of violent exercise, such as base-ball offers, and the tame dallying with ball and mallet which characterizes the game of croquet. The archer stands erect, expands his lungs, uses his mind and his muscles at the same time, and feels conscious of the picturesque effect of his attitudes and movements.

Bright and happy-hearted girls and boys like beautiful things, and nothing can be more strikingly pleasing to the eye than a target with its rings of gay colors, and its background of fresh grass, when the archery lawn is smoothly mown and the range is fragrant with the breath of early summer. Indeed, everything connected with archery is beautiful. The bow, the arrows, the bright quiver and belt, the gay bracer and tassel, all are symmetrical and suggestive of grace.

Another feature of archery recommends it above almost every other sport; there can be no dishonesty in connection with it. He who excels with the bow does it by perfectly fair means, you may be sure; for there is no way of shooting well except by the worthiest and sincerest effort. In other words, success in archery comes to those who deserve success, and we may begin our practice with the long-bow and arrows in the best of spirits and with a clear conscience.

Yonder stands the target, a circular mat of plaited straw, whose face is covered with a cotton cloth painted in rings of bright colors. It is set upon a wooden or iron tripod, called the stand. The centre of the target's face is a circular spot nine inches in diameter, of a clear golden color; next to this is a ring of brilliant red; then comes a circle of blue, which in turn is surrounded by a ring of black; and lastly, on the outer margin of the face, comes a white circle. When an arrow strikes the gold, it counts nine points; if it strikes the red, it counts seven points; if the blue, it counts five points; if the black, it counts three; if the white, it counts one. Thus the game is easily kept by colors: gold, 9; red, 7; blue, 5; black, 3; white, 1.

The target is four feet in diameter across the face, and is usually about three inches thick. When in place upon the stand, and ready to be shot at, its centre is four feet from the ground. It must not be imagined, however, that because the game of archery is so simple and so easy to understand, the use of the bow and arrows is easily mastered. To shoot is one thing, and to shoot well is quite another thing; the latter requires careful and systematic practice.

The English long-bow is a beautiful weapon, usually made as long as the archer is tall. Its tips, in which are the notches for the string, are of horn, and at its middle is a space covered with green plush, where the left hand grasps it in shooting. The bow does not bend in the middle, but on each side of the plush it begins to curve, and is flexible all the way to each end. The best bows are made of yew-wood, but these are very expensive; therefore I advise boys and girls to buy lance-wood bows, which, if well made, are very durable, and of excellent quality for target practice. Still, if the very best be desired, and the cost is of no consequence, a yew bow whose wood is close and straight in the grain, and of a bright, clear gold-color, should be chosen.

An archer who possesses a genuine yew bow is very

proud of it, for it was with this weapon that Robin Hood and Little John and all the merry men of Sherwood Forest so long maintained their freedom, and it was it also that rang at all the glorious battles which England won in the Middle Ages.

Having chosen the bow, let us now look after our arrows, for we must be very careful in selecting them if we wish to be good archers. The arrow must be quite straight, smooth, and perfectly finished in all its parts. These parts are five in number, viz., the *stele*, or shaft, the *nock*, the *foot*, the *pile*, and the *feather*, or *vane*. The *stele* is the body of the arrow; the *nock* is a wedge-shaped piece of horn set in one end of the stele, and fitted with the notch for the bowstring; the *foot* is a piece of heavy wood, from four to six inches long, dovetailed into the end of the stele opposite the nock; the *pile* is a pointed cap of steel nicely fitted on the end of the foot; and the *feather* is formed of three vanes of goose feather or peacock feather set at equal distances apart around the stele near the nock.

*Finger-tips* are open leather thimbles for the first, second, and third fingers of the bowman's right hand; they are worn to prevent the bowstring from hurting those fingers in shooting.

The *bracer*, or arm-guard, is a shield of hard smooth leather made to cover the left forearm and wrist, so as to guard against injury from the recoil of the bowstring.

The *quiver* is a receptacle of tin or leather in which to carry the arrows. It is usually worn at the left side, attached to a belt which encircles the archer's waist.

In choosing a bow be very careful not to get one too strong, as it is impossible to shoot well if you cannot draw your bow with perfect steadiness and ease. For a boy thirteen years of age a bow that requires a pull of thirty pounds to draw an arrow up twenty-seven inches is about right; for a girl of the same age, let the pull be six pounds lighter.

All the best arrows are made twenty-eight inches long, and the strength of bows is reckoned in pounds. Thus, if a bow have 30 marked on its back, the figures signify that it will require a pull of thirty pounds to draw the arrow to its full length in the bow; therefore that bow is called a "thirty-pound" bow.

The string of a bow is made about three or three and a half inches shorter than the bow, and with a circular loop at each end to fit in the bow-nocks, or notches. Now, to bend your bow, which archers call "bracing," you slip the larger loop over the upper or longer end of the bow, and place the smaller loop in the notch of the lower end of the bow; then, standing upright, you take the bow by the plush handle with your right hand, and place the lower end of the weapon in the hollow of your right foot, at the same time placing the left hand against the upper end of the bow, with the thumb and forefinger just below the string-loop there, then by pulling with your right hand and pushing with your left you bend the bow, and at the same time slip the loop into the upper notch. In doing this you must be sure to bend your bow from the flat side, or back, toward the rounded side, or *belly*, as archers say. The centre, from end to end, of the string, is marked by a wrapping of gay colored silk floss to show where to place the arrow's nock in shooting.

Let us now get ready to shoot. The bow is strung, the quiver containing three good arrows hangs at your side, your bracer is buckled to your wrist, and your finger-tips are carefully put on. Take your stand as follows: your left side toward the target, your body erect, your feet six inches apart, with the toes turned a little outward, your face set toward the target, and your shoulders thrown well back. Grasp the plush handle of the bow with the left hand, and with the right place an arrow on the string so that its painted feather is to the left, and so that its nock will fit exactly on the silk floss mark, while

its stele rests across the left side of the bow just above and touching the left hand.

Now hook the first, second, and third fingers of your right hand over the string so as to have the arrow's nock between the first and second fingers, and at the same time steadily and firmly extend your left arm, and draw the string until the arrow is nearly drawn up its full length. Now take your aim quickly, finish drawing up your arrow, and let go the string. Of course all these movements must be made with swiftness, steadiness, and care, and it will require a little patient practice to become sufficiently skillful to make the arrow fly evenly.

The act of loosing the string, that is, letting it go at the end of the draw, is rather difficult to do well, and it is of the highest importance to learn it at once. First be careful to have all three of your drawing fingers (nicely fitted with their leather tips) firmly and evenly hooked around the string, so as to draw with ease and steadiness, and, when you are ready to loose, let go with a *slightly increased pull*, so that your fingers will leave the string smoothly and all at once, meantime holding your left hand and arm perfectly steady, grasping the bow with all your power. In order to shoot with perfect ease and grace you must hold the bow nearly vertical, the upper end slanting a little toward the right.

When beginning to practise, set the target not more than twenty yards from you, and do not think of becoming discouraged because at first you are awkward. Note your faults and failures carefully, and try to profit by experience; you will soon grow interested, and finally you will find a genuine enthusiasm taking possession of you, for archery rarely fails to fascinate those who give it a fair chance. Bright, happy, intelligent girls and boys will find it the most exhilarating game practicable in summer weather. The exercise is not violent, but it is wholesome, and demands action enough to call into play all the principal muscles of the body and limbs, and to excite the mind most pleasurably. When the competition between the shooters is sharp and close the game often becomes extremely interesting, and then it is that coolness, steadiness, and carefulness win.

I will now give you the rule for taking aim in target-shooting: Having taken your stand, as above directed, with your left side turned in the direction of the target, you will draw your bow until your arrow is about four-fifths taken up, when you will look directly over the point of your arrow and thus fix your aim, with both eyes open. By a few trial shots you will discover just how high or how low to aim in order to reach the target; but there are a number of points to be remembered in this connection before you can practise intelligently.

*First*, you must draw your arrow back just so far each time before you take aim.

*Second*, you must loose (that is, let go the string) at precisely the same point just below your chin at each shot.

*Third*, you must draw your arrow so that during the whole act of shooting it lies in a direct line under your right eye.

Put this paper aside and keep it for reference, so that when, next week, you read what I shall say about "point of aim" and the rules of the game of archery, you may be sure to understand it all. Meantime get your bow and arrows, and try to become familiar with the methods of bracing, drawing, aiming, and loosing already described. You will be surprised how clear the rules will appear to be after you have handled the weapons for a while. I say that they will *appear* to be very clear, but you will find archery a progressive study. Every day you will discover something new in it, and something genuinely fascinating as well. Indeed, the more you study it and practise it, the more there appears in it to learn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A NAUTICAL EXPERIMENT; OR, WHO KNOWS BEST?

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "WAKULLA," ETC.

### Part XX.

AT the door of the "bumboat" cabin the boys met a man, who said, "Hello"; and to whom Nelson said, "Good-morning, sir."

He was a middle-aged man, large and muscular, and remarkable for the stubby black beard which almost covered his face. He was bareheaded and barefooted, and wore only an old flannel shirt, open in front, and exposing a very hairy chest, and a pair of dirty trousers. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up to his elbows, and the bottoms of his trousers were turned up to his ankles. Altogether his costume seemed to the boys to be very airy and unseasonable.

"What do you want here this time o' day?" he asked.

"Breakfast, sir," answered Nelson. "We're on a cruise down the river in our boat, and have lost our provisions overboard, so we thought we'd stop and see if you'd give us something to eat."

"Got any money?" asked the man.

"Only a little," answered Nelson—which was quite true, as the available funds of the expedition all told only amounted to two dollars; for the fathers of the boys did not approve of giving them large amounts of pocket-money unless for some particular purpose.

"Well," said the man, "little or much, I don't want your money; but I do want some work done, and if you two are willing to earn your breakfast, I'll give you the best I've got."

The boys were too hungry to be particular as to the terms on which they got their breakfast, and readily agreed to the proposition of the man, who thereupon invited them into the cabin.

The interior of the "bumboat" cabin was dark and dirty, the only light entering through the open door and two very small, cobwebby windows. It was also very close and smoky. On one side were two bunks filled with soiled blankets; on the other were a table, two chairs, and an empty box turned up on end, and opposite the door stood and smoked a little rusty stove.

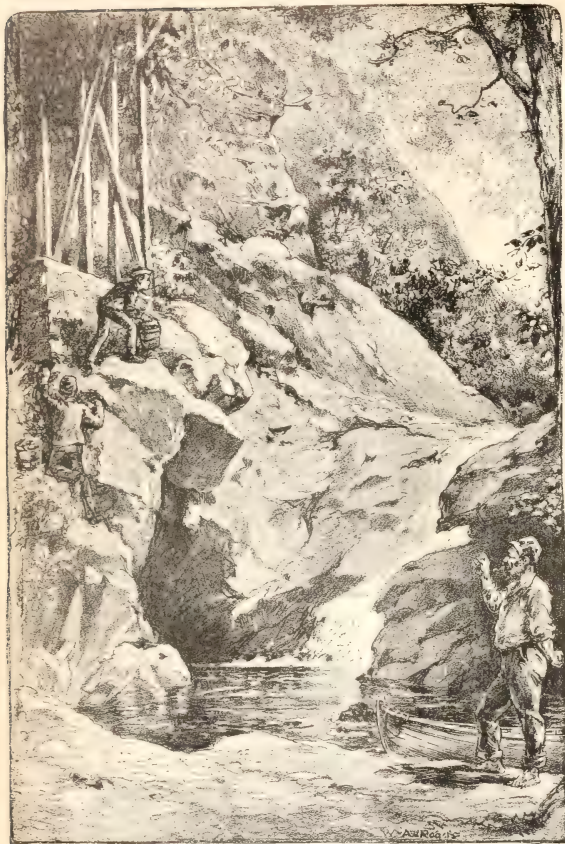
The man told the boys to sit down, and dragging a second box from under the table, he took from it some tin plates and cups, and some knives, forks, and spoons, and proceeded to set the table. Then mixing a batter of flour, water, and baking powder in a pan, he fried griddle-cakes until he had a large plateful, and had nearly choked the boys with smoke and the smell of grease. These, with a loaf of dark-looking bread, a dish of fried bacon, and a pot of coffee, constituted the breakfast, to which the man invited the boys to "pitch in." There was coarse brown sugar for sweetening the coffee; but no milk to relieve its blackness, neither was there any butter, but only molasses to spread on both bread and griddle-cakes.

At sight of this breakfast the boys looked at one another, and each thought of the dainty, bountifully supplied tables at home. For the first time in their lives they began to realize what a blessed thing it is to have a home, and how much better off they had been than some other people in this world. Still, they were too ravenously hungry to be squeamish, and they managed to make a pretty fair meal from what was set before them.

"Now," said the man, when they had finished, "to pay for your breakfast you shall wash the dishes, sweep out and 'red' up the cabin, and row me ashore in your boat after a couple of buckets of fresh water. Meantime I'll jest set here and see that you do it all up ship-shape."

The boys thought this pretty good pay for so poor a





"THE BOYS FILLED THE WATER-PAIS AT THE SPRING."

breakfast, and Nelson said something in a low tone to that effect; but the man, who was lighting a short black pipe, scowled at him so savagely that he thought it best to accept the situation and do the work laid out for him with as good a grace as possible.

So the boys set to work, and began to wash the breakfast dishes in cold water; but the man, who by this time was comfortably seated in one chair with his feet resting upon the other, and drawing clouds of smoke from his stump of a pipe, advised them to use hot water, as they would find it easier. This advice sounded so much like a command that Harry, who began to think that they had fallen in with a pirate sure enough, hastened to heat some water in a pan on the stove. While he was doing this,

Nelson collected the scraps that remained of their breakfast, and took them on deck to Rover, who had not been invited into the cabin, and who devoured them ravenously.

At last the disagreeable task was finished, the dishes had been washed and replaced in the box under the table, and under the directions of the man, who ordered them about incessantly, the boys succeeded in making the little cabin look cleaner and brighter than it had for many a day. When everything had been done to his satisfaction the man took a couple of water-pails, placed them in the bows of the *Nelly Bly*, took his seat in the stern, and ordered the boys to row him ashore. They asked if Rover might go too, but the man said, "No, the dog must stay and mind the boat." But Rover had no idea of obeying this new master, and as soon as the *Nelly Bly* was shoved off, and he saw that they intended to leave him behind, he sprang into the water and swam after them. It was evident that there was no room for him in the little boat, even if the man would have allowed him on board, so the poor fellow was obliged to swim for half a mile.

They landed on a little beach just above an old abandoned mill, at the foot of a water-fall, above which the water of the creek was clear and fresh. Poor Rover, who was too fat for a long swim, was very tired, and lay down on the beach panting, without even waiting to shake himself, while the boys, under the man's direction, filled the water-pails at the spring above

the falls, and replaced them carefully in the boat. Then they rowed back to the "bumboat," but without poor Rover, for though when they started he tried to swim after them, he soon gave it up and returned to the little beach.

When the man had stepped aboard the "bumboat," and lifted out the two pails of water, he said:

"Now, my hearties, you've paid for your breakfast according to bargain, and you can continue your cruise if you want to; but my advice to you is that you go back as quick as you can to the home you've run away from. Boys like you, as is evidently young gents, don't go on no cruise without a better outfit than you've got. But if you will keep on, I hopes as how you won't meet with no worse fellows to get along with than old Ben Stubbs."



With this the man disappeared into the little cabin, and our boys turned the head of the *Nelly Bly* once more toward the place where they had last seen Rover. When they again reached the beach, at the foot of the falls, the dog was nowhere to be seen; and though they whistled, and called, and hunted for him for more than an hour among the thick underbrush, they could discover no traces of their faithful companion, and were finally forced to give up the search and return to their boat without him.

As they pulled slowly down the creek Harry said, "Nelse, don't you think we'd better go back? Seems to me being sailors is pretty hard work, after all."

"I don't know but what we had," responded Nelson; "but I'm too tired to row home now. I tell you what, Harry, let's row out into the river, and wait there for a tow of canal-boats. If the first one that comes along is bound up the river, let's offer the captain of one of the boats a dollar to take us home; but if it's bound down, let's offer him a dollar to take us to New York."

"All right," said Harry; "I'm willing; but I do wish we'd left a note or something at home to let 'em know we ain't drowned. They must be awful anxious about us by this time."

"Shouldn't wonder if they were," said Nelson. "I never thought of that. But we'll write 'em a letter from New York, and that'll make it all right."

They passed the "bumboat" without seeing anything of Ben Stubbs, though they saw that the steam-launch, which had been absent while they were on board, had returned, and now lay alongside.

The sun was now several hours high, and though the day was clear and cool, its direct rays were so warm that both the boys soon became very drowsy. Pulling in his oar, Harry lay down in the bottom of the boat, and say-

ing that he was just going to rest a little, was almost immediately fast asleep.

Nelson also took in his oar, but sat up, determined to keep awake and watch for a tow. As the sunlight on the water dazzled him he closed his eyes to shut out the glare, and a moment later a little boat, containing two sleeping boys, was floating on the broad bosom of the Hudson.

Toot! toot! toot! to-o-o-o-t! sounded a shrill whistle so close to them that both boys sprang up, wide awake, and filled with the idea that they were being run down by a railroad train. Coming down the river, and headed directly toward them, was a great steam-boat, and behind her they saw a long tow of canal-boats, ice-boats, and barges. The boys had just time to recover their senses, spring to their oars, and get out of the way as the steamer swept over the spot.

"They're bound for New York," said Nelson, as the tow surged heavily past them. "That settles the question. Now let's try and board one of them." They pulled up alongside the last canal-boat of the tow.

"Take our line, will you?" shouted Nelson to a boy of about their own age, who stood on deck watching them, at the same time throwing him the end of the painter.

Catching the rope, the boy took a turn with it around a cleat, and held fast to the end. In another instant the *Nelly Bly* was drawn so violently against the side of the canal-boat that she turned half over, and the water rushed in over her gunwale. Both Nelson and Harry sprang for the canal-boat, and managed to scramble on board; but at the same moment the boy who held the end of their painter, seeing the mischief that he had occasioned by being too accommodating, let go of it, and the poor little boat drifted astern, and in another minute was left far behind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

CARLO AND DUTCH FIND THEIR "NOSES PUT OUT OF JOINT" BY A NEW FAVORITE.

It was tell you about a pretty little nest I found. It was on a low oak limb and was very small. The outside was made of fine grass, and it was lined with some very soft woolly stuff. It was fastened to the tree by grass twisted around the twigs. Do any of the readers of the Post-office Box know which bird is the owner of such a pretty little nest, and will they write and tell about him? I think the Post-office Box would like to know as well as I. I see I have forgotten to tell you how queerly partridges roost. They sit on the ground in an old field, back to back, or side by side, and go back to the same place every night.

I am fifteen years old, and a great admirer of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. EMMA C. W.

Letters which describe the birds and flowers in the neighborhood of any little correspondent are particularly welcome. This one will be read by children who live very far from Emma's bird-surrounded home, and perhaps it will suggest to them to look at their own gardens and fields with greater interest. Every one of you could find some new, bright thing to tell us of if you would only open your eyes and see what is nearest you. Thank you, Emma, for the pleasant note you have given us. Somebody will answer your inquiry about the bird you do not know, and introduce him to you, I hope, very soon.

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I am eight years old. I have a big cat, and she is black with a white breast. We have two mangroves, and I put a swing on one of them for my little sister and myself. There was a big fire here four or five weeks ago, and about eight thousand people were burned out of their houses; they were nearly all Chinese. I go to school and study reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic, and have lessons in drawing. JAMES L. L.

AUBURN, NEW YORK.

Dear POSTMISTRESS,—I send you a little poem I composed, suggested by the sermon our minister preached on Children's Day. I am in the High School, and have studied this year algebra, Latin, English, and United States, Roman, and Greek history. I have passed the Regent's examination out of them all, and about eight weeks ago, and I do not know the result yet. I like all the studies very much, particularly Latin and algebra.

Here is a part of the poem, which is rather too long for entire publication:

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

"Consider the lilies—how they grow,"  
"That was our minister!"  
He said as about them, and tried to show  
What they teach of this life and the next.

The spiritual life like the lily is,  
First just a tiny seed;  
Then the tender green leaves follow this.  
As our heavenly Father leads.

The lily blooms not just for beauty,  
But to reproduce the seed;  
If we all of us do our duty,  
We too shall bear fruit, indeed.

As the lily must have a suitable place,  
And the sun and water and sun,  
So we need the light of our Father's face  
Till our little race is run.

As the lilies all obtain their food,  
From water, air, and soil,  
So, God, through the Spirit, gives us food  
While we onward and upward toil.

As we cannot make the lily grow  
By placing the food outside,  
So all of our strength comes, as we know,  
From the place where God doth hide.

The tender lily-roots extend  
Deep, deep down in the ground,  
So, to us, life the Father lends.  
Our roots in Christ are found.  
ADDIE L. G. (aged 17).

WASHINGTON, D.C.

In answer to Jean B. G., I send you a few words that have more letters than *incomprehensibility*, *philosophicalness*, *characteristicalness*, *discreetness*, *unpleasantness*, *electro-physiological*, *incomprehensibility*.

Says the Rochester Post and Express, Misses Mary, Jean, and the rest of you who are looking about for long words. "What is the matter with *Laufgarwilsantwatsillogogooch*, the name of a village in Wales?"

CALIFORNIA, MINNEOTA.

We have three horses, named Kit, Doll, and Marshall. We did have four, but papa sold the man who bought it was working with it in the stable and it broke and died. I felt very sorry when I heard it. We also have a cow and two

pigs. I have a kitten named Yowsuckle. It is very playful, and will try to bite me in fun. I have no brothers nor sisters, but I have plenty of cousins, so I do not grow lonesome. My mamma is in the East, and I have a very good father. I get along very well. I have been away to school this spring. I went to Winona to the Normal School, and I ever so much, and I don't go back this fall. JULIA S.

Most of this letter is meant for the eyes of an Edinburgh boy, Archie H. C., but we will peep over his shoulder while he reads:

SLEIGHT, PARK COUNTY, COLORADO.

I am a boy who was twelve years old on the 27th of December. I live in the Rocky Mountains. This is a very pretty place. We have a big ranch, and a good many cattle. I have a few myself. We have a great many deer, Rocky Mountain sheep, lions, wolves, coyotes, badgers, wild cats, and many other sorts. There are bears and elk here. There are some very high mountains around here. We live about sixty miles southwest of Denver, on the Platte River. There are a great many trout in the river. I have two sisters: one is ten years old, named Eva; the other, Mary, is eight. CHARLES M. S.

Lloyd has sent me a copy of the little paper of which he is editor and publisher. I wish all readers who publish amateur papers would do the same:

FAVHUS, VIRGINIA.

I am only twelve years old, yet I am publishing the *Amateur Times*, a copy of which I send you. I still continue to attend school, taught by Mrs. N., near by, though the weather is excessively warm, and I am anxious for school to close. I take much interest in natural history, and am collecting birds' eggs and Indian arrow-heads. I like "Silent Pete, or the Stowaways," and the stories by Howard Pyle very much. For pets I have three sheep, a dog, a calf, and a beautiful little Shetland pony whose name is Minnie. Fishing at this season is very good, and a few days ago I caught thirty-four almost as rapidly as I could bait my hook. LLOYD W. B.

EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

I want to tell the Postmistress about a wreck I saw today. Last night there was a storm, and the *Charles T. Abbott*, a brig from Turk's Island, laden with salt, was cast ashore. The crew clinging to the rigging, and the small boat was not knowing that the brig was ashore. Then they landed, and walked down the road in search of shelter. At the first farm-house they were refused admittance, but at the second they were taken in. The owner of this house told us all about it. The brig was manned by a captain and crew of eight sailors. Some one told the colored steward that the Indians were about to eat the cannibals, and he was so much frightened that he flung himself into the water, and had to be pulled out by the Indians. The masts of the ship were broken in the centre, and the topmost parts, together with the sails, were swaying to one side. Her hull was stove in, and the waves washed through the hole. The wind blew every time a wave struck her. For a mile up the beach nothing was to be seen but fragments of the unlucky brig. The wreckers pulled off her helm, and brought out all the valuables that she contained. One man cut the shrouds of one of her masts, and the men all cheered as, with a crash, it fell into the water. A great number of cigars were found in the brig, and these were tossed out of the vessel into the hands of those waiting below. Several persons took home cigars, and the owners of the property brought home the cover of a cigar box. This wreck was but a few miles from East Hampton. JEAN B. G.

FARTHER SHORE, MARYLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have written to you before, but my letter did not come, and I wrote again. I enjoy reading the letters most of all. For pets I have a beautiful black cat named Jock, and four dolls. Do you think I am too large to play with dolls? I attend school at my neighbor's house, and study reading, spelling, geography, grammar, dictation, writing, arithmetic, philosophy, and composition: I am ten years very much. FANNIE B.

ST. FRANCIS BARRACKS, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

I am going to tell you about the Indians who were brought here a few months ago as prisoners of war. They are living in a barracks, but are living in Fort Marion, which is about half a mile away. We enjoy seeing them, for they are very different from the white soldiers. They are on some with their blankets thrown around their necks, and dash different colored paints all over their faces. They are very strong and brave. You would laugh could you see their funny little faces, with their long black hair hanging over their eyes. I have seen six or eight of them at a time, riding in a wheelbarrow, all laughing

"WONDER IF I CAN'T THINK I'LL TRY, ANYHOW."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ROCKFORD, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am very much interested in birds, and was glad to see a piece about them in a recent number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. If the children who read the letters in the Post-office Box would like to hear something about the birds here, I will tell what I know. In the first place, there are hundreds of mockingbirds, which build their nests in the oak-trees and bushes right around our house, and are so tame that they sometimes drink from a trough by the well, which is only about five yards from our piazza. I once saw one eating grists with the chickens in the yard. Everybody has heard of their singing, and every one who has been out in the middle of the day, unless it is cloudy, but in the early morning and in the evening they keep up a regular chorus of every imaginable bird note, and some squeaks and croaks which you would not imagine a bird could make. On moonlight nights, too, some of the old fellows come out, and their trills and throat exercises till the moon goes down. Their nests are built in three layers; the outside one is made of rough little twigs, which are twisted together and ingeniously that though the nest is perfectly firm on the tree, when you try to take it from its fork, it is not very careful of the whole outside. The inside is made of soft moss, and ends—horse-hair, scraps of cloth, etc.; then it is lined with fine white little things that look like grass roots. The eggs are small, bluish-green, with brown spirals on them, and there are generally five in a nest.

We have a great many partridges here too, with their renowned "Bob White." However, it is only the males that say "Bob White"; the females have a queer little low whistle, which is very hard to imitate. They go in flocks, or coveys, as every one knows, and it is said that all the hens in a covey lay their eggs in the same nest. They do not belong to the perchers, for their nests are on the ground; and they do not hop at all, but run very fast; indeed, their legs are stronger than their wings. I think. Their nests are very hard to find; I have only seen two in my life: one of them was in an old field, in the fence corner, under a dead pine branch; the nest consisted of a little hollow in the ground, lined with a few fine needles, but it had been trampled it. The eggs are pure white, much smaller than one end than the other, and when the little partridges hatch, the small end opens with a lid, like a little molasses jug.

We also have cardinal birds. The males are scarlet all over, except a little black patch under the eye, and the females are of a dull brownish-red. Both have topknots. They are great fighters, but are so shy they seldom come near the house. In violent contrast to these are the blue-jays, which we see occasionally.

In the swamps the little rainbow-colored noddies, reddish-brown thrushes, and many others. There are several kinds of hawk here, I am sorry to say. I do not like hawks at all, for some reason they eat our chickens by the dozen, and kill a great many mockingbirds. They are too, kill lots of little birds, but they do not often come around the house; we hear them in the swamps, however. Who who who there? We have a pretty little vine on our piazza, and the brightest little humming-birds fly around it when it is in bloom, sticking their long bills into the flowers for the honey. Sometimes three or four come at the same time, and then they have a chase and fight, and the victor chases the others off in triumph. The other day I saw a bright little blue and black Baltimore Oriole, and I think they must be very fond of wild cherries, for I generally see them on our cherry-tree. There are a great many whippoorwills here, too; they keep their mouths open all night, and are ugly, dark, big-looking creatures.

There are many other birds that I would like to tell you about, but I must stop this letter for getting too long. Before I stop, however, I must

and seemin' happy. My father saw such a funny thing the other day—two Indian women washing their clothes on their backs! One would take a piece of soap and rub it all over the back of the other, then throw a bucket of water over her to get the soap off. A kind friend of mine has been sending me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over a year, and I enjoy reading it very much. We have been stationed here nearly three years, but expect to go away very soon. This is my first letter, and I hope you will think it nice enough to publish. I am ten years old.

HELEN MARGUERITE G.

This is a very good little letter. Thank you for sending it.

SEMINOLE, FLORIDA.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I thought I would write you the first letter I ever wrote. I see most of the children tell about their pets when they write, but I have no pets. I have four sisters. We have lovely flowers here in the spring. I wonder if many of the girls can embroider nicely? I am just learning, and like it very much. I have been reading some fairy stories, and enjoy them very much.

ROBBINS, LOUISIANA.

I am eleven years old, and live on a plantation seven miles from Fort Jessup, where General Taylor had his headquarters in 1829. Our family used to live at Colorado Springs, and the warm weather we are having now makes me think of the cool times we used to have among the mountains. We have been in this State over twenty years. I have two sisters, Adele, eighteen, and Kitty, fifteen years old. Mamma has taught us ever since we came South, as the nearest school is three miles away. Last fall I picked cotton in my papa's field, and he paid me for it, so that I could buy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for my very first letter.

GRACE T.

STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

I have often wanted to write and tell you how much I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which we have taken now a long time. I notice almost all the little boys and girls have pets. We had the most beautiful little English pug named Dick, that we all loved so much, but last week he died, and we buried him in the garden, lying in his own pretty basket and blanket. He had on his harness with silver bells. Now we have only our pony, who is sometimes very naughty, and will refuse to go when we wish him to. Will you please print this little letter, so that my friend Willie, who is in the country, may know I will get his magazine, and oblige your little friend,

DON.

PLAZA BATH, LANSDOWN, NORTH WALES.

I am a girl twelve years old. Father gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a little while ago, and now I have begun to take it. I like "Rolf House" and "Into Unknown Seas" best. Other children tell you about their pets, so I will tell you about mine. I have two birds and a pair of dormice. I like the dormice best. I am not Welsh, though I have always lived in Llandudno. Besides HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I take Little Folks and Sunshine. I have no brother or sister. I am very fond of dolls, and have a great many. I hope this letter will be printed as it is the first I have ever written. I go to school every day, and like it very much. Please may I write again?

LUCY C.

Certainly you may.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—We are two little brothers, Henry and Herbert, aged seven and a half and six years. We can both read very well, and have nearly all of the multiplication table, but we cannot write, so our mamma is writing this for us. We have no pets, except an old pussy who lives in the country, and we call her named her Rachel. She is a very quiet cat, but very cute too. When she wants to go down to the kitchen, and the door is closed at the foot of the stairs, she stands two steps up and works at the latch till it becomes loose, and then pushes against it, and then she is down. We think it very smart. We wish like Howard Pyle's cat so much! When we get older, we will write our selves. Your little friends,

HENRY AND HERBERT G.

This letter is specially intended for Emily Shields:

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years. I live in Santa Barbara with father, mother, and two sisters. One of my sisters is named Ruth, because she was born in Santa Barbara. My father goes camping sometimes in the mountains, about sixty miles from here, and once he rode with a pack of horses, and I went with my care, together with two little Scotch terriers. I feed, groom, and exercise the horse every day. It is great fun. I have learned to put the bridle on all by myself. We live near the beach, and we go often to gather sea-moss or go in wading.

We do not go bathing yet. We have a large fig-tree in our garden, and a big grape-vine which measures twenty-one inches around the trunk. One of my school-mates, Tommy D., raises lemons to sell. I have made a great many glasses of lemonade from his lemons.

EMILY H. BAKER.

HERNSVILLE, CATELIE, MOUNTAIN, NEW YORK.

Mamma has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us since last September, and we like it very much. I think that "False Witness," the new story, is the nicest one I have read yet. We are spending the summer with my father and mother, and my brother. My eldest sister is fourteen years old, my brother is twelve, I am eleven, and my little sister is six. There is a creek that runs through the place, and sometimes we swim in it; sometimes, too, we fall in it.

LYDIA E. M.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I was eleven years old the 24th of April. I had a very nice birthday, and I received many presents. We had a tortoise-shell cat and four kittens. Two of the kittens we gave away, the two that we kept were ten big enough to play with me, and out one morning and found them dead. I go to school, and study arithmetic, geography, grammar, and spelling. I think "False Witness" will be a nice story. I have ten dolls. One of them has golden hair, which I can curl and braid.

LIZZIE E. S.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I have been looking a long time to find a very long word, and I have found a word with twenty letters; it is *philoprotevnes*. It is the longest word I ever saw. I have a little friend who lives next door, and she loaned me her paper. Now I get papa to buy me one. I think it is the nicest paper I ever read. I am nine years old, and I have ten big enough to play with me, and it is my first letter, and I hope it will be published. I have a very old bird; he is fifteen years old. He tries to sing sometimes, and does it too.

EVA O. B.

WARREN, PENNSYLVANIA.

Although I have taken this lovely paper for a long time, I have never written to it. I began to write once, but I never finished it. I live in this at my cousin Charlotte's house; she is writing to St. Nicholas. A good many boys and girls call about their pets. I have a very large dog named Dick. I had a canary-bird, but it died. Charlotte has three cats. I think "Silent Pete, or the Stowaways," is a lovely story.

CLARIETA B. P.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

I live in the suburbs of Little Rock, and we have very nice times. I have never seen any letter from Arkansas in the Post-office Box. For pets I have a dog named Bill and a bird named Dick. I had a little kitten, and last week she was sick, and one morning I could not find her, and I have not seen her since, so I think she must be dead. "Silent Pete," and Mrs. W. L. Lillie's stories, also Miss Alcott's, are very nice.

JEANNETTE P.

PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO, CANADA.

I am eleven years old, and live in the town of Peterborough. It is a very pretty place. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since January. I think it is a very good magazine. I have been reading "Silent Pete, or the Stowaways," and think it is a very interesting story. I went to Grimsby Camp-ground last year, and enjoyed myself very much. I go to school, and read in the Third Reader. I have one sister, and she has a little dog; his name is Rex. My grandpa had a pretty dog; his name was Diver. He would save me out the sleigh and beg; but he was a poor little fellow, he died, and I miss him very much when I go there now.

VERNON C. M.

The Postmistress wishes to say to some of her young contributors that she cannot undertake to return their little poems or stories when she is unable to find room for them in the Post-office Box, even when accompanied by postage-stamps for that purpose. The Postmistress is kept very busy reading and selecting from the letters and stories that come to her by every mail, so she hopes her little correspondents will save her time and their own postage-stamps, and not ask to have their manuscripts returned if they are not printed.

Marjorie V., Mary R. W., Alice E., Mamie L., Lucie Vail F., Mabel W., Anna R., Pitti S., John M. H., Lavinia B. L., Allan C. K., Flora B. R., Minnie R., Willie A. R., M. A. E., Maad T., Lillie P., B. D. R. (of Rothsay, Upper Norwood, England), James S., and Ida N.: Thanks to you all

for your letters, puzzles, and stories.—Amy G.: Letters should be addressed simply to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.—Stella: I cannot inform you on the subject of which you inquire, and I would not do so if I could. A young girl needs no cosmetics except fresh air and cold water. Good health will usually give a good complexion, and its possessor. Go early to bed, eat beefsteak and vegetables, with plenty of bread and butter and ripe fruit, take a walk every morning, and assist in the house-work if it is necessary, let candles and sentimental novels alike alone, and you will probably have bright eyes and rosy cheeks. Your mother is right about gardening. It is wholesome, beautiful, and a womanly work, while the harder parts of it should be done by your brothers. There is opportunity in the care of even a single flower-bed for much healthful exercise. A sun-bonnet or broad-brimmed hat, and a pair of garden gloves, will protect your face and hands from sunburn and tan. Many persons, like myself, are of the opinion that a tan does not look well on a young face. It is the kiss of air and sunshine—A. M. D. Victoria, Australia: We cannot expect that the stories our little friends write shall bear no resemblance to anything they have ever read. Older writers borrow from their reading without being aware that they do so.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

EAST SQUARES.

1.—1. Rapid. 2. A part in music. 3. Cessation. 4. Toys used by children. LUTHER R. MOFFITT.

2.—1. A fowl. 2. Thought. 3. A support. 4. A fruit.

3.—1. Display. 2. A dwelling. 3. A sign. 4. Departed. A. H. AND I. R.

4.—1. Pustule. 2. Unclosed. 3. To yield. 4. Part of the leg.

EMMA L. AND ROBERT H. MULLER.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters, and am the name of a great poet.

My 7, 3, 9, 2, 8 to peel.

My 3, 7, 5 is an animal of the monkey kind.

My 9, 3, 4, 5 is a garden tool.

My 1, 5, 9, 3, 7, 2 is an angel.

My 6, 7, 3, 9, 5 is scanty.

HIPPOPOTAMUS.

No. 3.

QUERIES.

What word composed of five letters becomes one of the royal arms of the first?

Which number, if you prefix another, will be lowered in value?

JAY S. EASTMAN.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 348.

No. 1.—

|        |   |
|--------|---|
| Em     | U |
| Louise |   |
| Ch     | Y |
| Glaci  | S |
| Glas   | S |
| Engl   | F |
| Glos   | N |
| Fus    | N |
| Th     | N |
| Rive   | R |
| Terr   | A |
| Nou    | N |
| Hear   | T |

No. 2.—Webster's Dictionary (yes, rat, water, bed, eyes, iron, cat, in).

No. 3.—

|   |   |
|---|---|
| C | T |
| T | I |
| T | I |
| T | I |
| P | N |

No. 4.—Passaic. Milton.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Julie Thomson, Walter M. Graham, Buttercup, Jay S. Eastman, Laura B. Smyth, Emma L. and Robert H. Muller, T. B. Clurell, A. S. Parsons, Annie and Mary Cox, Nina L. Crawford, J. G. Bolander, Jun., June Bug, Geraldine F., Corcoran, L. Beekman, J. Whitesides, C. Morgan, O'Dell Malone, Hippopotamus, Ida May Cragg, Arnold Foster, Paul Clayton, I. P. C., and Isabel Whittier.

[For EXCHANGES, see 24 and 34 pages of cover.]





COUNTRY SCENE.—"DON'T TEASE THE DOG, JAMES: YOU WILL SPOIL HIS TEMPER."

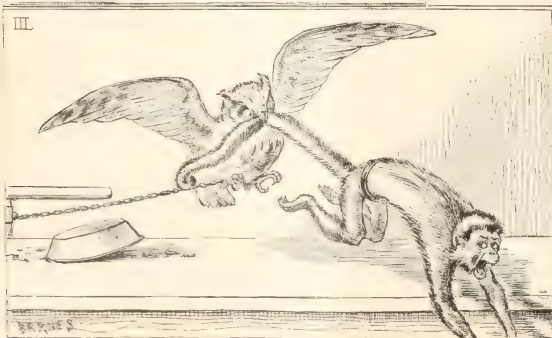
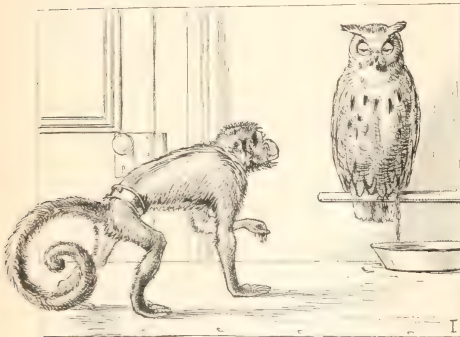
### SUMMER NOON.

A TAWNY snake, the road winds up  
To where the wood so still is,  
And droops the burnished buttercup,  
And loil the water-lilies;

The dusty vines are parched and torn,  
The gauzy air's a-quiver,  
No silken rustle in the corn,  
And glares the silent river—  
All the long, long summer noon.

The blackberry's beads of jet are strung  
Along the way-side fences,  
And every bird has lost its tongue  
Till afternoon commences;  
A locust, hidden in some tree,  
Strikes up its drowsy rattle,  
And in the brooklet quietly  
Are grouped the panting cattle—  
All the long, long summer noon.

But deep within a sunless dell  
A cricket's voice is shrilling;  
Of cooler hours it seems to tell,  
With cheer the silence filling.  
And hark! a tree-toad's tremulous cry:  
"Dear me! I'm not complaining.  
We'll get a good shower by-and-by;  
I've seen a sign of raining,  
All the long, long summer noon."  
—GEORGE COOPER.



### (F)OWL PLAY.

#### I.

IT is very well known  
that there is nothing  
so sleepy as an owl in the  
daytime.

#### II.

And it is equally cer-  
tain that there is nothing  
more wide-awake than a  
monkey at all times.

#### III.

But appearances are de-  
ceitful, and circumstances  
alter cases.

HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VII.—NO. 352

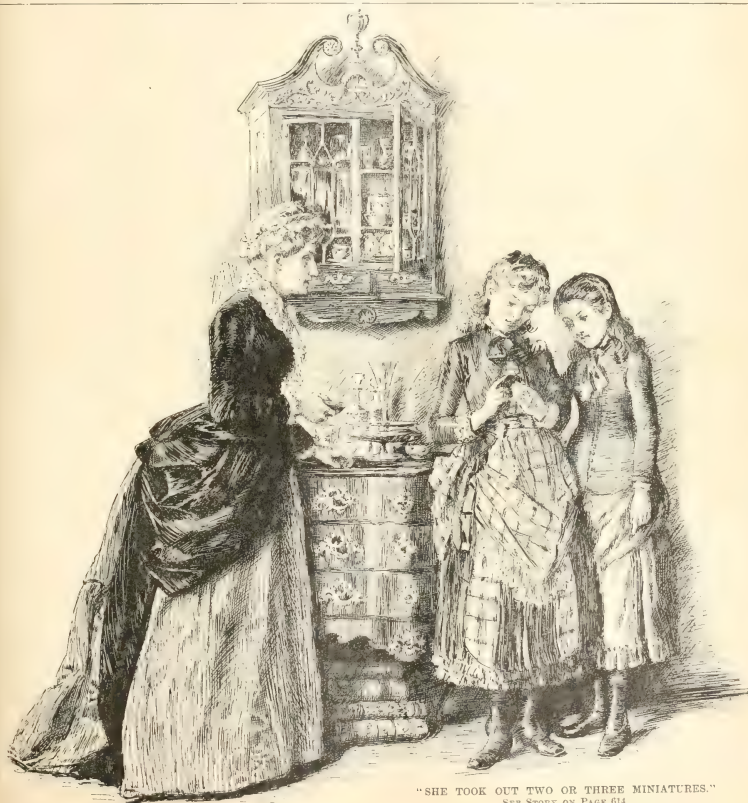
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"SHE TOOK OUT TWO OR THREE MINIATURES."  
SEE STORY ON PAGE 614.

## FALSE WITNESS.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," "JO'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE STORY OF A MINIATURE.

FANNY contrived to let half a dozen people whom she met know where she and her sister were going. When they were ushered by old Parker into the library, both girls felt a little overawed by the very dignified manner in which they were received. It was hard for Mrs. Mostyn to go through the preliminaries which civility demanded, but her first remark surprised Fanny beyond all powers of expression.

"My dear," the old lady said, gravely, "I have sent for you to-day because I wish you to do justice—you and my nephew Guy—where you may have done the contrary. I am trying in every way to find my dear young friend Agnes Leigh, and you, I understand, seem to be the one responsible for the stories told against her—stories which I am sure you will find had no foundation. But now I want you to sit down, both of you, with me, and quietly see how we can set it right, first, by carefully going back to what it was that first turned you against her. From all I can hear, no one thought of anything as wrong or mysterious in her history or family until you had suggested it."

The girls had seated themselves on the long, wide sofa drawn midway in the room, and Fanny had prepared herself for a very pleasant, sociable call, but now her face crimsoned with anger and surprise. She started up, and forgetting her fine manners, the age and dignity of the old lady before her, she exclaimed, indignantly: "I can tell you just what it is, Mrs. Mostyn, I don't mean to have any one call me to account. I believe that Leigh girl to be a sly, deceitful thing, and I have said so a dozen times, and I am not ashamed of it either—there! And if you think I have come here—and—"

Fanny, really frightened and ashamed, broke down in a fit of hysterical weeping, while Mrs. Mostyn regarded her in half-pitying, contemptuous silence.

"All this is very useless, my dear," she said at length. "I am not talking without reason. Listen to me." She glanced up, conscious of the other person in the room—a delicate little figure with a plain, though gentle, honest face. Louise was listening anxiously.

"I am going to tell you something of my own life, and then you will understand me better. I am sure, Louise, you wish your sister to tell me all about Agnes Leigh, and why she started any gossip in Halcorn which could hurt her."

The mention of a narration from Mrs. Mostyn's own experience caused Fanny to look up with a quick gleam of interest. Mrs. Mostyn, the great lady of Halcorn, actually offer her a confidence? Fanny dried her eyes with only a remnant of her hauteur and of the fury of only five minutes before, and looked at her hostess anxiously. It occurred to her to be just a trifle ashamed of her own conduct as she involuntarily contrasted it with the beautiful calm and dignity of the old lady before her, but her curiosity was more strongly aroused than any other sentiment.

"Come with me to my own room, Fanny—you and Louise," said Mrs. Mostyn. "And remember, I do not want you to chatter about this," continued the old lady, smiling pleasantly. "You see," she said, "although I have something to complain of in what you have done, I am going to test you by giving you a real confidence."

Fanny and Louise followed Mrs. Mostyn up the oaken staircase to the old lady's special sitting-room in the L of

the house which had been part of the original mansion in her grandfather's day. The room into which they went was beautiful and luxurious, yet there were many things within it which at first impressed even Fanny's mind as being out of place: some old pieces of furniture not quite in keeping with the newer ones; some pictures of places and a few portraits of people in queer little old-fashioned frames; tapestry of wool-work done by experienced but long-quiet fingers; an old-fashioned writing desk, and at one side of the room a table which looked as though it had seen some good school-room service many years before.

When her visitors were seated, Mrs. Mostyn said, cheerfully:

"I very rarely bring any young people into this room. Look around, and I am sure you will see that everything in it must belong just to me alone. That old table over there I have often laid my head down upon, crying over French exercises and sums that would not come out right, and the desk you see over there was my father's when he was a hard-worked young man in an office. Whenever I want to bring myself, girls, to a proper frame of mind over anything, I come and sit down in this room. You see, it shows me that I was once poor, and bothered, and tired out, and rebellious, too, no doubt; it shows me that my father's money came to him not only by inheritance, but by hard and honorable labor; and then"—Mrs. Mostyn glanced around at the portion of the old room in which they were seated, the generous wood fire, the soft easy-chairs, the pictures, warm hangings, and the portrait of Guy Mostyn's father hanging just above them—"it shows me also the blessings and comforts I have now. Don't you think, on the whole, it is a very good room for an old lady like myself to meditate in?"

The girls laughed brightly. Fanny felt a thrill of delight, and wished that Mrs. Mostyn would talk for half an hour to come. But the old lady was busy searching the drawer of a little cabinet on the wall. From this she took out two or three miniatures. The first which she showed the girls represented a young man with a fine, delicate, sensitive face, at which both girls exclaimed with admiration.

Mrs. Mostyn was silent for a moment, and then said:

"I want to tell you something of which I rarely speak. I showed you that miniature, because it is about the young man who sat for it that I have to tell you. Long ago, Fanny, when I was about your age, and perhaps just as bright and merry a girl as you are, we lived in a small country village, where there was very little to really amuse me, and too little that was useful for me to do. However, I used to be fond of turning all sorts of things into ridicule for the benefit of my companions. They laughed with and at me, of course, and I thought it a very fine thing to be so witty and amusing. Among other people who excited my powers of imitation and sense of the ludicrous was this young man. He was a student in the Morris Academy. His dress, his walk, his reserved ways, all became objects for my satire, and—I need hardly go into further details; but before I realized in the least what I had done, I had influenced the whole town against him. Like Agnes Leigh, he suspected nothing of all this, but met the cold glances, the ill-suppressed contempt, of people about him, at first without thinking of them, and then in a pained and wondering silence. Soon after I was taken ill. When I recovered it was to learn that the ball I had so sinfully, although I must say thoughtlessly, set rolling had gone on until poor Mr. B— had actually left town, and worse than that, lost the prospect of advancement which he would have had but for my folly.

"When it was shown me what I had done, it seemed to me that a lifetime could not repair the evil that I had brought about. I felt nearly frantic, I assure you, and,

\* Begun in No. 347, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



acknowledging my error freely to my father, I begged of him to try and do something to bring Mr. B—— back again; but all our search for him proved useless. He had accepted an offer to go to Africa as a missionary, and there, as I only learned when I was a middle-aged woman, he had died within a year. He had confided his sorrows to a friend, who came back to my native place during the absence of our family. The friend brought his last message to a worthy girl whom he had hoped to marry, but it came too late. She has never married, but being a brave, true woman, she has done her life's work nobly and bravely; but, girls, I never see her even now without a terrible feeling of self-abasement. But for my idle folly she and he might be useful members of society; he might be using his gifts as a preacher and a curer of souls where such as he are so needed, and I could feel that I had never ruined any human being's life.

"But can you not see what this fearful lesson taught me?—that I must never listen to any idle tale of gossip, never see any injustice done if I can help it, and, above all, that I must try to believe and make others believe the very best of my fellow-beings? And so, my dear," added Mrs. Mostyn, more cheerfully, and laying one of her hands upon Fanny's arm—"so, you see, I believe the best of you, which is that you will cheerfully retract anything you have carelessly said, and work with me to stop this tide of foolish feeling which has been raised against poor Agnes. Don't go on until you come to be an old woman like myself, and looking back at this time have it to say that you did not at once set right any wrong you had done. That, let me tell you, would be terrible indeed."

Fanny, as the old lady's silvery tones ceased, regarded her with wide-eyed, intense earnestness. That Mrs. Mostyn should have voluntarily owned to any weakness, even for a moment in her life, served to absorb Fanny's every thought. Mrs. Mostyn, the revered, honored, valued, "great lady" of Halcorn—could it be that at any time she had been a giddy, rattling girl like Fanny herself, at any time had erred? "*I thought it a very fine thing to be so witty and amusing.*" These words came back to Fanny after the first moment, and they made her cheeks tingle with shame at the thought that they applied to herself. She wanted to speak, but could hardly tell what to do. Before any one had moved, Louise's voice broke the silence. She stood up, with a flush on her usually pale cheeks, her eyes lighted so that the plain, old-fashioned face had a glow that was actually beautiful about it.

"Mrs. Mostyn," she said, in a quick, nervous, though resolute tone, "I have been thinking this over and over. We have been to blame—I know it: it was only Fanny's seeing an address on a letter; but—but, Fanny, you remember how it all began that day you made your red velvet toque. You know before that we had only just wondered a little, but what did we really know? It was all a sort of guess-work until Fanny saw that address."

"What address?" Mrs. Mostyn looked up with kindness at the young face turned toward her.

"The address on a letter which Agnes Leigh was posting, as we thought, to her father in a prison."

"Oh!" Mrs. Mostyn gave a little gasp of relief. Fanny began to cry again.

"But she looked so queer!" she said between her sobs. "And living all alone, and playing the violin, not like any girl I ever heard of."

Louise flashed a contemptuous glance upon her sister. "How many things *have* we seen or heard, I'd like to know," she said, quickly. "Fanny, don't be foolish, and hold out against Mrs. Mostyn any longer. If you do not do as she wishes, I will."

"Well, well," faltered Fanny, "I don't want to set myself up against Mrs. Mostyn, I'm sure; but still I do not think anything I ever did could be as bad as the story about the young man that went out to Africa."

Mrs. Mostyn regarded the girl with a half-smile; the pretty, flushed, tearful face had in it only the least touch of contrition; but Mrs. Mostyn was wise enough to ask for a small beginning.

"That certainly was very bad, my dear," she said, quietly, "but your case might be much worse. Thank you, Louise," she added, "for your candor. And now I will leave you young people here a few moments. You must stay to luncheon with me, and afterward we will drive about and see a few people together."

Before Mrs. Mostyn left the room she selected another miniature and handed it to the girls, saying: "That was Agnes Leigh's mother, my dear. See how sweet and innocent and gentle her face is. Think how it would hurt her to have her only little daughter's life hurt by mere slander. I do not think it was wise or sensible of Agnes to start out for herself at fifteen years of age all alone in a strange town, but you forget that she expected to find me here, and— Well, perhaps, if we are only fortunate enough to find her again, I can tell you something more of her story."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BIRDS' EGGS AND NESTS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

WHAT a mystery is connected with the egg! A little world of itself! Shut apart from the outside world, it seems a lifeless thing, yet within that little sphere mighty forces are at work which, under favorable circumstances, will produce a perfect animal, gifted with life, and soon showing the habits and peculiarities of its ancestors.

On opening an egg we see merely the "white," in the middle of which floats the "yolk," with the whitish "germ cell" clinging to it. This germ cell occupies but little space, yet it is the important part of the egg—the part for which all the rest of the egg was made, because it is just at this spot that the young bird begins to grow. We cannot see, without a microscope, the twisted cords of albumen at both ends of the egg which hold the yolk pretty nearly in the centre, but we can see them represented in Fig. 1. Those twisted cords allow the yolk to roll over from one side to another when the egg is turned, and so the germ cell, which is at the lightest part of the yolk, keeps always uppermost, as in the picture. Here we have a beautiful contrivance by which the germ cell is sure to be nearest the body of the bird as she sits upon her eggs, no matter how often the eggs are turned over.

Of course that part of the egg nearest the bird gets the most heat from her warm little body and her soft, downy feathers, and a certain amount of heat is necessary to develop the new life within the egg. This, we know, is the reason that birds sit upon their eggs, and that they are so careful not to leave the nest long enough for them to become chilled.

As we have just said, the young bird begins to grow from the germ cell. The albuminous white of the egg furnishes the building material for its growth, and the rich, oily yolk nourishes the newly formed bird as long as it continues in the shell. The more there is of this nourishment stored up in the egg, the stronger and better developed will the bird be on leaving it, as is clearly shown in the case of those birds whose eggs contain a large yolk. The young of such birds are able to run about and help themselves as soon as they are hatched; whereas the young of those having small yolks, not being so fully developed, are hatched in a blind and naked condition, and need to be fed and brooded over by their parents.

No doubt you have often noticed in hard-boiled eggs a little hollow place at the larger end like the one shown at *f*, in Fig. 1. There is a little bubble of air here, between

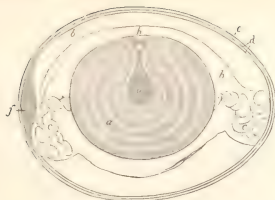


FIG. 1.—SECTION OF A HEN'S EGG BEFORE INCUBATION.

*From "Hobbes's Comparative Zoology."*

*a*, Yolk, showing concentric layers; *b*, its solid fluid center; *c*, inner soft part of the Albumen; *d*, Outer, thinner part; *e*, Twisted Cords of Albumen; *f*, The White Spot, or Germ Cell.

the two delicate tissues lining the shell, for the use of the baby bird, and the shell is so full of very small pores that fresh supplies of air can easily pass through it.

When the tiny creature, shut up in the shell, is fitted to live in the great world outside, it pierces this hard case and chips its way out by the help of a hard knob on top of its beak. This knob seems to be only a tool to help the bird escape from the shell, and as it is of no use afterward, it soon disappears.

The bird is now fully equipped with bones, muscles, bill, claws, and internal organs. These parts have all been formed and nourished from the contents of that little egg-shell. Moreover, we find the contents of the shell have been entirely absorbed, showing that though the egg furnishes all that is needed for the formation of the young animal, there is nothing in it which is unnecessary.

These same birds' eggs, which we have found so full of wonderful design, are very precious to the heart of the mother bird, and she never seems happier than when hard at work getting her nest ready to receive them. The nest is also intended for the early home of her little ones, and she displays much skill and industry in building it. As a general rule the small birds with delicate feet and slender bills are most successful in weaving a fine and elegant nest.

All birds of the same species build their nests alike from one generation to another, and seldom depart from the long-established plan. They not only use the same building material, but they select similar locations, so that those of you who are familiar with the habits of birds know pretty well in what kind of places to look for any particular nests you may be in search of.

Birds' tastes certainly differ in the choice of a home, and high tree-tops, way-side hedges, low bushes, hollow tree trunks, and grassy pastures all have advantages of their own in the estimation of the birds that oc-

cupy them. I hope each one of you has had the keen pleasure of finding for himself or herself these charming nests hidden away among the leaves and grass, and that you noticed the material of which the nests were made.

Some birds, you may remember, use nothing for building materials but small sticks, dried grass, and hair; some weave pieces of string and strips of birch bark in among the grass; others, again, plaster their nests with mud to make them strong. The great-crested fly-catcher has a singular fancy for the cast-off skins of snakes, and always hunts up one or two of these skins to weave into her nest. She then lines it with soft brown feathers of the same general color as the eggs that are to lie within it. The tailor-bird also makes an odd nest by sewing together the leaves of trees, and in doing so she must use her beak and slender claws in the place of a needle (Fig. 2). In arranging their nests most birds have a thought for comfort, and put in some soft lining, using for this purpose feathers, fine grass, delicate thistle-down, or the yellow woolly covering of young ferns.

Imagine, now, these dainty homes after the tiny eggs have been placed within, or a little later, when they are filled to overflowing with tender young birds, and you may know how attractive they would be to hawks and owls and snakes and other animals that are prowling



FIG. 2.

NEST OF TAILOR-BIRD.  
*From "Hobbes's  
"Child's Book of Nature.""*



NEST OF THE WEAVER BIRD.

about, seeking what they may devour. In fact, these little tidbits are so eagerly sought both day and night as to make the parent birds very anxious for the safety of their little ones, and in consequence of the dangers to which they are exposed most birds conceal their nests as much as possible from sight. In the tropics they often hang them on the outer twigs of trees, away from the reach of monkeys and reptiles. The illustration on page 616 shows the nest of the African weaver-bird, curiously fashioned, and hanging from the branch of a tree.

It has been noticed that those female birds which have bright and conspicuous colors, like their mates, build in hollow trees, or else make covered nests, that they may not be so easily seen while sitting upon them. On the other hand, when the female is of a dull color, and there is not the same need of concealment, the nest is made open. It will at once be evident that a bird which harmonizes in color with the general hue of her nest might sit upon it unnoticed, whereas a bright-colored bird in such an exposed position would attract the attention of her enemies, and thus inform them where her treasures were stored.

This fascinating subject of the coloring of birds may be extended to the eggs as well, and you will find it a pleasing study to notice the various tints by which birds' eggs are made to blend with their surroundings. The curious blotches and specks and the indescribable lines and markings with which many eggs are ornamented serve as an additional concealment. Perhaps you will discover that eggs which are placed in open nests are generally shielded from observation in this way, while those eggs that are laid in holes and in concealed places are often purely white. This wise provision of nature for the protection of life may be noticed in other animals besides birds. In northern countries many of the fur-bearing animals, including the wolf, the fox, and the hare, become white in winter, so that they can hardly be distinguished at a distance from the snow which covers the ground.

## ARCHERY FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON,  
AUTHOR OF "THE WITNESS OF ARCHERY," ETC.

### II.

WE have learned already that in taking aim over the point or pile of the arrow both the shooter's eyes are kept open, and the whole length of the shaft is ranged in a line directly under his right eye. This is really taking aim with the right eye, just as if the left were shut. The first thing to learn, after you know how to take aim, is to be quick and sure in every motion of the act, for it is very injurious to the bow to hold it long at the draw; besides, the strain is very trying to the archer's nerves. The best archers take aim in about a half-second of time. As this is the most important part of target-shooting, I will now endeavor to set before you in the simplest language the English rule for aiming, as established by Mr. Horace A. Ford, the greatest target archer that ever lived.

We will suppose that your target is sixty yards distant, and that you are using a thirty-pound bow. You have taken the "position of an archer," with your left side to-



HAVING A NICE, QUIET TIME.

ward the target, and your face turned so that you look over your left shoulder. You have an arrow on the string ready to shoot. You draw the arrow three-fourths of its length up in the bow, and pause to take aim. Now, since the arrow's line of flight will be a "vertical curve," called a trajectory, your point of aim will necessarily be higher than the point you wish to hit; therefore you will fix your eyes not on the gold of the target, but on a point far enough above it to allow for the curve of flight. This done, steady your arrow so that the pile (point of the arrow) covers the point of aim thus chosen, then swiftly and steadily complete the draw, and let fly smoothly and evenly. This should be done over and over, until you have mastered yourself and your weapons.

Remember that the final draw must always bring your right hand to the same point, just below and to the right of your chin, and in a line with your right eye. Be sure that while you see your arrow-pile and your point of aim in the direct line of your vision, you also see by indirect vision the entire length of your shaft lying straight below your line of sight. This will cause the flight of the arrow to be exactly in the "vertical plane of your vision;" that is, its trajectory, or curve, will be directly under your sight, and if your point of aim has been exactly high enough, your arrow will strike the gold. But suppose the arrow is seen to strike a foot below the gold, this will notify you that your point of aim was a foot too low, and that next time you must raise it just that much. If, however, your arrow fly to the left or to the right of the gold, you will know that you have failed to draw in the line of your sight, and if your shots vary greatly in a vertical line, with the same point of aim, you may be sure that you are



varying the length of your draw, or drawing to different points below your chin, or that you are loosing irregularly. When the flight of the arrow is exactly in the line of vision at each shot, archers call it "keeping the line," and when the arrow strikes at the same height on the target at each shot, they call it "keeping the length." So you will see that the whole of archery is crowded into the sentence, "Keep the line and keep the length," or, in other words, shoot just high enough and in the right vertical plane.

#### THE GAME OF ARCHERY.

The rules of the target game of archery are very simple. In England two targets are used, one at each end of the range, and three arrows (called an "end") are shot by each archer in turn from one target at the other, after which they all walk to the target shot at, and shoot back at the first, and so on, thus combining brisk walks with the exercise of archery. The best game for girls and boys is twenty-four shots (that is, eight "ends") each at forty yards, or, if your lawn space will not give so long a range, twenty yards will do.

The score of the game is kept as follows:

*Name of Archer—Mary Field.*

|                  | Gold. | Red. | Blue. | Black. | White. |
|------------------|-------|------|-------|--------|--------|
| First end . . .  | 1     | —    | 1     | —      | 1      |
| Second end . . . | —     | 1 1  | —     | —      | —      |
| Third end . . .  | —     | —    | —     | 1      | —      |

The above record would show that three "ends" had been shot by Mary Field; that is, that she had shot nine arrows, and had hit the target six times—once in the gold, once in the blue, once in the black, once in the white, and twice in the red—which would make her score count in numbers as follows: 1 gold = 9 points; 2 reds = 14 points; 1 blue = 5 points; 1 black = 3 points; 1 white = 1 point; total, 6 hits = 32 points.

If eight ends are to be shot, rule your page for that number, and the game is easily kept. Archers sometimes keep the score simply by the numbers represented by the hits, which is the simpler, and for girls and boys perhaps the better, way, excepting when a match is to be shot between clubs.

#### THE ARCHERY CLUB.

Since the revival of archery as a sport in England, about forty-two years ago, many clubs have been formed in that country, and recently some have been organized in the United States. Girls and boys may form archery clubs, and thus add a great deal to the interest in the sport. To do this a meeting should be held at which a simple constitution and by-laws may be agreed upon, and officers elected for a fixed period of time. A president or captain, a secretary, a treasurer, and a score-keeper, are officers enough. The membership may be fixed at a certain number, say fifteen, or twenty-five, as may seem best, and a suitable ground should be selected for the practice meetings. The captain of the club should have an alphabetical list of the members, so that each can be called to shoot in turn.

One of the most delightful features of archery is the match game between neighboring clubs. This is usually arranged by one club sending a challenge to another, after which committees from both come together and agree upon time, place, and the order of the game. Where there are from fifteen to twenty members in each club, the game must be limited to from thirty-six to forty-eight shots for each archer.

In the great public matches in England the gentlemen shoot what is called the York Round, and the ladies shoot the National Round. The former round consists of twenty-four arrows at sixty yards, forty-eight arrows at eighty yards, and seventy-two arrows at one hundred yards; the National Round is shot with twenty-four arrows at fifty yards, and forty-eight arrows at sixty yards. But the bows used by boys and girls are not strong enough for

such long ranges, and, besides, the shorter distances will give more shooting and more pleasure. If but one range be used, I should advise the choice of forty yards, at least until the archers have become quite proficient.

In order that girls and boys may form a fair idea of what good archery is, I will now give some scores made at different ranges by some of the best shooters in England.

ARCHERY SCORES MADE BY ENGLISH WOMEN.

| Name.                  | Distance. | Arrows shot. | Score. |
|------------------------|-----------|--------------|--------|
| Mrs. Hornblow . . .    | 50 yards. | 48           | 296    |
| Mrs. Piers Leigh . . . | 50 yards. | 48           | 244    |
| Mrs. Butt . . . . .    | 50 yards. | 48           | 299    |

ARCHERY SCORES MADE BY ENGLISHMEN.

| Name.                 | Distance.      | Arrows shot. | Score. |
|-----------------------|----------------|--------------|--------|
| H. A. Ford . . . . .  | 2 York rounds. | 288          | 1252   |
| C. H. Fisher . . . .  | 2 York rounds. | 288          | 1060   |
| H. H. Palaist . . . . | 2 York rounds. | 288          | 932    |

At forty yards, shooting twenty-four arrows, a fair archer should score 120 points, a good archer 180 points, and an excellent archer 200 points. Shooting twenty-four arrows at sixty yards, Mr. H. A. Ford scored 188 points, the best score ever made at that distance; the next best, so far as I know, was my own of 176 points, though several English and American men and women have scored nearly as high.

It is very important to know how to take care of archery implements (or tackle, as archers say), for they are not only expensive, but easily injured by neglect or improper usage. Keep bows and arrows dry; the least dampness may ruin them. Never put the bow away without unbending it. Keep arrows straight by laying them flat in a box when not in use; this box should be furnished with cleats, or rests, to prevent the arrow-fathers from being injured by pressure. The point on the bowstring where the nock of the arrow is placed in shooting must be kept carefully wrapped with soft silk floss. This serves two purposes: it prevents the string from fraying, and marks the true nocking point. Whenever an arrow strikes the earth it may become soiled with clay or loam, wherefore each archer should wear a heavy, soft woollen tassel at his belt, with which to rub the shaft clean; a bit of flannel will serve in the place of a tassel.

The limits of my space and time will not permit me to go into the minute details of archery practice. Whole volumes have been written on the subject, and a great deal of discussion has been indulged in by expert bowmen as to the best system of drawing, aiming, and loosing; but my own experience and the opinions of a majority of the best English archers coincide, and I have set before you as strong an outline as I could make of what appears to me to be the safest methods. After all, intelligent girls and boys will be pretty sure to fall into a graceful and correct habit of shooting. It is worth while to persevere in trying to excel in this beautiful sport, for, aside from the charm of its exercise, it is the best possible of all the means of physical training. It has been well said that it combines all the chief excellences of fencing, rowing, walking, and lifting, without any of the objectionable elements of either. I have never known of a persistent archer who was troubled with indigestion, sleeplessness, or any pulmonary disease. Furthermore, there is a fascination of antiquity, a long perspective, a fine, soft atmosphere, so to say, going along with our knowledge of a pastime which has existed ever since the days of King David, and our imagination helps us to fill in every space with suggestions of romance and of glory from the early history of England, France, and Spain; but, best of all, it takes us into the open air, and makes us as happy, as gay, and as healthy as the birds themselves.

## A NAUTICAL EXPERIMENT; Or, WHO KNOWS BEST?

BY KIRK MUNROE,  
AUTHOR OF "WAKULLA," ETC.

## PART XXX.

THE boys ran aft to the very stern of the canal-boat in order that they might see the last of their beloved *Nelly Bly*; and as she was left farther and farther behind, the tears rolled down Harry's cheeks, big boy as he was; for the little boat had been a birthday present from his mother, and given to him only a month before. As they looked after her, a steam-launch, which they had not noticed before, left the opposite side of the tow and went rapidly up the river.

"Why, it's the launch from the bumboat," cried Harry.

"Yes," said Nelson, "and, sure as you live, they're going to pick up the *Nelly Bly*."

They saw the launch stop for a minute, and then direct her course toward the now distant bumboat; but as the *Nelly Bly* was sunk too low to be distinguished above the surface of the water, they could not tell whether she had been picked up or not.

The captain of the canal-boat, who was a kind-hearted though rough-looking man, and who pitied the boys in their loss, now spoke to them for the first time.

"Don't ye cry, my little fellow; ye'll find her aboard the bumboat when ye go back, and I'll set ye ashore as soon as I have a chance."

"But we are not going back," said Nelson, boldly. "We are on our way to New York, and we came on board here to ask if you would take us there for a dollar."

"Sho!" said the captain. "Going to New York be ye? What may ye be going to do there?"

"Going to enlist in the navy," answered Nelson.

"Going to enlist in the navy!" repeated the captain, slowly. "Wal, ef that ain't good! Wife, do you hear that?" he called down the companionway.

At the call a rather good-looking but very fat woman, who seemed wider than the narrow stairway up which she came, made her way to the deck.

"What's that you say, Simon?" asked the woman, looking at the boys as she spoke.

"I said here's two young gentlemen as has been cast away aboard the *Saucy Polly*, and who says they is on their way to New York to enlist in the navy. What be your honors going to list as? Nothing less than commodores, I'll be bound"; and the captain turned toward the boys with a comical expression.

"For shame, Simon!" said the good-natured woman, who noticed the hot flush in Nelson's cheek, and the yet undried tears in Harry's eyes. "You ought to know better than to tease the poor boys so. Come with me, young gentlemen, and don't mind what he says; it's only his way." So saying, she led the way to the little cabin.

The cabin in which they now found themselves was no larger than that of the bumboat in which they had breakfasted that morning; but its neatness was in such striking contrast to the dirt and disorder of the other, that the boys thought they had never seen a prettier nor more cosy place. Red curtains hung before the tiny windows, and white ones were draped in front of the double bunks that occupied one side of the room. A little shelf of books and some bright pictures hung on the walls, and a round-faced clock ticked merrily between the windows. An abundant and well-cooked dinner smoked on the scoured table, and to this the woman invited the boys to sit down, saying she knew "boys was allers hungry," and calling her own boy, whose name was Matthew, and who was the same who had first caught and then let go the painter of the *Nelly Bly*, to come and keep them company.

After dinner the boys went on deck with Matthew;

but while he went forward to feed the two horses, whose heads were stuck out of the windows of their little forecastle-like stable, they lay down on some sacks of oats that were stowed in the after-hold, and began talking over their prospects. Although the subject was a most interesting one to them, tired Nature asserted her sway, and within two minutes both boys were fast asleep.

An hour later, Mrs. Tugby, coming on deck, found them there, lying close together, with Nelson's arm thrown protectively over Harry's neck.

"Poor little souls!" she said, half aloud; "how tired they be!" And going below, she procured from a locker beneath the lower bunk a thick robe, which she carried up and carefully spread over the sleeping boys.

All that afternoon and all the following night the boys slept, while the tow moved slowly but steadily on down the great river, past Haverstraw and Sing Sing, Tarrytown, Nyack, and Yonkers; past the grim old Pali-sades, and, through the gray morning mists, down past the entire length of the sleeping city nearly to the Battery.

The sudden boom of a cannon, apparently close beside them, caused them to spring to their feet and look about them. Captain Tugby was talking in a very loud tone of voice to the captain of a little snorting steam-tug that lay alongside the canal-boat, and was too busy to be spoken to; but Matthew, whom they soon discovered holding on to the end of the tug's line, as he had held on to the painter of the *Nelly Bly*, was willing and glad to impart information. He told them that they were in New York, that the gun which had so startled them was the sunrise gun from Castle William on Governor's Island, and that the tug was about to take them from the rest of the tow, and put them in the dock for which they were bound.

In all this Matthew was right, and before breakfast-time the *Saucy Polly* was quietly moored in a West Street dock, beside a tall floating elevator, which was rapidly scooping up her load of grain and transferring it to the hold of the huge ocean steam-ship on the opposite side.

As soon as they had again complimented Mrs. Tugby by doing ample justice to her capital breakfast, the boys were anxious to go to the *Minotaur*, on board which they hoped to enlist as sailors, and Captain Simon, looking up from the morning paper, in which he had been reading something that seemed to afford him much satisfaction, said they might go as soon as ever they had a mind to, and that Matthew, who was well acquainted with the city, might go with them. "But mind you come back here and tell me and the missis how you get along; that is, if you don't have to go to sea in command of the ship this very day," he added, with a chuckle.

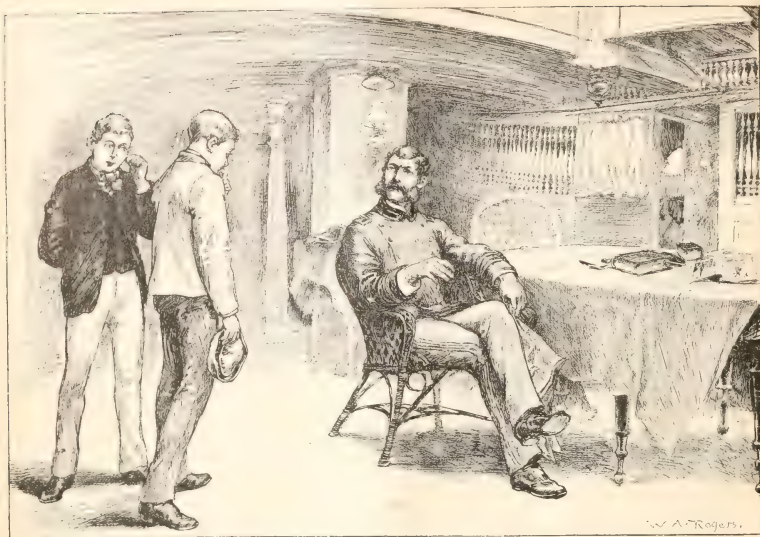
In the crowd of teams and people about Washington Market on West Street they would have surely become bewildered and lost if it had not been for Matthew, who pushed his way along with a sturdy independence, until he landed his charges safely in a horse-car going uptown.

So crowded was the street that the car was an hour in getting to Twenty-third Street, where the boys got out and walked to the river. Here they waited another hour, until 10 o'clock, when a steam-launch, manned by United States sailors, having the name *Minotaur* in gold letters on the front of their caps, came puffing into the dock, and the boys stepped aboard.

A few minutes later they had climbed the high sides of the great ship, and found themselves standing, with their hats in their hands, before a fine-looking naval officer, in full uniform, in the captain's cabin of the *Minotaur*. This captain was also reading a morning paper, and as they entered he glanced from it to them, and back again to it several times before he spoke.

At last he said, "Are your names Nelson Bryce and Harry Teller?"

"Yes, sir," answered Nelson, much amazed that the Captain should know their names.



"YOU WANT TO ENLIST AND BECOME SAILORS, DO YOU?" ASKED CAPTAIN WILLIS.

"And you want to enlist and become sailors, do you?" asked Captain Willis.

"Yes, sir," answered Nelson and Harry together.

"Do your parents consent that you should do so?"

Nelson hesitated, and looked first at Harry and then at his hat, which he twisted nervously in his hands, before answering, in a low voice, "I don't think they do, sir."

"And do you think," said the Captain, rather sternly, "that we enlist boys in the United States navy who have run away from home and come to us without their parents' consent? And do you know," he continued, "what enlisting here means?—that it means hard work, and harder studying than you have ever done at school, and very little play-time, and plain fare, and keeping regular hours, and that, once enlisted, you would be bound to serve on board this or some other ship until you were twenty-one years of age, whether you liked it or not?"

"Would we have to study anything besides seaman-ship?" asked Harry, in rather a faint voice.

"Yes, my boy," answered the Captain, kindly: "you would have to study the very same books that you use in school at home, and you would be made to learn your lessons, too; and if you were lazy or idle you would be punished in a very disagreeable way."

Just then an officer, who had been talking with Matthew on deck, entered the cabin, and held a short conversation with the Captain in so low a tone that the boys could not overhear what he said. After he had gone, the Captain again turned to the boys and said: "Now, my boys, my advice to you is that you return to your homes as soon as possible. In course of time, if you are faithful and diligent in your studies, and still desire to go to sea, you may, with your fathers' consent, gain admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where you will be taught to become officers; whereas, if you enlisted here, and

served in the navy all your lives, you would probably never rise above the rank of seamen. Now you may go."

With their hearts in their mouths the boys made their way on deck, rejoined Matthew, and were conducted to the steam-launch, which quickly set them ashore.

"I should hate to be an ordinary sailor all my life, anyway," said Nelson.

"And I didn't know sailors had to study books," said Harry.

It was twelve o'clock when they once more reached the *Saucy Polly*, and here a great surprise awaited them. As they stepped on board, whom should they see but their fathers, standing on deck talking with Captain Tugby.

To say that the boys were overjoyed would be but a mild way of expressing their feelings. Harry threw himself into his father's arms, and even Nelson was not a bit ashamed to be kissed on both cheeks by his father, who said: "My dear boy, how could you cause your mother and myself so much suffering? She had made herself so ill with anxiety that when Captain Tugby's telegram came this morning, in answer to our advertisements in the daily papers, she was confined to her bed."

It was a happy quartette that reached the pleasant homes, far up on the Hudson, that night, and two of them were very penitent and grateful boys. Rover was there to welcome them, having found his way home in some mysterious way known only to dogs and other intelligent animals, and a few days later the *Nelly Bly* was recovered from Ben Stubbs, the bumboat man, upon the payment of a handsome reward, and was once more safely moored in the little boat-house at the foot of the lawn.

As Nelson bade his father good-night at bed-time, he whispered in his ear: "I think, after all, that fathers and mothers know what is best for boys."



JULY 27, 1886.



WITCH-HAZEL.—BY FRANK FRENCH (HEAD FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY SABONY. —SEE POEM ON PAGE 622.)

## WITCH-HAZEL.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"PLEASE lay your tiresome work aside.  
And don't be always reading."

With coaxing voice and kissing lips  
My little love came pleading.

"I want you, please, to talk to me"—

The eyes were grave and steady;  
So in my lap I took the lad,  
And told him I was ready.

"Now if to-day a fairy came,

Her pocket full of wishes,  
And offered you the singing leaves,  
The talking birds or fishes,

Now, honestly, what would you choose?"

The baby frowned severely,  
Then laughed and lisped, "Oh, hurry, please,  
Because I love you dearly."

"I think," I said, "if I might choose,  
And fairy lord or lady

Should meet me in a summer wood,

Where all was green and shady,

I'd pass the pools with fishes by,

I'd pass the flowers blowing,

And pass the birds, to find the place

Where fairy trees were growing.

"I'd ask a light witch-hazel wand,

And, bearing it, I'd travel

All up and down this queer old world.

Strange secrets to unravel.

Quite brave and bright I'd wander on,

And never know repining,

The presence of an enemy

By my witch wand divining."

With puzzled eyes that suddenly

Grew wide with sunny vision,

My little man regarded me,

And spoke with quick decision:

"I fink 'twould be a stupid wish,"

He answered, most sincerely;

"A horse to ride would be more fun."

'Twas his opinion clearly.

All day he scampered here and there,

With gleeful shouts outringing;

And as I heard his joyous laugh,

His sudden bits of singing,

I thought to childhood's eager heart

Witch-hazel's gift is present

To choose the good, to leave the bad,

To find all seasons pleasant.

## BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

BY DAVID KER.

## THE QUIET STUDENT OF BRIENNE

THE sun was shining brightly on the old French town of Brienne one fine spring morning more than a hundred years ago, and the play-ground of the military school was all alive with the shouts and laughter of the boys who had just come scampering out pell-mell, while the young teacher whose turn it was to look after them stood in the quaint old carved doorway eying their antics with a smile of quiet amusement.

A simple, good-hearted fellow was young M. Pichegru, and a great favorite with his pupils, who always got through their lessons much better with him than with any of the other teachers. Little did he dream, as he watched the boys at their play, or drew mathematical figures for

them in chalk upon his blackboard, that he was one day to change his threadbare brown coat for a general's uniform, to lead thirty thousand men to the conquest of Holland, and to end by being put to death by one of the very lads whom he was now teaching.

But Pichegru's smile vanished, and a very grave look came in its place, as his eye turned to a kind of arbor of trellis-work covered with twining creepers, in which, away in the farthest corner of the play-ground, a boy sat alone.

It was strange to see him there by himself, so silent and lonely, while all the rest were at play; but it was stranger still to observe what the occupation was which absorbed him so completely that he never heard the teacher's approaching footsteps, and never saw the tall figure standing beside him.

In one hand the boy held a book, in the other a sharp-pointed stick, with which he was drawing in the sand various strange figures that he seemed to be copying from the pages of the book before him, which was called *Military Tactics*. And as he drew them, his sallow face flushed, his deep gray eyes glowed with a strange light, and his thin lips—already curiously firm and hard for a boy not twelve years old—set themselves together like bands of iron.

The young teacher stole softly away again, with something very like a sigh. "A strange boy!" he muttered. "It's always the same thing, and he seems to find more pleasure in it than in any kind of amusement. Can he too, like me, have a longing to become a soldier? It would be strange if—"

But whatever his thoughts may have been, his words went no farther.

"See! there's 'the Spartan' at his work again," said one of the boys, pointing to the solitary figure in the arbor, whose haughty and unsociable ways had long since earned him the nickname which some of those who gave it to him afterward had terrible reason to remember. "What say you, comrades? shall we go and stir him up a bit?"

"No, thank you," cried another, pointing significantly to an ugly bruise on his own forehead; "I've had quite enough of stirring him up. He gave me *that* the other day just for disordering his papers, and I don't want another like it. When he's angered he's worse than a mad dog."

"Let's touch off our fire-work," suggested a third. "There's plenty of room here, and M. Pichegru won't mind."

This idea was voted a good one, and two of the older boys ran to fetch the huge fire-cracker which they had been manufacturing for several days past.

By some unlucky accident, however, the cracker took fire sooner than they intended, and exploded right in the middle of them, in a succession of bangs and flashes like the firing of a revolver. Some of the boys, in their flight, rushed headlong into the arbor, almost knocking down the studious boy inside, who sprang to his feet like a roused lion, and roared, in a voice worthy of a Russian emperor disturbed by a gang of peasants, "Wretches! how dare you?"

And down came his stick upon the heads and shoulders of the intruders in a shower of merciless blows, sending them howling back into the midst of the explosion from which they were flying, while M. Pichegru, drawn to the spot by the uproar, looked with a melancholy smile at the flashing eyes and inflamed features of his cleverest pupil.

"This boy will rise high," said he to himself, "but he will some day have a terrible fall."

He spoke truly, for that angry boy (in one of whose prisons Pichegru himself was to die a cruel death years later) was no other than Napoleon Bonaparte.



BY HOWARD PYLE,  
AUTHOR OF "PEPPER AND SALT," ETC.

THERE were three nice, fat little pigs. The first was small, the second was smaller, and the third was the smallest of all three. And these three little pigs thought of going out into the woods to gather the acorns, for there were better acorns there than here.

"There's a great ogre who lives over yonder in the woods," says the barn-yard cock.

"And he will eat you up, body and bones," says the speckled hen.

"And there will be an end of you," says the black drake.

"If folks only knew what was good for them, they would stay at home and make the best of what they had there," said the old gray goose who laid eggs under the barn, and who had never gone out into the world or had had a peep of it beyond the garden gate.

But, no; the little pigs would go out into the world whether or no, "for," said they, "if we stay at home because folks shake their heads, we shall never get the best acorns that are to be had." And there was more than one barleycorn of truth in that chaff, I can tell you.

Well, they hunted for acorns here, and they hunted for acorns there, and by-and-by whom should the smallest of all the little pigs meet but the great, wicked Ogre himself.

"Aha!" says the great, wicked Ogre, "it is a nice, plump little pig that I have been wanting for my supper this many a day past. So you may just come along with me now."

"Oh, Master Ogre!" squeaked the smallest of the little pigs in the smallest of voices—"oh, Master Ogre, don't eat me! there's a bigger pig back of me, and he will be along presently."

So the great, wicked Ogre let the smallest of the little pigs go, for he would rather have a larger pig if he could get it.

Yes, and by-and-by came the second little pig, sure enough.

"Aha!" says the great, wicked Ogre, "I have been wanting just such a little pig as you for my supper for this many a day past; so you may just come along with me now."

"Oh, Master Ogre!" said the middle-sized pig, in his middle-sized voice, "don't take me for your supper; there's a bigger pig than I am coming along presently: just wait for him."

Well, the Ogre was satisfied to do that; so he waited, and by-and-by, sure enough, came the largest of the little pigs.

"And now," says the great, wicked Ogre, "I will wait no longer, for you are just the pig I want for my supper, and so you may just march along with me."

But the largest of the little pigs had his wits about him, I can tell you. "Oh, very well," says he; "if the shoe fits, there is no use in hunting for another. Only have you a roasted apple to put in my mouth when I am cooked? For no one ever heard of a little pig brought on the table without a roasted apple in its mouth."

No; the Ogre had no roasted apple.

Dear! dear! that was a great pity. Now if the Ogre would only wait for a little while, the largest of the little pigs would run home and fetch one, and then things would be as they should.

Oh! the Ogre was satisfied with that; only let the little pig make haste. So off ran the little pig, and the Ogre sat down on a stone and waited for him.

Well, he waited, and he waited, and he waited, and he waited, but not a tip or a hair of the little pig did he see that day, as you can guess without my telling you.

"And now," says the cock and the speckled hen and the black drake and the old gray goose, "perhaps you will run out into the world and amongst ogres no more! Are there not good enough acorns at home for any three little pigs to eat?"

But, no; they were not satisfied to stay at home yet, for one day the smallest of the three little pigs said: "See, now, if one is afraid of the water, one will never catch any fish. I, for one, am going out into the woods to get a few acorns to-day."

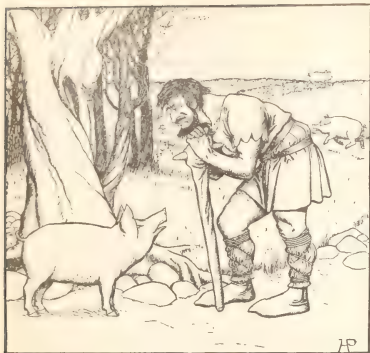
Very well; the other little pigs were satisfied for him to go. And if he should meet the Ogre, just let him say this and that, and do thus and so, and the chances would be that he would come off without harm to hide or hair.

So the smallest of the three little pigs went out into the woods, and there he found all the acorns he wanted. But on his way home whom should he meet but the great, wicked Ogre.

"Aha!" says the Ogre, "and is that you?"

Oh yes; it was nobody else. But had the Ogre come across three fellows tramping about in the woods down yonder?





"HAVE YOU A ROASTED APPLE TO PUT IN MY MOUTH?"

No; the Ogre had met nobody in the woods that day.

Dear! dear! but that was a pity, for those three fellows were three wicked robbers, and had just hidden a meal-bag full of money in the hole up yonder in the tree. The Ogre might see the hole for himself if he would only look.

You can guess how the Ogre pricked up his ears at this, and how he stared till his eyes were as big as saucers. He was for climbing the tree without waiting for the butter to come, as we say in our town, for he wanted that money, and he had use for it. Only let the little pig wait for a minute or two till he climbed the tree, and he would be down again without longer stay than he could help.

So the Ogre laid his jacket to one side, and up the tree he climbed.

"Do you find the hole?" said the smallest of the little pigs.

Yes; the Ogre had found the hole.

"And do you find the money?" said the smallest of the little pigs.

No; the Ogre could find no money.

"Then good-by," said the smallest of the little pigs, and off he trotted home, leaving the Ogre to climb down the tree again as he chose.

One day it was the middle-sized pig who would go out into the woods, for he also had a mind to taste the acorns there. Well, there was no reason in the world why he shouldn't go; only if he met the Ogre, let him say and do this and that; that was all that was needed.

So out into the woods the middle-sized pig went, and there he had all the acorns that he wanted.

But by-and-by the Ogre came along. "Aha!" says he; "now I have you for sure—and certain."

But the middle-sized pig just stood and looked at a great rock in front of him with all his might and main. "Sh-h-h-h-h-h!" says he; "I am not to be talked to or bothered now."

Hoity-toity! Here was a pretty song, to be sure! And why was the middle-sized pig not to be talked to?

Oh! the middle-sized pig was looking at what was going on under the great rock yonder, for he could see the little folk brewing more beer than thirty-seven men could drink.

So! Why, the Ogre would like to see that for himself.

Prut! There was nothing easier than to learn that trick! All that he had to do was to take a handful of leaves from that bush yonder and rub them over his eyes, and then to shut his eyes while he could count fifty, and he would see what he would see.

Well, that was little or nothing to do, and the Ogre would have a try at it. So he gathered a handful of the leaves and rubbed them over his eyes, just as the middle-sized pig had said.

"And now are you ready?" said the middle-sized pig.

Yes; the Ogre was ready.

Then all that he had to do was to shut his eyes and count. So the Ogre shut them as tightly as he could, and then began to count, "One, two, three, four, five," and so on; and whilst he was counting, why, the little pig was running away home again.

By-and-by the Ogre bawled out "Fifty!" and opened his eyes. Then he saw not more, but less, than he had seen before, for the little pig was not there.

And now it was the largest of the three little pigs who began to talk about going out into the woods for acorns.

"You had better stay at home and take things as they come. The crock that goes often to the well gets broken at last."

That was what the cock, the speckled hen, the black drake, and the gray goose said, and they thought themselves very wise to talk as they did. But, no; the little pig wanted to go out into the woods, and into the woods the little pig would go, Ogre or no Ogre.

After he had all of the acorns that he wanted, he began to think of going home again; but just then the Ogre came stumping along. "Aha!" says he; "we have met again, have we?"

"Yes," says the largest of the three little pigs, "we



"DO YOU FIND THE HOLE?" ASKED THE LITTLE PIG."



"THE OGRE SHUT HIS EYES, AND BEGAN TO COUNT."

have. And I want to say that I could find no roast apple at home, and so I did not come back again."

Yes, yes, that was all very fine, but they should have a settling of old scores now. The largest of the three little pigs might just come along home with the Ogre, and tomorrow he should be made into sausages; for there was to be no trickery this time.

Come! come! the Ogre must not be too testy. There was such a thing as having too much pepper in the pudding. If it was sausages that he was after, maybe the pig could help him. Over home at the farm yonder was a storehouse filled with sausages and good things, more than two men could count. If the Ogre would talk no more about chopping him into sausages, the largest of the three little pigs would show him where this storehouse was, and also a window where he could just squeeze through. Only the Ogre must promise to eat what he wanted, and to carry nothing away with him.

Well, the Ogre was ready to promise that, only there must be no more fooling this time. Now was the little pig sure that there was no trick in the matter?

Oh yes; the little pig was quite sure of that. So off they went together, the Ogre and the largest of the three little pigs. By-and-by they came to the storehouse at the farm, and there, sure enough, was a window, and it was *just* large enough for the Ogre to squeeze through without a button to spare in the size.

Dear! dear! how the Ogre did stuff himself with the sausages and puddings and other good things in the storehouse!

By-and-by the little pig bawled out as loud as he could, "*Have you had enough yet?*"

"Hush-sh-sh-sh-sh!" says the Ogre; "don't talk so loud, or you'll be rousing the folks and having them about our ears like a hive of bees."

"No!" bawled the little pig, louder than before; "but tell me: *have* you had enough yet?"

"Yes, yes," said the Ogre, "I have had almost enough; only be still about it."

"Very well!" bawled the little pig as loud as he could. "If you have had enough, and if you have eaten all of the sausages and all of the pudding you could stuff, it is about time that you were going, for here come the farmer and two of his men to see what all the stir is about."

But when the Ogre heard them coming he felt sure that it was time that he was getting away home again, and so he tried to get out of the same window that he had gotten in by a little while before. But he had stuffed himself with so much of the good things that he had swelled like everything, and there he stuck in the storehouse window like a cork in a bottle.

"Oho!" said the farmer; "you were after my sausage and my puddings, were you? Then you will come no more." And that was so; for when the farmer and his men were done with the Ogre he never went into the woods again, for he could not.

As for the three little pigs, they trotted across to the Ogre's house, and brought away all that they could carry; and that was a great deal, for there were stacks and stacks of money in the cellar.

Now don't you believe folks when they tell you that this is all stuff and nonsense that I have been telling you; for if you turn it upside down and look in the bottom of it, you will find that there is more than one grain of truth there—that is, if you care to scratch amongst the chaff for it. Besides, it doesn't always follow that a man is a simpleton because he winks with one eye and says "Boo!" And that is the end of this story.



"HERE COME THE FARMER AND HIS MEN TO SEE WHAT ALL THE STIR IS ABOUT."





Bertie opened the door, and Aunt Fanny handed him the package. He opened it, and there stood a grand Noah's ark. Bertie's eyes sparkled with delight, and he began to stand up, and say, "Thank you, Mr. M., and his wife, and the next the dog and cat and lion, and all the animals except the duck, when pussy bounded from beneath the door and swept everything away, and began to scold, and yell, and howl, and cry, and say, 'Stop! stop! Here, you can have my nice rubber ball and—'

"But after all, it was only a dream, and Bertie sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes, and said, 'Where, that was very funny, but it isn't real, don't you?'

R. H. H.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since 1883, but have never written before. I live in Kentucky, but I am spending the summer in the country, th my aunt. Nyack is situated on the Hudson River, and is a very pretty place. Aunt Annie's house is a Queen Anne, and it has six windows from which you can see the river very well. There are a spring, a brook, a barn, a wood-house, and a great many trees. There are twenty-two chickens, four hens, and a rooster. My cousin Annie is writing to you. I will be eleven in August.

IDA C. T.

ALBERT PARK, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS:—I am a girl eight years old. I have had four numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; I like them very much. The stories I think best are those of Howard Pyle. I have four pets two pug-dogs, and a third one died the other day. I have also two canaries; they are dear little things. I go to school, and am in the third class. On my birthday we had a picnic at a place called Lilydale, at an old mill. It rained the better part of the day, but we managed to get shelter, and enjoyed ourselves very much.

I have never written to you before, but to-day I made up my mind to do so, and tell you how much I like your paper. We like the country much better than the city, but we have only here two young folks. We have no land or garden. We have two old hens that have baby chickens, and they are just as cunning as they can be. Sometimes the little chickens fly up on the old hen's back and steal a ride. My cousin Edith has a very nice farm where the little chickens are staying at our house, and expect to stay all summer. I wish you could see my little cousin Edith: she is six years old, and says very funny things. I am eleven years old, and I love you both, publish cousin's and my letter. Sincerely,  
with love,

ANNIE L.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I live in Newark, a city ten miles from New York, which I have just visited for the first time. I crossed the Hudson River on the Hackensack, third the Hudson, which is sometimes called the North River. I next went through a tunnel under the Hudson River, and crossed the river on a ferry-boat, and saw many steamers bound for Europe. Then I went up to the great Washington Hotel, which is the largest hotel in New York. Next I went up Broadway, where I saw tall policemen and men with hand-carats, and miles of telegraph wires strung over their heads. I then went to the City Church, where I saw some of the oldest tombstones, which were marked 1624, also the Tomb of Captain Lawrence, who was killed at the battle of Red Bank. Then I walked to some of the Exchanges, where if you were never before, you would think the men were from another planet. Then I went to change; I walked to the roof, where I had fine views of the city, also of the Hudson and East Rivers, New York, Staten Island, and the bay. I saw the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty, and Governor's Island, where General Hancock died. In Wall Street, I saw a statue of a man, who was called the Father of his country, and the stone on which he stood when he was sworn in as President of the United States. The city is full of banks; it is the greatest money street of the New World. Messenger boys are flying in their balloons, and there are great crowds of people. In my next visit, I will tell you about Newark.

I am much pleased with this letter, and I wish other boys would write in the same way, describing places and excursions.

My mother wrote to you when I was quite a little girl, and since that time I have come all the way from Texas to a little New Jersey village near New York. I enjoyed my trip here very much, as the scenery was so different from that of Texas. I have very pleasant times here with my two cousins; one is a small boy of eight, and the other a young girl nearly seventeen. She and I went out riding to the telegraph station a few days ago, and, when nearly there, the

horse suddenly backed us into a ditch about six feet deep, nearly upsetting us by his plunging about. Cousin Nell called to a man near by to assist us, and to drive until the horse was quieter. As he got in the horse backed us into the ditch again, and while the man sprang to the horse's head my cousin and I jumped out, and walked the rest of the way; then we got in the buggy and rode home. The buggy was damaged a little, but very little. I said we were very lucky not to scream. That evening we decided not to go out driving unless my uncle went with us.

BETIE K. C.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.  
I have taken your very interesting magazine for nearly four years, and I like it better every time. I am very fond of reading, and my favorite authors are Charles Dickens, Oliver Goldsmith, Howard Pyle, and Captain Marryat. I have solved many of the puzzles in the book. I have a little bird for a pet, and I have had him five years. When I had him first, he was so young that I had to crush his seed for him, but now he does that himself. He is very tame, and he plays dead bird.

F. B.

NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA.

I can write very much better with a lead-pencil than with a pen, so this is not my best writing. I have not half so many pets since I came to town to live. I used to live on a farm, and we had a great many pets. We had three cats, two dogs, and three canary-birds. I am trying to tame a little kitten that is very wild; there are four of them, and they are all black. I am ten years old, and I go to school and study reading, arithmetic, and geography and spelling. I live in the third room of a boarding-house, the same as the other children. For a birthday present, I received a croquet-set with four balls and mallets.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS:—I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since January, and like it very much. I have read through well, and send some of my thoughts to you, who live in the "Silent Pet," or, the Stowaways." We are staying at Dorval for the summer; it is on the bank of the St. Lawrence, three miles from Lacine, and nearly opposite the island of Dixie, not Dixie, away down south, but away up North. We have a canoe called *Scarlet Runner* and a boat, and a cat-rigged yacht called *I'm English, you Know*. I hope you will be able to find a corner for this, as I have no other place to put it. I am, Dear Postmistress, your loving reader, ERNE H.

On June 15 Michigan celebrated her semi-centennial. The scholars of three rooms in the High School (including our room) sang together. There were about one hundred of us, and we all had badges. We all stood on the Capitol steps and sang "Let the Hills and Valies Resound" and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean", in singing the first we waved flags. My grandpa sang in the speeches of the day. There were speeches in three places at the same time, and after that the people went to the fair grounds to the barbecue. Good-by.

EDITH C.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and I like it very much, I assure you. I have taken lessons on the violin for some time, and have just commenced taking them on the piano. My sister plays the piano, and my brother the flute. I would like very much to correspond with some girl my own age (thirteen years), and I will answer all letters promptly. My favorite authors are Charles Dickens, Miss Alcott, and Mrs. Lillie, and I think *Our Mutual Friend* is the best book I ever read.

I have a big Scotch boy whose name is Don, and we have a black and white dog named General. Before a girl who had a dog named Tiger, which greatly disliked dogs, and General was afraid of her, for she would hide under chairs or on the sofa, and when she came in she would run into the kitchen; but the day before Don came Tiger died. I went to a picnic a few days ago. We went up the South River in a rowing boat, and saw the steam-boats that run up and down the river, and on the return trip we got off at Belmont, and had our picnic in the park. We staid at Belmont for a few days, and on the morning of three weeks ago I went to see the cyclorama of the battle of Gettysburg. It is in a large circular building on the hill. After we had seen it, we went through a dark winding passage, up some stairs, and came out upon a round platform, which is supposed to be the top of a little hill, and from which you can see the battle of Gettysburg. I think the painting is wonderful, for it seems as if you could see miles and miles away, while the platform is only a few feet high and the canvas is fifty feet high and

four hundred feet around. The space between the painting and platform is filled in with earth, and cannon-balls, rusty swords, and soldiers' coats and hats are lying here and there. When we went out of the building it looked very funny to see only the city streets, when a few minutes before we had been looking far over the open country. Your friend, CHARLOTTE G.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

FOUR ENIGMAS.

1.—My first in love, not in hate.  
My second in omelette, not in date.  
My third in corn, not in wheat.  
My fourth in bang, not in beat.  
My fifth in soft, not in hard.  
My sixth in bitter, not in lard.  
My seventh in billow, not in wave.  
My eighth in hollow, not in cave.  
My ninth in horse, not in rider.  
My tenth in wine, not in cider.  
My whole is the name of a poet.

MARIE WHARTON.

2.—My first is in pussy, but not in kitty.  
My second is in country, but not in city.  
My third is in time, but not in age.  
My fourth is in ink, but not in rage.  
My fifth is in repose, but not in sleep.  
My sixth is in toast, but not in beet.  
My seventh is in stand, but not in walk.  
My eighth is in nose, but not in alk.  
My whole is a pretty field flower.

A. R. H.

3.—My first is in call, but not in ring.  
My second is in bat, but not in cap.  
My third is in eat, but not in drink.  
My fourth is in some, but not in many.  
My fifth is in two, but not in four.  
My sixth is in no, but not in yes.  
My seventh is in you, but not in me.  
My eighth is in currant, but not in grape.  
My whole is a nut.

4.—My first is in small, but not in tall.  
My second is in high, but not in fall.  
My third is in bat, but not in ball.  
My fourth is in meat, but not in pork.  
My fifth is in ink, but not in pen.  
My sixth is in nine and also in ten.  
My seventh is in one and also in many.  
My eighth is in battle, but not in gun.  
My ninth is in up, but not in down.  
My tenth is in light, but not in dark.  
My eleventh is in shark, but not in shark.  
My whole is an Indian warrior bold,  
About whom many a story is told.

No. 2.  
DUAD SQUARE.

1. A bird of Africa. 2. A bird. 3. A Saxon word meaning famous. 4. To plunder. 5. A child. 6. A good-for-nothing fellow. 7. Strayed. 8. A girl's name. 9. Separates with force. [A duad square is really composed of two squares, one of five letters, the other of four.]

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 349

No. 1.—Chicago. January. Wagner.  
No. 2.—DAMASCUS (Denver. Athens. Madrid.  
Agra. Senegambia. Canton. Ural.  
Sana).  
No. 3.—Lives of great men all remind us  
We may make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.  
No. 4 Pin-wheel  
No. 5.—Yellowstone Park (ell, yell, pear, Kate,  
rope, worst, new).

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Ethel Skinner, Willie S., Margaret Dutton, H. L. M., Fred McDonald, William Earl McClinton, Original Puzzle Club, Dolly Adams, Neenie Barney, Bertha March, Bessie K. De Vries, B. S. Gibson, Jun., Bulah Hubbell, Fannie M. Pearsall, Sadie H. Hambleton, Katie Whitby, F. M. Jun., Violet B., Helen Kossiter, George Seiden Goodrich, Neilson, J. C. Price, J. C. Munroe, E. J. Polanco, Stella Laisson, Frank T. Farnham, J. E. C. Price, J. C. Bolander, Jun., Martha and Emma Jeselson, Annie and Mary Cox, Arthur K. Kuhn, W. W. Armstrong, and Tom and Dick.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



"I hear you've been to Rockaway  
My little Willie dear,

I'm sure you liked the pretty beach,  
Pray why this little tear?"

"O'es, I liked a Wockaway  
An' I was g'd to go,  
But didn't like de butterf'ies  
Betause dey bit me so."

#### A LIVELY CAR-LOAD.

I THINK we all have an idea what a disturbance an exasperated hive of bees can cause; but an occurrence that took place upon a western-bound railroad train the other day will surely make those of us who were so happy as to be at a remote distance from it shout with laughter.

Farmer N—— was frugal and thrifty, and disposed to make the most of everything he had to do with. He was accustomed to packing a single car for market once a week, and great was his pride in filling it with all the appetizing dainties his farm could produce. On this occasion, with the help of good Mrs. N—— and nephews Fred and Jack—for he had no sons—he had packed the car *almost* full of oats and hay, butter and milk, eggs and vegetables, of the best and freshest kind. But still there was room, and in that room Farmer N—— deposited two hives of bees, with all their accumulated store of honey.

Now these particular bees were entirely unaccustomed to

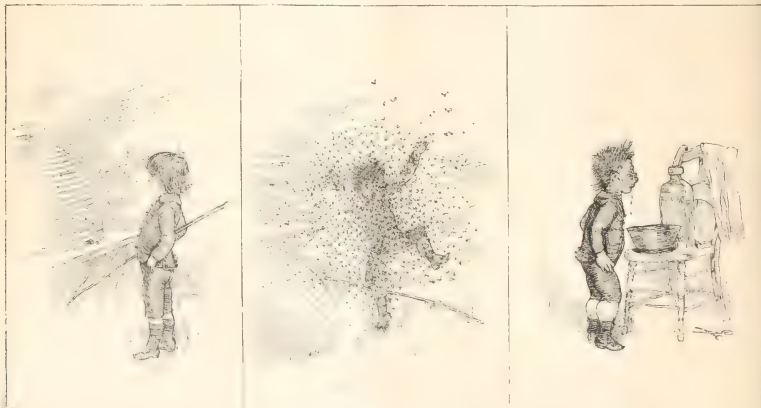
anything else that could contribute, that the train could finally go on.

What the freight agent and conductor reported to Farmer N—— on their return trip I leave you to imagine, but since then you may be sure that that worthy man has sent no more bees by rail.

#### A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

"CHERRY ripe!" cries Robin, singing merrily,  
Round and red and rosy, hanging from the tree.  
"Cherry ripe!" cries Baby—"ripened there for me;  
For, you see, my Papa owns the cherry-tree."

"No, no!" cries Sir Robin; "that can never be.  
Wherefor were my winglets given, then, to me?  
Baby's feet are clumsy, cannot climb the tree.  
The cherries for the birdies must surely, surely be."



OUR FIRST READER—THE LETTER B.

This B-oy is a B-ee-y B-ody

These B-ees are B-usy B-ees.

The B-oy will B-ehave B-etter next time

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CANOEING ON LAKE GEORGE—THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE FLEET.—SEE "CANOE TALKS," PAGE 630.



## CANOE "TALKS."

BY THE COMMODORE OF THE NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.

## I.—THE CHOICE OF A CRAFT.

AFTER many long and animated discussions of various plans for spending their vacation, the Archer boys, Ben, Aleck, and Bob, finally decided that they would rather take a canoe cruise than do anything else.

Although their father was willing they should try it, he could give them but little advice, as he knew even less of canoeing than he knew of any other sport. Mrs. Archer thought it must be the most dreadfully dangerous sport in the world, and wondered why boys could not be contented with safe amusements. They could not go to their uncle Harry for advice this time, for he was far away on the Plains. How should they set to work to become canoeists?

At length Ben exclaimed: "I have it, fellows! Mr. Russell, my Latin master in the High School, is a canoeist, and I'm sure he'll tell us all about it."

"The very ticket!" shouted excitable Bob. "Let's go and see him first thing in the morning."

As the next day was Saturday, there was nothing to prevent their making an early call upon Mr. Russell, who was only too glad to give them the benefit of his experience as a canoeist, and encourage them to engage in what he considered the most enjoyable of all out-of-door sports.

"Uncle Harry gave us 'talks' about camping out," remarked Aleck, "and we took notes of what he told us."

"That was a capital idea," said Mr. Russell, "and if you will go down to the canoe club-house with me, and take along your note-books, I will give you some 'talks' on canoeing."

"We've brought them with us," said Bob, "so as not to lose any time."

When they reached the club-house the boys gazed with amazement and delight at the rows of dainty canoes with which it was filled. Above each were neatly stowed its paddles and sails.

"Why," exclaimed Ben, "I always thought canoes were all alike, and all made of bark; but now I don't see that they are made of bark at all, and they all seem different."

"Yes," assented Mr. Russell, smiling; "they are quite different from each other; in fact, you will seldom find two exactly alike in model or rig. Originally canoes were of three kinds, the decked kayak made of bone and skins, the birch-bark, and the dug-out, but in the construction of civilized canoes the very best boat-builders and the finest material are employed, and as a result they are the lightest, strongest, and most seaworthy of all small craft. Improvements and changes are being made so rapidly in their model and rig that now, instead of the original three, we have nearly fifty styles of canoe to choose from."

"I don't see how on earth we are to choose the best from among so many," sighed Bob, as he gazed with a perplexed air at the beauties surrounding him.

"In the first place," said Mr. Russell, "you must decide whether you want a canoe for paddling or sailing, cruising or racing, or for open or inland waters."

"For paddling," said Bob, who was fond of muscular exercise.

"For sailing," said Aleck, who had recently made a voyage to China with his parents, and considered himself a very salt and tarry sailor man.

"For both," said Ben, who, older and wiser than the others, foresaw situations in which both methods of propulsion would be useful.

"For cruising on inland waters," said all three.

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Russell. "I see you have already made up your minds upon several of the most im-

portant points we have to consider. Now for the note-books."

When they were all ready he continued:

"The fifty varieties of canoes of which I spoke may all be found in four families or classes:

"1. The open paddling canoe, of which the 'Peterboro' is the best example.

"2. The decked paddling canoe, such as the 'Rob Roy.'

"3. The light sailing canoe, under which class comes the 'Nautilus' and its numerous modifications.

"4. The heavy sailing canoe, of which the 'Pearl' is a good type.

"The last-named we need not consider, as it is too heavy to be easily paddled, and is only suited to rough, open waters.

"The first or 'Peterboro' class is a smooth-bottomed, keelless canoe similar in shape to the birch-bark, but much lighter, tighter, and stronger. It will hold more passengers and 'duffle' than any other canoe, and can be easily carried over land. It is easy to paddle, sails fast before the wind, and is the best craft in the world in which to shoot rapids.

"The 'Rob Roy' is a light, decked, paddling canoe, which will hold only one person and a very limited cargo. Everything in her can be kept perfectly dry, and with an inch of keel and a small sail she develops very fair sailing qualities in smooth water.

"A canoe of the 'Nautilus' type, twenty-eight to thirty inches wide and fourteen to fifteen feet long, with a flat floor, and provided with a folding centre-board, is the very best all-around cruising canoe that is built. She will carry one person comfortably, and two upon a pinch. Her air-tight compartments make of her a life-boat which cannot sink. She paddles easily, and is a good sailer, though her speed is somewhat retarded by the folding centre-board, and beneath her decks and hatches is ample dry storage-room for everything that a canoeist ought to carry on a cruise.

"At night the owner of a 'Peterboro' can draw it up on the beach, turn it upside down, and thus make for himself a dry, comfortable shelter from the heaviest rain-storm.

"The 'Rob Roy' man must pitch a little tent on shore, as his canoe will neither hold nor cover him.

"The owner of a 'Nautilus' either hauls her ashore or anchors in deep water, hoists a canoe tent above his head, and unfolds his mattress in the roomy cockpit. In this tiny floating palace he can cook, eat, read, and sleep, bidding defiance to cold or wet. If any man or boy desires more luxury than this, he is not intended by nature to be a canoeist.

"Here ends 'talk' number one. Now think over what I have told you, and make up your minds what canoes you will choose for your summer's cruise. If you will meet me here at four o'clock next Monday afternoon, I will tell you something about 'Paddles and Upsets.'"

## "SANTA CLAUS'S SUMMER OUTING."

BY KATHERINE D. McILVAINE.

"MAMMA," said Jack, "when's my birthday?"

"On the 23d of July," said mamma, who was tying on her bonnet, "and to-day is the 21st. Now how long shall you have to wait before you are eight years old?"

"Only two days!" cried Jack, with a warwhoop of delight. "It will be on Wednesday. Oh goody!"

"Is it my birthday too?" asked little Elsie.

"No, dear; yours doesn't come until next winter. Don't you remember your last one, when you had a cake with four candles, because you were four years old?"

"I want plums in my cake," said Jack. "Elsie's was just that old white kind that we have all the time, made big. I want plums in mine. Say, mamma, what are you

going to give me for my birthday. I want something awful nice."

"Well, what, for instance?" asked mamma.

"Oh, a velocipede, a pony, skates, and lots of things."

"Do you hang up your stockings for birthdays?" inquired Elsie.

"Oh no, indeed; Santa Claus only comes on the night before Christmas. Good-by, duckies," said mamma, going down-stairs.

"I s'pose Uncle John 'll give me something for my birthday. He ought to, 'cause I'm named for him, and I just need lots of things," said Jack. "Say, Elsie, I'm a-going to do something. I'm going to write to Santa Claus, just as we do at Christmas, and tell him what I want, and that I think he ought to come now if I hang up my stocking. You get me that blue pencil out of mamma's basket while I get me paper."

Obedient Elsie proceeded to upset mamma's work-basket on the floor, while Jack opened all the drawers in her writing-desk in search of paper.

"I guess she won't care when she knows what I want it for," said her son, as, successful at last, he spread out a sheet of Irish linen note-paper on the floor for convenience. Then he stretched himself out, and began to write in large sprawling letters. Elsie, on her hands and knees, watched him with deepest interest.

"There, now, it's done," he said at last, feeling very warm and tired. "I don't think I've forgotten a thing." He sat up on the floor and read it aloud to Elsie. "There, Elsie, I think that's all."

"Yes, that's all," echoed little Elsie; but her voice sounded very queer, and there was a big break in it. Jack looked up and saw her digging her little fat white fists into her blue eyes, and two big tears rolling down her cheeks.

"What's the matter, Elsie?" he exclaimed. "What you crying for, honey? You're just the sweetest baby in the whole world. Don't you cry," and Jack pulled her down into his lap.

"Oh, Jack," sobbed Elsie, "you've got a birfday, and a Kismas, and a stockin', and I haven't got a single finge," and little Elsie cried forlornly.

"Never mind, Elsie," Jack was beginning at the same time, wiping her eyes with the skirt of her dress, when in hurried Mammy Phoebe.

"You, Mars Jack," she exclaimed, catching Elsie to her broad bosom, "what you doin' ter dis yer chile? You better min' what you's up ter, sah! 'Tis gwinter tell mamma er you, sah, ef I ketches you up ter any er yo' monkey shines, teasin' ob sister. Come on, honey, don't you pay no sorter 'tention ter him; jes you stay in de nu'sery wid yo' own of mammy. She ain't gwinter let no boys fool wid her honey-bird."

"Pshaw, mammy! I wasn't a-bothering her. She's just a-crying 'cause I've got a birthday 'stead of her. I wasn't a doing nothing: was I, Elsie?"

"N-o," said Elsie. "But you are going to have a birfday."

"Jes you wait a thousand minutes, honey, you get some er his party," said mammy, consolingly, as she bore off her charge.

Jack sat still on the floor thinking. He felt very sorry for Elsie. "I can't make it her birthday if it ain't," he said to himself.

Then a brilliant idea occurred to him. He opened his letter, seized the pen, and wrote. "It's a first-rate thing to know how to write," he said, proudly. "I can write anything I want to. There ain't much good going to school, but there's some."

He was searching in the desk for a stamp when his mother returned from her drive.

"Why, Jack," she said, "what are you doing in my desk? I am afraid you are a naughty boy to get into mamma's things that way!"

"Please, mamma, don't scold me; I'm looking for a stamp. I've been writing a letter to Santa Claus to come on my birthday like he does on Christmas. Don't you believe he will, mamma?"

Mamma couldn't resist the eager little face. "I don't know," she said; "perhaps he will. Give me the letter, dearie, and I'll give it to papa to post for you after dinner."

"I'll give it to him myself," said Jack.

That night Santa Claus sat in his cool ice palace. Evidently the postman had just been there, for he held Jack's letter in his hand. He laid down his pipe on the table beside him, and began to break carefully the many seals with which Jack had fastened it. Mrs. Santa Claus looked on and fanned herself with a great flowered fan, for even in an ice palace one feels July weather. Just then the door opened, and Santa Claus's brother-in-law John came in.

"How are you, old fellow?" said Santa, genially. "Is it warm enough for you?"

"Plenty, thank you," returned the brother-in-law.

"What's up now?"

In answer Santa Claus read as follows:

DEAR SANTY CLAUS.—Wensdy is my birthday and I want a hole lot things so ime goin to hang up my stocking I hope youl put the things in it I am very well I hope you are very well it is too bad you only come wonce a year. wed like you to Come oftenyer you can put anything you like in my stocking but these are the things I want if you have got anything else you think I like you can put it in too Elsie sends her love so do i the stockin will be by the mantel-piece in mamma's room cos I dont want you tumblin' round in the dark.

#### THINGS I WANT.

a wite pony or a black one  
wich ever you'e got  
A goat  
a wite rabbit  
a Parrot that can talk  
a vooespeed unless uncle John  
gives me one  
a dimon ring  
a pup  
a plumcake with 8 candles  
a Brass horn  
a monkey  
a norgan

#### THINGS I MUST HAVE.

a wite with a corkscrew  
a stable like Winfield Browns  
with 4 plaster horses  
a Wagon  
a jewsharp  
a wheelbarrow  
candy  
a tin dog  
I those wind up boys on a  
horse that trots  
roller skates  
ice skates  
some more candy  
a gun  
a pistol  
a saw  
a ax

Yours truly, JACK W. CLINTON.

p.C.—Elsie feels awful becous it ain't her birthday if you got any girls things put um in for her also please send a valentine for my sweet heart and some bullets for the gun and pistol yours truly Jack W. Clinton.

"Now I call that a modest and sensible letter," said Santa Claus. "What do you two think?"

"I rather think you'll have to go, Santa Claus," said his wife, waving the big fan.

"I'm afraid to," said the old gentleman, stroking his beard. "I might melt."

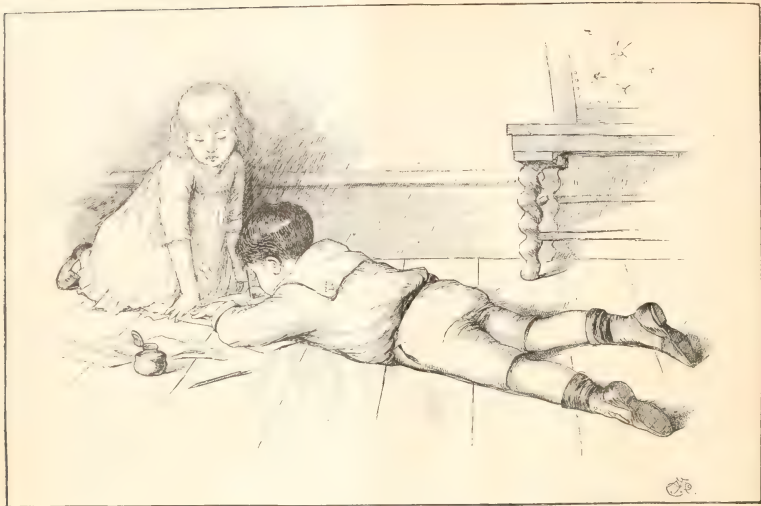
"Every one expects to melt in July," said Mrs. Santa Claus.

"The reindeer have never been in in summer before. I'm afraid they'd be utterly unmanageable, and the idea of a sleigh in this dust!"

"Take the village cart," suggested Madame.

"Those reindeer are just eating their horns off for want of exercise," added the brother-in-law.

"I'm afraid my health won't stand the trip with all that load to carry down the chimney. A pony and a pup, a knife with a corkscrew, and a velocipede."



JACK WRITES HIS LETTER.

"Oh, I'd trust the velocipede to Uncle John. He ought to be good for that or he's good for nothing," said the brother-in-law.

"I never heard that he *was* good for much," said Mrs. Santa Claus, with a laugh.

"Don't you think, dear," she continued, "that a knife would be rather dangerous for a boy as young as our friend Jack W. Clinton?"

"Well, no," returned Santa Claus. "I don't think so. He has had a good many knives before now; the first thing he does is to cut his fingers, the second is to lose the knife. His risk is soon over."

"That is true," said Mrs. Santa Claus; "but you must not forget the 'girls things' for little Elsie."

"I'll see what I can do," said the old gentleman, lighting his pipe.

It was very early on the morning of Jack's birthday, and Jack lay awake in his little room, which opened off his mother's. The gray dawn was creeping in through the closed shutters. He could see through the open door the foot of Elsie's crib and the bureau on the opposite side of the room, and the corner of the mantel-piece. Yes, he could see his stocking, too, hanging on the brass hook by the fire-place. He was quite sure it looked full, so he sat up in bed and strained his eyes. There were surely some big things standing on the hearth underneath it.

"He's been here!—he's been here!" shouted Jack, tumbling out of bed, and rushing to his stocking.

"Oh, Elsie, look here! it's just stuffed! Say, Elsie, wake up; here's something for you; here's a doll in my stockin' right on top."

"Why?" said little Elsie, scrambling down to the foot of the crib and looking over. "I haven't got any birthday, Jack."

"Yes, you have, or, anyway, Santa Claus brought you a doll, and these dishes must be for you too," pouring them in on top of her. "And, oh, papa! please open the shutters, or light the lamp, or something; I can't see my things half. What's this? Here's something. Oh, it's alive! It licked my hand. It must be my pony, or my goat, or my monkey. I can't find it. Oh! *do* look here, mamma! If it isn't a pup! The loveliest pup! Look at his tail, Elsie! He's got the cutest tail!"

"Will he bite?" asked little Elsie, timidly.

"Bite!—no; he's just too tame! See him lick my hand! See his little red tongue! The roof of his mouth is black. That's a good sign," said Jack, examining.

"Did you ask Santa Claus to bring me a new doll and some dishes?" asked Elsie.

"Yes; I thought he wouldn't want to come and not bring a thing for you. Oh, here, I've got a velocipede too. I just wanted one!"

"Uncle John sent you that," said his mother.

"Oh, did he? Won't I have fun with it! I thought he'd give me something."

As the day wore on the slight fear that Elsie had at first shown for the black-and-tan puppy, whom they called Snip, wore off, and she seemed to have developed a taste for teasing heretofore quite foreign to her gentle nature.

"I think," said Elsie's papa, "that we will tell Jack that Snip is to live in the yard entirely, and the children can play with him there."

And so it was settled. Jack placed the box in which Snip came under a maple-tree in the yard; then he got a large rope from the barn, and tied Snip to the tree.

"You see, mamma, he might get away," he explained.

"He never will from that rope," she thought, despairingly, and then reproached herself for grudging her children their pet.



When Snip was exercised he grew perfectly frantic. He tore around the garden like a mad dog, over the flower beds and under the shrubbery, dragging Jack after him. Elsie trotting on behind trying vainly to keep up. Finally they would all stop from sheer exhaustion, Snip panting violently, and with his red tongue lolling out of one side of his mouth, to the intense horror of Mrs. Clinton, who always felt sure that he must have hydrophobia.

There was a young man who lived across the street who used to insult Jack by asking him ancient and hoary conundrums, such as, "Why does your dog wag his tail?" and "Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?" and Jack felt that this young man was a serious drawback to his happiness. One day the young man made a new one: "Why is your dog like the sea?" he asked.

"I don't know, and I don't want to," said Jack, impolitely.

"Why, because he's tide [tid]! See?" said the young man, and after this Jack hated him worse than before.

But one sad day Snip gnawed his rope in two, and ran away. Many and bitter were the tears shed by Jack and Elsie. They felt that even the conundrum young man would be supportable if only they had Snip back again.

He was gone three days, and then was brought home, looking rather thin, by a stout butcher boy, who demanded five dollars reward. Mamma paid it, and that very afternoon Jack went out and bought a long chain, with a padlock, so that in future if Snip wanted to get away, he would have to gnaw down the maple-tree.

That night little Elsie raced so with Snip that she fell asleep in the hammock long before her bed-time.

"Mamma," she whispered, as her mother lifted her out for mamma to carry off to bed, "aren't you glad dear old Snippy's found? He's so sweet!"

## FALSE WITNESS.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," "JESSE'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

AGNES'S NEW FRIENDS.

"ARE you ready, my dear? We are a trifle late, I'm afraid."

The speaker was a tall, plainly dressed girl who held a roll of music in her hands, and was standing at the open door of a little room in Cream Street, Boston.

The room was furnished as meagrely as possible, was without fire or the means of making one, and the only intimation of life about it was the figure of Agnes Leigh standing disconsolately in one of the windows.

Thin and pale, and in a black dress and bonnet, with no touch of color about her, the young girl looked very different from the little would-be music teacher of Halcom. All look of hopefulness seemed to have departed. There were signs of actual want about the lines of her face and in the languor of her movements, but as the girl in the doorway spoke, something like a smile touched her face, brightened it for just a moment, as she answered, "Oh, thank you, I am quite ready." And taking a book of music, she followed the other down the stairs. How Agnes came to be lodging in this uptown street in Boston, how she had a day or two before obtained the position of accompanist at the rehearsals of a theatrical company, is a story quickly told.

\* Begun in No. 347, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"AGNES LOOKED IN DISMAY AT THE MANAGER'S FLUSHED FACE."

Finding herself utterly friendless in Halcorn, and hearing of her father's sudden death, she had returned to Boston to seek her only brother and acquaint him with the failure of their cherished plans, with the gloomy fact that her letter to Mrs. Mostyn never had been answered.

Rob Leigh was employed in a large store down-town at a very low salary, and he listened to his sister's story with genuine distress.

"You see, Agnes," he said, despondingly, "it was foolish for you to have tried, and poor father did not live, after all. Still, we must see what we can do," added the young fellow, unconscious of the selfish ring in his voice; but Agnes had deliberately opposed his wishes in going to Halcorn instead of taking a place which he could have procured for her in a store. The child had felt so sure of "getting along." She sat in the room Rob shared with three or four young people employed as assistant book-keepers in the establishment, discussing in low tones what could be done, finally deciding that she had better have a room in the same house with her brother, where the Hamiltons, honest-minded people, who were connected with a theatre, would, as the boy thought, look after her in a friendly way.

It was Rob's hour for lunch, but he suggested their going at once to the Hamiltons' house. "You see, Agnes," he said, as they threaded their way through innumerable and crowded streets, "Mr. Hamilton is a dancing-master. He trains children for the spectacular dramas, and that sort of thing, and it might be he would find something for you to do. I do not mean to dance, of course," the lad added, seeing Agnes's look of horror, "but something in the playing line. We'll see what can be done."

The walk had seemed long to Agnes when Rob stopped before a small house with a sloping roof, and in one of the lower windows a card with the following inscription:

J. J. HAMILTON,

*Professor of Dancing.*

*Maitre de Ballet.*

The door was opened to the young people by a tall, brisk, dark-eyed girl of about sixteen, to whom Rob introduced his sister, and who led the way upstairs to a large, bare front room, where an elderly lady and two young girls were busy over some theatrical-looking costumes. Mrs. Hamilton welcomed Agnes cordially, and assented to Rob's suggestion that she should have a little back room upstairs. Rob agreeing to pay for it for at least a fortnight; so Agnes's new life began.

The Hamiltons were busy people: three of the children danced at the Strand Theatre in a sort of pantomime and burlesque extravaganza which was drawing crowded houses, but which, it seemed from all accounts to Agnes, afforded but little fun to the performers. Mr. Hamilton going and coming with the children, who returned after midnight worn out, cross enough, and hungry. The eldest daughter sang in the chorus, and earned her six dollars a week by very hard labor, made harder still by the fact that most of the house-work at home devolved upon her. Twice a week scholars filled the front room, and the scraping of Mr. Hamilton's violin was heard while he instructed two classes in the art of dancing. With all of this hard work, however, with the constant self-denials which Agnes observed in the little household, it was difficult to make both ends meet, and many times when she shared their simple meals the girl wondered how they contrived to live at all.

Suddenly Robert had an offer to go out West, and, with characteristic disregard of his sister, he had started off, assuring her, it is true, that in a short time he would make

his fortune and return; but a terrible sense of loneliness and dismay had filled poor Agnes's heart when she found herself so entirely alone in the great city. The Hofmeisters were with friends in Connecticut, and Agnes knew that in their run-down condition of health and purse it would be cruel to let them know of her position, and so she had struggled on, not even allowing the Hamiltons to guess how entirely her courage was failing her.

Two weeks before this, Mrs. Hamilton had come home from the theatre in radiant spirits, and had sent for Agnes to share the family supper in the little back parlor, where the working and resting hours of the family were spent. An appetizing odor of chops and coffee greeted Agnes as she entered the room, and Mrs. Hamilton announced to her at once that she had secured her a place.

Rehearsals for the play to be brought out in Christmas week were coming on. A young lady had been playing the piano accompaniment for the time, but that afternoon she had been obliged to leave Boston, so the place was vacant.

"Fifty cents a day, my dear," announced Mrs. Hamilton; "and here's the music for you to look over. You can go over it with Sarah, and you ought to jump at the chance."

To poor little Agnes it did seem a great "chance," although the first morning spent at the theatre had confused and bewildered her, and now, as she accompanied Sarah, she began to wonder if she could ever accustom herself to her surroundings. They had to go in, of course, by the side entrance; thence they passed across the auditorium of the theatre, where in the dim light two or three interested spectators, friends of the manager, were seated. As the two girls made their way behind the scenes, Agnes could not help wondering what those who saw only the splendors and illusions of evening would think were they to come upon the scene as she saw it then.

## CHAPTER XI.

### BEHIND THE SCENES.

THE passageway led back of two private boxes, thence by three rather rickety steps down into a narrow, high-roofed place where scenery was piled up, daylight coming in in pale rays and lighting up a gaudily painted tree, a bank of flowers, and a flight of what was intended to represent in the evening a gorgeous marble staircase. Twenty or thirty people were upon the stage, laughing and talking in groups as they waited for the manager; some of them cast half-contemptuous glances at the sombre little figure in shabby dress, as Agnes nervously crossed the stage with Sarah Hamilton and took her place at the piano. The instrument was placed just at one side, behind the scenes, and the fact that it was in a strong draught made no difference at all to the manager, whose whole thought was of his own convenience. That morning it seemed to Agnes as though she could not control the movements of her fingers. Seated before the piano, she looked out listlessly across the stage, where some of the chorus girls were waltzing about, others in an undertone humming over their parts, while two or three of the "principals" were engaged in discussing the play, and questioning certain directions recently given by the manager.

It was tiresome business. Mr. Gordon, the manager, took his place in the centre of the stage, Mr. Hamilton, as superintendent of the little dancers, being ready for his call. The chorus took their places; the principals, for the most part holding their books in their hands, came forward, and the rehearsal of the first act began. It was a fairy spectacle, and fifty young people, of various degrees in years as well as poverty of appearance, rushed forward with the first steps of the dance—a really pretty chorus, which would be their part nightly to perform. But over and again were they interrupted by the manager shouting, "Go back, go back; begin again; what do you mean by such gibberish?" or, "Will you learn, you three girls

at the end, to come forward at the right time?" or, "I never saw anything so idiotic; I will turn you all out before I will stand this sort of thing."

As these and other remarks intended for correction were hurled at them, Agnes wondered how they could bear it. Her own turn would come now and then, when Gordon would say, sarcastically, "Be kind enough occasionally to look at your music," or, "Some of these young people seem so deaf, you had better play louder."

The moment any part was over, those who had been performing would fall back with a tired, worn-out look, little groups forming, while for the most part the conversation going on was of things connected with the theatre.

"Christmas indeed!" one tired-looking girl of about fourteen was saying. "I'd like to know what kind of a Christmas we're going to have. Gordon says he wants a rehearsal before the first performance."

"Have you seen any of the costumes?" inquired another girl of the same speaker. "I understand we are not to have them until Christmas Eve. Like as not they'll all have to be gone over even then, so I don't think we need look forward to much of a holiday."

And then Agnes heard some one else saying, "What are they going to do about little Jennie Alger?"

"I am sure I don't know who there is to take her part. And so sudden, too!"

A moment later Agnes saw the manager in conversation with a tall, pale girl of about fourteen, who was half crying as she talked.

"I can't, sir; it's no use; you will have to get a substitute for a night or two anyway, Mr. Gordon," she was saying. "My cough is so bad I should not be here now."

Sarah Hamilton joined them, and in a moment the manager approached Agnes.

"See here, my good child," he said, somewhat more politely. "You know the music by this time, and we are in a fix about little Jennie Alger's part. It is nothing much—just the chorus and one or two verses and a few lines. Sarah Hamilton says she will help you, and I would like you to go on in it to-morrow night."

Agnes looked in dismay at the manager's flushed face, stern with annoyance, and Sarah Hamilton's whisper of "You must not refuse" kept her tongue tied for a moment; but her senses returned, and she tried to falter that it would be impossible, she would not know what to do.

"Good gracious!" Mr. Gordon exclaimed, angrily. "A little girl like you ought to be thankful for the chance. I only gave it to you because Sarah said you wanted it. I assure you a dozen children here would jump at it."

"That's all right, Mr. Gordon," said Sarah Hamilton. "She will do it splendidly, I know." And as he moved away, she continued, in a kind tone to Agnes: "My dear, don't think of saying you can't do it. Papa will teach you—it will only be for a night or two. You really must not think of saying no. You have seen Jennie Alger often enough as the first fairy, and she'll come around to our house and help you with the part."

"But," pleaded poor Agnes, "how can I? Why, Sarah, I've never even been to the theatre three times in my life."

Sarah laughed. "That's no matter; I'm sure you will do it all right enough. Come, now, at last we can get home and have a bite of something to eat."

Poor Agnes! Already whatever illusion there had existed about the delights of the theatre for those taking part in the performance had vanished; but now a new hardship was confronting her. What would have been her sensations, we can wonder, had she looked in upon certain Halcom households that evening. It was the day, so eventful in Fanny Pierson's life, when she and Louise had lunched with Mrs. Mostyn, and driven with the kind-hearted though determined old lady from one house to another whence Agnes had been dismissed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HINTS FROM A CHAMPION SWIMMER.

WHEN a duckling waddles out of the egg into a puddle, it knows how to swim about as well as its mother, and a young frog just freed from his pollywog tail can sit on the bottom of the pond with his eyes open, and be as much at home as the oldest croaker in the swamp. But a boy is not so lucky. When he first gets into deep water, his instinct is to splutter and cough and yell, to scramble out if he can, and if not, to go to the bottom.

Probably most of the boys who read this have long since overcome the habit of sinking to the bottom, and a good many, no doubt, are able to make even the most expert frogs green with envy. But all will be glad to listen to a little good advice from Gus Sundstrom, the champion long-distance swimmer of America, and the man chosen to teach the muscular members of the New York Athletic Club to swim as they ought to swim. Mr. Sundstrom gives his lessons in the big bathing-tank at the club-house, and spends most of his time in a bathing suit.

In nine cases out of ten, Mr. Sundstrom says, a boy who wants to make a first-class and scientific swimmer should begin by forgetting what he already knows, so as to learn over again in the right way. The first thing to master is the

### BREAST STROKE.

That is the stroke which frogs use, and always have used, and it seems to be the natural way of swimming. Imitate a frog as closely as you can, and you will need no better teacher. But a frog's legs and feet form one straight line, and his fingers are fastened together so as to form a very fine paddle. Hold your fingers close together when you strike out, so as to imitate the webbed feet of a duck; and when you draw up your legs for a fresh kick, be careful to straighten out your feet, so as to avoid the resistance of the water against your insteps. In kicking out, strike the soles of your feet against the water, as though you were pushing yourself up in bed. Spread your legs far apart as you kick, and then, when they are fully extended, comes an important point in swimming. Do not jerk them up for another kick, as ignorant swimmers do, but draw them tight together, as though your legs were a pair of shears with which you wanted to cut the water. By thus closing your legs on the water you will add almost as much to your speed as by the first kick.

Kick out as your arms are being extended for a stroke, and draw up your legs while making the stroke. That is the moment at which to get your breath, as the water is then smooth in front of you, and less apt to get into your mouth. It is well to accustom yourself to breathe only at every third stroke, as it will help you very much in rough water. It is important to draw the breath in quickly, and so breathing through the mouth, which ought not to be practised in other exercises, is good in swimming.

### FLOATING.

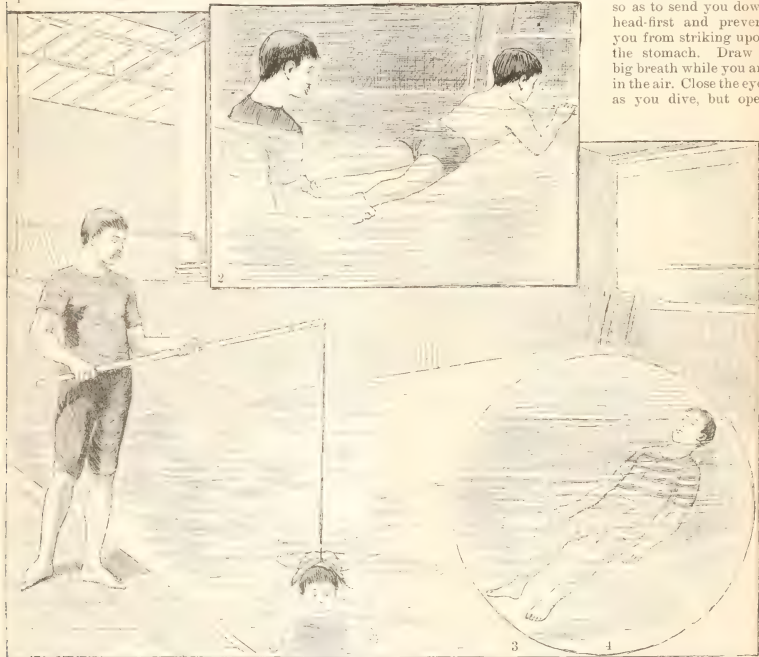
When you have learned to swim on the breast correctly and strongly, learn to float. Begin by taking in a deep breath, and then draw up your knees and place your hands upon them, squatting in the water. At first you will sink, but by-and-by you will float in that position, with the eyes just above the level of the water. That will accustom you to holding the breath. Then swim ahead with the ordinary breast stroke, and, while well under way, suddenly give a reverse stroke with the hands. This will throw you upon your back, and by working the hands with a corkscrew motion you will keep afloat. If you are alone, you may swallow a good deal of water in learning unless you keep your mouth shut; if you have any one to support you, it is very simple. Do not try to raise the head and keep the ears out of the water, as you cannot float in that position. Lie perfect-



ly flat and straight, and in a natural position, as though stretched upon your back in bed. In swimming upon the back the legs do most of the work. Kick out with them as in the breast stroke, and paddle with your hands at the same time to keep afloat. When you become expert you can learn to swim very rapidly on the back by stretching your hands straight out above the head, lifting your arms from the water to do so, and then bringing them down to your sides with a long, powerful sweep through the water.

# DIVING.

You will perhaps learn more about diving by watching a good diver than by many lines of printed instruction. Do not try to dive from a height at once, but begin about a foot from the surface of the water. Keep the feet together, and stretch the arms straight out before you, with the hands together and the palms downward. The hands should always strike the water first, to save the face from striking against any dangerous object in the water. When you first start, have some one hold your ankles. Then fall simply forward, without any jump, and let the friend who holds your ankles give them a slight toss, so as to send you down head-first and prevent you from striking upon the stomach. Draw a big breath while you are in the air. Close the eyes as you dive, but open



## PROFESSOR AND PUPIL.

1. Arm Exercise.

2. Leg Exercise.

3. Imitating a Frog.

4. Swimming on the Back.



*A Hot Day in the City.*



*A Sun Bath.*



*The Banner.*

*A Feast.*



them as soon as your head is under water. Accustom yourself early to being under water with your eyes open. It is very necessary, and will not hurt the eyes. You will soon learn the knack of diving, and accustom yourself gradually to different heights. Use your outstretched hands as a rudder. Keep them pointed downward as long as you wish to go down, and let them start upward when you want to rise.

#### SIDE STROKE.

First, for the side stroke underhand. You lie in the water upon the left side, half of your head being under water, and your face turned round toward the right shoulder. The left hand shoots out above the head, under water all the time, while the right arm is extended along the body. For the first stroke bring the left hand down with a powerful sweep until the fingers are just above the left knee; at the same time shoot out the right hand, and bring it back to the original position with a shorter sweep. The arms are thus made to work alternately, and while the right arm is being pushed ahead, the legs kick out, catching the water on the insteps. This stroke, which permits of very fast swimming, should be practised on either side.

The best stroke known for long and rapid swimming is the overhand side stroke. The position is the same as in the underhand, and the principle is the same, with one exception. While swimming on the left side, instead of pushing the right hand ahead under water, and making but a short stroke with it, it is lifted out of the water and thrown far ahead, not touching the water again until it is fully stretched out. It is then brought down to the body with a long and very powerful sweep. There is a stroke, known as the "porpoise stroke," in which the swimmer reaches around with his right arm as far as possible back of his head so as to get a longer sweep. The power of the stroke may be increased, but the swimmer is fully half of the time under water, and that way of swimming is very exhausting.

#### FANCY SWIMMING.

Any one who has mastered the strokes already spoken of is a thorough swimmer, and for practical purposes needs nothing more. With the ability to dive from a height, float, and swim strongly, he can always take care of himself. But there are endless feats in fancy swimming that all boys long to master. In diving alone there are innumerable variations. There is the farmer's dive, in which you jump with the legs doubled up, and strike the water with the shins. The efforts to keep from turning a somersault are very comical; and there are all the amusing dives that can be made from a spring board. Practise a little until you learn to take advantage of the springiness of the board, and then watch good divers. You will soon learn all that they know if you are not afraid to try—somersaults in the air, long and high diving, and all. The backward somersault is easiest to learn, but in practising never fail to hold the hands so that they will strike the water before the head does.

But "fetching," that is, going a long distance under water, is good practice, and a few words about it may be of interest. Take a regular dive, without any upward jump, but sharp into the water head-first, and with a good start forward. Allow your body to go down about three feet under water, and then swim straight ahead with the breast stroke. Do not make the movements too quickly, because, instead of making you go farther, it will cause you to lose breath much more rapidly, and diminish the length of your "fetch." Keep your eyes open, and use your hands as a rudder to keep you from rising or from sinking too far. After a few trials you will know instinctively how to keep at the right depth, and then your expertness will depend upon your ability to hold your breath.

#### A 'SCURSION.

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

THE thermometer had stood among the nineties all day, and the sun had gone down a red ball of fire. The seventy children that lived in the tenement-house swarmed on the pavement and in the little court in the rear, and the mothers held their sick babies on pillows in the windows, that if a chance breeze from the river came wandering up the street it might rest on their pallid faces.

Selina and her six brothers and sisters lived with their father and mother in three rear rooms on the top floor. There all the stifling odors from below rose, and all day long the tarry roof above soaked in the sun's rays. Although the little black room in which the children slept steamed like an oven, Selina had coaxed them to come to bed.

"It's early to bed and early to rise," she sang, as she learned it at the industrial school, and the children tumbled in, feeling that in some way they would wake in the morning with a penny in each hand. Poor little things, they tried so hard to sleep, and Selina to amuse them with songs and stories she learned at school! But even she, the stout-hearted motherly little sister, grew faint and sick with the fierce heat.

The sound of the children's voices from the street made the little ones restless, and while Selina tried to reconcile their misery and discomfort with the virtue of going to bed at eight o'clock, John had slyly slipped out. Now he came dancing in, his torn slip dripping with water: "I's feelin' dood; I's feelin' dood."

"Oh, it's water, Selina," said Janey, with awe. "John, where did you get water?"

"I climbed the sink and let her go, I did."

Janey and Teddy both ran, and before Selina could catch them they had climbed up into the iron sink in the hall and drenched themselves.

The janitor's wife saw them, and chased them with a broom, for water is the greatest luxury of a tenement-house.

"A-wastin' it on their little hides!" she exclaimed.

The Guild agent for District 19 had a telegram that evening: "The Sunbeam can't go. Collect a lot, unclassified, for to-morrow."

"There's seventy at Old Brimstone, and fifty-five at Tom Dickey's," he said, counting up on his fingers. "I'll go to Old Brimstone first."

As Selina, escaping from the clutch of the janitor's angry wife, ran crying down the stairs, the agent came into the hall.

"What are you crying for, sis?"

"The childer got into the sink to get cool, and wasted the water on 'em."

"Tell them to-morrow they can have the ocean for a bath-tub."

Selina ran to the court, picking her way among the prostrate children. "Teddy, Janey, we're goin' on a Guild 'scurSION to-morrow."

John sprang up in his clinging wet slip. "I'm a-doin' a-swimmin'" his desires increasing with his prospects.

There was not an Italian or Bohemian on the ground but had heard of the Guild. What it was they did not know, but they did know it was liable to appear when least expected, and could command at least one day of brightness and pleasure for every child, however poor and distressed—a day in which sandwiches never failed, and cups of milk were unnumbered.

Oh, the joy of it! The great barge spread her flags. The little Italian, Pole, Bohemian, German, Irish, for the time sailed under his own banner. The little tug snorted and tore through the water. In her wake came the barge. It was like going to sea in a great two-storied portico. The mothers watched the purple fade out of the babies' faces fanned by the fresh breezes. The children screamed with delight, and ran from side to side. Among them all



who so happy as Teddy, Janey, and John? Teddy, with a string tied to a stick, fished with zeal. "I'm a-doin' a-swimmin'," said John, and laid himself on the deck, and swam as well and fast as any boy can do out of the water. "Selina, is that Ireland?" asked Janey. "Daddy said it was over the water, and green as green"—pointing to Staten Island.

Oh, it was a new world of great steamers, ships with sails all spread, yachts with spotless sails, and spiteful, noisy little tugs darting to and fro. Living their little lives within a dozen blocks of the water, they now journeyed to unknown countries over unknown seas. To them the great hotels of Coney Island and Sandy Hook Light-house were more than the castles of the Rhine and the wonders of Switzerland to the readers of the YOUNG PEOPLE. The children ran to see the great Coney Island Elephant, but Selina looked away out to sea. She had seen the sky with clouds floating above her between the straight rows of bricks, but for the first time looking over the pathless water, away, away until the skies came down to meet it, she realized something of the greatness and majesty of the world in which she lived.

The sea was quiet. Still the water-tank had been carefully kept shut during the sail, and however thirsty the little mouths might be, no drop of water was allowed to disturb the serenity of little stomachs unused to life afloat.

"Oh," cried Janey, "what clean dirt!" spying the shining beach. "Will they let us walk on it?" thinking of the clipped lawns in the Central Park.

It would have required a platoon of policemen to prevent it. The announcement of present and immediate buns and drinks caused them to pause a moment. Then they spread over the beach like sand-flies. Those who had on shoes and stockings took them off. The boys rolled up their trousers, and the girls pinned up their skirts. In half an hour the beach looked as if it had been burrowed by myriads of little animals.

"I'm a-doin' a swimmin'," said John, and walked into the water. The bathing-master brought him out.

"Not yet, little man," then John was laid out on the beach to dry. Selina threw herself by his side, and Teddy and Janey, with spade and shovel, working like ditchers, buried her under the soft, warm white sand. How delicious it was to lie there, to see the smiling sky, to watch the tireless waves chase one another up the beach, and to hear only the sound of happy children's voices! How unlike the sounds and scenes of Old Brimstone!

The tide was now slowly creeping up the beach. Not even the feast that was to follow, with its unaccustomed goodies, exceeded the delights of the bath. Oh, if the janitor's wife could now see the children of Old Brimstone rolling, ducking, splashing in the water! The mothers dipped the little ones, and held their little bodies out as breakwaters for the waves to dash against.

"I am a-doin' swimmin'," said John, striding in, and the bathing-master held him on his open palm, while John struck out like a sea-urchin, and felt himself moving through the buoyant water.

"Time!" shouted the attendant. "Now, children, play, play, run, jump, until you drip with perspiration instead of water. Then you shall have your dinner."

Thus one happy moment succeeded another all day long, and until the little ones for once in their lives began to weary from sheer happiness. Then the little tug shrieked like a bad child. The mothers gathered up their babies, the children were marshalled by kind, thoughtful hands, and the barge darted away. There was less noise, less laughter and chatter, but none the less happiness. Before the sun set, the children were again home at Old Brimstone and Tom Dickey's; but they had brought with them the sea, the sky, and a host of memories such as sweeten afterward even the hardest lives. Does not John say to every one he meets, "I've been a-swimmin'?"

## RIGHT ANGLES AND BEAUTY.

A TALE OF THIBET.

BY JULIAN MAGNUS



GRAND LLAMA, who was one of the immediate ancestors of the now reigning monarch, ascended his jewelled ivory throne when he was very little more than sixteen years old. The young Llama was not at first invested with the full powers of government. He was assisted by his late father's

chief councillor, Raet-Thang, a very wily old gentleman who combined in his sage cranium most of the knowledge of the Indian and Chinese schools.

The superintendence of the finishing of the education of the young Llama was a great anxiety to Raet-Thang, although the actual details of the work devolved on two accomplished masters. In most of his studies the young Llama made satisfactory progress, but he seemed to be entirely unable to conquer even the simplest problems in geometry. When the day in each week appointed for that lesson arrived, the Hereditary Great Lord of the Goats was often missing. He was not too proud or dignified to play truant. But even in Thibet there are truant officers, and an exploration of the capital, Lhasa, in which is the chief palace, would generally result in his discovery.

Thus matters went on until the time when the Llama became of legal age, and still even the rudiments of geometry were unlearned. Raet-Thang was in despair. He had put to death two professors who had failed to impart their knowledge to their sovereign, and, strange to say, a satisfactory successor could not be prevailed upon to accept the position. On the day succeeding the ceremonies incident to the Llama's attaining his majority, Raet-Thang approached his sovereign, and suggested that he himself, the wise chief councillor, should try to explain the difficulties of the hated study.

"Go on; I will listen," answered the Light of the Sun, with a calm indifference, which rather surprised the aged noble. Still he endeavored to appear calm, and, taking up the last lesson, set forth in his most persuasive tones and clearest phrases the qualities of a right angle, and the constitution of its equivalents.

"Stop!" presently thundered the irate monarch. "I'll have no more of it. For years the right angle has been to me a trial and an abomination. I am now a real Llama. I will hear no more of right angles. There shall be no more right angles."

Raet Thang listened with wonder and dread. He felt that his sovereign was making himself ridiculous, but he did not dare to give vent to so curtly expressed a thought.

"But, Gracious Ruler of the Stars," he at last ventured to say, "it is impossible to do away with right angles; they are a fixed fact in nature."

"What do I care about nature? For what am I Grand Llama if my will is not absolute? I have said it: there shall be no more right angles. Why shall I not be obeyed?"

"Tamer of the Wild Elephants," faltered Raet-Thang, "each man's house has right angles, so have his rooms, his boxes, his shelves, his papers, his chairs."

"Let the corners be rounded off, like unto the playing-cards of the far Western barbarians."



"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE RIGHT ANGLES."

"But, Silver Radiance of the Moon, the people's noses are, or should be, at right angles with their eyes, and their mouths at right angles to their noses."

"Let them twist them to one side. The right angle is an abomination, and is condemned. Issue my royal mandate ordering its disuse under penalty of five goats of the second year for the first offence, and death for a repetition."

Then, waving his hand to command silence, the Grand Llama strode off toward his private apartments, where none dared follow him, and as the door closed on him, Raet-Thang caught faintly the fatal words, "There shall be no more right angles."

The next morning the citizens of Lhasa were startled at finding proclamations fastened up in all prominent places. They who could read perused the documents with fear and grief, while others, less educated, waited till some one would read aloud. Then there came groans and cries, rending of garments, and throwing of dirt and ashes—those ancient but still preserved signs of sorrow. Yet no one dreamed of resistance. The power of the Llama was unlimited, and his ability to enforce it unquestionable.

The proclamation, as nearly as its flowery Oriental phrases can be translated into English, read as follows:

To the faithful and well-beloved subjects of the  
Grand Llama,  
Light of the Sun, Silver Radiance of the Moon,  
Gracious Ruler of the Stars, Tamer of  
Wild Elephants,  
Father of all Fishes,  
And Hereditary Great Lord of the Goats.

Unto me, your sovereign and master, is the form known as a right angle an abomination. It shall be no longer. Its existence is at an end. There is to be no more of it; for it distracts my royal eyes and offends my imperial nostrils. To the ignorant be it known that a right angle is the corner of a square. In one month of the moon, or twenty-eight days from this day, no house, room, cave, shelf, box, street, or any other thing whatever, shall have square cor-

ners; but instead the extremities thereof shall be rounded off. And each and every one of you is commanded so to alter his belongings as to be agreeable to your loving ruler, under a penalty of five goats for a first neglect, and death by the sword for a repetition.

Moreover,

As each person's nose and mouth may be at right angles, he or she must henceforth twist them to one side. The Grand Llama, in his great wisdom and mercy, permits to each a choice of sides.

The proclamation in due time reached every portion of the kingdom, and bitter was the suffering caused thereby. The expense of altering houses and rooms was great, and those persons who were poorest in worldly possessions seemed for once to be happier than their rich neighbors. A few who

were careless or obstinate were fined and beheaded, but the Llama showed no signs of relenting.

The people were crushed beneath their heavy burden, and the strange expression of their twisted faces seemed to add to their woes. Even the babies' faces were noticeably crooked. No man dared to go directly across a street, but bore to one hand or the other, and if he carried an umbrella, slanted it over his shoulder.

Raet-Thang watched the temper of the people closely, for he feared an outbreak. At any moment he felt that some unexpected occurrence might cause a riot. While he was watching and fearing, the climax came from an unexpected quarter. Despatches reached him stating that a Russian traveller, accompanied by his daughter, had penetrated to Ateaze, and that they refused to twist their faces or to pay the fine of ten goats.



THE EFFECT OF THE PROCLAMATION.



"THEN TWIST" THUNDERED THE LLAMA "

Raet-Thang was afraid of Russia, and knew not what to do. He felt this was a national crisis, and that the Llama must not be kept in ignorance. The tyrant proved to be stern and fixed as he gave his decision: "They must twist or die."

"But, Light of the Sun, Russia is getting closer and closer to us. She defends her sons, and her warriors are many and fierce."

The Llama took time to think. "Let them be brought before me," he exclaimed at length. "When they behold me they will tremble and obey."

Raet-Thang despatched fleet couriers to bring the prisoners to Lhasa. On their arrival he saw them, and through an interpreter urged their obedience to the law. The man was disposed to yield, but the girl refused to distort her beautiful features, which were of a type never before seen in Thibet.

The next day they were brought before the Llama. "Barbarians," he said, "death is the penalty for entering upon the sacred soil of Thibet. But in my great mercy I will forgive you and afford you safe escort if you obey my laws, and cease to offend me with your straight faces."

The male traveller, who had passed through many strange experiences, stated his willingness to obey.

"Then twist!" thundered the Llama.

The traveller screwed up his face, and begged his daughter to do the same.

"No, papa," she answered; "not for a horrid old chief of goatherds."

"What does the maiden say?" asked the Llama.

"Mightiness, she is obstinate," replied the interpreter.

"Maiden," urged the Llama, "death will follow refusal. You are young to die. I give you till to-morrow to repent."

At a sign from the throne the prisoners were led away.

On the following morning, when Raet-Thang found that the girl was likely to remain obstinate, he again ventured to impress upon his sovereign the danger of irritating Russia.

"I care not for Russia," he cried. "She can never reach me here."

Then the old councillor felt that only the girl's submission could save her life.

The prisoners were brought in.

"Maiden, have you reflected and repented?"

The court stood in breathless silence till her answer came: "I will *not* distort my face."

The Llama looked at her attentively, attracted by her courageous bearing, and even pitying her youth.

"Maiden," he exclaimed, "have you thought of the death that awaits you?"

"I have," she answered, boldly. "I would rather die pretty than live ugly."

Her father gave a groan of agony.

All present waited in horror for the signal that was to condemn her to instant execution. It did not come.

The Llama's eyes seemed to devour her face. For some minutes he did not speak. Then he sighed and said: "Maiden, you are right. You are indeed beautiful. All right angles are not objectionable. I forgive you, and invite you and your father to be my guests. Raet-Thang, you may rescind my proclamation. Right angles are no longer an abomination."

Raet-Thang sighed a sigh of relief, and whispered to his secretary, "The laws of nature are stronger than the laws of tyrants."

"Yes," he answered, "and the power of beauty is great."



ONE OF THE PENALTIES OF A HIGH POSITION.





thick, and smoothly planed. Then a good fire of hickory or oak wood in a fire-place, burned down to the coals, and you are prepared to make johnny-cake. One quart of meal, one pint of good sweet milk, a large iron spoonful of hog's lard, or oleomargarine (American butter) would answer. Mix into a stiff dough. Pat the dough on the board with your hand till half an inch thick, covering nearly the entire board, and set it over the fire to bake. When broken on one side, turn the other side to the fire and brown it, and by that time, in all probability, your johnny-cake will be done and ready for the table. It is, however, the best I have ever eaten, and is not the most wholesome kind of corn-cake. The hoe-cake is preferable. This is made in the same way, leaving out the lard, and adding a little salt, but cooked on a griddle. W. L. N.

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

We have been very much interested in the progress of a golden robin building a nest in an elm-tree overhanging our window. But when the bird came to a certain age, and they were learning to fly, a little birdie fell out of the nest, and a gentleman living in the other part of our house, who had been on the lawn, saw the bird-bread soaked in water, for several days; but finally it died. It seemed to be the way with all our pets, for when I went away last summer five kittens died, and summer before last three kittens died. I hope our three kittens will be spared this summer. I will send you one or two receipts for johnny-cake. Two cups of sugar, two cups of corn meal, one small cup of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, which eggs will beat together, and add one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, and stir very thoroughly. Bake in thin sheets in a hot oven.

One cup of Indian meal, half a cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, which eggs will beat together; beat one egg, add one cup of sweet milk, and stir into the meal well. Bake in cups or gem pans. CLARA G. F.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

One of our neighbors has three pets—a collie dog (whose name is Bonnie), a gray kitten, and a parrot. Mamma and papa spend a great deal of time with them, and the gentleman told mamma this story, which I think is very funny. The dog said to his mistress, "I am very tired, and I have much for Polly." Whenever they find an opportunity, Bonnie and kitty chase poor Polly from her cage, and calmly entering it, curl up comfortably and go to sleep. But they are very noisy often, and while they were enjoying their stolen pleasure wicked Polly came cautiously in upon the slumbers, and revengefully bit a piece out of kitty's ear. GEORGE D.

I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school to Miss Bettie B., and study the Third Reader, spelling, and arithmetic. I have a little brother. He has a little pony named Sally. Sally is very fond of her. He very often fox-bunting the morning on her, and grandfather killed the fox. I have a little gray kitten named Bettie; she can play Ispy. My mother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all enjoy reading it very much. ROSE L. P.

WEST HAMPTON, N. Y.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since Christmas, and I like it very much. I like the drawings too, especially those of Miss Jessie McDermott. I am very much interested in "False Witness," at present. West Hampton, where I go in the summer, is a very nice place. Our cottage is about half a mile from the ocean, and I bathe a good deal. I also play tennis; it is great fun, I think. With love, NAUSIE W.

ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl eight years old. I live in San Francisco, but I am visiting my grandma in Englewood. I have an older sister Elma; she is eleven years old. A friend in San Francisco told us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have read me "Silent Pete," or "The Stowaways." I liked it very much, and I was sorry Pete died. This is the first letter I have written, and I would like it published very much. WINIFRED W.

QUINCY, CALIFORNIA.

I live in the northeastern part of the State, in a little valley which is surrounded by the Sierra Nevada. They are beautiful mountains, and are covered with snow a large part of the year. We live in the country, on a farm, and have a great many farm pets, such as horses, cows, calves, and chickens. I am very fond of them, and they are very tame, and like very much to be petted. We have a new house that is nearly finished. We are to move into it in autumn. One of the front rooms upstairs is mine; it is a very nice place, and I like it very much. I should like to be petted very much to correspond with a girl in Leaven-

worth, Kansas, that signed her name as L. L. P., and who spoke of the four-leaved clover. I remain, as ever, MAUD WHITE.

WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy eight years old. For pets I have a dog named Don and a cat named Thompson. I have also named Grandma's dog, which is named Harry. We are teaching Don tricks; he will jump over a stick, and give you his paw. It is raining, and I thought I would write you like this. I have taken it for three years. I like to read the letters very much. I have been going to school since April; I like it very much. I like "Two Little Boys Left Behind," "The Ice Queen," and "Wakulla."

ROBERT WILLARD H.

SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I send a game that perhaps some of your readers might like to play. Take a barrel and set it about twelve feet from a mark, and take a number of balls about an inch and a half in diameter; then see how many of the balls you can toss in from the mark. If you cannot get balls, take some stones. We usually have seven balls, and each player throws them all, and then lets the next try. CHARLES S.

BERWICK, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and have two volumes bound. I am delighted with all the stories, and I like them very much. Mamma and I can scarcely wait for Tuesday's paper, because we know it will bring the paper. I have often visited New York with my mamma, and many times together. I would come and see you. I have no brothers or sisters, but have a very kind and loving papa and mamma, who buy me a great many books, and make everything very pleasant for me. I have dolls of every description, numbering fifteen. If I knew of any little girl who had none, I would gladly give her one. I have many pets, including two nice little kittens named Bijou and Sweetie. I have not much time for play, as I take lessons in elocution and music; I practice one hour every day. On "Children's Day" I recited a piece called "How the Gates came Ajar" at our church. I belong to a mission band called "Mother's Jewels"; and I have been in the choir, and have been asked to make to sell in order to raise money to send to heathen countries; I was ten years old this spring. HATTIE W. L.

Can you not make some pretty pen-wipers, or dress dolls for little fairies? I like to make things quite salable—and iron-holders, though not pretty, are useful; so are bags of all kinds.

GRAFTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Last Sunday a kitten came into our church. It was very pretty, and didn't seem to belong to anybody, so I brought it home. I have two cats, and a bird named Dick; he is eight years old. I have two brothers, one nine and one seven years old; I am eleven. G. A. E.

LONG BEACH, N. Y.

Have you ever heard of Long Beach, Long Island? It is a sand-bar right out in the ocean, near Rockaway Beach. If you go there for two or three weeks, it is like taking a trip to Europe. You can see all the ocean steamers, and a great many sailing boats. We never have a day without a little breeze, and sometimes such a wind as to rock the house. No matter how warm the day is, we always have cool nights. The other night, while at Long Beach the thermometer was in the nine's, but the wind was two. We have splendid bathing, and as I am not at all afraid of it, I enjoy it very much. If you don't enjoy bathing and cool air, you will not like this place, as we have no trees or flowers, and very little else to do, but as I enjoy both, I like the place. For pets, I have a white Java sparrow, a number of hens, and a few cats, and a black kitten—his name is Dixey, and he begs like a dog. EMMA H.

ELLENVILLE, N. Y.

I live in the pleasant village of Ellenville, which has about four thousand inhabitants. It is situated at the foot of the Shawangunk Mountains, and is quite a summer resort. I hope you can find time to come up here this summer, for I think you would like it. I enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. My favorite stories were "Nan," "Roll House," "Left Behind," and "The Opportunity." "Silent Pete" and "The Stowaways" were very much as far as it has gone. I feel so sorry for Agnes Leigh, and I hope everything will come out nicely in the end. I am in the senior grammar department, and study the usual studies. I am going to try the receipt for sponge-cake which Florence J. A. sent you, and I will be nice, as I have been, when I am visiting this summer, I can tell her how I like it. JESSIE B. D.

Allice R. I yes, dear child, the same person they send several letters if she chooses. If one does

not appear, you should always try again.—Violet L. S.: So you have a large garden to romp in, and after such good examinations you ought to romp now and then. Poor duck, that was obliged to sit on hen's eggs! No wonder she disdains the puzzling brood, but Mattie H. is feeding the little chicks, and thinks they will thrive.

—Two pet lambs, one piece for Frankie G. R. and his sister.—The President may not be aware of it, but Eloise A. has given his name to a beautiful dog, who answers promptly to Grover Cleveland.—A cat, a dog, and a bird are the happy family of Mildred S., and for his, Dana Herbert H. has a dog, a gopher, and an alligator.—L. G. C. G.: Thank you, sir. M. Laura G.: We often hear from Tennessee—Minnie G., of Pennsylvania: I should like to see your pretty town.—M. P. B., Nellie N., Bertha N., and Tattie S.: Suppose you four girls call yourselves a quartette, and correspond with each other.—Bert L.: Have you sent every exchange according to your ability?—Dear little Florence H., if she is not going to the country this summer, can often go, I hope, to beautiful Prospect Park, cross the great Bridge, enjoy the cooling breezes of Brighton Beach, and sometimes sail round the harbor in the Staten Land. You see, Brooklyn is a very good city in which to spend the summer.—M. H. W. is one of a family of nine. Isn't that pleasant?—Laura T. calls HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a lovely paper, and all her household enjoy it. Her bird sings beautifully.—J. S. St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children is at 37 and 39 North 4th Street, in New York City. Address your letter to Catherine there.—Theo. B., Lottie V., Walter T. B., Ethel W. (a pony and a dog too), and Maud D. S.: Thank you very much for your letters.—Willie A. I am glad you are so pleased with the paper, and that you enjoy gardening.—Lucy N. P.: I was afraid your story would frighten some of the wee tots, and make them timid in the dark, so I could not insert it.

J. J. Levine: "How to Make a Canvas Folding Canoe" (with plans) was published in No. 238 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. It will be sent by mail on receipt of five cents.

If my little friends will write on one side of the paper only, not on both sides, and if they will never use pen ink and never write in pencil, they will make the work of the Postmistress ever so much easier. Please remember, my dears, black ink, no flourishes, and one side only of the paper.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

THREE EASY SQUARES.

- 1.—1. A fragment. 2. A unit. 3. A precious stone.
- 2.—1. An animal. 2. A verb. 3. A beverage.
- 3.—1. A trite. 2. A girl's name. 3. The title of a popular story. ABRIE B. LEONARD.

No. 2.

PROGRESSIVE TRIANGLE.

1. A letter. 2. A parent. 3. A confederate in crime. 4. To become insipid. 5. Among Romans, a large upper garment. 6. A Greek word, meaning degrees of wisdom. ODELL CYCLOPE.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 350

- No. 1.—Starch (that, cart, star, cats, tats, chat, arch, cast, oacht, cart, cart, rats).
- No. 2.—Wordsworth, Landor, Browning, Howe, Southey, Keats.

No. 3.—

P  
B A A  
P A N S H  
Y

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Jennie W. Dodson, Jessie B. D., Richard W., Fannie Evans, Franklin, Jan., Ida Diamond, Corlies Morgan, Edith Cladon, Mary B. Wells, Anna Cladon, Maggie and Maimie Brown, Cockade City, Jay Altch, Jumbo, C. H. Furstenberg, Minnie Willamson, Beatrice Atkin, Emma L., Anne and Edith, Edith, Grimes, and Alice P. Clark. Odell Cyclone, Hattie A. Hale, Harry Howard Hemstreet, Alice W. Talant, Alice W. F., Nellie B. Edith, Grimes, and Alice P. Clark. Clara L. Thompson, M. H. A. S. H., Clifford Sherman, Betsey Bobbit, Russell W., Eloise Holland, Katero, Anna Mohler, Nancy Lee, and Marshall.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2nd and 3rd pages of cover.]



### A QUEER COUPLE.

WHO would ever imagine that a devoted friendship could exist between a goose and a cow? Yet there was such a one once, for I have it on good authority. Moreover, that goose behaved just as I have seen some little human geese do; it thought itself the most powerful and important thing in the world, and ruled poor old obedient, down-trodden Mooly just as I have seen you order about Tim, or Bridget, or big brother John, and even grandpa and grandma, as if they were not three or four times as big as yourselves, and could not double you up and put you in their pockets any time they liked—that is to say, if their pockets were big enough.

Well, Mooly really did not dare say that her soul was her own. Goosie took full charge of her. Every morning she led the way to pasture, and Mooly followed. At night she simply reversed

constraint unendurable, give way to a fit of indignation, and kill her feathered adorer? We can never know.

### LITTLE WEATHER-WISE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

**R**OSY little Dimplecheeks  
Came panting in from play,  
Tired out and sleepy too,  
'Twas such a scorching day.

On my knee she dozed awhile,  
Then said, as up she looked,  
"Folks called winter weather raw;  
I think *this* must be cooked."

### A Philosopher.

O what though summer suns are hot.  
And buggins flies prevail.  
Though weary nurses fall asleep.  
And dinner-bottles fail.  
What reck's the small Philosopher.  
When such misfortunes come.  
He kicks his little  
heels in air.  
And sucks his  
precious thumb.





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## THE NONANTICOOK BOAT CLUB VERSUS JOHNNY MAXWELL.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

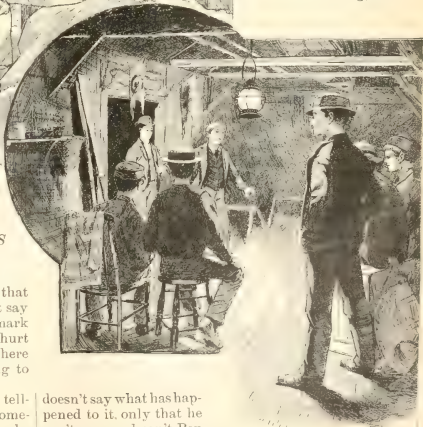
"I've always thought as much as any of you that Johnny Maxwell was a square fellow, but I must say this looks *queer*," Dave Prescott emphasized this remark by significant head-shakings. "If he was going to hurt his arm, why couldn't he do it a week ago, when there would have been time to get somebody into training to take his place as stroke oar?"

There was a general murmur of assent to this as a telling proposition, although Lanse Trevor did protest somewhat faintly, "A fellow can't hurt himself just when he wants to, you know."

"Of course you're a particular friend of his," said Dave, as if that accounted for Lanse's lack of logic.

"I shouldn't be if I thought he had done anything crooked about this." And Lanse's very freckles seemed to radiate indignation at the thought. What was friendship to him compared to the honor of the club?

"He comes down here this morning, the very day before the race," continued Dave, "with his arm all bandaged up and in a sling, and he



doesn't say what has happened to it, only that he can't row, and can't Ben Burbeck take his place?

Anybody knows that would be giving the race to the Rob Roys."

Excited assent was expressed all around the group.

"Why wasn't he elected president again?" Dave went on, impressively. "Because he was known to be too intimate with Gus Freeland, the president of the Rob Roys. His sister is a friend of the Freeland girls, and his cousin, Tatie Schuyler, from New York, an awfully stylish girl, with bangs and bangles and things, is visiting there. And that isn't all" (Dave, like a skilful lawyer, led gradually up to his strongest argument): "I heard this morning that he was going on a cruise in the *Philopena*!"

The *Philopena* was a famous yacht owned by Gus Freeland's father. There wasn't a boy in Nonanticook who didn't regard a sail on board her as a privilege almost beyond price.

"He has sold the race!" said Dolly Treat, thrusting his hands into his pockets with gloomy conviction.

A silence "as deep as a groan" followed these awful words of Dolly's. It was broken at length by Lanse Trevor, who said, "I don't believe Johnny Maxwell would do such a thing."

But Lanse didn't say it as he could say things when he was really aroused. Johnny wouldn't tell even him (Lanse), his great friend, what had happened to his arm, and he did seem to treat very lightly the appalling prospect of the Nonanticooks being beaten by the Rob Roys. He knew Ben Burbeck was the only boy in the club who was used to rowing stroke, and Ben—well, he could row, but he was the kind of boy who never seems to succeed; if they ever tried to show off a bit, he went to catching crabs, and he would run upon rocks where rocks had never been known before; he would be sure to "foul," or do something to lose the race. It would have been bad enough for Johnny to be so careless as to hurt his arm at such a time, but to refuse all explanation of the cause!—Lanse felt that he could not conscientiously stand up for his dearest friend under such circumstances.

Lanse's opinion had great weight in the club, not only because he was the son of Judge Trevor, the wealthiest and most influential man in the town, but because he was known to be "square," which meant honorable and truthful, and indeed embraced almost all the virtues in Nonanticook vernacular. Lanse had a brother who was just the opposite of "square." Dick Trevor was a sore trial and disgrace to his parents; he would associate with the East End boys, "roughs" who were the terror of the town, and his father was constantly threatening to send him to the reform school. Dick had tried in vain to become a member of the boat club; that organization was very particular about the morals of its members. Perhaps the contrast between Dick and himself made Lanse more conscious of his virtues than he would otherwise have been, and this consciousness made him somewhat lacking in charity toward evil-doers. He was "too hard on Dick," some of the boys thought, and now it was evident that he was not going to manifest much charity toward his best friend, Johnny Maxwell. Most of the boys had already decided that Johnny was a traitor; but there were a few weaker spirits ready to follow wherever President Lansing Trevor led, and a few more generous ones who wanted sorely to believe that Johnny had done nothing dishonorable.

"I don't believe that he would do such a thing," repeated Lanse. "But if he did, he must be expelled."

There was a gasp of astonishment. Nobody had been prepared for such a summary measure, not even Dave Prescott. And yet treason deserved nothing less.

The Nonanticook had had a hard struggle for existence; its members were younger than those of any other club on the North Shore, and some of them had not a large supply of pocket-money; they had been forced to turn their backs on the charms of base-ball and bicycling, upon the tempting displays in Lollipop's shop windows in the

village, and to hear themselves called "mean" at Christmas-time and holiday spreads. Now they owned some well-built boats and a trim and tasteful little boat-house, and they could beat "anything of their size"; and they had only once been beaten by the Rob Roys of Flingham—boys who were two or three years older than they on an average.

"I move we call a meeting at once," said Lanse, "to decide what we shall do for a stroke oar in to-morrow's race, and to give Johnny a chance to defend himself."

This was agreed upon, and Phonsy Chubbs, the secretary, was deputed to write a note to Johnny Maxwell asking him to "present himself before a meeting of the club in the boat-house at 1 P.M., and further explain the cause which had led to his failing the club in its emergency." The tone of the communication had originally been much loftier, for Secretary Chubbs was possessed of rhetorical abilities which he liked to display, but it had been sharpened down by the frank criticism of the other members to its present business-like form.

Only one member objected to it now, and that was little Tom Wingate, famous only as a champion "leap-frogger," and of no particular consequence otherwise. "I say, let's just go and ask him what's the matter, without such a fuss. That letter is enough to make a fellow mad."

But no notice was taken of little Tom, the note was sent, and at five minutes past one, just as the meeting was proceeding to business, Johnny Maxwell appeared in the doorway, looking somewhat pale, and with his arm in a sling.

"I don't know what you mean by further explanation," he said, in an informal manner which was not thought to be altogether respectful to the club. "I told you that I had hurt my arm so I couldn't row, and that I didn't care to tell anybody how it happened. And I haven't anything more to say about it." There was a slight quiver in Johnny's voice, although he looked very firm; his mouth seemed little more than a straight line when he closed it, and his eyes wandered around the group as if in search of some sympathetic face.

"You know, Maxwell, we can't help thinking it looks rather queer," said Dave Prescott, who was nothing if not a ready spokesman.

"You're at liberty to think just what you please," said Johnny, and turned and walked away.

There was dead silence for a moment. Then, "I move that John Q. Maxwell be expelled from this club," said President Lanse, in an awful voice.

"I think, you know, that we'd better attend to the race first," piped up little Tom Wingate. "We can expel a fellow any day, but we haven't much time to keep the Rob Roys from beating us."

This was recognized by the club as sound sense, although it was only little Tom Wingate who uttered it, and the meeting immediately proceeded to the business of providing a stroke oar for the next day's race.

Ben Burbeck being present, some hesitation was at first shown in discussing his fitness for the place, but it was not long before the meeting lost both its formality and its politeness, and Ben Burbeck's ears were assailed by noisy and confused demands as to whether he thought he could keep from starting before the word "Go," and discovering rocks, etc., all of which did not tend to allay Ben's nervousness, the real cause of his "unluckiness." Phonsy Chubbs manifested some ambition to try his hand at the stroke, but Ben's experience and superior muscle carried the day.

Every member of the club looked forward to the race with a terrible doubt and fear, very different from the calm assurance they had felt when Johnny was to be the stroke; for the Rob Roys had not a "man" who was a match for Johnny.

"We'll have to attend to Maxwell's case as soon as the race is over," said the president, as the meeting adjourned.

Lon Herrick was examining one of the boats, and taking down from the wall a flag which his sister was going to mend, when he suddenly uttered a cry that hushed all the other boys. The moving of the boat and the drawing aside of the flag had exposed smoke-stained walls and burnt and crumbling planks drenched with water. "This boat-house has been set on fire!" cried Lon.

There was a Babel of wrath and dismay. Lanse for a moment was silent, then his voice rang out above all the others. "Johnny Maxwell's hurt is a *burn*," he said.

"He might have got it putting out the fire, if it is," piped little Tom Wingate's voice, breaking an impressive silence that followed Lanse's speech.

The boys were eagerly examining the extent of the disaster.

"Here's where the fire caught, and the floor was saturated with oil," said Lon Herrick. "Somebody must have worked to put it out."

"Perhaps that was Johnny Maxwell," said Tom Wingate. "If he did, and won't tell of it, then he is trying to screen some of those Rob Roys," said Lanse.

"Do you suppose any of them would be bad enough to do it?" said Lon Herrick.

"I don't know who else would want to do it. Anyway, we have a right to know all that Johnny Maxwell knows about it; and if he refuses to tell, he is a traitor, and I move that we expel him without delay."

And in the excitement of the moment Secretary Chubbs was deputed to write a communication which informed Johnny, with great pomposity of diction, that he was no longer a member of the club. There was but one dissenting voice, and that was the voice of little Tom Wingate.

As the boys left the boat-house and walked along the village street, Johnny Maxwell came hurrying toward them.

"I've seen Gus Freeland," he said, eagerly, although not without some embarrassment, "and he says he thinks the Rob Roys will be willing to postpone the race for two weeks, and the doctor says I can row by that time."

"We want to know first who set fire to the boat-house," said Lanse, severely.

"If I know anything about it, I sha'n't tell," said Johnny, firmly, but growing very red in the face, "except that I think the damage will be paid for."

"We don't care so much about the damage, but we don't want to harbor traitors," said Lanse, losing his temper.

"You'd better give him the paper," said Dave Prescott to Phonsy Chubbs.

Johnny opened the sealed envelop which Secretary Chubbs gave him, and turned quickly away so the boys could not see his face; but they saw a little whirlwind of white scraps, and knew that he had scornfully torn up the carefully prepared notice of his expulsion.

"I almost think we'd better have made it up with him," said Lon Herrick. "It's awful to think of that race!"

It was truly awful when the race came off, for poor Ben Burbeck lost his head at a critical moment, and "fouled" so dreadfully that the race was declared "off."

"I don't suppose we shall ever have a stroke to fill Johnny Maxwell's place," said Lon Herrick, disconsolately, at the regular Wednesday evening meeting of the club. The general tone of the meeting was somewhat despondent; there was beginning to be a reaction in Johnny's favor, and the leaders in his expulsion were blamed more or less openly.

"You'd be glad you didn't have him if you had heard what I have," said Dave Prescott, coming in almost breathless. Dave had a way of picking up news; he had always "heard something." "You know old Whittaker's cigar and candy shop at Flingham Point was broken into last Thursday night—*Thursday night*, mind you! Well, the old man came near catching the burglars as they were

getting out of a window. He says he knows they were Nonanticook boys, and *boys that nobody would think such a thing of*. And he hit one of them an awful whack with his cane on the arm, and he is looking for a *Nonanticook boy who has been carrying his arm in a sling since last Thursday night*."

"Oh, now, that's going too far! Johnny Maxwell wasn't the boy," cried several voices.

"Harry Gooding slept with Johnny that night, and he woke about four o'clock, and found Johnny gone. He didn't come back till almost eight o'clock. Harry says, and then he could hardly stand, and was as white as a sheet, and had his arm bandaged, and he wouldn't tell Harry where he had been."

"I don't really think Johnny Maxwell ever did such a thing as that," said Lanse, slowly; "but this club has always been very particular; we couldn't consider a boy a member who had laid himself liable to such suspicions, and refused all explanation."

The meeting was interrupted by the appearance of another breathless belated member. It was little Tom Wingate, and he drew after him a tall, slouching, somewhat reluctant boy, as a little puffing tug draws a steamer.

"Mr. President and gentlemen, you'll please listen to a few remarks from Mr. Richard Trevor," panted Tom.

"Dick!" exclaimed Lanse, flushing to the roots of his hair (Lanse was terribly ashamed of his brother Dick).

Dick surveyed the toes of his shoes with intense interest, then, being vigorously nudged by Tom Wingate, he began: "Mr. President and—all you other fellows, it wasn't Johnny Maxwell that old Whittaker caught stealing his candy and cigars, 'cause 'twas me. And it wasn't Johnny Maxwell that set this boat-house on fire, 'cause that was me. He put it out, and put me out, or I shouldn't be alive now. I came in here after I'd been down to Flingham Point; got in through the window, because I didn't dare to go home; and I knocked over my lantern and spilled the oil, and then I suppose I threw a burning match down that I'd lighted to find a soft place to sleep. I woke almost suffocated with smoke, and with my clothes on fire. Johnny Maxwell was pulling me out into the air. He was so anxious about the race that he had come down as soon as 'twas light to look after things. He worked like a major putting that fire out. I couldn't do much, 'cause old Whittaker had given my right arm a whack. I knew that if it came out that I wasn't at home that night, I should be arrested for the robbery, and 'twould kill my mother, and I begged Johnny not to tell, and I promised him I'd never go with those East End fellows again, nor drink nor smoke till I was twenty-one. He made me sign a paper, and I'm going to keep it."

Dick held up his head as not one of them had ever seen him. "I've been threatened and coaxed and everything, but nothing ever seemed to *come across my feelings* like Johnny Maxwell's bearing all that blame for me. But I don't know as I should have had the courage to come here and tell of it if Tom Wingate hadn't made me. And I've got one thing more to say: I used to want to belong to this club, but—well, I've been a pretty mean fellow *myself*—but I don't want to now."

The Nonanticook Boat Club as a whole seemed ashamed of itself. Its dignified president looked abject and its spokesman was dumb. The meeting seemed about to break up in a kind of confused dismay, when Johnny Maxwell appeared, having been previously told by Tom Wingate that his presence would be desired.

"We don't know what to say, Johnny, we feel so awfully—cheap," said the president, huskily.

"Oh, don't say anything about that," said Johnny, lightly, although there was a quiver in his voice. "I suppose it was provoking for me not to tell. What we've got to attend to is beating the Rob Roys next week—handsomely."



"SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK! OH, POLLY, I WISH YOU'D LEARN TO TALK!"

## FALSE WITNESS.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLY HOISE," "JOE'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### FANNY'S CONFESSION.

FANNY and Louise had thoroughly enjoyed lunching in the beautiful dining-room with Mrs. Mostyn. The dainty luxuries of the table, the perfect attendance of old Parker, the whole air of hospitality, good-breeding, and home comfort impressed Fanny in a way she could scarcely define. Louise accepted everything more quietly, and from in some ways a different point of view. To her it seemed almost enough to encounter Mrs. Mostyn's gentle, compassionate gaze, to be conscious that the old lady's voice was very tender when she spoke to her, and to feel the pressure of the kind hand in hers, when, after luncheon, they were waiting for the carriage. All the rest seemed only a luxurious setting for these pleasures, something which kindled the warmth they produced in Louise's often lonely little heart; but Fanny mingled everything in a more confused and rapturous manner. She was almost too excited by her delight in being Mrs. Mostyn's guest to mind what was before her, and as they drove first to Dr. Clinton's, she could scarcely realize that she had anything to "retreat" or to apologize for. Guy accompanied them, and while Mrs. Mostyn made the young people understand the importance of their errand, she also managed her words of counsel and reproof so they should not feel too deeply a sense of humiliation. The main point was to set the gossip at rest, and on entering Mrs. Clinton's pretty drawing-room and being warmly received, the old lady rushed at once into the reason of her visit.

"Mrs. Clinton," she said, quickly, holding the hand of the Doctor's wife in hers, while Guy and the two girls hung back a little, "we have come here on what you may think a strange errand. It appears that a young friend of mine named Agnes Leigh came to Halcom this past summer hoping to find me at home, and to seek some employment suited to her years. If I had been in America, she would have had all the care and protection my home and my love could give, and if I find her now, as I hope I will, they shall be hers. It appears that some foolish talk was started about her, beginning, as I understand it, here in your parlor."

Guy moved forward and said, hurriedly: "The night of the party, when Agnes Leigh played the violin. Don't you remember, Mrs. Clinton? Please, aunt, let me say that I was mean enough to wonder about her, and laugh at her being here all alone, and at her playing."

"You laughed because I made you," said Fanny, roused to a spirit of actual remorse as the evening in question came back to her, and with her eyes on the piano at the distant end of the room, she could see Agnes's slim little figure in the shabby green dress, and hear once again the strains of the delicious cavatina which she had played so well. "Mrs. Clinton," she added, moving nearer to the two older ladies, and speaking very eagerly, "I think I was the one who started the talk about Agnes that evening, and really and truly, when I come to think of it, I did not know anything about her. It all seemed sort of queer, you know, that a mere child like that should be here all by herself, and playing the fiddle too, and that there must be a mystery. I don't remember what I said, but I am quite sure I was the first."

Fanny's face flushed, half with mortification, half embarrassment, and with perhaps just a touch of satisfaction in the sense that she had acquitted herself well.

She knew that Mrs. Mostyn was pleased, and it touched the girl's heart. Mrs. Clinton had not been a physician's wife for twenty years without learning to be ready with



her sympathy, and to be tolerant of mistaken judgment. She held her hand out to Guy and Fanny.

"And we were to blame too," she said, warmly. "How easily we allowed ourselves to become prejudiced is shown by the fact"—she laughed a little—"that little Fanny Pier-son here was able to start such a ball rolling. Not that I want to disparage your youth, my dear; but when you come to think of it, it was very absurd."

Mrs. Clinton seemed to regard it in the light of a joke, and Mrs. Mostyn quickly interposed: "Fortunately it may turn out to be *only* amusing. But, Mrs. Clinton, I have lost sight of poor Agnes—I can find no clew to her whereabouts, just owing to this—amusing mistake about her, and now I do want every one to remember whatever they can about the last seen of her, and help me to trace the child of who might have been my own daughter."

The whole Clinton household, Dick foremost in his readiness to serve Mrs. Mostyn, was roused to sympathetic effort. From the Clintons' Mrs. Mostyn and her young friends drove to the Blands', the Macys', and the Lewises', where discussions somewhat similar to the first were repeated, and before night had fallen the tide in Agnes's favor was turned far more decidedly than it had ever been against her, and Mrs. Lewis, comparing notes with the Doctor's wife, declared that henceforward, whenever she wanted to get to the bottom of anything, she would follow Mrs. Mostyn's example.

"Nothing like finding out the beginning of any such mischief-making," said Kate's mother, apologetically. "When we came to talk it over, Fanny Pier-son reminded me that she had spoken to my Kitty first, and that it was my overhearing part of the conversation which prejudiced me. There really is nothing like going straight to the bottom of gossip to find out what it is really worth."

And Mrs. Bland in her husband's study cried softly, thinking how easily she had been made to think hardly of the poor child, who, for all they knew, might now be starving and alone in some great city.

Mr. Bland's sermon on the text, "Comfort ye one another," was, I think, due in part to this afternoon's experience, and some of the things he had heard Mrs. Mostyn say. At least many of his hearers believed that it was so, and he himself went home wishing that he and his wife could be among the first to welcome Agnes back again.

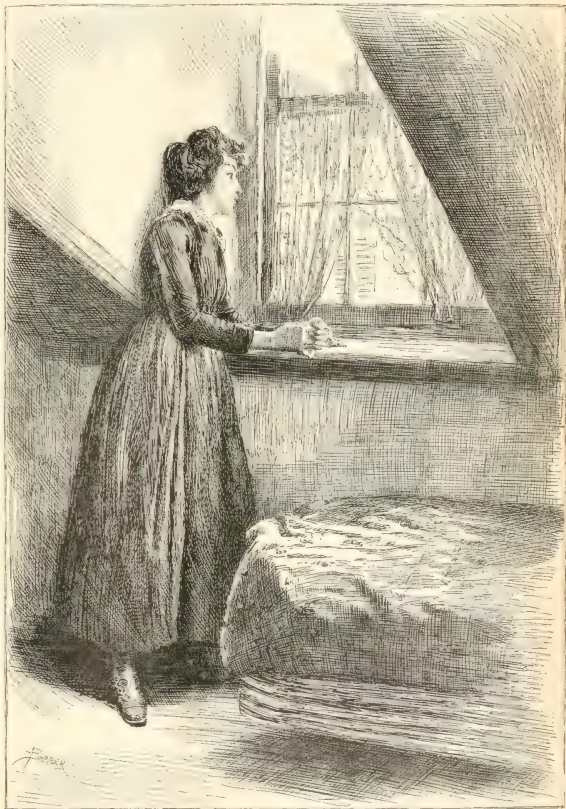
But Mrs. Mostyn and Guy, sitting in the library at Brier Lawn, were not as sure as they had been that the day would come when they would welcome the poor little stranger so inhospitably and cruelly driven from their gates.

Mrs. Mostyn had telegraphed to the superintendent of the Dorefield prison, and learned that Herman Leigh was dead.

"All that we can do now, Guy, is to go to Boston and see Mrs. Robertson, and perhaps find some clew to the poor child's whereabouts." Guy turned from the window, where he had been watching the hurrying snow-flakes as they whitened the lawn under the old elm-trees.

"But, Aunt Eunice," the boy exclaimed, "perhaps she is cold and hungry now somewhere, and what if we should never find her?"

"The widow and the fatherless!" quoted Mrs. Mostyn.



"AGNES WAS ALONE IN HER LITTLE ATTIC ROOM."

"Let us be hopeful, Guy; remember that it is for such as these He has promised us His succor. The poor little storm lamb! We can only pray that somewhere on this night He is tempering the wind for her."

But at that moment Agnes was alone in her little attic room, looking out on the same snow-storm, and wondering whether it would be possible for her to take Jennie Alger's part the following night. Could she stand about in those draughty passages behind the scenes? Could she rush out with the troupe of fairies, and sing the two verses which Sarah had been going over and over again with her? Her head ached feverishly, and there was a queer, tightening sort of pain all the time in her side.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CANOE "TALKS."

BY THE COMMODORE OF THE NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.

### II.—PADDLES AND UPSETS.

**B**ETWEEN the date of the first "canoe talk" and the time appointed for the second, the Archer boys thought of little else. They carefully studied their note-books, and explained all that Mr. Russell had told them to their father and mother. As a result, it was decided that Ben, being the eldest, should have a "Nautilus" canoe all to himself, and that, for this summer at least, Aleck and Bob should have a "Peterboro'" between them.

Promptly at four o'clock on Monday afternoon they presented themselves at the club-house, where they found Mr. Russell, clad in bathing costume, awaiting them. He fully approved of the family decision regarding the style of canoes they should get, and said that their present "talk" should be illustrated by the practical workings of two canoes exactly similar to those they proposed to have.

"To begin with," said he, "can you all swim?"

"Of course we can," answered all three, a little scornfully.

"Well, I've seen boys who couldn't," said Mr. Russell, "and am very glad that you can, for the first step toward becoming a canoeist is to know how to swim. Now get into these bathing suits as quickly as you can, while I lift the canoes out."

When the boys came out from the dressing-room, they found lying on the float in front of the canoe-house three canoes—a "Nautilus," a "Peterboro'," and a "Rob Roy." In the first was a double-bladed paddle, but everything else movable, including the cockpit hatches, had been removed.

"She is for your use, Ben," said Mr. Russell, "and I want you to put her in the water, get into her, and paddle off. Lift her by the stem, slide her into the water on an even keel, stern first, and bring her alongside. There! Now step exactly in the middle, bend forward, and hold your body as low as possible. Above all, remember to take hold of the two sides of the boat, and not rest one hand on the float and the other on your canoe. You will almost certainly capsize if you do. Sit flat on the bottom, brace your feet against that stretcher, and lean back against this little board. Now put your paddle together. You see it is jointed, like two sections of a fishing-rod, for convenience in stowing in the canoe, and so that one blade may be turned at right angles with the other, in order to feather when paddling against the wind. Paddle first on one side, then on the other, and, to avoid a wetting from the drippings of the blades, hold the paddle as nearly horizontal as possible, barely dipping the blades beneath the surface of the water."

Then Mr. Russell launched the "Peterboro'," which was provided with metallic air-tight compartments at either end, and contained two single paddles and two little cushions covered with sheep's-wool.

"Get into the stern, Aleck, placing both hands on the

sides of the canoe and stepping exactly in the middle. Carefully! So! Now kneel on that cushion, and partially sit against that stretcher that looks like a very narrow thwart. Bob, you get into the bow in the same manner. Take up your paddles, and hold them out over opposite sides of the canoe. Place the inner hand on the very top of the paddle, and the outer well down toward the blade. There! Steady! and off you go."

Then Mr. Russell launched his "Rob Roy," and stepping lightly into her, started after his pupils.

After the boys had paddled about for some time, and were beginning to feel quite at home in their canoes, Mr. Russell suddenly called out, "Now for upsets," and sprang from his little "Rob Roy" into the water.

Coming to the surface, and bidding the boys watch his every movement closely, as this was part of the "talk," he first caught his paddle, and unjointing it laid it carefully in the bottom of the canoe. Then resting his left hand on the side nearest him, and reaching far across the cockpit to the opposite gunwale with the right, he extended his body horizontally on the water by beating with his feet, and then quickly drew himself directly across the cockpit of his canoe, from which position he had no trouble in regaining his seat.

After this he upset his canoe, turned it completely over, righted it, got in, and took his seat as before, bailed out the water, and was ready to resume paddling.

The boys were delighted with these performances, and having observed every motion carefully, were themselves able, after half an hour's practice, to upset their canoes, right them, and get into them again. To be sure, they nearly filled them with water each time that they did so, whereas Mr. Russell had only taken a few gallsions into his.

While they were dressing, after returning their canoes to the club-house, Mr. Russell gave the boys a few more points on paddles, saying:

"It is well to have your paddle made fast to the canoe by a light line long enough to allow you to use it freely, so that in case of a sudden upset it will not be lost.

"Always have the tips of your paddles bound with brass, as you will have frequent occasion to use them as push poles.

"The best length for a double paddle is nine feet, and for a single five feet.

"Do not try to paddle directly against a strong head-wind; it is much easier, and shorter in the end, to take a zigzag course.

"That is all for to-day. Come down here again Wednesday afternoon, and I will tell you something about 'Sails and Sailing.'"

## CROQUET.

AN OLD GAME MADE NEW.

BY CHARLES HULL BOTSFOORD.

**I**F you are inclined to pursue the science of croquet as it is practised by members of the American Croquet Association, I would have you lay aside hard-won but useless knowledge of the old-fashioned game which once had its wickets on every well-kept lawn. Scientific croquet has lost the picturesqueness of its earlier model, but it has gained by degrees every important particular of an absorbing pastime, demanding on the part of the player the highest qualities of nerve, judgment, patience, and skill.

I am a votary of both games, but compared with tennis, I unhesitatingly give the palm to croquet. A fine field is like a chess-board. To the skilled player each piece has its value, each position its advantage. The variations are endless, and from opening to finish the marplot chance has not a leg nor a place to stand on. Well do I remember the first time I essayed the modern game. It was on the grounds of James W. Tufts, in Martha's Vineyard. Skill-

ed on a velvet lawn to carry a wooden ball around a field of six-inch wickets, I took up a mallet made of hard rubber with a foot-long handle, and measured the sandy parallelogram with my eye, confident of easy triumph. The wickets looked stanch; the rubber balls glistened in new paint. In imagination I saw myself making the tour of the field in a succession of brilliant plays. My part in that game was played wholly in imagination. I found by repeated experiments that a ball three and a quarter inches in diameter would invariably swell on approaching a wicket only a trifle wider than itself.

When it came to the rules and government of the game, I found the old traditions set at naught at every turn. The necessity of boundaries brought in a new element. The nature of the ground abolished the service of the foot in "tight" croquet. The difficulty of making the long and narrow cage suggested different means of approach to it. The certainty that a ball would go straight to its objective if the stroke was right taught the use of the wire in placing your adversary at a disadvantage in making his succeeding play, while the development and progress of the game often made that means of "tying up" of no avail after he had mastered the mysteries of the "jump shot."

For several years New England kept the scientific game to herself. Meetings of the leading players were held in 1880 and 1881 in New Ipswich, New Hampshire, where two fine courts were built by the home club. In 1882 the American Croquet Association was formed, and held its first meeting in New York. Since then the Association has built fine grounds in Norwich, Connecticut, and holds annual tournaments there, beginning the third Tuesday in August, and continuing for a week.

The Association's book of rules contains full directions for building the courts, and a description of the implements of the game; but a few general directions on this head may be of interest to the reader.

To build a croquet court let him select a well-shaded spot which will afford a space eighty by forty-five feet. Avoid the shelter of fruit trees like the mulberry, which sheds its fruit over the ground during the entire croquet season. One mulberry has been known to break up a whole game. The subsoil may be of clay or loam, and the first endeavor should be to make it perfectly level. The top-dressing of loam should be well mixed with fine dark sand and sifted. The boundary boards, about three inches high, should have corner pieces eighteen inches in length, and the boundary line is drawn about three feet inside of these boards. Balls are returned to a place on the line opposite where they stop.

To keep the ground free from grass and weeds salt may be used. Rock-salt well rolled in will also help to maintain a damp surface. It is, however, desirable to build the courts accessible to water, which may be applied with a hose or sprinkler. In addition you will want a heavy roller, and a drag made of light carpet or matting, to give the surface a proper consistency and regularity. After a ground has been played on for a year it will need but little attention. The player soon discovers that there is very little pleasure in playing on a poor ground.

The wickets should be made of steel set in hollow iron supports, so that they can be withdrawn in rolling the ground. They should be not more than four inches in width and eight inches above ground. Tournament games are played on three and one-half inch wickets. The centre or "cage" wicket is made of two ordinary wickets set eighteen inches apart, and at right angles with the other wickets. These centre wickets are only three and one-half inches wide.

When the ground will admit of it, the stakes should be placed seventy feet apart. The first seven feet in front of the stake; the second, seven feet from the first; the third, fourteen feet to the right and one foot in advance of the second; the fourth, at right angles to and twenty-two feet

in advance of the second; the remaining five at the same relative distances. Thus there will be five in line between the stakes and four wing wickets.

The mallets should be of hard wood, amaranth or box-wood preferred, or of hard rubber, or, according to the latest idea invented by Colburn, of Norwich, of amaranth with rubber ends screwed on to avoid the danger of splitting. The head is also secured by nickel or brass bands. The handle, which is screwed into the head, may be of any length from eight to fifteen inches. The long-handled mallet has been almost discarded of late years by Association players.

The order of colors is red, white, blue, and black. To make these colors, use a preparation of shel-lac dissolved in alcohol, mixing with Chinese vermilion for red, Prussian blue and zinc or flake white for blue, and zinc or flake-white for white. Add four "clips," the colors of the balls, to indicate their changing position in the game, and the outfit is complete.

In the revised game there are always four balls, and usually but two players, although in social games four persons may be engaged, each with his own ball, though playing double, that is, two against two. The game is opened for choice of balls and order of play by scoring from the upper border for an imaginary line drawn through the middle wicket. A ball is in play as soon as it is in position on a line half-way between the stake and the first wicket.

The most approved opening for the red ball is into one of the lower corners of the ground. The white then follows into the other corner; blue plays to red, and black to get to partner or opponent by a carom through the first wicket. This wire carom is made by some players with such uniform success that their opponents prefer to bunch the balls on the border in the middle rather than in the lower corners. Sometimes, though rarely, the field is run and the points all made in one play by the third ball, in which case the only absolutely safe place on the ground is secured by hiding the three balls in play against the fourth player, on a line directly behind the starting stake. Any one who tries this feat will get an inkling of the science involved in the apparently simple game of croquet. Running the field with the second ball has never been done to my knowledge in a match game. In practice games two Association players have succeeded in the attempt. Supposing that black has picked up the balls on the fourth play, unless he has one ball in the field, that is, inside the border, his play is to set the game up for his partner, white. To do this he must put a wire, or as many as possible, between red and the other balls. And here comes the opportunity for the practice of the jump shot. I have seen the next player strike his ball in such a manner as to make it leap two feet in the air, and after surmounting the stake and two wickets shoot swiftly the length of the ground, and go crashing into the enemies' "set up," spoiling a prospective long run in the twinkling of an eye.

If this shot misses—and it may be said for the benefit of the beginner that it demands more practice than any fancy play in tennis or lacrosse—white has the field before him, and may make the tour of it by careful "nursing" and manipulation.

The most approved method of play introduced by Jacobus, of New Brunswick, leaves the next playing ball behind the third wicket when running it, continuing with two balls.

To make the centre, a ball must be left close by to play from, else the run is broken. Having passed the Rubicon, the way is clear to the careful player until he reaches it on the return trip.

If he does not succeed in putting blue behind the third wicket, he should bring it in as soon as he has reached the turning stake, and either leave it behind that obstacle or carry it to the lower side and drop it behind the wire, pro





A CROQUET TOURNAMENT.

ceeding thence to make the middle, and, if possible, complete the run.

In the description this seems easy; in practice it is surprising how many obstacles interrupt the play. A position is not squarely obtained, and the ball sticks in the wicket; a ball rolls an inch too far, and lodges behind a wire; a "freeze" occurs, and the play must cease; in taking a loose croquet the player fails to move the other ball, or in making a wicket, to move his clip—and when he has overcome all these difficulties, he may fail in the last event in putting the balls against the home stake in succession, in which case both are still in the game, and he may lose the victory just as it seemed in his grasp.

In a game with Jacobus this season the writer was stopped by a ball on which he had played rolling between his ball and the stake. The play was a careless one, and was only redeemed by a jump shot, by which the stake was hit and the play continued. In the tournament game between the same players last season, at Norwich, Jacobus won by a wire carom from the side wicket to the cage. The shot was declared an impossible one before it was done. It may be added, however, that the narrowing of the wickets to three and one-half inches will prevent the repetition of such a shot in future tournament games.

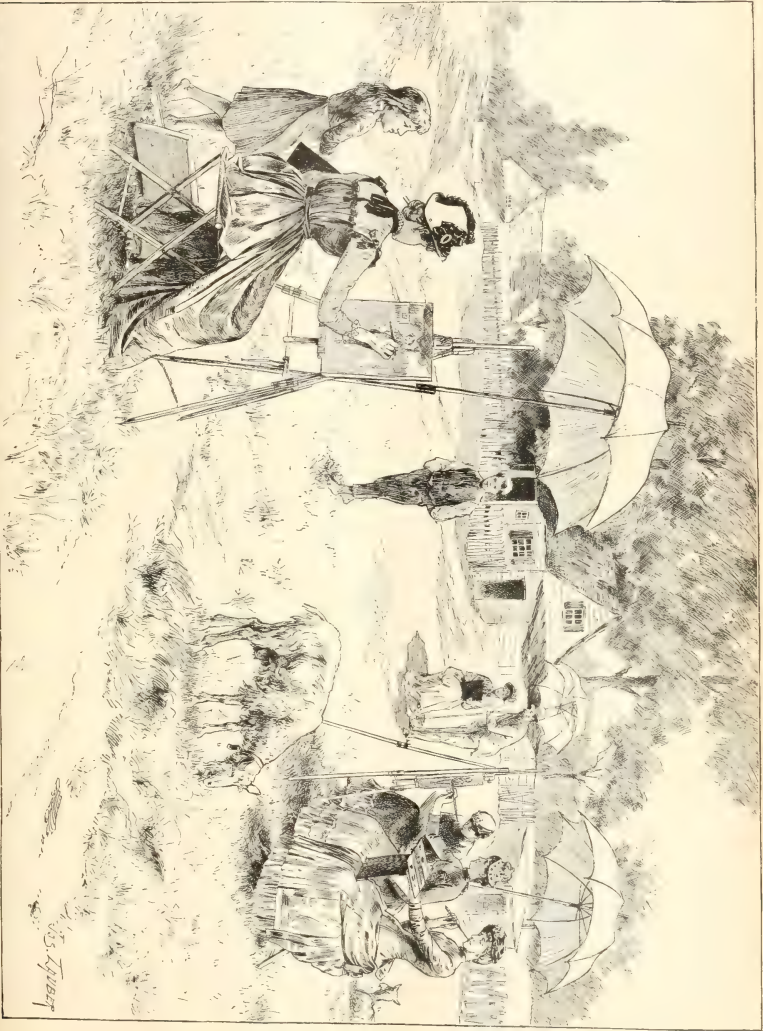
The Association players, as a rule, use but one hand, grasping the mallet very near the head. Some, however, take hold with both hands, even swinging the mallet between the feet—an awkward position, but one that brings down a ball at long range.

In the new clubs, however, a number of young men

are becoming quite expert with the mallet. Among the boys still in their teens who sometimes beat their fathers and those who taught them, are George Jacobus, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, John Jenks, of Norwich, Connecticut, and Robert Germond, of Tremont, New York. A game between these boys at Norwich last year attracted considerable attention. Any reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE who wants "points" on the game will do well to address these juniors on the subject.

There is one cardinal rule in the game which is generally violated by the beginner. Never play for position unless you have another shot in which to attempt the wicket, and play for the ball instead of the wicket unless you are so near the latter that you cannot well miss it. Even in this case, if by making the point you are carried further from the balls, it is better to play for them and let the point go. In making runs the balls should be kept as close together as possible. Long shots and "drives" must be practised some time before the beginner becomes proficient. In making the jump shot the ball must be struck nearly on top with a quick, hard blow. In the "loose" croquet the playing ball must be pushed with the face of the mallet or it cannot be struck the length of a modern ground, but it must not be struck twice, nor can the "push" shot be allowed in a direct play from behind a wire. Above all rules the player should hold the obligation of keeping temper and patience. In the modern game there is no necessity for a word to be spoken between the players. Disputed points should be referred to an umpire, and his decision considered final.





"THE SUN HAD SHEDDING THE SHADOWS VERY SMALL WHEN THEY ARRIVED IN SIGHT OF THE SKETCHING CABIN."—SEE "THE DRAWING CABIN," PAGE 634.

## THE DRAWING CLUB.\*

BY ALICE DONLEVY.

V.

FOR several Saturdays the club found the centre table bright with large flowers. After dogwood blossoms were drawn, tulips had their "likenesses taken." Pansies followed plentifully; the pencil drawings were prettier than the black-board attempts. As two of the five petal parts of the pansy are nearly black, it is just as difficult to represent this flower on a black ground as it is to show white daisies on a white ground. Drawing the pansy larger than life made it look coarse. So Clarita and others of the club stopped using the black-board, and drew on paper.

Then came the difficulty of representing small flowers. It was hard for those who had not gone through the drill of drawing round objects with a teacher. Few flowers are flat-faced like the pansy. Most blossoms need the knowledge gained by drawing the outside of a vase and the inside view of a bowl. So more than half the club complained that their drawings did not "look like anything."

Leonard consulted the "landlord" one Saturday night. The "tenants" would leave, he said, if something new was not thought out soon, for two-thirds of the club were discouraged.

"Father," suggested Leonard, "I would like to treat the club. I have this year saved up five dollars; will you ask some artist to come here just once, and show us what to do next? I will pay for it out of my own money."

Dr. Lee listened patiently to his son's hopes and fears for the Drawing Club.

"Doctor," suggested Aunt Ida, "why not take Leonard to consult some artist? You see he is willing to pay his own consultation fee."

Dr. Lee promised to think it over, and advised Leonard to collect the best of the club drawings in a portfolio, adding that it was wiser to appeal to an artist's eyes than his ears.

Early Wednesday morning Leonard reported to his father that he had pasted nine drawings on printer's cardboard, and all were tied up in a stiff portfolio.

Dr. Lee smiled and said: "I have received an answer to my letter from Mr. Indianred. He is teaching a class of ladies in Pleasantville. We will take the express train, and shall reach his sketching cabin before noon to-day."

The sun had shrunk the shadows very small as Leonard and Dr. Lee arrived in sight of Mr. Indianred's sketching cabin. As it was half-way between the village and the railway station, there was no noise to prevent Mr. Indianred's voice being heard. He was bending over a lady's drawing, saying quickly to her, "You *cannot* draw all you see. You tried to put in too much, so you lost your place. When you are drawing from nature, half shut your eyes from time to time, so that the most important points only may arrest your attention. The trunk of a tree is more important to you to-day than two hundred blades of grass. Do not spend all your time on the grass. A few curved lines springing up from the ground will suggest the grassy foreground. Remember, each blade of grass is trying to reach up to its own share of sunlight."

The two of the class who sat by easels were painting with oil-colors; two were working with moist water-colors on a pad of water-color paper.

Dr. Lee told the hack driver to stop, because he did not wish to be so impolite as to interrupt the lesson by driving up to the house until the teaching was over, and the ladies began to fold up their camp-stools.

Then he spoke to Leonard: "Be sure and have a back to your camp-stool whenever you go out-of-doors to study from nature."

"Study!" exclaimed Leonard. "I think this must be more fun than a garden party."

"Would you rather have a sketching trip for yourself and the club than your usual garden party on your birthday?" inquired his father.

"Decidedly," said Leonard. "I am sure, father, seeing this class at work shows me what our club had better do next. Why, we can ride every Saturday somewhere, and draw out-of-doors."

Leonard was delighted with all he saw. He thought an umbrella in the sunshine looked much easier than an umbrella folded up in a room ready for a rainy day. He told his father that the painting easels were hard to draw, but he could fold them up in no time. "If Norman were here, he could draw that young lady's hat with pen and ink, it is so distinct; only sunshine and black velvet. I know I could not stand as straight and still as the boy who is having his likeness taken."

Just then the little girl who had silently been watching the young lady paint her brother said, "There's our dinner horn, and mother sent me to say that brother must not be late to dinner."

The boy, who had been standing with his hands in his pockets, walked home with his sister. The ladies folded their easels and shut up their color boxes. Then Dr. Lee told the driver to drive around to the front piazza. There Mrs. Indianred was waiting to welcome Dr. Lee and his son.

After dinner the artist asked to see the club drawings, and in answer to Leonard's questions as to "how to begin to draw from nature," proposed that they should walk to the spot where Leonard first caught sight of the sketching class at work.

"Keep your head still. Tell me what you see," said Mr. Indianred.

"Your sketching cabin with one window, and your dwelling-house, a large tree, a little tree, and a distant wood; the fence, the grass, and the path leading to this main road," answered Leonard.

"Suppose, then, you make an oblong to enclose this. This is to represent the limit of what you see without turning your head," said Mr. Indianred. "An empty frame through which, one by one, your club could look at your landscape view, would be a help on a sketching trip."

"Would a crabbing net, with the old net torn away, help?" asked Dr. Lee.

"Certainly," answered the artist, "any visible limit is of use. Look, Leonard, and tell me the most striking points in what you see."

"The roof of the house and the roof of the sketching cabin," answered Leonard.

"Very good," said the painter. "Is anything else more wedge-shaped?"

"Yes, the roofs of the addition to both house and sketching cabin are more pointed."

"You do see," said the artist. "It is important in a picture to draw the pyramid shape like the pointed roof of the house, or the wedge shape like the roof of the addition. Mountains are either pyramid or wedge shaped. If your club could go where you could see a mountain in the distance, they would see the important lines to be shown in their drawings. Never rule a line for a mountain. Ruled lines would give a cast-iron look to your drawing. They are more suitable for manufactured articles. Use a soft pencil in drawing from nature. Do not be too liberal with your black touches. Remember there should be only one blackest. Have you forgotten where the boy stood when you came?"

"Oh, his hair looked very light against the doorway of the shed," replied Leonard.

"Look again," directed the artist. "Now which is the darkest?"



\* See "The Drawing Club," Parts I, II, III, and IV, published in Nos. 332, 335, 342, and 351 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"The top of the doorway," answered Leonard.

"Yes, holes and hollows give your blackest pencil a chance for exercise. Draw what you see of the trunk of a tree and its branches. To express the foliage simply put in a mass with a soft pencil, holding it lightly. You cannot show the individual leaves. Try to make slanting lines, with a very slight curve in them, close together, so as to make a shaded mass, to express foliage. When the foliage is to be darker in spots, like the large tree, go over the dark spaces again, but be sure and make the pencil touches so as to cross the first strokes, not going over in the same direction. Do not cross your lines at right angles. Be careful to cross them at acute angles."

"See the shadow on my sketching cabin," continued Mr. Indianred; "that may be expressed by straight lines. Part of the ground between us and the fence can also be shown by straight lines, not so close together as the shadow lines. The land lines should be firmer than the shadow."

"I am glad you see," continued the artist, "that the shadow should not be as strongly drawn in as the tree that casts the shadow. But we must go back to the land question. The straight lines help to define the slope of the land directly before us. The ground before us is called the *foreground*. Some parts slope to the path. To express a slope, make slanting lines with your pencil. The roof of the shed or addition to my sketching cabin must also be expressed by slanting lines, but they must slant in a different direction. Show the roof of the largest house by making lines in many directions. It is important for you to show that the path or road appears smaller near the house and broader near you; this will help to give the idea of distance."

"I am very sorry to cut short this lesson," said Dr. Lee; "but our distance from home makes me think of train time."

"By the time you have said good-by to my wife at the house we will follow there," replied the artist, who then went on saying to Leonard: "By showing that the palings of the fence appear larger near you and smaller at the farthest point from you, as you see them touch the sketching cabin, you can also express distance. There is more apparent space between the palings near you. In the most distant part of the fence you see no space between the palings."

Here the noise of approaching carriage-wheels made both the artist and Leonard see the coming hackman who was to drive Dr. Lee and Leonard to the railway station.

"One parting piece of advice," said Mr. Indianred: "do not work in the middle of the day. Choose a time when the shadows are longer and growing stronger."

"Our club shall change to Saturday afternoons," said Leonard.

## BITS OF ADVICE

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

### KEEP COOL.

**F**ANS? Iced water? Lemonade? Darkened rooms? A perch in the apple-tree? A nook in the orchard? A seat under the bridge, with a fishing-rod, and an eye on yonder pool where the trout lies far down under the gently rippling wave?

Yes, I know that my bit of advice to keep cool suggests all these pleasant things to your minds on this hot midsummer day. And you are glad, now that you think of it, that there is a Fresh-air Fund, and that hundreds of little city children are enjoying the pleasures of rolling on the grass, riding on the hay, and driving home the cows.

But keep cool! How can we, Aunt Marjorie, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, and every breeze off duty? What is there to do but to fret, and to fuss, and to fidget, getting warmer every minute.

Shall I tell you my way? I try, so far as possible, to go on with my work just as though there was no weather to be considered. Dressed loosely, with the sun screened from my window by blinds and curtains, or, better still, seated out on the piazza or under a vine, I read, sew, knit, or write, and think nothing about my feelings. I wish you could all understand that the mind has even more than the body to do with our comfort or discomfort.

Those who have read *Don Quixote* may remember how that worthy, sitting astride his bony nag Rosinante, went forth in search of adventures. So filled was he with a persuasion that he was a knight-errant, like those of whom he had been reading, that he fancied every inn he came to a grand castle, every peasant girl a beautiful and high-born lady, and every shepherd and carter a foeman whom it was his duty to challenge.

Now, children, when next you are very much tried with the heat of the day play that you are comfortable. Make believe that this temperature is just the one you like best.

Instead of fanning furiously, and drinking quantities of iced water, copy that poem which mamma wants to send to Aunt Amanda, write the letter you are owing Uncle John, read the book which papa brought home last night, mend your fishing-tackle, finish the doilies you are embroidering for Cousin Nellie's bridal present, solve the puzzles in the Post-office Box, or cover little Jamie's ball. If baby is fretful, and baby's mother looks in need of a nap, take the darling to your room and amuse him while she gets the rest she requires. Take my word for it, the best way in the world to keep cool is to go on with the day's duties and pleasures, and think nothing about the heat.

## BARKER AND PLUTARCH.

BY R. K. MCKNITTRICK.

**O**NCE upon a time there were two little boys, and their names were Tommy Lee and Johnny Wall. Tommy Lee's special pride was a little dog called Barker—a happy inspiration of Tommy's—as the dog was such an untiring howler. If he saw a stranger on the premises he would bark himself into an ulcerated sore throat. If he saw Tommy coming home from school, he would bark until tonsillitis set in, or rather seemed to. About the only time he was not barking was when, in tugging forward on his chain, his collar became tightened about his neck so vigorously that he could not be heard; but even then he was barking in his heart.

Johnny Wall, who lived just next door to Tommy Lee, had a Maltese cat, upon which he lavished as much affection as such a young Arab usually has to lavish on anything. He would carry it around in his arms, and never fail to secretly supply it at table with pieces of meat when his parents were not looking. He was quite sure that the cat, Plutarch, so called on account of his "Lives," could vanquish Barker in battle, and secretly longed for a chance to bring them face to face.

As much as these boys were together in and out of school, they seldom quarrelled or indulged in fistificuffs. If Tommy Lee offended Johnny Wall, the latter "took it out" of Barker, and *vice versa*. One day Tommy Lee got down on his hands and knees behind Johnny Wall, who was looking intently at a game of ball, while a confederate pushed him, and sent him sprawling on the ground. Johnny Wall went straight home, and wedged a couple of caramels in the roof of Barker's mouth. Poor Barker tried in vain to extricate them. They clung with the tenacity of teeth, and the thoroughly exhausted animal rolled on the ground, with his eyes bulged out until they looked like pickled onions.

This exasperated Tommy Lee, who removed the caramels from Barker's mouth—so that he could bark with a proper accent—after great difficulty, and registered a sol-



even vow to make matters even with Plutarch as soon as that creature could be secured. He also wished that Barker could once get his teeth on him, for Tommy Lee had perfect confidence in the superior fighting qualities of the dog, because when the cat came and sat down near him it was only when he was chained, and could do nothing more than vent his fury on the wind, and jump in vain in the catless air.

So Tommy Lee set about to secure Plutarch, which he soon accomplished by offering him a piece of meat. When he got him he took him into the house and dressed him up in his sister's doll's clothes. Plutarch was truly a funny sight when, frightened half out of his nine lives, he ascended a locust-tree in a little pink and white bonnet and a yellow dress. Some passers thought he was an organ-grinder's monkey escaped. Tommy Lee beat his knee pans in wild delight at the success of his scheme, and poor Plutarch looked sadder than a dozen ordinary cats, and was too full for miaowing.

When Johnny Wall saw Plutarch he lost no time in climbing to the rescue, and when he reached his pet he commenced husking the clothing off him as he would have husked an ear of corn.

"I'll be even on Barker soon," he muttered, as he slid down the tree with Plutarch. As soon as he had put the

cat under the kitchen stove he went out with a pair of shears, and cut the hair off the dog in such a grotesque fashion that when the light struck him he seemed covered with windrows, and Johnny remarked, "If he isn't careful he'll catch cold in spots."

When the owner of Barker saw the condition of his pet, he cried and laughed in turns.

"He ain't all wool now," reflected Johnny, referring to his dog as if that animal were an overcoat in a cheap clothing store; "but I know what I'll do: I'll take them up to the pond, and tie a piece of cord to their collars, and throw in a stick for Barker to fetch."

So he took them to the pond, and tied one end of a piece of stout cord to Barker's collar and the other to Plutarch's. Then he threw out a stick, and Barker jumped in. Plutarch held back with might and main, but finally had to yield to Barker's superior strength and enter the water, which he did with a series of miaows and unpronounceable hisses.

Being less at home in the water than Barker, Plutarch was obliged to follow, and Tommy Lee laughed so loud

that Johnny Wall heard him, and appeared just in time to see the anguish of the cat and the good-natured indifference of the dog. He didn't stop to demand an explanation of Barker's owner. He simply ran around the pond to meet them when they landed. But they landed before he got there, and Plutarch, strong in his fright, ran up a chestnut-tree with Barker dangling beneath him. Plutarch got out on a limb that overlooked the pond, and clung for dear nine lives, while Barker did his best to balance on it.

The laugh was now on Johnny's side as he ascended the tree to separate them. When he got sufficiently close he cut the cord with his jackknife, and Plutarch descended to the ground, and never stopped running until he got home and in the heart of the garret. Barker fell back from the tree into the pond more frightened than hurt, swam ashore, and started for home at top speed.

Barker and Plutarch never notice one another now, and the parents of their heartless owners have decided that those two boys shall be sent away to boarding-school, where they may have an opportunity to indulge their taste for teasing and rough treatment on those of their own kind. As all the boys at that school, however, are bigger than they are, there is reason to believe that Tommy and Johnny will learn from their own experience to consider the feelings of others, even of dogs and cats.



"MAMMA, WHY DON'T THAT LADY WEAR FRIZZES? I THINK SHE WOULD LOOK A GREAT DEAL BETTER."

# A Hive of B's



The Bending Boughs are Bright with Bloom  
And softly Blows the Balmly Breeze  
When Baby-Boy across the fields  
A Beauteous Basket-palace sees.

Now Baby-Boy is Blithe and Brave  
And Bonny too as he is Bold  
His Bosom Burns with high desire  
That palace nearer to Behold.



He drops his Beautiful Bouquet  
Of Buttercups and Blossoms sweet  
And Briskly through the Bushes creeps  
With Bare white knees  
and slipped feet.

The Bugs and Beetles crawl Beneath  
The Briars Bruise his dimpled hands  
But valiantly he Battles on  
Till Breathless By the Bench he stands.

The Big Brown Bees come Booming out  
With angry Buzz about his ears  
His little Breast Begins to heave  
His Blue eyes Brim with Bitter tears.

He Beats a Blundering retreat  
Bewildered By his vague alarms  
And Biting Back his Bursting sobs  
Betakes him to his mother's arms.

The Baffled Bees go Booming Back  
Faint laughter Bubbles on the Breeze  
But Baby-Boy will after this  
Beware of Bee-hives and of Bees.





CRABING.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

We were two little girls on a holiday visit to one grandfather, in South Carolina, and what gay times we had wandering over the cotton fields, in the woods searching for plums, blackberries, and wild flowers. One of our delights was to walk down to the railroad, which ran past our house, only a few hundred yards off, to the brick culvert built over a creek, and to take off shoes and stockings and wade under the culvert, make little boats and let them sail through, build dams to stop the water into little lakes and, in short, amuse ourselves in the sand and one way in which children can where there is water, mud, and rocks. Another of our amusements was to climb into a great big tree on the top of the hill leading down to the creek, where my grandfather had had a nice bathing-house built for our benefit, and try to frighten the cows, mules, and horses with long poles as they came up from refreshing themselves with a draught of the clear water of the little stream below, and what fun it was to see an angry cow paw the ground, toss her head, and know that but for our exalted position she would soon raise us on her horns to a height in mid-air that would not be agreeable. What a delight was to be in the creek, trying to lead a row to swim and catching "mellow bugs"! When the heat of the midday sun kept us prisoners in the house, we would get up like giants for the amusement of the old folks, one of which was especially funny to them, called, "A Peasant Girl Hoeing Cotton in France," we, in our excitement, forgetting that the cotton plant was not native to the Gallic soil. The dress of the peasant girl was a red cashmere shawl arranged as a skirt, a red silk handkerchief tied, again too soon, to the waist, laced up the front with red cords. Another of the tableaux was, "A Lady of the Time of George the Fourth," a third, "The Sleeping Beauty," a fourth, "The Four Seasons," and last, "The Bride," whose dress consisted chiefly of draperies of very fine mosquito net. There was much reading in the country, and we even aspired to the role of authors, choosing for our stories the most high-sounding titles, such as "The Curse of the Carringtons" and "The Doomed Dell," after the style of some names we had seen, but alas for the utility of youthful aspirations, we never got beyond the first page in our manuscripts. Our delightful visit—ah, again too soon—was over, and we were to leave the next day, so all our favorite haunts had to be paid a farewell visit. We must go again to the culvert, build a great dam, climb again the old tree on the top of the hill to frighten the cows, go again to play near the creek, and now comes my tragic end. We were playing near the creek, and a most tiresome man, my sister, who was a timid child, induced her to cross the creek on an old log. We got over safely, and had a pleasant ramble exploring the country, and the old log, and the lengthening of the shadows warned us that night was approaching, and that we must retrace the log. When we were half way over, to frighten her, I screamed out, "Oh, a crocodile to fall!" She turned quickly, lost her balance, and fell backward into the creek, which in that place was over her head, and falling she caught the log, and clung to it with both hands. I was dreadfully frightened, but scrambled over to where she was hanging, and tried to pull her out. But she was too heavy for my small strength, however, and then I told her to drop. When I looked at the deep water below, I knew she would be, like Ophelia, "drowned with her hair about her ears," and I held her to hold on with all her might. Then we both shouted at the top of our voices, "Help! help! Peg is drowning! Come quick! Oh, come quick! She is drowning!" These repeated cries of distress brought to the rescue one of grandfather's ploughmen, Dick, who, by wading in, soon succeeded in lifting her from her dangerous position.

We were both so weak we could hardly get to the house, and when we reached it, after telling the thrilling tale, I fainted and did not revive for a long time. We were both ill for several days after, and the mother, delicious, screaming out constantly: "Hold on, Peg! Oh, don't let go!" "Oh, mamma, I did not mean to make her fall." At last we both recovered, and had many more delightful rambles, for, owing to our illness, our visit was extended another month, much to our joy, but whenever we went near the creek, it made us shudder to think that but for Dick's timely rescue Peg would have met with a terrible fate. We are back again, home, "climbing the old tree," and "the culvert," which we had abandoned during our sojourn at grandfather's. MARGARET H. ST. JOHN, ST. JOHNS, A. B. RIVIERA.

This little lady writes very gracefully and graphically. I am sorry for the fright both these girls had. Please let me ask you all never to alarm any one "just for fun," and accept my advice that, if you possibly can do so, you should learn to swim.

OFTERSHOE, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My birthday was on the 23d of May; I was seven years old. I have been taking the paper about two months and a half, and I like it very much. I have a nice cat named Leo; he comes with me when I go out by myself, and takes care of me. I have three kittens and a big cat. The names of the kittens are Charcoal, Blue-eyes, and the big cat is named Leo. One day when I was in the wash, so mamma washed them and put sweet-oil on them.

I was in Florida for six weeks last winter. I had a very nice time. The Florida sand is great but sand all over. The Florida sand is a great deal whiter, and finer too, than the sand at Atlantic City. I saw a lot of alligators. I was in St. John's River, and I saw some alligators. I was staying at Palatka, on the St. John's River. I bathed my dolly Alice in the river, and she came out of the lost part of the river. I could play out of doors without my coat and hat without taking cold. I saw a great many orange and lemon trees. Many orange trees are called "orange groves." Other orange trees have moss growing on them; it hangs down to the ground.

When I came home, I stopped in Washington. We went into the Museum there, and I saw some little boats—some steamers, and row-boats, and life-boats. We saw the Capitol and the President's house. We did not go in, and we saw the Botanical gardens.

Now good-by, dear Postmistress, with love.

Did you enjoy eating the oranges as they were picked from the trees? I think they taste much more delicious in an orange grove than anywhere else. And did you notice the difference between the gray moss that had lately grown and that which had long hung upon the trees? Did you see any gray cardinal grosbeaks flashing through the forests, and did you hear the mocking-birds in Florida, little Maud?

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I read "Fire and Water" last week, and liked it better than anything in that magazine. Fingal's Cave must be a wonderful place. I am sure the girls and boys would like to go there. I have a little piece of music called "Fingal's Cave," and written by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy after his visit to that place, about fifty years ago. "Fire and Water" because I read one of Tanneur's "Rocky Mountain Cabinets" for a birthday present, and there were in it several specimens of fire and water. I have a very pretty watch, and I am interested in minerals, and also have a stamp album containing 1000 stamps, besides a great many to exchange. I enclose you two puzzles which I have made up, and I would very much please if you would publish my letter and puzzles. I like all the letters, and am eight years old.

CONRAD M. P.

Thank you for both letter and puzzles, Conrad. I particularly like such a letter as the following:

SOUTHERNPORT, LOUISIANA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl seven years old. I will tell you about the curiosities that I found. We spoke walking on the beach one day, when we found some of those queer little eggs that sharks have laid, which were told about in the "Young People." I found a lot of them, and one with a yolk inside. We found a great many full of sand, but we found some of them with dried yolk-eggs, and two of them had fresh yolk-eggs inside. I was very much interested in them. We put one of the sharks in alcohol without its yolk and shell, and the other in a shell, coiled around the yolk, as we had found it. Another time, when we were riding, I found a turtle's shell, with its skeleton and a broken egg inside of it, while another egg lay near in the sand. I had seen an eagle fly suddenly from the trees

around there, and I think that the eagle must have had a nest there, and had eaten the turtle after she had laid one egg, and before she had had time to lay the other. My mamma is writing the story for me, and I cannot write it myself, but I have told her what to say. I live in Philadelphia, but I am spending the summer here. Your affectionate little friend,

CONSTANCE D. B.

LEVINSON, KENTUCKY.

I have been intending for a long time to write to the boys and girls of the Post-Office Box. I love the dear Postmistress, though never having seen her, for if she is the same lady who was the Postmistress not very long ago, and who she is, I am sure, I have the pleasure of knowing her very well. My aunt and she played together as children, and as they grew older they kept up the acquaintance and often visited each other; so I have seen her quite a number of times, and once I spent a few days at her home. I would like to describe the Postmistress at length, but I think she would not like it. Once, when I was asked in a letter what color eyes the Postmistress had, and as she said in reply, they are the same color as mine, but what color they are, they are certainly the most kind and smiling pair of eyes, I think, I have ever seen. And thinking of her as a good, kind, and loving Postmistress, I am sure you may do it. I think you think no more than is perfectly true. I love HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as a friend, and welcome its coming every Tuesday. I have not been but a little baby story, when I was a little girl, called "sister's pet," but now, though but three years old, she is quite dignified, and does not like to be called a baby. I have spoken of as such, she will say, "I am not a baby; I am Louise Van Gieson." I have another sister, Helen, and a big brother. I fear my letter will not be long. I would like to correspond with some girl of about my own age (fourteen years). ADRIAN VAN GIESON.

INTERMOUNTAIN, NEW YORK.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—You will see from my address that I live in "America of the earth," but I think it is very good country. We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I am sending you a newspaper with all about our village, and a little story about the children, showing how much the Maoris love their children. I am seven years old, but have not gone to school yet. Yours truly, ALICE K.

Thank you very much.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have a very pleasant home, with a grove of orange-trees in front and avenues of English walnuts, which make a lovely shade for the house. I have two brothers, the oldest eleven and the youngest two; I have a little sister too, but she is in heaven now; she is five years old, and went away last winter, just before Christmas. We have lots of pets—a pony, a calf, four cats, two dogs, three rabbits, and a canary-bird.

HARRY F. J.

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA.

I have a little friend staying with me, and she has a great deal of fun playing together. She is going to write to you too. I suppose you know Santa Monica is a little town on the ocean, in Los Angeles County. We go in bathing every day, and my brother Frank is teaching me to swim. I have a very sweet little baby sister, named Agnes; she is almost two years old. My big brother James takes this paper. I am a little interested in "False Witness." My little brother Joe has two rabbits, a gray and a white one. Tomorrow, just before Christmas, we have lots of boys fell down, and mamma told us all to come down, and so we played they were gypsies.

ISABEL B.

Here is part of the little friend's letter. Three California letters in a row:

Isabel has a play house, and we play with our dolls together. Mr. and Mrs. B. live about a half-mile from the beach, and we have to drive down in the buggy. We find a number of pretty shells on the beach.

M. B.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I continue to like your paper better than any I have ever seen, and so does my sister, who is older than I. I have two brothers; they are grown up. The eldest is at Malta with his regiment, and the other is in Belgium. We have five dogs, all different colors, and I have a cat. I can perform a number of tricks, and was real cunning. Last year we had him at the seaside, and he and a Newfoundland dog were playing with him. I was very much interested in them. One day we were so frightened that we sent my brothers out in a boat to fetch him, but when they got there he was all right and did not mind. I was very sorry. I drive and ride a great deal, and am very fond of it. This is a good place for riding, as there is so much health. I should like to go to America so much, as the



descriptions of their homes which the children write about in the Post-office Box are so pretty. Good-by, dear Postmistress. VIOLET C. K. S.

BELLEVILLE, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have written to you already before, but as my letter has not been published, I will write again. I have just passed my eighth birthday, and am in the last class of the elementary school, and next year, that is, in September, I am to be a Gymnasium scholar. I passed my examination very successfully, and I have got the best testimonial of all the boys in my class. I am going to the sea-side for a few weeks in August. I hope I will enjoy it very much. When I come home I will write to you about it. Ever loving friend, BELA S. (ten years old).

I congratulate you on your promotion. Your good examination no doubt proves that you studied very faithfully through the year.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am an American girl, but this is the very first time that I've ever been over this side of the ocean. I was born in Italy, and have always lived there—in Rome till I was eight, one year in El Florence, and since then in New York. In the summer we travel in the different countries of Europe. I've been in all except Norway. I can't speak English as well as Italian, and I have an accent. I like Italy much better than any city I've ever been in. We always stay there every winter for a few weeks, and we may live there next winter again. I saw a picture from L. S. B. from Rome. She said she liked the Italians so much. I think they are the nicest people except, of course, the Americans. I have been different from any other child. There is no sound of carriages and horse-cars, and we go about in gondolas. We live in an old palace, which is so big we only occupy about half of it, but the rest is a nice play-room for my friends and me. I wish you could come and stay with me, and go about in a gondola and see all the beautiful churches and palazzos. I don't think New York a pretty city. It's the ugliest I ever saw except London. L. M. P.

I cannot agree with you in thinking New York ugly; some of its uptown streets and squares are very beautiful. You may write again some time from the other side, and tell us of your travels and occupations.

POCONO, PENNSYLVANIA.

Since you decided *incomprehensibly* to be the longest word in our language, I have discovered another, *straightforwardness*, containing as many letters. FLORENCE.

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.

I am going away on the 1st of August. If all is well, and I would like to tell you about the place that I am going to. It is Hanover, New Hampshire, and you have not been there, but you have missed seeing a very pretty place. My uncle has a farm, and a good-sized house facing a beautiful meadow. The summer house is a carpet of green velvet. Hanover is a college town, and in the fall the students play baseball on the common. The boys sometimes fight for canes and hats, and accidents have often happened; once a boy was brought from the field unconscious. I suppose they begin in fun, and at last get provoked, and then in earnest. The boys are very little and very boyish, but if they will look for sleeve buttons and neckties that they lose while fighting. Hanover is the capital of Dartmouth College. The drivers are very fine—I don't mean the roads, but the scenery. I have a bird whose name is Tit Willow. He hops on my finger and hand for seed. I let him out every day in the evening, but he never goes. It is so warm we want the windows open, and if birdie was let loose he would fly away. I am only three years old. On my birthday father gave me a piano, and mother a large teachers' Bible. I also received a gold box chain, a pair of cuff buttons, two fans, a box of sealing-wax, a pin, and a bottle and other things. The drivers sent you the receipt for the nicest sponge-cake I ever tasted, and hoping you will have as good as mine. As my mother has had (she made some to-day, and it was very nice), I will say good-by.

**SPONGE-CAKE.**—One pound of eggs, one pound of granulated sugar, one quart of cream, one quart of flour, rind of two lemons and juice of one. Beat whites and yolks of eggs separately and very light; grate rind of lemons in sugar; add to this the whites of eggs, then the yolks, then the flour, and lastly the juice of the lemon. Put paper in the pans, and butter them well. NELLIE B.

HARTFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I live in Ottawa, Ontario, but I am visiting my cousin just now. This is the first time I have ever been in Holyoke, and I like it very much. I am going to a paper-mill the day, and saw them making paper. I must tell you about the little society that I belong to. In March, 1885, myself and some others got up a society, and we call it the Busy

Bees. We paid five cents every month, and all three cents whenever we were absent from a meeting. I was absent at home by illness. There were thirteen of us. We held a bazaar on the 1st of October, 1885, and made nearly one hundred dollars. Our badge was a little pale blue ribbon, so at the bazaar we wore our badges and white caps and aprons with blue bows. I forgot to tell you that six of the thirteen were boys—honorary members. I am going to furnish a room in the new Orphan Home in Ottawa. We had thirteen or sixteen members. Our president is Isa G., our secretary Katie W., and our treasurer Nellie M. We expect to have another bazaar this fall of October. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I will be twelve years old next month. BESSIE M.

DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am thirteen years old, and am still going to school. I have two pet kittens. Our school had a picnic on Long ago, and I went, and had a real nice time. Our school takes this paper, and we all think it very good. Have you ever heard my first name before? LOUISE T.

NEVER, dear.

NORWAY, IOWA.

We have two canary-birds; their names are Dick and Cherry. We also have two dogs and a pony, which is twenty-five years old; her name is Doll. I like to read the letters of the children very much. We have taken this paper ever since it was published. My favorite stories are "Nan," "Half House," "The Behind," "Nakula," and "The Boy who went to school and studied arithmetic, geography, physiology, spelling, grammar, and writing. I take music lessons from my mamma. I am fourteen years old. ENA E.

WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years, and I think it is the best paper I take. I have two papers besides. I have no pets, but I have two little brothers instead. I am the eldest, and am nine years old. Charlie (the youngest) and John, and my cousin Winnie, were out in the barn, jumping off a low beam backward, and turning round while they were in the air. Charlie had not tried it before, but he thought he could do it, so he said, "See me, now!" but the beam was slippery, and he went straight down and stuck his chin on the beam, and fell backward on to the hay. He had his lip between his teeth, and he bit through it and knocked his upper teeth loose. He could not eat at first, but it is all right now. Mother is buying new shoes, and is going to read for me, so I will say good-by. HENRY R. B.

A very dangerous way to play, in my opinion. Please amuse yourselves in some safer way.

I think dear girls and boys, that you ought to feel complimented, as I do, that a professor in one of our leading universities should sit down to write a story for our Post-office Box. The fact is that everybody, young and old, who peeps into these columns at all is very soon filled with a desire to belong to so gay and merry a set of people as we gather here every week of our lives. Now for the professor's story, for which, many thanks. TOWSER AND HER PETS.

Towser was a big Newfoundland dog. She had four doggie pets, with little collars round their necks, on which their names were written—Fido, Rex, Dolly, and Towser. Towser was the mother very much. They lived in a little green house with a blue door, down by the river. Once upon a time it began to rain, and it rained hard for two or three days. The river grew deeper and deeper and wider and wider, until the doggie little house floated off, with the doggies in it. Then they began to cry. "Bow-wow! Oh, won't somebody come and help us!" But no body came. Poor little doggies! They floated on, until they came *down* on the shore. There stood an old farmer man with gray hair, reaching the flood. He said: "My gracious goodness me! here are five dogs, an old mamma and her pups, and they look so hungry!" He took up the pups and took them to the house and gave them something to eat. So he took them up and gave them—(here my little three-year-old boy always takes up the story himself, and makes a surprising bill of fare)—"jelly-cake, and lemon pie, and griddle-cakes, and chops, and strawberries, and grice;" and fried potatoes, and oatmeal, and a hot-bomb, and gan-u-shed sugar, and salt and pepper and coffee and tea, and drink, and water, and roast beef." (The programme is much varied from then on.) After that the doggies were given these things they cuddled their noses down by their mamma, and all went 'by-by.' (And the boy himself then does likewise.)

I live in the town of Alameda, a suburb of San Francisco. The strangers say it is a beautiful town, but I have lived here so long, I don't like it, and so cannot see all its beauty. It seems to be quite the fashion now to ask girls to write to

you, so I will follow the general example, and request some girls who are interested in home work and such things to write to me.

MARGARET H. SYLVESTER,  
Alameda, California.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for quite a long while, and think it the best paper I ever heard of. I have always been interested in the Puzzles. I liked "Two Arrows" and "Into Unknown Seas" very much. I have a printing press, and a very nice outfit of type, etc. I would like very much to see this letter printed. I enclose all the answers to last month's puzzles, and four new ones. RICHARD W. (aged twelve).

Thank you.

**G. F.:** Messrs. Harper & Brothers cannot bind your numbers, but they will furnish the cover, with index and title-page, for 35 cents. Ask your bookseller or stationer to recommend a bookbinder.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CONCEALED CITIES (*Two in each group*).

1. "You talk paler, mother." "This mad riding is dangerous." 2. "Did you throw a bomb?" "Ay, sir; I did. It has lain nowhere." 3. "This mackerel is bony, and there are for sale many others." 4. "High art for dolts! Well, taunt on if you like." ZED.

No. 2.

ENIGMAS

1.—In great, not in small.  
In rose, not in lily.  
In sheep, not in lamb.  
In river, not in brook.  
In man, not in boy.  
In help, not in harm.  
In January, not in July.  
In mountains, not in hills.  
In bad, also in good.  
I am a very cold country.  
EDDIE D. SCOFIELD.

2.—My first is in house, not in barn.  
My second is in trouble, not in harm.  
My third is in butterfly, not in bee.  
My fourth is in sea, not in land.  
My fifth is in beetle, not in bug.  
My sixth is in kiss, not in hug.  
My whole is useful, not in harm.  
CONRAD M. PATTEN.

No. 3.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Tind. 3. A rag. 4. An ancient city. 5. A low seat. 6. Legislative assemblies. 7. A flower. 8. Hatred. 9. Prepared skin. 10. A letter. 11. A preserved body. 12. Merriment. 13. A letter.

No. 4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters, and can be found on the map of Europe.  
My 2, 7, 8 is to go astray.  
My 6, 7, 1, 13, 11 is a small for animal.  
My 3, 7, 9, 1, 12 is a kind of play.  
My 9, 10, 11 is a small house.  
My 13, 7, 6, 9 is an enclosed space.  
My 1, 9, 3, 6, 4, 7, 12 is a wine.  
My 1, 6, 3, 4, 5, 9, 11 is to think.  
KATIE WARD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 351.

|         |         |         |
|---------|---------|---------|
| No. 1—  | P A S T | R I R D |
| A L T O | H E A   | D E A   |
| S T O P | R E S T |         |
| T O P S | D A T E |         |
| S H O W | P O T E |         |
| H O M E | O P E N |         |
| W E N T | K N E E |         |

No. 2.—Shakespeare (pare, ape, rake, seraph, spare).

No. 3.—A—D—E—IX.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from The Original Puzzle Club, Stuart F. Patterson, Rowland J. Simes, Pansy, J. C. Bolander, Jun., William Rosendale, Beatrice Atkins, E. M. Henry, W. R. Esch, M. Provence, Mary E. Batchelder, Carl Furstenburg, Anna Miller, Alice W. F. Willie Willing, Jun., Archie P., Gabrielle Rossi, Geraldine F., and Julia A. Peters.

[FOR EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



LITTLE BERRY-PICKERS—A CHANCE MEETING.

## THE BOAT-DWELLERS OF JAPAN.

YOUNG people who live in London or New York may fancy that our cities are crowded, and that many families must live without very much air to breathe or space for the boys and girls to play in. What would they say to the boat-dwellers of

Japan? In that crowded country hundreds of families spend their lives and bring up their children upon the water, and know nothing of the land, except as they make an occasional visit to it when obliged to purchase supplies or attend to some unusual business.

In every bay along the coast are found hundreds, if not thousands, of small craft called "junks." These are small, flat-bottomed boats, and are owned and inhabited by a man and his family, just as houses are in other parts of the world. Their business is the transportation of goods and merchandise of all kinds, and their navigation is a sort of family affair. One traveller says:

"I have seen a boat twenty feet long most adroitly managed by three children all under seven years of age. I am told that, notwithstanding their aptness at swimming, many boatmen get drowned, for no boat ever goes to another's aid, nor will any boatman save another from drowning, because, as he says, it is all fate, and he who interferes with fate will be severely punished in some way."

Among these wonderful aquatic families children of three years old will sometimes swim like little fish, and if one is backward in learning, he will be thrown overboard, and teased and tormented until he is obliged to learn the art in self-defence.

Ah! it is in reading and learning about the people of other lands that we find how much we have to love and be thankful for in the

broad free life of our own. But even here there are children who would be the better for such frequent baths, and perhaps you would have great difficulty in persuading the little Japs that life in the hot and crowded streets of our great cities was to be preferred to that of the junk-men on the rivers and harbors of their own country.



THE PELTYVILLE ICE-CREAM MAN.

HARPER'S

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# AMBITION.

BY MARGARET H. SANDESTER

IF you tug at the string so, foolish  
kite,  
You'll presently sail far out of  
sight,  
Away, away to the distant blue  
Of the sky that is bending down  
to you,

With pennons of cloud on a boundless sea.  
Better, my beauty, remain with me.

Rise, if you will, on your strong white wing,  
To the lofty cliffs where the eagles cling;  
Float, a speck in the upper air.  
The daring flight of the wild fowl share.  
But, kite, be sure it is all in vain  
At the cord which holds you to fret and strain.  
I never will let you quite go free:

By the strength of your tether you're bound  
to me.

If some day, cast from your loosened hand,  
You steer like a bird for another land,  
You'll waver and falter, an aimless thing,  
And drop, poor bird, with a broken wing.  
Safe and certain your poise will be  
So long as you're held by a clasp to me.

A lesson, my man, from the kite for you.  
Turn your eyes from the beckoning blue;  
Isn't there something fair and sweet  
Lying close to your heedless feet—  
Something a brave young heart may give—  
A noble fashion in which to live,  
Doing the best in a lowly way  
Where God has placed you, from day to day?

In the dear old garden bloom the flowers,  
Decking with lustre the passing hours;  
Grandmother loved them long ago,  
Watched and waited their time to blow.  
What if they wear a homely name,  
Little they reck of praise or blame;

Their ambition, 'twixt you and me,  
Is but with honey to lure the bee.  
There are few good lessons a boy might not  
Learn from a fair old garden spot,  
Even in days when to fly a kite  
Is a rapture of pleasure from morn till night.

## THE FAITH OF LITTLE HANS.

BY EDITH MILLER.

A FIERCE wind came sweeping around the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue one morning in the winter of '84; down the deserted street it rushed, whirling the freshly fallen snow into little light heaps, then scattering it madly in every direction. Against this storm a young woman was making what progress she could toward the Post-office. A pair of dark eyes and a very pink nose were all that was visible above her wrappings. "I must hurry," she thought, as she glanced up at the great clock, and in a few minutes she was at her desk in the Dead-letter Office. Her work was to open and read all the letters whose destination could not be found from the envelop, and whose contents often reveal the desired address.

What a motley pile it was that lay before her! Here was one from a broken-hearted father begging a wayward son to come home, and telling him that his voice and smile alone could remove the gentle melancholy that had settled upon the dear old mother.

Here was another from some queer old gentleman full of the small-talk and scandal of his own village, and touching upon political scandal then rife in the city where his letter had found lodgment.

There were letters full of the vivacity of the school-girl,

letters full of the burning love of the college boy, letters whose prim upright hand and gossipy nature suggested spinsterhood, letters to convulse you with laughter, and letters that would give you the heartache. Yet, strange to say, not one of these eager correspondents had taken the pains to write the correct address on the envelop that contained so much that seemed to be of the greatest importance. Perhaps they were too much absorbed in what they had said from their hearts to take thought for the formal writing on the outside.

The young clerk had worked her way down through a large heap, and was beginning to think of lunch, when she came upon a peculiar little envelop addressed in German to "Jesus in Heaven"; she tore it open hastily, and found a soiled sheet written all over in a child's cramped hand. Some of the words seemed blurred with tears, and she could scarcely make them out.

Here is the translation:

"DEAR JESUS,—I have prayed so hard to you, but I guess you could not hear me so far off, so I am going to write you a letter. We came over a big ocean when it was summer-time. My mamma has been sick all the time. Can't you send her something to make her well? And, dear Jesus, please send my papa some work to do, so he can buy us some warm clothes and something to eat, and please do it quick, for we are cold and hungry.

"Nobody knows I am writing to you. I thought you might send us something for a surprise.

"HANS BRAHM.

"P.S.—My hands are so cold I can't write very well."

Katrina's eyes were filled with tears as she came to the end. She sat for some time with the letter in her hand; as she folded it she resolved to do something to make the little boy happy. She said, "Whatever his parents may be, this beautiful child faith must not be destroyed." That evening after dinner she told several of her friends about the matter, and they were eager to help her make up a box.

It was ready in a few days. There were some flannels for the mother and little Hans, comfortable clothes for the father, and toys enough to make the boy believe that the Christ Child did not live in Germany only. At the very top lay a crisp ten-dollar bill. As soon as the box left the house Katrina wrote a letter to Hans. She told him his letter had been received, and that Jesus had sent one of his servants on earth to help him, and that a nice box was on its way out West.

Not long after there came a letter of warm thanks from the father. He explained how they had been in the country but a few months, and had not yet found work.

As the weeks went by another and another letter came, telling of fairer prospects and brighter days. One thing they assured Katrina—"that they could never forget her kind letter and generous help in their time of saddest need."

## BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

BY DAVID KER.

### CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

AFTERNOON was wearing toward evening in the west of England, and darkness was already beginning to creep over the shadowy chambers and long narrow passages of an old English country house, although it was still broad daylight outside. Darkest of all was a deep recess in the wall at the end of the great corridor in the third story, where a boy seemed to be hard at work upon something that appeared to require all his attention.

Had there been light enough to see his face, any one who saw it would have been struck by the fineness of its outline, and the thoughtful depth of expression in the large bright eyes which attracted the notice of all who saw him for the first time, although no one could easily have guessed *then* what he was one day to be. But just at that moment "Wild Davie," as he was very justly called, was busy with a very mischievous piece of sport, indeed—nothing less than the dressing up of a "ghost" to frighten his playfellows.

In the dark recess at the end of the corridor stood a marble statue of Apollo the Archer, with one arm outstretched as if in the very act of bending his fatal bow. Outlined in its ghostly whiteness against the deep gloom behind it, it was a startling sight at the best of times; but beneath the skilful hands of our hero it was fast growing into a monster that might have scared General Grant himself.

Leaving the long white neck standing out bare and spectral against the darkness, he folded a black cloak around the body, letting the cold dead whiteness of the marble peep out every here and there. Upon the face he fixed a hideous red and black mask with staring eyes, while over the extended arm he hung a white cloth with a crimson handkerchief pinned to it, which at a little distance looked terribly like a broad stain of blood. Around the lower limbs he wrapped a piece of yellow Chinese silk, twisted up so as to look like a coiling snake; and then, by way of a finishing touch, he placed at the monster's feet a small lantern, lighting up all the ghastly details with a weird, unearthly glare.

"Won't it make 'em jump!" chuckled he, as he stepped back to look at the effect of his work.

If any one had told Davie at that moment that he was playing a very cruel and cowardly trick, which had frightened many children to death, and scared many more into hopeless idiots, he would have been greatly surprised and shocked; for, with all his thoughtlessness, he was thoroughly kind-hearted. But all that he thought of was the fun that it would be to himself, little dreaming that he was just about to receive a lesson which would cure him of playing such tricks for the rest of his life.

Just then a loud voice was heard calling out from the foot of the stair:

"Davie! Davie! where are you? Come along, quick; we're going to drive round by the lake, and watch the sun set over the mountains."

And "Wild Davie" went off like a shot.

The drive lasted so long, and there were so many things to be looked at on the way, that by the time they got home again our friend Davie had forgotten all about the frightful sentinel that he had left standing at the end of the upper corridor, and went racing along it at full speed to get to his room.

The next moment a howl of terror startled the whole house, and three or four of the servants, hurrying to the spot in alarm, found Davie lying on the floor, half fainting with fright, in front of the monster which he had himself dressed up.

All that followed may easily be imagined—the rush of the whole household to see what had happened, the wonder, the dismay, the scoldings heaped upon poor Davie, and (hardest of all for him to bear) the loud laugh of the other boys as they realized how neatly he had been caught in his own trap.

But there was one person there who did not join in the laughter, and that was a quiet old gentleman with a long gray beard—at that time one of the most celebrated artists in Britain—who had just come down to the country for a few weeks' holiday.

"This boy has the eye of an artist," said he, look-

ing keenly at the terrible figure. "He will be heard of yet."

And the old man was right. Not many years later "Wild Davie" was famous throughout all England as David Scott, the painter.

## THE NATIONAL GAME.

BY N. P. BABCOCK.

I WAS travelling in a railway train the other day, and just behind me sat a middle-aged gentleman and a small boy. I did not discover the relationship between the two, but I became aware at once that the younger traveller was politely endeavoring to hit upon some topic of conversation which would be mutually interesting to himself and his much older companion. It was up-hill work for a time, and the conversation went along, with many halts and jerks, in the form of a widely scattered range of questions from the boy, and monotonous "Noes" and "Yesses" from the other traveller, until suddenly the boy inquired, "Do you think the Detroits will win?" There was no difficulty after that in maintaining a conversation.

I dare say the middle-aged gentleman, who was very stout, and who didn't look as though he could break into a trot even though a wild bull were at his heels, would never have been able to hit even a "slow twister" pitched by his active-looking little companion, and that a "nine" composed of such persons as he, if put into the field against nine players of his companion's size, would be defeated by a score of about seventy-six to nothing, but theoretically and historically their knowledge of the "national game" of base-ball was about equal, and their interest in the subject equally intense. I think even good Mrs. Tendermother, whose horror of base-ball is born of a knowledge of its evil consequences to youthful hands and youthful limbs, must admit that it is a deeply interesting game, when her boys cheerfully risk the dis-jointing of their fingers to play it, and their father closes his office to go and see it played.

Last year I told the base-ball-playing readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE something about the art of pitching, and endeavored to show the manner in which the several "curves" could be effected. There have been no new discoveries in this "art" since then, although a great many new pitchers have come into prominence in the various professional leagues of the country. At a convention held in this city last winter, it was decided after a great deal of argument to lengthen the limits of the "pitcher's box," that is, the enclosure in which the pitcher must stand when delivering balls, from six feet to seven feet. The intention of this change was to enable the pitchers to increase the speed of their delivery. With this single exception the rules of the National League, which of course govern all base-ball playing, are the same as they were last season. The national interest in the game has steadily increased, and during the summer just passed there have been a greater number of leagues or associations represented on the ball field than ever before. In addition to the National League—in which "nines" from Washington and Kansas City have taken the places of nines from Providence and Buffalo—and the league of the American Association, there have been engaged on the professional "diamond field" during the season a Southern league, an Eastern league, a league consisting of clubs from several cities of this State and points in Canada, and a league made up of nines in the far West.

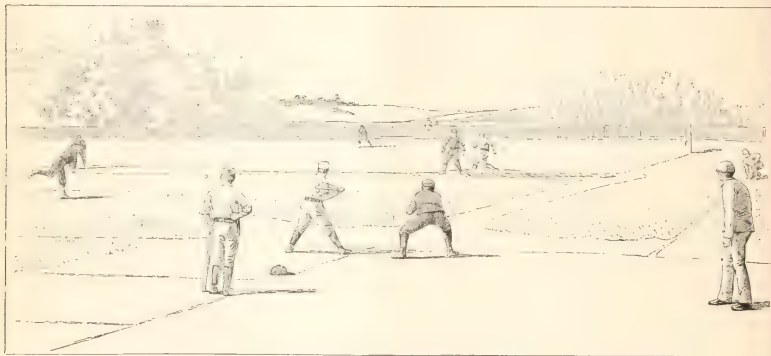
I take it for granted that the majority of the boys who read this article have carefully followed the progress of the National League clubs during the season, and have their own opinions concerning the respective merits of the several nines, although, of course, my young friend who lives on the banks of the Detroit River will not be apt

to agree with either his cousin in Chicago or his friend in New York in their conclusions, nor will they agree either with him or with each other. It may, however, interest a good many amateur ball-players to learn what, in the opinion of several base-ball experts and critics, would be the strongest "nine" for batting that could be put together if one were to have a pick from all the clubs belonging to the National League.

If, according to these judges, the object were to form a base-ball nine composed of the best batsmen in the United States, the nine would be as follows: Brouthers, of the Detroit, first base; Kelly, of the Chicagos, catcher; Hines, of the Washingtons, centre field; Ryan, of the Chicagos, right field; Richardson, of the Detroit, second base; Stemmyer, of the Bostons, pitcher; Glascock, of the St. Louis Club, short stop; Esterbrook, of the New Yorks, third base; and Wood, of the Philadelphias, left field.

It would be very difficult for anybody to decide just which nine players of the many in the League to select in attempting to form the strongest fielding nine. I shall certainly not try to do it. Of this fact you may be sure, that whenever you hear any one say, as I have often heard,

safe balls, in the unexpected bunching of base hits, and in unavoidable pass balls at times when the bases are occupied) belong to the game, that many professional base-ball players have become almost superstitious in regard to the matter, and several clubs have provided themselves with what they believe to be "mascots," or bringers of good-luck. For several years the famous White Stockings of Chicago have from time to time carried about with them, during their travels, a little Chicago boy named Willie Hahn, whose presence on the ball field is believed to bring them good fortune. The little chap wears a uniform just like the members of the club, and is, in fact, one of the family. John Morrill, the Captain and famous short stop of the Boston nine, recently told of a "luck omen," as he called it, which was possessed by the Bostons during the season of 1883. "When we were way behind in the race for the championship," said Captain Morrill, "one of the members of our nine saw a horseshoe in front of the hotel in Detroit. He stepped into the street and picked it up. On it was the mark, 'O. Win.' It was only the name of the Detroit blacksmith who had made the shoe, but as we won the game that day, the members



A BASE-BALL MATCH—FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH

"Oh, if such and such a club could only get so and so in the nine" (mentioning the name of some famous player not belonging to that particular club), "it would beat everything," the speaker does not know what he is talking about. The brilliant playing of no one or two or three individuals in a base-ball nine counts for very much, unless the nine is well balanced as a whole. In the formation of amateur clubs my advice to you boys is to take care that there are no particular weak spots in your nine. Never mind about hunting up some especially bright star, and then priding yourself upon his possession; remember that it takes nine players to properly field a game of baseball, and that uniformity is a very necessary thing.

There is one feature about the game of base-ball which I do not think is generally appreciated, and that is the large element of chance or luck that enters into every contest. It is a source of wonder to many persons that one club which is known to be vastly inferior to another is able at times to give the better nine a severe drubbing, and charges of dishonesty and "selling out" are frequently brought against players who have done their best under adverse circumstances to win. So largely does this element of chance (found partly in the accidental batting of

of the nine began to regard the shoe as a good-luck sign, and the first thing we knew we were winning games right along, and ended the season in the lead. Our players attributed our success to the horseshoe, and so did Mr. O. Win, who never fails to call upon us when we are in Detroit."

Of course the explanation of the success which has frequently followed the possession of these good-luck symbols is found mainly in the fact that a belief in them has a tendency to give the players confidence in their own ability, which is a long step toward success in base-ball as well as in the more serious undertakings of life.

The struggle for the college base-ball championship during the past season was extremely close and exciting. Yale and Harvard, after successfully defeating Princeton, Williams, Brown, and Amherst (which last four mentioned colleges finished the race for the championship's pennant in the order named), were themselves tied for first place, and were obliged to play a deciding game, which was won after a hard battle by Yale. It was chiefly through her sharp and superior base-running that Yale secured her triumphs.

The capital picture which accompanies this article, of



an alert base-runner ready to avail himself of the first opportunity for reaching second base, is from an instantaneous photograph taken during a recent game. Each season's experience shows more plainly the fact that good base-running is one of the most important essentials of success in the game of base-ball, and is the most difficult work a player has to perform. There is no part in the game in which it is so absolutely necessary that one should have his wits about him, as in base-running. Remember this, that any clumsy, dull-witted player, if he has strength enough, can occasionally hit a ball for a home run, but that it requires intelligence, a ready wit, plenty of courage, and a cool head to make a successful base-runner.



### THE STORY OF WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

OVER the turrets of twilight land,  
Down through the vanishing sunset light,  
Whirling his lantern round and round,  
Tumbled an elfin child one night.

"Had he a pair of wings to spread,  
And break the tumble? And where did he fall?  
Into a bed of greenest moss,  
Or into a rose?" Oh, not at all.

He fell in the wide and lonely marsh,  
Where low fogs sleep and the rushes grow,  
And there he wandered about all night,  
Swinging his lantern high and low.

"Oh, didn't you send for him, auntie dear?  
Think of a baby in such a plight!"  
Yes, we sent for him. Fred and Will  
Followed his lantern for hours that night.

"And did they find him?" Oh yes; but then  
He put out his light, the treacherous elf,  
And vanished over a low dark pool.  
'Twas wicked Will-o'-the-wisp himself.

### CANOE "TALKS."

BY THE COMMODORE OF THE NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.

#### III.—SAILS AND SAILING.

"LET me see," began Mr. Russell, reflectively, the next time he met the Archer boys at the canoe clubhouse, "what was I to talk to you about this time?"

"Sails and Sailing," replied Aleck, the salt, eagerly.

"Right," said Mr. Russell, "and a most important subject it is. To begin with, if you will help me, we will prepare our illustrations."

After a few minutes' busy work four canoes, with masts stepped, and having four different styles of snowy sails, set and fluttering in the fresh breeze, lay side by side on the float.

"You will notice," said Mr. Russell, "that these are all sailing canoes, and that they all carry two sails—a large one forward, which is the mainsail, and a small one aft, which is known as the mizzen, dandy, or jigger. Paddling canoes only carry one moderate-sized sail, for use when the breeze is directly astern."

"This sail"—and here he pointed to the triangular mainsail of the canoe nearest him—"is known as a 'leg-of-mutton.' Although it requires a tall mast, which some canoe sailors regard as a serious objection, the sail runs to such a small point aloft that there is really very little surface exposed to the wind, and very little weight up there. It is the most simple form of sail, can be easily hoisted, lowered, or reefed, and, upon the whole, I am inclined to consider it the safest and most useful of all canoe sails. It is the one I recommend to your use, Ben, on your 'Nautilus' canoe."



LEG-OF-MUTTON.

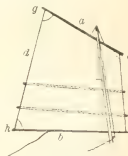


STANDING LUG.

"The next sail is a standing lug, a sail which is very nearly square, and consequently good for running before the wind. A small sail of this description is what I would advise you two boys to carry in your open 'Peterboro', as an aid to your paddles, when running free, which means directly before the wind."

"This is a 'balance lug-sail,' wrongly called by some a 'batten lug,' on account of those light strips of wood or battens which are run across it from luff to leach to make it sit flat. The portion forward of the mast answers the purpose of a jib, and it is a most useful and easily managed sail, but is better adapted to the requirements of experts than amateur canoe sailors."

"The last of the four examples is a lateen—a sail which has little to recommend it save its picturesque appearance, and the fact that it can be hoisted on a very short mast. It is a good sail in light weather, but is awkward to reef, and is very much in the way of the paddle when lowered."



BALANCE LUG.



LATEEN.

"Now I am going to explain the meaning of a few technical sea terms which it is absolutely necessary for all would-be sailors to understand. Although you can find these explanations in any book on sailing, I am sure that

you will remember them better if you have them in your own note-books.

"First, then, for the different parts of a sail, and I think you would each better draw a diagram of this balance lug, and then write on each part the name I give you for it. The top of the sail is the *head* (a), the bottom the *foot* (b); the forward edge is the *luff* (c), the after edge the *leach* (d); the upper forward corner is the *throat* (e), the lower forward corner the *tack* (f), the upper after corner the *peak* (g), and the lower after corner the *clew* (h); the stick to which the head of the sail is laced is the *gaff* if it ends at the mast, but if it projects forward of the mast it is called a *yard*. The rope by which the sail is hoisted is the *halyard*, that by which it is lowered is the *down-haul*, and that made fast to the boom, by which it is held, is the *sheet*. The forward end of a canoe is the *stem*, the after end the *stern*, the right-hand side is *starboard*, and the left-hand *port*; the *windward* or *weather* side is the side the wind blows from, and the *lee* or *leeward* side is the side toward which it blows.

"A canoe is sailing on the *starboard tack* when her main-boom is out over the port side, and is on the *port tack* when it is over the starboard side. Any boat sailing on the starboard tack has the right of way over those sailing on the port tack; that is, they must get out of her way. Any boat sailing *free*, or before the wind, must give way to any that it meets sailing *close hauled*, or with the boom drawn in until it is nearly parallel to the side of the boat.

"To *beat* is to sail on alternate tacks, in a zigzag direction, directly against the wind.

"To *come about*, or *go about*, is to change the direction of sailing from one tack to another. This is accomplished by turning the rudder sharply in the direction you wish the canoe to turn, and letting loose the main-sheet at the same time. The mizzen-sheet must be drawn or *trimmed* in as close as possible. As the canoe gradually *rounds to* on her new course, the mainsail will fill on the opposite tack, the mizzen-sheet may be loosened, and off you go.

"To *luff* is to throw the canoe into the face of the wind, so that her sails will flutter when they hang directly fore and aft.

"Always know the direction from which the wind is coming by watching the little *dog-cane* at your mast-head, the ripple on the water, or by feeling it blow against your face.

"At night every vessel, when *under way*, or in motion, carries a green light on her starboard side and a red light on her port side. (Port-wine is red.)

"A canoe when sailing at night must carry a white light at the head of her mizzen-mast, where it will be behind her skipper, and not dazzle him.

"In sailing a canoe, never make your main-sheet fast, but always hold it in one hand or the other. Remembering and following this rule will save you from many a capsizes.

"Now my time is up, and the 'talk' must end; though I could keep on for hours upon this interesting subject of sailing. Come again to-morrow, and I will give you one more 'talk,' which must be the last, as I am going to start on a cruise myself to-morrow night."

"Then won't you tell us something about cruising, Mr. Russell, please?" asked Bob.

"Yes, and about sleeping in a canoe, and all that," added Aleck.

"And shooting rapids and things," said Ben.

"I don't know about shooting rapids," said Mr. Russell, smiling; "and as for 'things,' I would strongly advise you not to take a gun, then you will have no temptation to shoot 'things.' But I think I can give you some points on cruising and sleeping in a canoe, 'and all that,' as Aleck says. Good-by."

## LITTLE HAWK.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

THE grand annual buffalo hunt of the northern band of Blackfoot Indians was made a few years ago under unpleasant circumstances. It was always best for them to live close to the boundary line between the United States and the "Canadas," but never before had they quarrelled at the same time with the British and American authorities, and with their ancient neighbors and enemies the Sioux. So there was no telling at what moment their buffalo hunt might be turned into something else—into being hunted themselves, for instance. Not a warrior or squaw or boy among them, however, had any thought or fear of being hunted or "run down" by the buffaloes. Blackfeet were nowhere safe from the Sioux, but above the boundary line they were safe from the "bluecoats," and below it from the "redcoats." Bisons were not safe anywhere, for it was time that all red men should "jerk" much meat and dry it for winter consumption.

Just about the middle of the forenoon of one of the earliest days of that hunt a particularly enthusiastic Blackfoot boy was in the most unsafe place he could think of. It was the bare back of his own pony, and the pony was in the middle of a vast drove of bison. All these were rushing madly in one direction, as if some sudden fear had taken hold of their shaggy minds, and they were sweeping the young hunter and his pony along with them. The excitement of following a fine fat animal he had already half killed and wished to finish had carried him so far in among the tremendous game that when the "stampede" came he could not get out. He was a fine-looking boy of fifteen or sixteen, and he was armed with lance and bow and arrows. He was not now trying to do anything with his weapons. He was watching the lumbering gallop of the wild-looking, angry, frantic brutes that were now crowding and wedging closer and closer on all sides of him. His pony was a good one, and sprang forward through gaps in the drove, snorting and trembling with fear. There was no telling at what moment one of those mighty bulls might turn upon him, and there could be no dodging in such a press.

The boy knew well enough what would become of him under those trampling hoofs if once his pony should go down. No wonder his black eyes flashed around so eagerly over the tumult and toss and surge of that great brown flood of living creatures. On they went, and their very haste and rush was some small protection to the young hunter. The maddest bulls were in too great a hurry to stop long enough to kill him and his pony. Every now and then sharply uttered guttural sentences burst from his lips, and some of these meant:

"How long can it keep up? Stop some time? Pony go down by-and-by! Then? Ugh!"

There was a full hour of that awful riding across the undulating plain, bare of trees, and then from the crest of a roll higher than the rest could be seen a line of forest.

"Ugh! Bad! Break all to pieces!"

He saw that the torrent of bison poured right through the woods, and he knew that there would be no care taken by them to select a good path for him. He felt more and more strongly that he had better be almost anywhere else. Surely he would be crushed against trees, or scamped off by branches, or else the pony would stumble in the underbrush. One huge, black-maned, furious bison bull had already made several efforts to get alongside of him, but the woods looked even more terrible than the bull.

Nobody anywhere knows where thoughts come from, and the Blackfoot Indian boy did not know what a thought was. He had never heard of such a thing, and so he

did not know that it was a thought which came to him so suddenly. It came at the moment when his pony lowered his head to go under the sweeping branch of a great oak, and when the deep, hoarse bellowing on both sides of him made him shiver all over.

In one instant the pony's back was bare, and the branch was occupied. The thought had said: "Throw your arms around it, and let the pony go on, but stick to your lance and bow."

The next thought that came to him was uttered aloud: "All go by. Never saw so many. Never see pony any more."

That was enough to be gloomy over, but no rush of the bison could break down the gnarled and rugged old oak, and it was well worth while to sit and see them go by. It was a wonder how they should all have become stampeded at once, for the Blackfeet had assailed them only on one flank. The boy wondered and made guesses about it as he sat upon the branch, until, just as the tide of quadrupeds began to thin a little, there came an explanation. More wonder and trouble and peril came with it also.

Clear and sweet and ringing, a few notes of bugle music poured in among the trees, and was replied to by thick-throated bellows of the vanishing bison. Then a rider in a red uniform gay with gold, followed by others not quite so gay, rode up to the very tree the young hunter was watching in. It was the bugler of a company of British cavalry, and once more the "recall" sounded far and near, for there was a national reason why red uniforms could ride no further in that direction.

One of the men who had pulled up near the bugler had been at once picked out as "Redcoat Chief," and he now suddenly exclaimed, "Orderly, see that little hawk perched in that tree. How did he get there? Take him. Now I'll find out where the whole band is."

"Come down, Little Hawk," shouted a soldier, riding as closely as he could to the boy on the branch.

The boy looked at him and at the carbines and sabres and brilliant red uniforms. Of what use would be a lance and bow and arrows and one Blackfoot boy up a tree against all these?

Another thought came to him, and he instantly came down from the branch with a quick, lithe, springing movement. It did not put him upon the ground, but upon the back of the trooper's horse, behind the saddle. The horse reared and plunged, but the officer remarked, "All right, McGinniss. You've got him. Bring your little hawk along. He has surrendered unconditionally."

"We caught him right upon the line," said another officer. "Did you note that, Major Huntington?"

"Certainly. I saw the surveyor's mark on the tree, but the branch the little hawk was perched on came out northerly. We caged him on British territory, Captain Fay."

"We can pump him when the interpreter comes up."

There was a slight mistake about that. The little hawk was as silent as any other untamed bird when the interpreter tried him. He had changed his perch because of a sudden idea that nobody would shoot at him while on the new one, but he expected to be killed sooner or later. That was his idea of war, and there was war between his band of Blackfeet and all these men in red uniforms. Of course it was his duty to die without betraying his chief and people.

That entire company of cavalry, with a score of scouts and half-breed Indians, had been hunting that drove of bison, and the stampede was accounted for. The animals had run away from so much red, and from the bugle music. Now enough killing had been done, and the men whose business it was were gathering the best pieces of the large "game" and carrying them to camp. The officers and the men with them, and their prisoner, rode there at

once. Not a word did they extract from him on the way; but as they drew near their tents three ladies rode out to meet them. They were wives of the officers of that command, and the Blackfoot boy had never seen anything else so remarkable.

Major Huntington shouted to his wife: "Nelly, we've caught a little hawk." And at that very moment he heard a voice of shrill astonishment behind him exclaim:

"Ugh! Squaw!"

The interpreter was a quick-witted man, and he instantly replied with a lot of information about those ladies. The Indian boy could not help himself after that. In a moment more they were looking in his face, and laughing merrily. He answered any question they chose to ask him, and some of his answers were true. He knew he had not put in any facts that would help the redcoats to find his people, but he told the truth about losing his pony and getting into the tree. One of the ladies gave him a pair of old yellow gloves, and made him put them on, and they all asked him to come and have some dinner. He was sure the soldiers were going to kill him by-and-by, but he went and ate his dinner bravely. It was the most remarkable meal he had ever seen or eaten, and it spoke well for him that he pricked his mouth only once with his fork. He knew from the interpreter the name they had given him, and Major Huntington thought he knew from him that the Blackfeet were beyond the border. British cavalry could not follow them into the United States.

"We will keep Little Hawk in camp overnight," he said, "and see if we can get any more out of him. In the morning we can let him take care of himself."

That was precisely what Little Hawk meant to do at the first opportunity. He was at war with all that camp and the whole British army, except those very liberal "squaws." They gave him a new red and blue blanket, and hung a brass medal around his neck by a green ribbon. In spite of all that, however, the men in red tied him up at nightfall like any other wild captive.

"Kill him another day. Ugh!" said he to himself. "Can't find Blackfeet. Little Hawk find. Ugh!"

The camp fires burned low toward the next morning, and a thick mist came crawling down over everything in preparation for an autumnal rain-storm not many hours away. Under the heavy cover of the darkness and the fog tough young fingers toiled at the secrets of hard knots till they solved them. There were soldiers asleep close by, but the men had hunted vigorously, and their slumbers were sound.

One by one the knots gave it up, and then it was as if a shadow slipped away through the grass toward the "corral," where the spare horses were tethered. The sentinel on duty there heard no sound and saw nothing. Little Hawk had marked where to find a bride, and he needed no saddle. The mist settled more and more heavily, and the remaining half-hours crept rapidly away. So did Little Hawk, until he deemed it safe to mount his new horse.

"Ugh! Not killed this time! Little Hawk got horse. Worth ten ponies. Ugh!"

He wanted to whoop, and had to hold his breath to keep it in; but there was noise enough made on his account. When the bugler sounded the "reveille" that morning he was half asleep. In a minute more the whole camp was wide awake, and in another minute all the men in it were looking for the prisoner.

"Count the horses!" shouted Captain Fay; and he had hardly said it before the corporal of the guard touched his cap to him, with,

"One bridle missing, sir. One of the best spare horses gone, sir."

"The Little Hawk!" exclaimed the captain, stamping





"IN AN INSTANT THE PONY'S BACK WAS BARE."

hard with one foot only, because he had not yet pulled on his left boot. He was red in the face, and there was much red in many other faces in that camp, and there were many and varied exclamations. The ladies had a great many things to say.

It was just so, later in the day, in a camp of Blackfeet Indians a number of miles away from any place where Major Huntington was likely to search for them. Every soul stopped work upon the buffalo meat they were "jerk-ing," and hastened to hear the story to be told by a boy who came riding swiftly in. It was a great story, but every word of it was true, and it had to be believed.

At the end of it a gray-headed chief stepped out and carefully examined all that had been captured from the British army by the boy the British army had captured in the old oak. He loudly announced his decision: "Little Hawk! Big brave some day. Trade pony for horse. Keep horse. Keep blanket. Running Bull is a great chief. Trade Little Hawk another bridle for red-coat bridle. Ugh?"

That was the end of it, except that Little Hawk's father was also a great chief, and traded a good pony with him for the horse, and his mother traded an old blanket with him for the new one. Nobody could trade anything with him for the glory of his adventure, or for the brass medal, or for the fact that he had eaten one pale-face dinner with a knife and fork. The pony he lost was never heard of again, and may have decided to become a bison.

## FALSE WITNESS.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," "JO'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII.

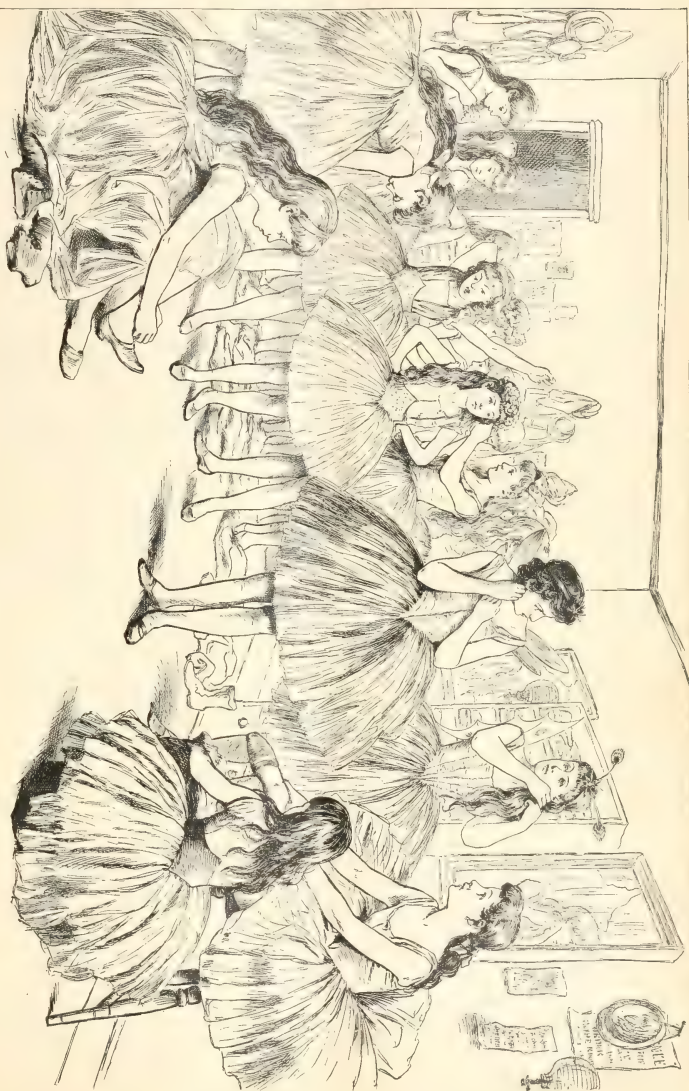
#### THE UNWILLING "FAIRY."

"WE'LL have to be early, Agnes," Sarah Hamilton was saying, about eight o'clock the next morning, looking in at Agnes's door. "You know all the costumes will be there to be tried on, and you will have your rehearsal. Don't make Gordon angry by being late."

Agnes's toilet was soon over, and before nine o'clock she and Sarah were hurrying down Tremont Street, around some side streets to the rear of the entrance of the theatre, and for the first time Agnes was taken upstairs behind the scenes.

By a succession of short flights of stairs of the narrowest and dirtiest kind, with small landings upon which the principal dressing-rooms opened, they made their way to the top of the house. One portion of the large space here was enclosed, making a long room, the general dressing-room of the fairies and other young people who took part in the performance. Several cracked mirrors, or pieces of what

\* Begun in No. 347, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"CASTING ONE HORRIFIED GLANCE AT HERSELF IN THE CRACKED MIRROR, SHE TURNED AWAY."

—Alice Farnsworth.

once might have been dignified by the name, were fastened at intervals against the wall, and between them were small shelves containing the necessary toilet articles of the young girls who belonged to the chorus. Some old chairs, a rickety wardrobe, and half a dozen wash-stands completed the furnishing of the room, which now, lighted by the pale rays of wintry sunshine, looked forlorn indeed—and at night the flare of gas-light from a jet stuck in the wall shed an even more unnatural and curious color. It was cold and dreary enough, but several of the girls were already there inspecting the new costumes, presided over by a portly middle-aged woman, who tried them on one after another, all of which she declared would need alteration. Hard enough work was it to attend the rehearsals and prepare for the performance; but added to this was the necessity for sewing in the long room under Mrs. Bixby's sharp superintendence, every one of the girls having to make the alterations in her own costume.

Agnes felt no sense of pleasure in being arrayed in a pink tarlatan costume, and having the shoulders and waist twitched here and there by Mrs. Bixby's dirty fingers, and hearing a run of complaints from one and all, Mrs. Bixby saying half a dozen times she wondered what made Jennie Alger fall sick just at the wrong minute.

The girls were very kind, however, and poor little Agnes found some one ready enough to help her in altering the dress, and then in showing her the way upstairs to the rehearsal. Fortunately Mr. Gordon's place was filled by some one else, so Agnes contrived to get through her part without very much correction, and at two o'clock was glad enough to share some of Sarah's lunch in the dingy little greenroom, it being impossible to get home again before the second rehearsal was called.

So the day was spent; Agnes, still conscious of the feverish pain in her head and the soreness on her chest; but for the young people who dazzled a large audience in the "spectacular" drama there was little chance to rest, and no heed of grumbling or discontent. Five o'clock saw the two girls eager enough to get out in the rain and be home again for a hurried tea before the return to the theatre.

"There is the new hotel," Sarah said, touching Agnes by the arm as they passed under the shadow of a fine doorway on Washington Street, and Sarah looked up admiringly at the many plate-glass windows, illumined by gas light from within, of a fine new hotel. Agnes lifted her eyes wearily. There were figures to be seen within one of the windows, but she recognized nothing familiar about either of them, although, indeed, one was the young physician who had attended Margaret Hofmeister, and the other was Mrs. Mostyn's nephew Guy. The two girls, threading their way through the crowded streets, past the windows so gorgeously made inviting for Christmas, were speedily lost in the crowd, although Sarah did insist upon stopping long enough to look at the very splendid scene in one store representing a family party, dressed in the latest fashion, and seated on the most artistic chairs, waiting for the arrival of Santa Claus and his wonderful car-load of treasures, which seemed to be approaching from the other window.

"I wonder," said Sarah, "if anybody ever had a Christmas like that? Do you know, Agnes," she eagerly continued, drawing a sigh, and turning her thin, dark young face, with a wistful look, toward her companion, "I often wonder whether there ever are times quiet enough to really have fun and some sort of comfort in them? I don't ever remember a Christmas without hard work, and it seems queer enough too. There was one dreadful Christmas. No wonder ma hates to think of the day coming around. Joey, our eldest boy"—poor Sarah from her constant care of the little tribe of brothers and sisters had come to regard them as though she shared their ownership—"Joey fell from the trapeze in the theatre, and was killed. I'll never forget that night. We are poor enough,

now, but we were worse off then. The scene-shifters—pa wasn't teaching them; he was doing carpentering at the theatre—they clubbed together and paid for the funeral. Well, come along, Agnes; we'll be late, and dear old Gordon will bless us in his most approved way. Let's wish that happy wax family a very merry Christmas."

"Oh, Sarah!" cried Agnes, "just for fun let's choose what we'd like for Christmas, if we could."

And, unheeding the jostling and rough pushing of the crowd, the girls, little more than children really at heart and in years, made their choice, Sarah declaring that, while they were about it, they might as well select gifts for the entire family; and so, from a warm cloak for Mrs. Hamilton to kilts and black silk hose for little Florian Augustus, the youngest boy, the family were in fancy provided with Christmas gifts, the girls going on, laughing, in spite of their fatigue, over the amusement their fancy had furnished.

Will Agnes ever forget that day and evening?

The Hamilton family were in a state of general excitement, Mrs. Hamilton having half a dozen of the small costumes, "given out" to her by the general costumer, yet to finish, and Mr. Hamilton, violin in hand, practising some of the "fairy" in his class in certain of their steps, while Sarah hurried about, getting supper ready, and rehearsing odd bits of her part, and wishing that Christmas plays need not begin so much in advance of the actual season.

Agnes felt too bewildered, and, if the truth had been told, too ill to eat, and as there was no money in the little household to provide even car fare, the girls started for the theatre again at half past six o'clock with Mr. Hamilton and the three little ones, who were to appear in Cupid's train that evening.

The stage, as they crossed it, was occupied by a noisy company of carpenters and scene-shifters, who, under some one's superintendence, were "setting" the first scene of the fairy spectacle, and with the sounds of hammering and loud talking in their ears the girls ran up the rickety stairs, and entered the general dressing-room, where some one at once called out, "Do shut the door quickly; it is perfectly freezing in here already."

And then began the process of getting into her stage finery, and—most trying of all—being painted and powdered in a way which Agnes thought made her look like a clown.

"It has to be done," Sarah said, "or you would look like a ghost with all the lights of the stage on you."

"Poor child!" said a tall young woman, who was one of the sprites in the play—a leader of the elfish band, "You do not look used to much of this sort of work. Whose little girl is she?" she continued, turning to Sarah; and poor Agnes's heart thrilled with pain as she reflected whose, indeed, was she in the world this Christmas season.

Casting one horrified glance at herself in the cracked mirror, she turned away, following the others to the wings, where Mr. Gordon, still excited and ill-tempered, was going about counting up the chorus, calling to this one and that, and ready to give Agnes a few instructions.

From her place behind the scenes, with the band of fairies whom she was to lead on the stage, Agnes could hear the overture, the ringing up of the curtain, and the sounds of the first music, followed by deafening applause. A giddy trembling seized her. "Go on," said some voice, as the leader of the chorus gave her a little push.

Did Jennie Alger do this, feeling as she did, the poor child wondered, as, with a throbbing heart, she found herself on the stage, a sea of faces surging before her, the music ringing madly in her ears, and a sense of utter terror fastening itself as though with cold hands upon her.

Sarah, from her station at the corner of the stage, where she was representing the princess in fairy lore, gave her a quick look of encouragement, which served to bring



Agnes sufficiently to herself to sing the first verse of the little song which every one had thought little Jennie Alger did so remarkably well; but, alas! it was done in a lifeless way. Agnes, worn out by fatigue, scant diet, and anxiety, sang with a choking sensation in her throat, and then stood still, awkwardly enough, gazing straight ahead of her across the orchestra to the first row of seats, where gradually she was beginning to distinguish some of the faces.

"There! go back!" whispered the tall leader of the elves in her ear, and at the same time Agnes felt some one pull at her dress from behind. But she had seen something which made her heart beat more rapidly, and rooted her to the spot.

Out of the sea of faces two familiar ones had grown clear. Dr. Tabor and Guy Mostyn were sitting directly before her. Agnes recognized them both with a rush of painfully bewildering thoughts. No longer could she remember that she was one of Mr. Gordon's "fairies," that she ought to go back and wave her wand over the small people in pink and blue tarlatan grouped about the silvery grotto. She could see only the little room with the scarlet geraniums in the window; Margaret Hofmeister's white face on the pillow; outside, the early November snow falling; and within, anxiety and the helplessness of suffering to make an added chill.

"Go back, can't you?" came in sharp tones from the manager at the wings; but the words were spoken too late. Little Jennie Alger's unsuccessful "substitute," scarcely knowing what she did, staggered from the stage, and fell in a dead faint just behind the scenes.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE RECOGNITION.

THE audience rarely know what life is going on "behind the scenes." To the crowded audience, the eager listeners, that night, little Agnes Leigh seemed only a stupid girl blundering through her part in an ill-trained fashion, and with neither voice nor taste for music. Few could guess how many a one like this child had begun early to fight the battle of life, with want and cold and hard usage for their daily portion; but young Dr. Tabor, the physician from Halcom, knew something of it. His wife had chanced to be acquainted with one or two young girls who had tried and failed in an overcrowded theatre, and with a physician's eye he had at once detected that the thin figure and weary voice of Jennie Alger's substitute were the result of illness and overwork.

"What a stupid girl that is!" Guy Mostyn said, contemptuously. He rarely visited the theatre, and on this occasion was rather anxious to show Dr. Tabor, who had invited him, that he was able to criticise music and acting; but he had hardly uttered the words before he caught the doctor's arm, and exclaimed, in an excited whisper, "Doctor, I do believe that is the very Agnes Leigh Aunt Eunice is trying so hard to find—the girl we all sort of turned out of Halcom by our silly chatter."

"Agnes Leigh!" returned the doctor. He too remembered the skifful, tender little nurse at Margaret Hofmeister's bedside, and how the queer gossip about her family history had puzzled him.

Guy anxiously told the story.

"Oh, do let us go and inquire at once!" he urged; and as Agnes, with a terrified look and faltering steps, staggered behind the scenes, Dr. Tabor rose and made his way quickly to the box office.

Admission at the back, he was told, was out of the question, but he gave his card, and explained that his business was urgent; he need only see the manager; so, rather reluctantly, a boy was sent with him around to the draughty passageway at the back, where a curious scene greeted him.

Deathly white, so that the paint upon her cheeks looked

more startling than ever, was poor Agnes Leigh upon one of the rude benches against the wall, one of the chorus girls flinging water in her face, and another fanning her violently.

"I am a doctor," said the young man, hurrying forward, followed by Guy. "Can I be of service? And tell me, is not this girl named Agnes Leigh?"

Sarah Hamilton had come off the stage by this time, and was bending over her little friend.

She looked up sharply at the stranger and said: "Yes, it is. Poor thing, she is all worn out; but I don't suppose she had any real talent for it, anyhow," she added, with the opinion of one brought up to the profession.

"I hope it will be the last occasion on which she needs to test it," said the doctor. "As you seem to be her friend, can you tell me how soon I can get her to the hotel where we are staying?"

"My aunt, Mrs. Mostyn, is there," said Guy. "We have been looking for her for some time."

Fortunately for all those interested—and many, now curious at what they heard, pressed around the little group—the first act had come to an end. Agnes sat up, dazed and bewildered, but smiled joyfully on seeing Guy. Exactly what followed seemed hard for her afterward to remember in detail. The doctor sternly forbade her returning to the stage. There was the delay of giving up her costume to some one else who could take her part, however badly; then the waiting which she insisted upon for Sarah, and the drive back to the Hamiltons', with the doctor and Guy Mostyn still in attendance; a sense of creating confusion and pleasurable excitement in the little household; and finally the finding of herself on a sofa in Mrs. Hamilton's back parlor, with some quiet restored, while the winter night drifted into morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### PLANTS AS BUILDERS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

IN Virginia, near where Chesapeake Bay meets the Atlantic Ocean, lies a wonderful forest, different probably from anything you have ever seen. Tall tree trunks rise out of the dark water below, and stretch up and up till they are lost in the great matted bed of dark green leaves, and boughs which seem as if they were the roof of a cavern above-ground. It is always dim and dusky beneath this roof, even at noonday.

Great coils of grape-vines bind together the tree trunks, and out of the water rise the cypress knees—trunks that have grown up and then turned suddenly back again into the water. These serve to steady the trees and keep them firm in the wet, insecure soil. Tall reeds and grasses grow up between the trunks of the trees, and hanging masses of solemn gray moss drape their boughs. Here and there the surface of the sullen water is broken by little tussocks of grass.

The water is a dark coffee-color, but clear and sparkling, and sweet to the taste. Over all this wilderness of solemn trees and dark water reigns a death-like stillness, broken only by the humming of millions of mosquitoes or the splash and rush through the water of some water-snake or venomous moccasin which has been sunning itself on a log, and drops into the water on your approach. Here in this Dismal Swamp the battle between land and water is going on. The land, aided by the plants, is continually gaining ground. Into the water the leaves are always falling, the dead boughs from the trees, the dripping grass moss and the juniper berries, making a solid mat and slowly filling up the pools.

The water has the power of keeping the leaves from decaying as they would on land. This water is a very wonderful thing. Many years ago, when I was a child, I



A TROPICAL MORASS.

went out from Norfolk, Virginia, to see the old war ship *Pennsylvania*, that was lying near the city. One of the ship's officers handed me a glass of what I took to be brown sherry wine. I tasted it, and found it was pure, sweet water. This was the coffee-colored water of the great Dismal Swamp, and it will keep sweet for twenty years, on account of the juniper berries that have colored it. I think the glass I drank had been something like that time in the hold of the ship.

In some of the Louisiana swamps the surface of the water is covered for many thousands of acres with a growth of grass and plants, making what is called a floating prairie, where twenty years ago there was an expanse of clear water. The grass grows thicker and thicker every year. Sometimes, when this floating prairie gets heavy and water-soaked, it will all sink into the shallow water beneath. When this has happened often enough, the lake of the past will have been converted into a soggy swamp. Willow-trees seem to come up of themselves, and their roots bind more firmly together the slight soil and grass roots, and the land is born out of the water, gaining solidity and firmness year by year. These floating prairies, when the grass and roots and earth are only two feet thick, are strong enough to allow a man to walk about with ease, though they are floating on clear water several feet deep underneath.

In some countries—Ireland, for instance, where there is

a great deal of rain—moss and small plants growing on a soft muddy place make a deep coating. Each year's growth is packed closely down on the growth of the year before. In this way a peat bog is formed. In the open air, when plants perish, they dry up and blow away, or decay, and so are lost, but in the peat bogs the water, like that of the Dismal Swamp, preserves things that drop into it. Bog oak, out of which ornaments are sometimes made, is oak that has been preserved in the water and turned black and hard with years, but is perfectly sound.

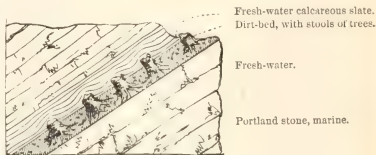
About a hundred years ago the body of a woman was found deep down in an Irish peat bog almost perfectly preserved; even the hair and skin and nails were sound. She must have been there a long, long while, for on her feet were, not shoes, but ancient sandals, such as have not been worn for hundreds of years.

The solid packings of moss forming peat are cut into squares and dried, and then used to burn instead of wood or coal in many parts of Ireland. This peat is coal partly formed. When it is pressed very, very hard by machinery it is made into a kind of coal which burns quite well. Some of the peat bogs in Europe were formed by the cutting down of the forests by the Romans. The trees were left lying where they fell, and often dammed up springs, and so a bog was formed which in the eighteen hundred years since has grown into a peat bog.

In most bogs formed in this way the peat is not pure; it is mixed with mud and sand; but in some places, as in the swamps along the Mississippi, the water has been strained of its mud before it reaches the swamp, so the peat is made just of layers and layers of leaves packed together by the water, and is perfectly pure.

Sometimes when solid continents or islands have sunk beneath the water, whole forests have gone down with them, the fallen trunks of trees and stumps in place; the dirt has sifted over these, till new land has formed above the old, new forests have grown up and fallen and been buried. A cut through such a bed may be seen below; the layers of sand and shells between the layers of tree trunks show that it has been under water between-times.

In New Jersey there are great buried forests of cedar which have lain there for centuries uninjured. People actually mine for timber. Some of the tree trunks lie fifteen feet under-ground. One of these trunks, which had lived for five hundred years, as showed by the yearly rings, was underneath another which had a thousand yearly rings.



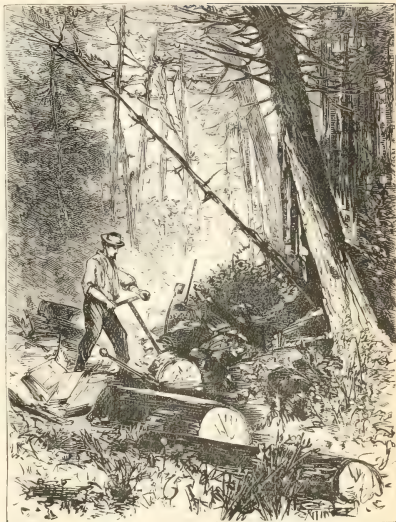
SECTION OF CLIFF.  
(From Lyell's "Elements of Geology.")

In Louisiana, where the timber grows heavily, great trees are often torn up and carried down-stream by sudden and heavy floods. These get wedged, and dam the stream, so that though the water can filter through, everything which comes floating down the stream is stopped and

packed together, and forms great natural rafts. About forty years ago the government had one of these removed, which measured ten miles long, seven hundred feet thick, and eight feet high. It was covered with plants, and even a few great trees sixty feet high were growing on the top.

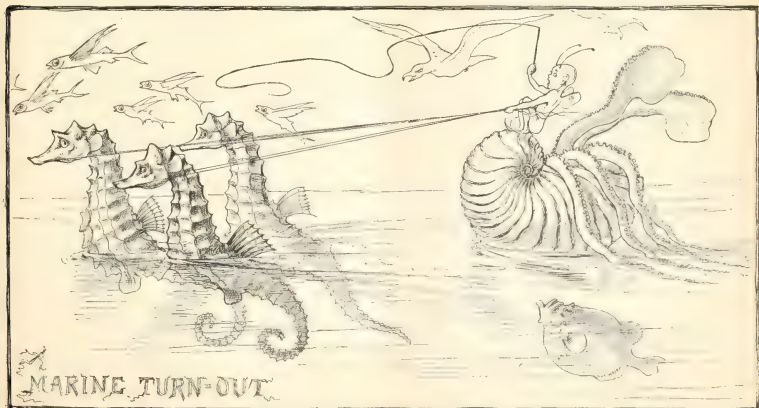
The plants we have been talking about are good sized—some of them large trees; but there are other earth-builders among plants too small for the eye to see. These are very wonderful little plants; in many ways they seem more like animals than plants. Each one is a little greenish dot of jelly, with a glassy coat like a shell. They may be found in almost any water, but it takes a good magnifying-glass to see them. I have found them in the water from a running stream, in a spoonful dipped up from the hollow made in a country road by a horse's hoof, or in a way-side pool. In the seas and lakes and rivers of the Old World these little creatures lived and multiplied and died, dropping to the bottom, and making earth of their tiny glassy shells. A piece of this earth smaller than an ordinary bullet or green pea would have in it over two hundred million shells, and yet this earth covers thousands of acres several feet thick.

Out in the western part of Virginia, only about a hundred feet below the top of one of the highest mountains in the State, there is a lake nearly a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad. It is as clear as crystal, and if you take a boat and go out upon its still surface, you will probably look at the sky or the green banks till some one says to you, "Look down." Then you see a wonderful thing. Down at the bottom of the water is a dead forest; the trees are standing up, with their naked branches spreading abroad in the water far below you. How such a lake can exist so high up it is difficult to guess. The water must come from the small portion of the mountain above it. One old man said some years ago he remembered about seventy years before, when there was no lake, only a valley filled with trees. How or why the lake came no one seems to have found out, though many guesses have been made. It is thought that the water which drained from the mountain used to escape, but that



MINING FOR CEDAR LOGS IN NEW JERSEY.

the way of escape was somehow closed, and so the water filled up the valley. The trees, of course, died, but the water kept them from decaying and being lost. I do not know of any other place in the world just like this; but the same thing may have happened long ages ago, and trees in this way have helped to be earth-builders.







DRAWING HIS PICTURE

## NEW SERIAL STORY.

## THE FLAMINGO FEATHER.

BY KIRK MCNEOE,

AUTHOR OF "WAKULLA," ETC.

Our readers will be glad to learn that a new serial story (the title of which is printed above) will commence in this next number. Although the scene of the story is laid in Florida, "The Flamingo Feather" has little in common with the author's previous story, "Wakulla." "The Flamingo Feather" is a romance of the period of the early colonization of Florida, and it is of absorbing interest. Several of the characters are Indians. There is a Seneca named Réné, the young white hero, and his devoted Indian friend.

The story takes its title from the flamingo feather, which was worn by an Indian chief as a distinguishing badge or sign.

The illustrations will be drawn by Mr. T. DE THURSTON.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

KIRK BROOKMAN, NEW YORK.

I have a little pet. Its name is Methuselah. My mother gave it that name. First I will tell you how I got it. I saw a little black thing popping its head out of the water. I asked a Senior would he get into his row-boat and row out into the middle of the lake and see what that was popping its head out of the water. The Senior went out, and there was a turtle no bigger than a 25-cent piece. He gave it to me, and I put it in a large bottle, with water. I fed it with live flies. The funny thing about it was that I gave it a dead fly it would not touch it. When it was time to get ready for me to go home, I got a large empty match-box, with moist grass, and air-holes so he could breathe. A friend of mine, Father W., said that before we would reach Buffalo it would die. When I got into the train I put it into the umbrella case. In the morning I looked at my turtle, and he was alive. After I washed my face, I washed the turtle's. We arrived at Buffalo at 10 o'clock A.M.; I went and looked at my turtle again, and it was still alive. In the morning we arrived at New York, at seven o'clock. When I got home, I put it into a dish, and gave it plenty of flies. Now I've got it in a large glass globe, and it lives happily, and is very tame. I want you to tell me how you like this story.

RODERICK ESKRINE M.

I think it is a capital story, Roderick. Let me hear from you again.

Now I am going to tell you about our animals and birds. The emu is a very large bird, and when fully grown, it can stand on its legs seven feet in length. Its wings are very small; in fact, they can hardly be called wings, as they are of such small size as to be useless for flight. The plumage is a mixture of gray and green, and the feathers of its head and neck are of a hairy texture. The legs are short and stout, and it runs with great brown, and about the size of a turkey hen. The ostrich, but side-attacked, it kicks out like a cow; not forward, like the ostrich, but sideways and backwards. The eggs are of a pale green, and the nest is built in the shape of a cone; the circumference of it is twenty-four feet, diameter eight feet, and height four feet. The eggs are laid in spiral form until the top is reached, each layer being covered with fine sand and decomposed leaves. The heat hatches the eggs, and as soon as the young ones are hatched, they run and hide their heads; poor things! they fancy that then they are safe.

The low or mallee bird is a curious bird. It is more remarkable for the manner of building its nest than for its appearance. It is of a speckled brown, and about the size of a turkey hen. The nest is built in the shape of a cone; the circumference of it is twenty-four feet, diameter eight feet, and height four feet. The eggs are laid in spiral form until the top is reached, each layer being covered with fine sand and decomposed leaves. The heat hatches the eggs, and as soon as the young ones are hatched, they run and hide their heads; poor things! they fancy that then they are safe.

Then there is the bower-bird, but I dare say this bird is well known to American boys and girls. They build their bower on the ground, which they like exposed to the sun. The floor of the bower is strewn with bones, quintoning stones, buttons, and any bright thing they can find. The birds are very fond of chasing each other in and out. The bower is like a small avenue which meets at the top.

Now, dear Postmistress, I could tell you a great deal more, but I must not trespass too much on your space and time. With love from my sisters and self,

KAY WEST, FLORIDA.

At one o'clock on the morning of March 29, 1888, our island city was visited by a terrible conflagration. Houses and places of worship were swept away in a few hours, while strong men stood by unable to save the homes they had loved. The fire raged, leaping from one street to another, sweeping all before it until it reached the water's edge, and even the docks were destroyed, and the great wharves, with their cargoes of sugar, coffee, and various things smoldered on what remained of the wharves. The fire did many curious things; a large house of stone, which had stood for many years, and which had been severely scorched by the heat. The St. Paul's Episcopal church was also burnt. We had, by great good luck, managed to purchase an organ and introducing such, had bought a new library for the Sunday-school, and raised enough money to buy six new windows. Our bishop died while the work was going on, and the church before the fire we lost our beloved pastor, but we still continued to work for the church, and just as we were about to give up, the fire swept it away, and all we saved was the silver communion service, the font, the bishop's and pastor's chairs, sacred because of the death of both the bishops in the city, and the church was destroyed, and now church and all must be worked for over again. During the destruction of the city, the fire was going on, and the church was of sad interest to us. Two white pigeons hovered over the building, and finally alighted upon the two arms of the cross, remaining there, dashed, until the fire was burnt down. When the tower was burning and swaying ready to fall, the bell tolled three times as if lamenting the destruction that was going on through the city. The organ we had tolled for, and

which had been ours so short a time, passed, forth chords sweet and melodious to the laid, a requiem for our loved church. I received Harper's Young People as a present, when I was but a little girl, and had all the numbers on file ready to send to get bound, but the fire destroyed them all, and all that remain of our treasured papers are those received since that event. We wish to build a brick church, and think we can if others will help in this (to us) Herculean task. We have another paper for boys and girls, hold service and Sunday-school in the United States Court-house.

ALICE F. WOOD, Post-Office Box 101.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

My brother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I take St. Nicholas, but I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE best. I enjoy reading the letters very much, have for pets a lovely flying squirrel named Top, and a canary-bird named Beauty. I go to Dwight School, and am in room No. 6. I study reading, writing, spelling, geography, grammar, music, and drawing, also arithmetic. I ride horseback, and enjoy it very much. I love to play lawn-tennis.

EDITH V. (age eleven years).

CAPE MAY, NEW JERSEY.

I arrived at Cape May on the 1st of July, and since then I have had a splendid time. I go bathing every day, and can swim very well. I allowed the pupils four books each, two of which must be instructive; I took *The Tuscar Girls in South America and England* and the volumes of *Harper's Young People* for instruction. I think "Rolf House" was lovely. I take dancing lessons on the pier. There are seven children in our double cottage—my cousins Helen and Flopsy, my sisters Hattie and Martha, Herbert and Arthur, and myself. You may imagine what gay times we seven have. Arthur is our nearest neighbor, and lives in New Bedford, New England; he is in the city, though. Arthur loves the water, and we have a difficult time in getting him out of it. Though I love to have vacation, I shall be pleased to resume my studies (which I love) in September. Dear Postmistress, please excuse this writing with lead-pencil; my pen is broken, and no stationery store is near. I wish you were in Cape May. Would you like to see us all? I am afraid you would have to stop up your ears with cotton, for we make a dreadful noise when we all get together.

RENA H.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two years, but have never written to you. I am greatly interested in "Lillie Witness"—in fact, I like all Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie's stories. I have read all the stories, and I am going to Long Beach next week. Have you ever been to Canada? I have, and enjoyed it greatly. I think the Windsor Hotel in Montreal is beautiful.

C. F. M. (aged thirteen).

BALDWIN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have a very pretty dapple-gray pony, and I named it Bess. I took a ride on it this morning, and it goes very nicely. My papa bought a very pretty saddle for it too. I hope to have some very nice ride. My cousins were over to see me to-day, and thought my pony was very pretty.

FLORENCE M. H.

ELMHURST, ILLINOIS.

I am left-handed. My school-mate's name is Lora F., and my name is Laura H. Her birthday is on the same day mine is, September 8. I go to school, and study arithmetic, history, grammar, geography, spelling, and Fourth Reader. I have a sister older than myself—eleven years old—and three brothers. I have no pets, but I have a very nice bureau, which I think is nice as pets; don't you?

LAURA F. H. (aged 9 years).

I prefer living pets myself to the prettiest playthings, but I understand that a little girl's doll is almost as dear to her as the little girl herself is to her mother.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I am a girl ten years old, but I do not think myself little. I have been taking Harper's Young People for some time, and find it very interesting. My only pet is a little black cat.

HELEN S.

SALISBURY, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—On behalf of my sisters, allow me to thank you for your kindness in printing their letters. I cannot describe their delight when they told me their letters had been printed. Already my sister Millie has received two letters from her American cousins, one from a little girl in Texas, the other from a little boy in Ohio, and they are all very kind. I have written to exchange stamps. She has written to both, so if the letters have gone astray (which they might), I hope they will be by this delightful magazine that she has written to them.

loose, and then pecked the other foot loose. He was very smart, and would steal the clothes-pin and run away with them. One day we heard a funny whistle, like some one blowing in a bottle, and soon saw that it was Jim Crook, he would make this long, low whistle very often. I have a pet dog whose name is Cricket; he is a little brown fox dog. I am eight years old.

FRANK H.

## THE WATER-LILY.

Once upon a time there lived a boy whose name was John, and he had a sister named Alice. One day, when they were playing by the river, Alice saw a pretty boat to record him died it to a friend. The children ran home and told their parents, and brought them down to the boat, which they found was the *Water-Lily*. It was painted white, with the name in gold.

Their father took them for a great many sails after that, and one day, when they were out rowing, a man rowed up to them and said, "Where did you get that boat?"

John told him how he had found it on the river, and had kept it ever since.

John said, "The boat I used to save people's lives with. Will you exchange for this boat?"

John said he would. The man told them to go over to his house and exchange. He then gave John *The Grand*; it was painted in light blue and yellow. The children thought the name suited the boat, and they said it was perfectly good.

Now John is large enough to row, so he rows Alice a great deal. GRACE H. P. (age eleven).

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

## GREAT NECK.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am going to write and tell you how much we all enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We have taken this delightful magazine for years, and although I am quite old, I enjoy it as much as my little sisters and brothers. We live in New York, but spend our summers here. We have a beautiful place right at present.

G. A. C.

## THE DEATH OF BANTY.

(A TRUE STORY.)

Some weeks ago a story appeared in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE called "The Little Bantam." Now I am sad duty to record Banty's death. He began to fail soon after I told his history. Everything was tried to keep the spark of chicken life alive in him; my grandmother dropped coffee and whiskey down his throat to stimulate him, but he grew weaker and weaker. When he became motionless, grandmother put him in his little box and hid him up to die. When she went to look at him for the last time, supposing him dead, Banty lifted up his head and gave a farewell chirp. Then she shut down the lid and turned away. The next time we opened the box Banty's vital spark had fled. Under a tall cedar is his grave. A gladiolus is planted on it. My brother, a young student, and I read the following inscription and put it on Banty's head-stone:

HIC JACET

QUI DISCESSIT A VITA

ANTE DIEM, VI CALENDAS, JUL. MDCCCXXXVI.

And so Banty died wept and lamented by all. ALICIA TRAPIER H. (aged 11).

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

## BONNIE LASSIE JEAN.

In the little town of Melrose lived a widow and her two children, a boy and a girl. The boy was tall and slender, with dark complexion, eyes, and hair, while the girl, although nearly of the same figure, had a pink and white skin, long, curly, golden hair, and blue eyes. The boy was seven, and the girl the daughter of the house was the girl, "Bonnie Jean," was fifteen, and her mother's eyes, everybody's light and comfort. The father had gone to the war and had been killed, leaving Jane four years old and leaving a bonnie baby of two. Poor wife and poor children! no husband or father to care for them. The mother worked hard to give them an education, and now they were paying her back.

Bonnie Jean, as every one called her, was one day sitting with a sick friend, Nellie Gray, and reading, in her low voice, the book she loved best—the Bible—when, looking up, she saw approaching a feeble old man, and as he passed, she saw the man stagger and fall. She was ill, and so, looking at Nellie, who was now sleeping quietly, she bounded out of the open door and reached his side. "Is there anything I can do for you?" was the next thing heard; and the

stranger said, "A cup of water." His lips were parched, and he drank it eagerly, while Jeanie held the cup. In doing this brave she saw a letter addressed to "Mrs. J. R. Bruce," which was another's name, so she asked him where he was going; and he said, in a voice broken with gasps, "I'm trying to find Colonel Bruce's wife. I'm Jeanie Bruce, and I'll take you to her when you are rested," she said, softly.

In a little while the neighbors saw what was not a new sight to them, Bonnie Jean helping an old man along; what was more, she took him to her own home, and helping him to a bed, went to tell her mother the story. She came, and heard the story of her husband's death. She received the letter, which she read with tears in her eyes. One sentence she read aloud: "I know our bonnie lassie Jean will be an angel on earth, for I've seen her in my dream, my fair-haired, laughing lassie—almost a woman, too—tending the sick and homeless, helping the wanderer, and praying for the mourner. Oh, my darling, how I long to press her to my heart!"

"He was right," gasped the old man, and died, leaving them to weep over the letter and wonder over him. He had gone to the Colonel to tell him that his "bonnie lassie Jean" was all he had seen or hoped for—a little "angel on earth."

When Jeanie came home at night, she heard the story, read the letter, and saw the old man, who the next day was buried under a willow, which all regard as sacred; for he was the bearer of a promise to her, and she found him true. She died, though he had searched for thirteen long years.

Bonnie Jean lived to be full fourscore, and left many to lament her death.

DE KALB, ILLINOIS. EVA KING (aged thirteen).

MINDEN CITY, MICHIGAN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have often wanted to write to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I never sent a letter before this, and I now write to ask if the Postmistress or one of the readers can please let me know where I can get the music, and what is the price, of the song, the first verse of which is—

"I am sitting alone to-night, darling,  
Alone in the dear old room,  
And the sound of the rain, as it falls on the pane,  
Makes darker the gathering gloom."

I was fifteen on my last birthday, the 13th of July. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a lovely paper. I am now reading "Lalla Rookh," by Moore. I will be ever so much obliged if some one will tell me about the song. LULU A. M.

If any little reader can give Lulu the information, she will doubtless receive it in an early number of the paper, but a much more direct way would be to apply to the nearest book or music store, as, if the song is not out of date, it could be procured for Miss Lulu.

## Two letters from two little Nebraska girls.

NELOSON, NEBRASKA.

Our little town will have a rail-road. The cars will run in about two weeks. I am taking lessons this summer. I like music very much. I have my hair cut off, and have the front cut Pompadour. It is cool this warm weather. I shall be fifteen in September. DELIA F.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but my sister Nellie intends to. I like to read the letters sent to you. Nelson is a very pretty little town, and is growing rapidly. It has a beautiful location. I would like to see this letter in print very much. I am fifteen years old, and would like to hear some of the girls in foreign countries, New York, or Florida correspond with me. FANNIE L. SPRICK.

ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS.

It is now our summer vacation, and I am enjoying it immensely. We will soon start on carriage drives through our home. It is very pleasant to travel in this way. There are some places of interest near our home. The most noted are Mount Greylock and the Hoosac Tunnel. Greylock is the highest land in the State—thirty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Within the year there has been a carriage-road completed up one side of the mountain. They are now putting up an iron observatory on the top, and persons in another year there will be a hotel. The Hoosac Tunnel is one of the largest tunnels in the world. It is four and three-fourths miles long, twenty feet high, and twenty-four feet wide. It was commenced in the year 1851 and finished in 1875. There were between eight and nine hundred workmen employed. Out of this one hundred and thirty-five lives were lost. Many were drowned at the breaking of the water-pumps at the central shaft. The work was begun at the top, and was completed. Of the men who were killed, by the explosives used, tri-nitro glycerine. The cost of the tunnel was fourteen million dollars. I have quite a collection of notes—my saddle-horn, Bob's (her color is white), an Irish terrier dog,

Jack, a canary, Don Peep, a tiger-cat, Muff, two black cats, Sukey and Toby Tiger, and two white rats with pink eyes. We had a parrot, but it died. I buried it in the cemetery, and had a little head-stone for it. I have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE bound at the close of each year, and read it over a great many times. It is just splendid. I hope my letter is not too long. Lovingly,

L. M. M.

I send a great deal of love to this little friend. I am glad to hear from her again.

VINNEMAN, INDIANA.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been wanting to write you a letter for a long time, but have never succeeded until to-day. My auntie takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me, and I like it so much, especially the Post-office Box. I have two little Maltese kittens, I have a new Jack and Jill, and they are so cunning. And I have several beautiful dolls. My name is Lurline. Do you know any little girls by that name? I do not. I think it very odd.

LURLINE LE B. (age twelve years).

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl eight years old. We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a few years. I have a brother older and a brother younger than myself. I have a pet cat that I take care of, and also several doll babies. I often go into the kitchen and help the cook, and sometimes I make real cakes. I am right anxious to see one of my letters in print, for I enjoy reading the letters more than any other part of the magazine. ELLA S.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I am twelve years old. I have for pets a kitten and two canary-birds—one named Bob and Dick, who is the older one. My brother took my paper for two years, and then stopped, so now I read it. We go to the Post-office Box, address an Exchange. I enjoy reading the letters, and hope mine will be printed, as it is the first I have written to you. I enjoyed reading Grace and Mabel D's letter. Good-bye.

MAMIE J. R.

Address all correspondence, exchanges, and everything else simply to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A precious stone. 2. Not ancient. 3. An insect. 4. Kingly. 5. An Asiatic country. 6. Pure. 7. To improve. KATIE WARD.

No. 2.

PUZZLER'S CROSS.

*Typer Diamond*.—1. A letter. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. In pagan antiquity, a woman of a certain class, and the wife of a poor man. 4. A spirit. 4. A country in the northern part of Europe. 5. A boy's name. 6. A catarrh (Scottish). 7. A letter.

*Left-hand Diamond*.—1. A letter. 2. A rough place in a road. 3. Fits of anger. 4. A city in Maine. 5. Peevish. 6. An enclosure for swine. 7. A letter.

*Right-hand Diamond*.—1. A letter. 2. To undermine. 3. A shrub. 4. A stopper of a cannon. 5. To color. 6. A covering for a finger. 7. A letter.

*Lower Diamond*.—1. A letter. 2. To adapt. 3. Lighted. 4. Series of violent declamations. 5. A boy's nickname. 6. The title of the Governor of Algeria. 7. A letter.

*Central Square*.—1. To adorn. 2. To strive to equal. 3. To turn away. 4. A boy's name. 5. A boy's name. ORELL CYCLONE.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 352.

No. 1.—Longfellow. Primrose. Chestnut. Sitting Bull.

No. 2.—  
M A L E R E  
M A L E R E  
D L E O R E T N  
E L R O R E T N  
E L R O R E T N  
E L R O R E T N

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Almira Rose, Allen Pearsall, Joyce Hatfield, Harry Grey, Robert Lyon, Percival Day, Emily Caus, Dean R. G. Agnes Hauge, Louise Rogers, Fannie Richmond, and T. C. L.

(FOR EXCHANGES, see 24 and 34 types of cover.)



#### UNBEARABLE HEAT.

"Ninety-eight degrees in the shade; but we must grin and bear it."

#### ELEPHANTS AS PETS.

**I**N India an elephant of small size is by no means an unusual household pet. Not long ago an English gentleman living

which he had got them. At the same time he was always gentle and affectionate, and when his owner was obliged to return to his native country, the parting between Bobbo and the little folk was a very sad one.

in the Punjab wrote to an English journal a most interesting account of a baby elephant which he had introduced into the family as a playmate for his children. Young Bobbo was about four months old, and about four feet high. His education was a matter which demanded no small amount of care and perseverance on the part of his master.

To begin with, Bobbo had no idea of the wickedness of taking what does not belong to one. He was fond of cake and sweetmeats, and no amount of covering up and concealment seemed sufficient to prevent that flexible trunk from poking into all kinds of holes and corners, and appropriating just what he found to his liking. Fruit he considered a great luxury, and it was no unusual circumstance to find him making off with a bunch of bananas that would have supplied the family for a week.

When Bobbo was a year old, he was put to the task of drawing a small cart. Usually he behaved well; but occasionally, when something displeased him, he would land cart, contents, and driver in a ditch, and then look on placidly while his unfortunate freight was rescued from the pickle into



A TICKLISH POINT IN THE GAME.



# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

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## THE FLAMINGO FEATHER.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "WAKULLA," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

RÉNÉ DE VEAUX.

ON a dreary winter's day, early in the year 1564, young René de Veaux, who had just passed his sixteenth birthday, left the dear old château where he had spent his happy and careless boyhood, and started

"HE TRAVELLED LIKE A YOUNG PRINCE."

for Paris. Less than a month before both his noble father and his gentle mother had been taken from him by a terrible fever that had swept over the country, and René, their only child, was left without a relative in the world except his uncle the Chevalier René de Laudonniere, after whom he was named. In those days of tedious travel it seemed a weary time to the lonely lad before the messenger who had gone to Paris with a letter telling his uncle of his sad position could return. When at length he came again, bringing a kind message that bade him come immediately to Paris, and be a son to his equally lonely uncle, René lost no time in obeying.

He travelled like a young prince, riding a spirited steed, and followed by a party of servants, mounted and armed to protect him against robbers and other perils of the way. Behind him rode old François, who had been his father's valet, and was now his sole friend and protector. The big tears rolled down the boy's cheeks as he turned for a last look at his home; but as it was shut out from view by the trees of the park surrounding it, he brushed them away resolutely, and turning to his companion, said:

"Thou hast seen the last of my tears, François, and with them goes my boyhood; for hereafter I am to be a man, and men know not how to weep."

"Well spoken, my young master," replied the old servant, greatly pleased at the brave words of the lad. "Thou art already a man in feeling, and thine uncle Laudonniere will presently make thee one in fact, if the tales that come to us of his valorous deeds be true, and there is naught to disprove them."

"Tell me of him, François; for though he is my only uncle, I have but little knowledge of him or his deeds. Of what nature are they?"

"Well, then, he is a mighty navigator, and 'tis but little more than a year since he returned from the New World, whither he sailed in company with his Excellency Admiral Jean Ribault. He brings strange tales of those wonderful lands beyond the sea, and rumor has it that he is shortly to set forth again for them with a noble company who will establish there a sanctuary for our blessed Protestant faith."

The boy's interest was thoroughly aroused by this, and he plied the old servant with questions concerning his uncle and the New World. François answered these to the best of his ability, and even drew largely upon his imagination to aid his glowing descriptions of those distant lands of which the men of that day held such vague knowledge.

With such talk they beguiled much of the tedious journey, that occupied a week ere it was ended, and they entered Paris. Here they were finally set down before a modest dwelling near the King's palace, in which Laudonniere was lodged.

Upon meeting his nephew, the Chevalier embraced him warmly, and then holding him forth at arm's-length to gain a better view of him, exclaimed, "In good sooth, René, thou'rt a likely lad; and if thy heart be as true and bold as thy face promises, we'll soon make a man of thee such as even thy noble father would approve."

That evening uncle and nephew talked long and earnestly together concerning the latter's future; and ere they slept it was decided that, in spite of his youth, he should make one of the expedition that, even as François had reported, Laudonniere was fitting out for the New World.

The next three months were occupied in busy preparations for the long voyage, not unminged with vexatious delays and grievous disappointments, in all of which young René de Veaux bore manfully his share. He became each day more useful to his uncle, who intrusted him with many important commissions; and who, stern old soldier as he was, learned in this time to love the boy as though he had been his own son.

At length all was in readiness; the stores and munitions of war had been placed on board the three ships that formed the little fleet, the last colonist had embarked, and Laudonniere had taken leave of his King and of Admiral Jean Ribault, who was to follow him in a few months with a still larger company. On a bright May morning uncle and nephew reached the little sea-port town before which lay their ships, and hastened to embark and take advantage of the favorable wind that promised them a fair start on their long and perilous voyage.

As Laudonniere stepped on board his flag-ship his broad pennant was flung to the breeze from the mainmast head, the *fleur-de-lis* of France floated proudly from the mizzen, and amid the booming of cannon and the loud acclamations of the throngs assembled on the quay to bid them God speed, the ships moved slowly down the harbor toward the broad ocean and the New World that lay beyond.

For many weeks they sailed ever westward, seeing no ships save their own, and becoming every day more weary of the vast, endless expanse of sea and sky. It is no wonder, then, that when on the morning of the 22d of June the welcome cry of "Land, ho!" rang through the flag-ship, every soul on board rushed on deck with joyous exclamations to catch once more a glimpse of the blessed land. The cry that had brought them such pleasure had come from the mast-head, and it was some time before those on deck could detect the dim blue cloud, low-lying in the west, that was said to be land. Even then one man, who was known as Simon the Armorer, was heard to mutter that it might be land and then again it might not; for his part, he believed the whole world had been drowned in a flood, as in the days of Noah, and that the only land they should ever see would be at the bottom of the ocean.

As the day wore on, and before a light breeze the ships were wafted toward the blue cloud, it was proved beyond a doubt to be land, for some palm-trees and tall pines became distinguishable, and above all other sounds came faint, but distinct, the heavy, regular boom of surf.

By noon the ships had approached as near to the coast as was deemed prudent, and for the first time since leaving France their anchors were dropped and their sails were furled.

They had come to anchor off the mouth of an inlet, before which extended a bar upon which the great seas were breaking and roaring so frightfully that no passage for the ships amongst them seemed to offer itself. Laudonniere thought that he recognized the inlet as one leading into a broad river, on the opposite side of which was located an Indian village called Sely. This place he had visited two years before in company with Admiral Ribault, and he determined to reassure himself as to the locality. Therefore, bidding René accompany him, he entered a small boat, and ordering another full of soldiers to follow them, he gave the word to pull straight for the breakers.

Just as René thought the boat was to be swallowed by the raging seas, his uncle guided her with great skill into a narrow passage that opened in their very midst. After a few minutes of suspense, during which René hardly dared to breathe, they shot into smooth waters, rounded a point of land, and saw before them the village of which they were in search. On the beach in front of it a crowd of savage figures, nearly naked, were dancing wildly, and brandishing bows and spears.

Mean while the village that the boats were now approaching had been thrown into a state of the greatest excitement by the appearance of the ships, which had been discovered while yet so distant that their sails resembled the wings of the white sea-gull. Upon the first alarm all the warriors had been collected on the beach, and the women had left their work in the fields of maize, and hurried with their children to the security of the forest depths. When, how-

ever, the fleet came to anchor, and the Indians could distinguish the meaning of their banners, their alarm was changed to joy; for they had learned to love the French—who upon their previous visit had treated them with kindness—as much as they hated the cruel Spaniards, whose ships had also visited that coast. Then the women and children were recalled from the forest, the warriors washed the war-paint from their faces, and preparations for feasting were begun.

As the small boats approached, the men ran down to the beach to meet them, dancing and waving their weapons in their joy; and when they recognized Laudonniere standing in the stern of the leading boat, they raised a great cry of welcome that caused the forest to ring with its echoes. As the pious leader of the expedition stepped on shore, he took René by the hand, and both, kneeling on the sands, gave thanks to Him who had guided them thus far in safety in their perilous wanderings. Though the simple-minded Indians could not understand what Laudonniere said or was doing, they were so anxious to show their respect and love for him that all knelt when he did, and maintained a deep silence while he prayed.

When Laudonniere arose to his feet, the Indians crowded about him with shouts and gestures of welcome; but they readily made way for him when, still holding René's hand, he began to walk toward the lodge of their chief. He was as anxious as his followers to welcome the white men, but his dignity had not permitted him to rush with them down to the beach.

As they walked, René stared in astonishment at the waving palms, with richly plumaged birds flitting among their leaves, the palmetto-thatched huts of the Indians, the shining and inflated fish bladders that the men wore suspended from their ears, the moss-woven kirtles of the women, and, above all, at the mighty antlered stag that, stuffed and mounted on a tall pole, with head proudly turned toward the rising sun, rose from the middle of the village.

He in turn was an object of astonishment and curious interest to the natives; for although they had become familiar with the appearance of bearded white men, they had never before seen a white boy, René being the first to set foot on this land. The Indians had thought that all white men were born with beards, and that their closely cropped hair never grew any longer, so that this smooth-faced boy, whose golden hair hung in ringlets over his shoulders, was a much greater curiosity to them than they were to him. The old chief took an immediate fancy to him, and as he had given to Laudonniere the Indian name of Ta-lah (a palm) upon the occasion of his previous visit to Seloy, he now called René Ta-lah-loko (the palmetto, or little palm), a name ever afterward used by all the Indians in their intercourse with him.

The chief entreated Laudonniere to tarry many days in Seloy, but the latter answered that the orders of his own great chief were for him to proceed without delay to the river known as the River of May, and there erect a fort and found his colony. So, after an exchange of presents, they parted, and taking to their boats, the white men regained their ships. As they left, René gave many a backward glance at the pleasant little village of Seloy, where he would have loved to linger among its simple and kindly people.

As they crossed the bar in going again to the ships their boats were surrounded by a number of what they called dolphins, but what are to-day called porpoises, sporting in the great billows, and on their account Laudonniere named the river they had just left the River of Dolphins.

Spreading their white wings, the ships sailed northward forty miles during the night, and daylight found them standing off and on at the mouth of the great River of May. By the aid of a chart, made by Admiral Ribault two years before, they crossed its dangerous bar, and sailed up its broad channel to a point where many Indians

were gathered making friendly demonstrations of welcome.

Short as was the time since they had been discovered off Seloy, swift runners had already conveyed the great tidings of their coming to Micco, the chief of this part of the country, and he and his people were thus prepared to greet them on their arrival. When René and his uncle, followed by a company from the ships, landed, they were received with shouts and extravagant gestures of joy by the friendly Indians, and conducted by them to the top of a hill upon which Admiral Ribault had set a pillar of stone engraved with the French coat of arms. They found it twined with wreaths of flowers, and surrounded by baskets of maize, quivers of arrows, and many other things that the kindly Indians took this means of offering to their white friends.

Not far from this point Laudonniere selected the site of his fort, and work upon it was immediately begun. He named it Fort Caroline, in honor of King Charles IX. of France, and about it he hoped to see in time a flourishing colony of French Huguenots.

After all the stores and munitions had been landed from the ships, they sailed away for France, leaving the little company of white men the only ones of their race in all that vast unknown wilderness. As Laudonniere remained in command of Fort Caroline, René de Vaux of course remained with him, and thus became the hero of the surprising adventures that will be related in the chapters that follow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AN APPRENTICE BOY IN THE UNITED STATES NAVAL TRAINING SQUADRON.

BY ENSIGN E. E. WRIGHT, U.S.N.

DOUBTLESS a great many of our boy readers have been attracted by the notices displayed from time to time in all our large seaboard cities, reading as follows: "Boys wanted for the navy." But how few have ever realized just what they meant, or could have obtained much information on the subject had they been so disposed! I desire in this article to give the boys, and especially those who have a strong inclination to follow the sea, a correct idea of the life and duties of a boy in the United States navy.

In the first place, the term boy, as it is now used in the navy, refers almost exclusively to the apprentice boy. The training system in the navy has been in operation for a long time, but it was not until a few years ago that it was reduced to a regular, organized, definite system. The idea is, of course, to enlist boys, and train them to be seamen, with the prospect open for them to become warrant officers, although they can never become commissioned officers. Here is where a great many boys, and parents also, make a mistake. They are under the impression that the training system is similar to the Naval Academy, and that boys are trained to be commissioned officers. Several cases of this kind have come under my observation. The sooner this idea is done away with, the better it will be for all concerned. Suppose, for instance, a boy enlists with the idea that he will become a commissioned officer. After being on board ship for a short time, he, of course, discovers his mistake, and at once loses all interest in his work, and finally runs away or is discharged as worthless. Let me now take a boy as a recruit, and follow him through a number of years.

A candidate for admission to the training service must undergo a rigid physical examination. He must be perfectly sound, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years, and up to the standard size and weight for his age. He must also have a fair knowledge of the common branches. If he passes a successful physical and mental examination,





SWORD DRILL.

more importance being attached to the former, and has the consent of his parents or guardians, he is then enlisted as a third-class apprentice. This can be done on any of the receiving-ships at the Navy-yards; on the *Minnesota*, at New York, especially commissioned for that purpose; and on the *New Hampshire*, flag-ship of the training squadron at Newport. As soon as he is enlisted, he is fitted out with the required uniform, and his citizen's clothes are sent home.

The majority of boys are shipped on the *Minnesota*. Nothing is done with them there beyond fitting them out, and when there is a sufficient number—from twenty-five to forty—they are sent to the *New Hampshire*, which may be considered the primary school for their instruction. The regulations governing the training system state that boys are to be kept at least twenty months in the training-ships before being transferred to the general service. This embraces the time spent on the *New Hampshire* and the cruising training-ships. But this, like too many other things in the navy, is only true on paper; in practice the time varies from a few months to two years or more.

The *New Hampshire* may be called the receiving-ship of the training squadron—that is, she is stationary, and does not go to sea. But the most important and difficult work in the whole training service is done on this ship,

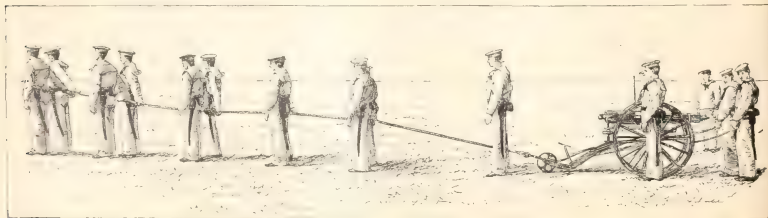
his own clothes, neither of which he knows how to do properly. It is not surprising that he soon becomes dirty, especially as nearly all his clothes are white, though it may not be so much from habit as from the fact that he does not know how to scrub his clothes. This is one reason why boys who have been picked up in the streets of our large cities learn this part of their duty more readily.

Now I presume very few boys have any idea where clothes are kept on board ship. Of course each one can not have a chest, for that would take up too much room; but every boy has a canvas bag painted black, and of sufficient size to hold all his clothes, and his number painted on the outside. These bags are all stowed in rooms for that purpose, and placed under lock and key, with a competent person in charge, who will not open them without an order from proper authority. In addition, each boy has a small wooden box, called a "ditty box," about a foot square, fitted with a lock and key, in which he can keep small articles, such as writing materials and sewing gear. All clothes belonging to the boys are required to be plainly marked with the owner's name, with a stencil provided for that purpose.

The pay received is equal to, and often exceeds, that which a boy could earn by working in a factory. All boys are enlisted as third-class apprentices, with the pay of nine dollars per month, exclusive of their living, or

for it is here that the recruit is given his first idea of naval life. The boys are given careful and systematic instruction in the groundwork of seamanship, gunnery, and boats, and a good common-school education.

One of the first things a boy has to learn, and also one of the most difficult for some, is to keep his clothes and his person clean; and if you consider it an instant you will see why it might be so. For instance: Take a boy at fifteen years of age—we will suppose he has been brought up in a good home, and has always had some one to look out for him and take care of both his clothes and himself. Now put him on board a ship with three or four hundred other boys, and make him wash and mend



GUNNERY DRILL.

board, as you might call it, and bind themselves to remain in the service until they are twenty-one years of age. Of course a boy's first outfit will very likely put him in debt three months or more, but after that time, if he is careful of his clothes, he can begin to have some money to his credit. Any boy of ordinary intelligence will have advanced far enough in his studies and drills at the end of three months to be promoted as a second-class apprentice, with the pay of ten dollars per month, and frequently very bright boys become first-class apprentices in from three to six months, with the pay of eleven dollars per month.

At eight o'clock they have breakfast. And here let me say a word about the food. It is good, plain, wholesome, and plenty of it, and will compare favorably with that of any working-man. On holidays extra preparations are made, and the boys are given a dinner, as the following bill of fare will show, which would do credit to many good hotels:

U. S. F. S. "NEW HAMPSHIRE," NEWPORT, R. I.  
BOYS' MESSES, JULY 4, 1884.

**BILL OF FARE.**

*Soups.*  
Rice and tomato.  
*Roast.*  
Fillet of beef.  
*Boiled.*  
Smoked sugar-cured ham.  
*Vegetables.*  
String-beans; boiled new potatoes.  
*Pastry.*  
Mixed cakes.  
*Dessert.*  
Ice-cream and strawberries.

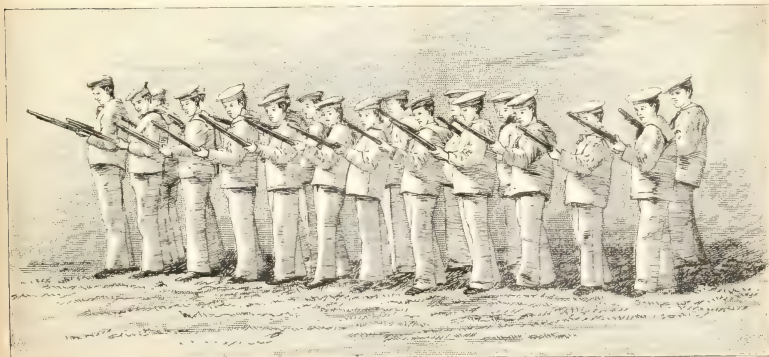


FURLING A SAIL.

Three-quarters of an hour is allowed for breakfast, and during that time the boys must dress themselves in the uniform of the day, which, except Sundays and holidays, is always white. These white suits are made of light duck, and look very neat, the blouse, or jumper, being made with a rolling collar, and a black silk neckerchief is worn under the collar, and tied with a neat square knot at the throat. After breakfast, until half past nine, the time is occupied in clearing up the decks, sweeping down, cleaning bright work, and getting ready for the daily inspection at quarters.

The boys are divided into four divisions, and each division into six crews of sixteen each. In order to give them some little authority, and enable them to take charge of a number of people, each crew is commanded by two boys, called First and Second Captains respectively, who are selected from among their number for their intelligence, military bearing, and general good appearance. They are responsible for the conduct of the rest of their crew while at any formation.

At half past nine all the divisions are called to quarters by a bugle-call, and after prayers by the chaplain the boys



MUSKET DRILL.

are formed in two ranks, and are carefully inspected by the officers of the divisions. Every boy must be in uniform and clean. All those who do not come up to the standard are reported, and receive a certain number of demerits. When the inspection is finished (it generally lasts fifteen or twenty minutes), the exercises for the day begin.

The time is divided into four periods of an hour each, extending to half past three in the afternoon, with an hour for dinner, and a short recess between each period. The drills and school are so arranged that each division has an equal number of exercises in the different branches during the week. But do not suppose that the day's work ends here, for at half past three half of the boys are marched to the gymnasium, and are exercised until five o'clock. Then the clothes which were scrubbed in the morning are taken from the lines, and after being carefully inspected to see that each boy has his proper clothes, they are stowed away.

After the clothes are stowed away it will probably be time for supper, which takes place at half past five. After supper, until half past eight, the boys have the time for recreation. At half past eight the hammocks are taken below, and each boy swings his hammock on its proper hook, unlashes it, arranges his bedding, and at nine o'clock all hands must be in their hammocks and keep perfect silence. Any noise made after this time is promptly reported and the offender punished.

Two evenings during the week a professional music teacher gives instruction in singing to all those desiring it. A full brass band and orchestra is attached to the ship, playing mornings and evenings, and on Saturday evenings, for two or three hours, the orchestra plays specially for the boys for dancing. There are always some very fine dancers among them, and they appear to enjoy it very much. The large island belonging to the training station furnishes a fine play-ground for the boys, and foot-ball and base-ball are played with great interest on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when all drills and exercises are suspended. On Sundays divine service is conducted by the chaplain during the forenoon, and in the afternoon tables are rigged for the boys for reading and writing. There is an excellent library for the use of the boys, well stocked with books for all classes of readers, and an abundant supply of papers and magazines.

I have given a routine which may be taken as a fair example of each day's work. The system of punishment is very mild indeed, the fact being always kept in mind that the officers are dealing with boys, and not with men. A regular account of demerits is kept, and at the end of each week the boys are arranged in sections, according to the number of demerits, and of course the higher sections have more privileges. For instance, those in the first section are allowed to go ashore on liberty every Saturday, the second section twice a month, while those in the last section are allowed no privileges at all.

It is very rarely that they are kept on board the *New Hampshire* longer than six months before being transferred to the cruising training-ships. I have endeavored to give a plain and correct account of a boy's duties on the *New Hampshire*, which form the foundation of his naval career.

Now let us follow him on board a cruising ship. We will suppose he is transferred as a first-class apprentice. Most of his knowledge so far has been theoretical. Now he will have the practical experience to fit him for a sailor's duties. Naturally all boys desire a change, and are eager to be transferred to the cruising ships, to get to sea, and visit foreign countries. But in a short time most of them realize the comforts of their old home on the *New Hampshire*.

The cruising ships are of course much smaller, the quarters more crowded, and the ration much inferior, and in

addition to all this there is that disagreeable sensation called seasickness experienced by most boys the first few days out. Gradually, however, all this wears off, and the young sailor gets accustomed to his new quarters, and enters upon his work with zeal, and soon is able to work aloft, handling sail like an old man-of-war's man. A regular routine of drills is established also on these ships, but less varied than on the *New Hampshire*, the principal branches to be taught here being practical seamanship and gunnery.

It takes from six months to a year, depending upon a boy's abilities, for him to become advanced to the grade of ordinary seaman, each promotion bringing a corresponding increase of pay. At this grade they are transferred into the general service on a regular cruising man-of-war, although frequently the demand is so much greater than the supply that they are sent out before they have advanced beyond first-class apprentices.

Now to consider what a boy may become, let us suppose he ships at sixteen years of age, and he ought not to enlist any younger than that, for unless he is much beyond the average in size and strength he will not be sufficiently well developed to endure the drills. Suppose he remains six months on the *New Hampshire* and one year on the cruising training-ships, then he will be seventeen and a half years of age when he is transferred to a regular man-of-war. After making a full three years' cruise he ought to come back an able seaman at twenty and a half. Then after making another cruise, if he improves his time, he should be able to pass an examination for boatswain or gunner, and if successful will receive an appointment as a warrant officer in the navy, with a good salary and a permanent position.

Of course I do not mean to say that all boys can do this, or even that one in a hundred can, but I do mean that there is that object to strive for; and in any case, whether he decides to remain in the navy or not, he has obtained at the age of twenty-one a fair education and an amount of practical knowledge and an idea of discipline which cannot fail to be of use to him in after-life.

## BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

### THE BIG BROTHER.

THERE are many things which nobody at home can do half so well as the big brother. For one thing, he can keep the peace. If there is a dispute between two of the little ones, or a general row in the nursery, the big brother has only to say the word, and the belligerents will cease their strife. Belligerent is a long word, but the boys who are reading *Cæsar* may tell the others that it is made up of two Latin words, one of which means war, and the other waging or carrying on, so that when two children are quarrelling and saying cross words, which may presently cause blows, they are properly called belligerents. Mother is a happy woman if she can trust her big boy to be her right-hand man, to settle all that goes wrong, and to set a good example.

Nobody equals a big brother in taking the children's part when they are attacked, whether it is by a savage dog, an occasional bull in the meadow, or the bad boys from the next street. How safe they feel when brother Tom advances boldly to the rescue, and how proud they are of him, with reason, too! for is he not strong and brave and quick to act, knowing just what to do and just how to do it. I never yet heard of a cowardly big brother; did you?

On excursions, picnics, and all sorts of summer expeditions a big brother should act as general and commander-in-chief. The success of such pleasure trips depends a



good deal on the planning and on the orderly carrying out of the plans. A big brother with a head for managing will make everything go smoothly from morning till night.

Of course a good brother knows how to mend a ball, how to cover one which is wearing out and in need of doctoring; how to make a kite and to fly it; how to tie up a cut finger and extract a thorn; how to soothe a sleepy child with a song or a story, and to receive visitors cordially in the absence of pater and mater.

Some of these duties fall naturally to the lot of the elder sister, yet there is no reason why the brother should not share them. Two lines of poetry, which some of you remember, express my idea of the big brother:

"The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring."

## LACROSSE.

BY J. A. HODGE, J.C.N.

EVERY English boy plays cricket, every American boy plays base-ball, and every Canadian youngster knows how to wield the lacrosse stick. Lacrosse is an Indian game adopted and improved by the English Canadians. Of all games, *when well played*, it is the most exciting, combining simplicity in its rules and regulations with skill and variety in its methods of play, and speed and energy in its requirements of every player. The sport is growing in popularity in the United States, and especially among the class who can best and easiest learn it—boys from ten to eighteen. In the United States only a few players and a very few clubs really play good lacrosse, and consequently the game is often misjudged by both players and spectators. Compare the tennis of our American players of six years ago with the tennis of to-day in any of our tournaments, and a faint picture is presented of the difference between an average game of lacrosse upon this side of the Canadian line and one between veteran players on the other side. So do not judge the game until you have seen it at its best. Almost every set of beginners, when they find themselves armed with sticks resembling polo mallets, rush pell-mell for the ball, and begin a ludicrous game of "shinny."

A few words of advice to beginners will perhaps be more useful to most of my readers than any suggestions addressed to more advanced players, especially as it is not yet always possible for new clubs to procure any one experienced in the game to give the best of all instruction, personal example on the field of play.

First choose a stick. Let it be long enough to just reach the armpit when one end is resting on the ground. It should be as light as is consistent with strength.

The other requirements are hard to indicate, as individual taste must govern your choice, if you have no older hand at the game to choose for you. Do not start to play a game until you have become accustomed to your stick. Let the club pair off and practise "passing." Hold the stick with the left hand near the netting, the right at the end or butt of the stick. Perhaps it is as well to pass on the ground, at first rolling the ball slowly, and then swiftly, until it is caught quickly and neatly with as few motions as possible, and returned accurately with no delay whatever. Then toss the ball to and fro, catching it in the widest part of the stick, never batting it, and taking it on the fly rather than on the bound. This sort of practice should be constantly indulged in, for no player is too old at the game not to profit by it. Practise also picking the ball up while on the full run. Finally, practise long-distance throwing and catching.

One of the most useful methods of practice is "playing tag." Two of the players choose sides, and then the players of one side seek to pass the ball between themselves.

Of course this causes the players to pair off, each pair consisting of a player from either side. In this way they practise passing, catching, picking up, running with the ball on the stick, and dodging—everything, in fact, except long throwing and tries at goal. In playing tag, it is well sometimes to play in front of a goal, when the defence men of the twelve, including the goal-keeper, can play against the attack men, whereby very good practice is given both.

Goal-throwing can best be practised by placing a player between the goal posts (which are six feet high and six feet apart), and arranging half the other men in front of the goal, and half behind. Thus:



X, goal-keeper; a, b, c, d, players in front of goal; e, f, g, h, players behind goal.

Then let a, b, c, or d throw the ball for the goal. If the goal-keeper stops it, he returns it to them, and another throw is made. When the ball is thrown wide, or the goal-keeper does not stop it, e, f, g, or h captures it. The goal-keeper then turns around, and seeks to stop the ball thrown from that side. These three methods of practice—passing, playing tag, and goal-throwing—should be continued for some days before beginners try even their first practice game, and should be kept up as part of every day's practice as long as the club plays at all. Very few players are necessary to make such practice interesting, and it gives each player more to do than a regular game, and enables him to become more thoroughly familiar with his weapon than a hand-to-hand contest can. Such practice is to the lacrosse player what rifle practice is to the soldier.

When a majority of your club have learned to handle their weapons, they can attempt a game. At first do not try to win, or you will all play shinny, and not lacrosse; but try to pass neatly and accurately, and seek to improve your own play rather than prevent your opponent from making his play. Of course this rule only applies to a practice game of beginners.

The rules of the game are so simple, and so like those of polo on horseback or the game of the same name played on roller skates, that I will not give them in detail. Any dealer in athletic goods will furnish copies of them.

The goals should be from 200 to 300 yards apart, and the ball must pass between the goal posts, and not higher than their tops—six feet from the ground. The ball must never be touched by the hand.

The first requirement of a good game is that the individual players should know how to handle their sticks, and to catch and throw the ball quickly and accurately. The second and all-important requirement is that the twelve players of each side should play *together*, as if governed by one head and seeking one result, without desire on the part of any one for the display of individual skill or prowess.

The ball is started in the middle of the field, and if your club behaves as beginners generally do, six or eight will rush for the ball in a body, and there will be a "scrimmage" over the ball, which will last, with short intermissions, for most of the game, and before long several will assert that they have played their last as well as their first game of lacrosse. But persevere. The first game of cards, of checkers, of chess, of base-ball, of football (watch the first Freshman game of foot-ball at college), or of tennis does not represent the game it pretends to be.

When the ball is started, all the players, with the exception of the goal-keepers, should be paired off all over the field, each man close to one of his opponents. If the



the ball immediately to him, and he tries for the goal. Do not run too much with the ball. It gives your opponents time to gather in front of the goal, it fatigues you, and it withdraws you from the part of the field you are expected to cover. This is especially important for defence players to remember, for if they leave their positions, and the ball gets past them, a goal is almost a certainty. No one player is expected to play the whole game. Let him seek to play in *his part of the field* perfectly, rather than to cover other men's territory and play their game for them.

Seek to watch as many good games of lacrosse as occur in your neighborhood. I believe that a tennis or a lacrosse player can learn more by seeing

really good players play their game than by a week's practice. Never miss an opportunity to play a better team than your own. In no other way will your own play be as easily improved. The more superior an opposing team is, the better for you—at least while you are learning the game.

This year is a most promising one for lacrosse in this country. The New York Lacrosse Club have won the championship of the United States from the St. Paul team, and so have brought it into the vicinity of most of the lacrosse clubs. They have won a game from the Torontos, one of the best three teams in Canada, and therefore in the world, and have thus increased the interest in the game here. This is augmented by the visit of two or more Canadian clubs to New York, and by the trip of the Belfast team of Irish gentlemen to this country. But more encouraging than any and every event of this year and of all former seasons is the fact that the game is being played by numberless junior clubs all over the country, and by the principal colleges. The boy can learn lacrosse, as he can learn everything else, better than the man. It is a game that, like tennis, men and boys of all ages, shapes, sizes, and weights can play. The short and thickest, the long and lean, the cool and the swift, can all find an appropriate place for themselves on the field. Every boy who loves a manly sport which demands pluck and endurance, speed and skill, a quick sharp eye and a deft steady hand, a cool calculating head and a strong hardy body, will like lacrosse—when he once really learns to play it.

possession of the ball is disputed by the two players who "face off," let the others approach near them, but not near enough to interfere with their movements. They will each seek to "tip" the ball with his stick or foot to some friend who has thus approached, and he will have a much better chance of securing it than if he had blindly rushed in and entangled himself in a "scrimmage." Of course a brilliant dash in between the two players will sometimes secure the ball, but wait until you see the chance. Don't fight for the ball blindly as if with your eyes shut. Use both eye to see and brain to calculate, and just at the right moment *act* with all the courage and strength that you have.

Having secured the ball on your stick, use your eyes again, and note where you are in relation to your goal, where your nearest opponent is (you may not have to use your eyes to ascertain the latter), and, above all, look out for some player on your side who is near the goal you are attacking, and who is "uncovered." By one who is "uncovered" is meant one who is not closely checked by an opponent. Pass the ball to him swiftly and accurately, just where he can catch it without being checked by an opponent. All this, of course, must be done as quickly as a short stop fields a grounder to first base. If there is no one "uncovered," then drop the ball by a high pass directly in front of the goal and close to it, or run with it toward the goal until you are checked, or until some one from the other side runs out to meet you. He will have to leave one of your friends "uncovered," and you pass

the ball immediately to him, and he tries for the goal. Do not run too much with the ball. It gives your opponents time to gather in front of the goal, it fatigues you, and it withdraws you from the part of the field you are expected to cover. This is especially important for defence players to remember, for if they leave their positions, and the ball gets past them, a goal is almost a certainty. No one player is expected to play the whole game. Let him seek to play in *his part of the field* perfectly, rather than to cover other men's territory and play their game for them.

Seek to watch as many good games of lacrosse as occur in your neighborhood. I believe that a tennis or a lacrosse player can learn more by seeing really good players play their game than by a week's practice. Never miss an opportunity to play a better team than your own. In no other way will your own play be as easily improved. The more superior an opposing team is, the better for you—at least while you are learning the game.



Fresh Milk.



Not Wasting the hay.



Mr. Remington.

Merid Kennedy.



Tom's aunt.



—Kingsbury.



## THE LAND OF FRESH AIR.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

DUST and glare on the city street,  
 Alleys blistered with scorching heat,  
*Over table children fever flushed,*  
 Waxen faces like blossoms crushed,  
 Never a breath of the sweet fresh air  
 In the dingy court and the narrow stair;  
 What can the babies do but die  
 Under the fierce and burning sky?

Yet cool and fragrant the green hills are  
 Under the kisses of sun and star,  
 Grasses wave and the tall reeds shake,  
 Ripples dance over stream and lake,  
 Over the stones the brooklets plash,  
 Over the cliffs the torrents dash,  
 Dream the cows in the pleasant shade,  
 Skip the lambs in the mossy glade;  
 May we not carry the babies there,  
 Into the world of the sweet fresh air?

Here they go on the rushing train,  
 Off to the beautiful farms again,  
 Up to the sunny fields that lie  
 Under the face of the open sky,  
 Down to the homes like happy nests  
 Hiding in hollows of mountain crests;  
 There they shall tumble, romp, and play,  
 Free as the birds, the livelong day,  
 Have plenty to eat and never a care  
 While they stay in the land of the sweet fresh air.

Driving the cows to the pasture lot,  
 Hunting for eggs in the queerest spot,  
 Fishing for hours beneath the bridge,  
 Climbing the steep of the pine-clad ridge,  
 Cheeks with the roses of health aglow,  
 Feet that are flitting to and fro;  
 Very well will the babies fare,  
 Once in the land of the sweet fresh air.

## BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

BY DAVID KEER.

## THE STRANGE FLAG.

A BOY lay asleep in the mid-day sunshine upon a broad flat ledge of rock, with his sunburned face pillowed on his bare brown arm. Most people would have thought it a rather dangerous place for a nap, for the ledge was many feet above the waves which were now breaking against the foot of the crag in spouts of glittering foam, and he was lying so near the brink of the precipice that had he happened to turn over in his sleep, he would have fallen headlong over its edge down into the lashing sea below.

There he lay, however, sleeping as soundly on that perilous perch as if he had been at home in his father's little fishing hut among the cliffs, built all of driftwood, with huge stones piled upon its roof to keep the furious wind from tearing off the shingles.

But although the boy's slumber was so deep, it was plainly anything but peaceful. His hands were clenched, his teeth set, the muscles of his face worked convulsively, and half-formed words came brokenly from his quivering lips.

He dreamed that he was sailing the seas in command of an armed vessel, at the mast-head of which fluttered a very strange flag, the like of which he had never seen before. Then suddenly another ship, larger than his own, came alongside of him, and a terrible battle began. He heard the shouts of the combatants, the thunder of the cannon, the crash of falling spars and shattered timbers; then a ringing cheer broke forth, as the enemy's flag came slowly down, and he started and awoke.

The din of the cannonade seemed to be still in his ears, but in reality it was the deep, hollow boom of the waves that had surrounded his rock and cut him off from the shore.

But this mattered little to one who was the best swimmer of his age for miles around. Clambering nimbly down

the steep face of the rock, he plunged headlong into the sea, and rising like a cork on the crest of a huge wave, struck out gallantly for the shore.

Just as he reached it, a familiar voice shouted his name, and he saw a tall young man in the uniform of an English naval officer standing on the beach above him.

"Aha!" cried the latter, "my friend Paul trying to drown himself as usual. What have you been doing?"

The boy answered by relating his dream.

"Well, I dare say I shall see you commanding a ship yet," said the young officer, "for you're a right good sailor already. But as for this flag of yours—what did you say it was like?"

"All covered with red stripes, Mr. Pearson, and thirteen white stars in one corner, on a blue ground."

"Well, your dream was wrong *there*, my lad," chuckled Lieutenant Pearson; "for I know every flag that flies, and there's none such among them. Whatever flag you fight under, it won't be *that*, unless you patch it up for yourself."

The sun was shining upon the sea as brilliantly as ever, but its brightest rays could not pierce the cloud of smoke which wrapped two ships that lay side by side, spouting fire at each other from their battered port-holes.

The captain of the smaller vessel—a short, strongly built, very handsome man, with a keen black eye—gave his orders as coolly as ever, but his bold brown face was growing very grave and stern. And well it might. His whole deck was one heap of torn canvas and splintered wood. Nearly half his crew were lying dead, and the hollow gurgle beneath his feet told how fast the fatal water was pouring into the hull where a heavy shot had pierced it below the water-line.

Suddenly there was a lull in the firing, followed by a deafening shout of triumph. Down came the British flag from the place where, torn though it was with the pelting shot, it had fluttered defiantly till now; and as the victorious captain sprang aboard the enemy's ship, he saw the English commander—a tall, fine-looking man, with a thin streak of blood across his weather-beaten face—offering his sword in token of surrender.

The conqueror started, and looked keenly at him.

"Do you remember the flag of my dream, Mr. Pearson?" asked he, pointing to the Stars and Stripes floating above them from the stump of the only mast that was left.

"What!" cried Captain Pearson, in amazement, "are you my little Scotch friend John Paul?"

"They used to call me so then," answered the other, "but now I'm better known as Paul Jones."

And American history will tell, as long as the world lasts, what work Paul Jones did under the banner of the Stars and Stripes.

## FALSE WITNESS.\*

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," "JO'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

## CHAPTER XV.

## HOME AT LAST.

FANNY PIERSON opened her eyes one December morning with a queer feeling, as though she must be still in dream-land, or else some one not at all like herself.

She was lying comfortably in a pretty brass bedstead, and the walls of the room were bright and tasteful and pretty; the dressing-table facing her, if a trifle old-fashioned, was decidedly pretty with its long, narrow, mahogany-rimmed glass and chintz curtaining, and various trifles

about suggested a very different sort of home comfort and refinement from the gaudily decorated little chamber in Baker Street which Fanny shared with Louise at home. It was delightful to look about her, but still more so to realize that she was actually a guest at Brier Lawn, having been detained there the night before by a heavy snow-storm. Louise was coming up in the morning, and the two girls were to assist Mrs. Mostyn in preparing for a welcome guest.

Fanny jumped up, and gayly hummed a little tune while she made her toilet. It seemed of little consequence in this warm, hospitable dwelling that a snow-storm was going on outside. The white flakes flurried past the windows, and seemed to Fanny almost as though they were nodding good-morning. While she was dressing, Jane, the house-maid, had come in and lighted up a little fire on the hearth in her pretty room, and Fanny had talked to the girl as she heard Mrs. Mostyn do, in a kind and pleasant way, though the young girl had yet to learn exactly how to blend gentleness and dignity without condescension of manner and too much that was patronizing.

All the servants in the house knew that Mrs. Mostyn expected a young girl from Boston who was to live with them. Three days only had elapsed since Dr. Tabor's telegram announcing that Agnes was found, but the time had been well employed at Brier Lawn in making ready for her reception, and Mrs. Mostyn wisely enough had invited Fanny and Louise Pierson to assist in her preparations.

"Nothing like setting the girls at ease at once," was her reflection; and it would do Fanny good, as the wise old lady knew, to come in contact with the household at Brier Lawn under such circumstances. From all she had heard of Agnes, and from what she knew of her dead mother, the old lady did not doubt but that the companionship of her "adopted daughter," as she felt sure she would soon come to consider Agnes, would be a useful association for such girls as the Piersons.

At breakfast conversation about the coming guest was cheerfully carried on, Fanny entering with zest into the prospect; and when, a little later, she accompanied Mrs. Mostyn to the room prepared for Agnes, the young girl said, looking with some timidity at her hostess: "Mrs. Mostyn, it does seem as though no welcome could be quite warm enough for her, doesn't it?"

After which Mrs. Mostyn felt sure that she had done right in taking Fanny into her counsels.

When Louise arrived the two girls were despatched in Mrs. Mostyn's carriage to Miss Leroy's with a note of invitation from Mrs. Mostyn, and which read as follows:

"DEAR MISS LEROY,—Will you let your girls spend Christmas Eve at my house in a purely social way to welcome my dear young friend Agnes Leigh, who will, I hope, return to you in January as a pupil, making her home, however, with me. I count upon you and Miss Jane for my Christmas dinner party, of course, as usual.

"Sincerely yours, EUNICE MOSTYN."

The girls at the Academy were at recess when Fanny and Louise, having given their note into Miss Jane's hands, made their way to the school-room to explain the object of their absence that day, and also to whisper a word or two about the invitation. And here Fanny showed that her repentance was sincere. It was when Belinda Myers said, in rather scornful surprise: "Why, Fanny, what do you mean by talking this way of Agnes Leigh? You were the very one who first set us against her."

Fanny's lip trembled slightly, but she answered in a determined voice: "I know it, Belinda, and it was a mean thing in me to do. I hadn't any real ground for it, as I see now; and I'll tell you what it is, girls"—here the old favorite in the school looked around with an honest flush on her pretty face—"if anything I can do to take back what I said can be done, you may count on me for it,

and if I hear anything further against Agnes Leigh, I think I will just die of the shame of it, for I well know it has been all my fault. What do you suppose would have happened if only Mrs. Mostyn hadn't taken hold of things just the right way? I do believe that from this day out no one of you can ever accuse me of gossiping or turning everything into ridicule."

And Fanny, as enthusiastic in her new resolve as she had been thoughtless before, nodded her head at the girls and walked away, with just a suspicion of tears trembling about her eyelashes.

Mrs. Mostyn had been right in her estimate of Fanny Pierson's nature. Shallow it would always be in some matters; but there was a real heart to touch, and the girl was ready to take correction when it was administered in the right way. Moreover, it was, as the old lady discovered, her spirit of activity which needed turning in the right direction; she was too strong and healthy and light-hearted to be content with the aimless life she had led, and Mrs. Mostyn felt that the young girl might grow into a wise woman, full of a good and useful activity, if only now the right means were used to prevent her frittering away all her ambitions by letting them drift into foolish channels.

Some natures—such a one was Louise's—seem always to find their own level of usefulness and content; but such as Fanny's need the help of a stronger one near them, the guidance of some other hand. So in life it sometimes happens that the responsibility of being such a help and such an influence belongs to the quiet ones whose virtue and heroism we do not always see or perhaps believe in, the active, turbulent, and perhaps shallower spirits attracting our attention, coming to the front with all their impulses, their wise or foolish sayings or doings, and appearing so brave that we are apt to forget how much is due to the patient kindness and good-will, the hope and encouragement, which has produced it.

The girls were plunged into an excited and exhilarated discussion over Mrs. Mostyn's impromptu party; not more than two or three of them had ever been to Brier Lawn, and it was evident that both Miss Leroy and Miss Jane considered the occasion an important one, for the girls were told that a half-holiday would be given them to look over their best dresses and make any needed preparations.

No one, however, felt half the enthusiasm over Agnes's return that Mrs. Mostyn did. The happiest of feelings stirred the old lady's mind and heart as she superintended the furnishing of two pretty rooms just beside her own.

"We must make it cosy and home-like and cheerful above all," Mrs. Mostyn had said; and assuredly the result was attained in perfection, for, from the dainty lace and soft wool hangings to the rugs and the open fire, everything spoke of ease and good cheer.

Then the sounds of sleigh-bells on the drive reached them suddenly. The girls remained upstairs, while Mrs. Mostyn opened wide the front door herself, and a moment later Agnes was in her arms.

"My child, I am so thankful to have you!"

This was all the welcome, and more than Agnes had hoped for. How beautiful, how refreshing, it all seemed! To be taken upstairs by Mrs. Mostyn, to find herself in the beautiful room prepared for her, to be told that she was to rest an hour, to have her tea brought to her by Jane—such a dainty, refreshing treat!—and to know that her old school-mates were coming there to meet and welcome her—what wonder that Agnes, lying on the sofa, could only feel silent and full of thanksgiving.

When Mrs. Mostyn, sitting beside her, told her that this was to be her home, Agnes hardly knew what to say, but flung her arms around the old lady's neck and cried out that she never could do enough—never be grateful enough for all that had been done for her.

"And now, my dear," said Mrs. Mostyn, "I am going to leave you with two of your former school-mates, who



"SHE FLUNG HER ARMS AROUND THE OLD LADY'S NECK."

are waiting here to see you, and you must not come downstairs this evening until I send for you."

Two hours later Mrs. Mostyn was seated among her young guests in the drawing-room, where, when all were assembled, she said briefly that before Agnes joined them she had just a few remarks to make.

"I want all of you young Halcom girls and boys to know," the old lady began, smiling upon the young faces before her, some of the boys of the town having been included in the invitation, "that I look upon Agnes Leigh as my own daughter, and so I want to tell you just how she happened to come here last summer. Her mother was as dear to me as any child could be, but she married, and went far away, where I lost sight of her for years. Agnes's father had a good office offered him in Boston, it seems, last winter, and the family—Agnes has one brother—came on from the West, glad of this new prosperity; but Mrs. Leigh fell ill and died; Mr. Leigh's own health failed, and at last he was obliged to take a position as under-book-keeper in the Dorefield prison. Agnes wished to spare him as much pain or anxiety as possible, and came here to Halcom expecting to find in me the protection she knew I would extend to her mother's daughter.

"You are all young, and think how you would feel at fifteen to find yourselves alone in a strange place, where the only friend you had expected to meet was away. This was Agnes's position last summer, but she might have struggled on had there not been a foolish feeling started against the poor child; then sickness fever broke out in the home of her friends the Hofmeisters. After that

Agnes was more friendless than ever, and went to Boston, where I have at last, through Dr. Tabor, found her. This is all of the story; you see there was really neither mystery nor romance about the child. Her father died three months ago, so that she is entirely alone in the world, except for her brother and myself, and, let us hope, all you young and happy Halcom girls and boys whom I trust she will be among, taking her place in your lives."

Mrs. Mostyn ceased speaking with a bright look at the little company, and I need scarcely say that a few moments later Agnes's entrance into the room, with Fanny Pierson at her side, was greeted by an enthusiastic company.

The evening passed swiftly and delightfully; youth requires but little to make it forget past woes and welcome new pleasures. All the young people felt themselves fast friends of Agnes Leigh before the party broke up, and the last tinkle of sleigh-bells had been heard at Brier Lawn.

Then followed a quiet half-hour with Mrs. Mostyn in Agnes's own room. How delightful it was to plan for a little visit from the Hofmeisters and the Hamiltons; to know that she, Agnes, through Mrs. Mostyn's liberality, could give poor, hard-worked Sarah the chance for "comfort and some fun with it" that she had so longed for; nay, indeed, perhaps some of the very Christmas treasures the two girls had inspected in White's window. Best of all, to feel that a life of work and study and home peace was begun for her.

How strange it seemed to reflect that only a day or two before she had been wondering how this Christmas Day would dawn! And here was she sitting with her hand in Mrs. Mostyn's, listening for the first sound of Christmas bells at Halcom!

It was when they were walking home from church on Christmas morning that Fanny Pierson told Agnes something of her recent experience at Brier Lawn.

"I don't believe," said Fanny, earnestly—"I don't believe anybody could have made me see things just as Mrs. Mostyn did. But there! She is unlike any one I ever knew. I believe I shall be worth something myself if I can see her and you often. I thought, maybe, it would please her if I said something like this to you."

The pretty, careless face was bent down nearer to Agnes, and Fanny's eyes looked furtively into hers.

"Bless her!" returned Mrs. Mostyn's new daughter, kissing the soft round cheek near her. "Dear Fanny, I will never forget this, and I thank you so for telling me."

"Oh, there!" cried poor Fanny, dashing away her tears



with a shamefaced air; "I don't mean to be a goose—perhaps," and she held out her hand hurriedly. "We will get to be good friends some day, since you don't despise me, Agnes; and if I am never worth very much, I shall be better some ways, I know."

And if Fanny was correct to a certain extent in the first part of her prediction, so also was she in the last; for I believe no one ever had it to say afterward that her tongue was uncontrolled or her love of gossip injurious, and Agnes and Mrs. Mostyn were among her truest friends.

That Christmas week at Brier Lawn never could be forgotten by any of the party assembled there. First came the Hamiltons, young and old, to be made thoroughly happy in various ways; then the Hofmeisters, father and daughter; and arrangements for a little school for Margaret planned most successfully; after which Agnes's own work began anew.

Halcom speedily accepted Agnes as Mrs. Mostyn's adopted daughter. I cannot tell you that no shadow ever again came into the young girl's experience, for life holds its dark threads as well as its shining ones for her as for all of us, but that one year of her life made her more than ever strong in her soul and in her sense of charity and justice. No one, I believe, has ever heard from her lips a hasty judgment; no one of the many who have, in her widened sphere, come under her influence has felt from her voice or eyes a chill or a too stern rebuke. Every one in Halcom hopes and expects that she will live to take her old friend's place, to give peace and comfort to the weary ones, and good cheer to those who are in need; and Christmas-time each year since that of her return has been made at Brier Lawn a special festival for the homeless and forgotten.

THE END.



"WAKE UP, MAMMA" BABY'S "WAKE"



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"No!" but we went on, there was a small inn (I forget the name) where they *might* have beds. So we went in search of it, and when we found it, we were glad. But the innkeeper had already decided it would be best to find stables here for the horses, and go on ourselves by train, and sleep at the Great Eastern Hotel. Father asked the innkeeper if he would let us stay, and the man said he had some where he would let us put them up; so we rode to them, with a crowd of children after us all the way. When we got there, we found a very nice inn, with a garden. We were in rather a fix. Father was afraid the horses might get knocked about, as he wouldn't be there to look after them. However, there was a man named Tom, and the man assured us they would be well looked after. The horses were mounted, and had to wait in a small yard, where a lot of men and girls were packing mules and horses. It was a factory, and the father and mother were there had to wait for the father to get down to the station, and no sooner had we got out of the yard than the children ran after us again and said, "Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop," the things they said, and they were laughing with laughter all the time as long as

HILDA CUNLIFFE V.

ELSIE S. B.

SARGENTVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

ADELAIDE S. R.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

Mapu, P. O. Box 13.

E. C. THOMPSON, Mechanicsville, Virginia.

M. Y. S.

I would like it very much.

Rock Falls, Illinois.

JENNIE M

READING, PENNSYLVANIA.

KATIE P. G

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

LARDE B. (aged twelve)

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

DEAR POSTMASTER, —I am a little boy ten years old. I live in Brantford, but I am spending my summer in Port Dover, a small town on Lake Erie. I am enjoying it very much. Last year I went to the sea-side, which was very much nicer. I have two brothers, both younger than I; one is named Douglas and the other is named Douglas and Dean. Other little boys tell of their pets; my brothers are mine, with the exception of a big St. Bernard named Rex. He is so fond of baby that he will not leave him even when he is taken out. In the winter he makes a splendid sled for his master and a jolly ride over the snow. I have taken him

The little nest that Emma C. W. described in her letter and wished to know what it was, is a humming-bird's nest. My brother found one three years ago. We have a good many mocking-birds on the place; a colored boy found two small ones, and he put them in a box, and the cat pulled them out and killed them. A neighbor of ours had two owls in a box on the piazza.

**YER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** for a long time, and like it very much. I keep each year's numbers, and have them bound. I should like to describe my beautiful home in Brantford, and tell you about it and the children; but I will wait till I am older and can make it more interesting.

NORMAN B. W.

SEABRIGHT, NEW JERSEY.

I am twelve years old, and my home is in Brooklyn, but at present I am in Seabright spending my vacation. I like Seabright very much; and I go driving here a great deal. My uncle and aunt are here also in a different hotel.

We are acquainted with Professor M., who, as you know, gives all the carnivals and kermesses. I have seen the big parade, and he said he thought they would have a carnival at the hotel where my uncle is stopping. If so, I will probably dance in it. I will write again and tell you about it, if my dear one. I danced in the kermess they had in Brooklyn last March, and was in the "Swedish National Dance."

Uncle Charles sends me my beloved **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** every Tuesday. I am very much interested in "False Witness."

VERMONT, VERMONT.

I found the bird's nest, exactly as Emma described it, in a low oak tree. The bird was by the name of flax bird or wild canary in Vermont. Now I will describe the birds. The male is spotted black and yellow, while the female is yellow. Their eggs are spotted at one end, while at the other end there are scarcely any spots at all. We have a very large lawn full of trees, and there are many birds around. The Postmistress is willing, I will write and tell about the many different kinds of birds. I have such a nice canary, which I call Sprit. I am twelve years old, and will be thirteen just ten days before Christmas. My mamma promised me I should have a party when my birthday comes again. I have the loveliest little golden-crowned kinglet, whose name is Ethel. I don't like to play with dolls, but I like to sew for them ever so much. I had two owls, but one night they both flew away and I never saw them again. My brother Harry went to the woods in the early spring and got some green May-apples, and we planted them in the garden and then a great many more. Then they came up, and they were as nice and ripe as could be.

DORA D.

You, too, must write again about the birds.

EASTERN SHORE, MARYLAND.

**DEAR POSTMISTRESS,**—I have just received Emma C. W. letter, and as you said you liked to get letters from children who tell about birds, I will write of the varieties that abound here. Nearly all that the men here are natives of this country. We also have the beautiful English mocking-bird, and one is building its nest in a tree near our house, and my mother and I listen to it while I am sewing every morning. The cat-lou has a very pretty voice, although when one goes near its nest it makes a noise like a kitten, which is not so pretty. The cat-lou is covered with scarlet-throated humming-birds. I have read that it is very dangerous to approach their nest, as they fly at your eyes and injure them very much, and very often destroy the sight entirely. The Baltimore oriole makes its home here too. Its nest is about six inches long, and it is fastened to the wall by wrapping cord, tied to the bough in a perfect a knot as any one could tie. I have a nest that I got from the branch of a weeping willow tree, and it was very pretty. I am making my letter too long to be printed. I am thirteen years old. I love **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE**. MARY D. H.

You must write again, my dear.

All the way from the other side of the globe comes this little story of

#### THE INDIAN RACE.

"Now, Walter, take care of mother and the girls. I'll get back and don't be afraid if any Indians come around, but just load your gun and help mother. I'll be back again about five o'clock this evening. Good-by." And with these words the heavy John Smith walked away from his log hut, his gun over his shoulder, and whistling a merry tune. He had lately come over from the coast with his American friends, and the children, Walter (the eldest, a youth seventeen years of age), Mary, Kate, and Jane.

After their father had left, the young man took down his gun, cleaned and loaded them, so as to be ready for any foe which might make an appearance. The Indians were rather numerous about the coast country, and the whites were often made by them upon the "pale-faces," as they called the whites in the neighborhood.

Everything went on smoothly till about twelve o'clock, when Walter, having gone out to reconnoitre, fancied he saw something moving about among the brushwood. His brain being full of stories about Indians and their tricks, he thought the white men, he thought he would go and see what it was. Scarcely had he gone fifty yards

from the house when he heard a yell sounding low in the distance, and another, and another, but gradually growing louder and louder as they approached, until it seemed to the poor boy as if the woods were alive with them.

His first thought was to run home to his mother and sisters and apprise them of the danger, and this he did, running along as hard as he could, like a frightened hare, his fears increasing as he wondered how his mother and sisters and himself could keep a lot of Indians at bay. When he got home, he found the house in just the same order as when he left it. He rushed breathless into the room, and sat down on a chair, waiting till he got his breath to speak.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried his sister. "You seem to have run as if the Indians had been after you."

"Oh, just you—wait till I get—my breath," said her brother, stopping between almost every word.

When at last he did really tell them, Mary said: "Well, it is funny we did not hear the yells, for you were not very far off. And poor father, too."

"Oh, it's no matter about father," said her brother; "he is all right at the settlement. It's only the people who are far from it that are in trouble. I have heard said his mother, 'they must not notice us, and pass right by. But get the guns ready, and let us barricade the house, so as to be ready for anything that may come.'"

Accordingly the doors were shut tight and the shutters were pushed against them; the heavy things were put to and bolted strongly, expecting one at the top of the hill, which they used as a loop-hole, and to which room they now resorted. In this room they kept the whole afternoon, watching the smoke, which rose up between the trees every now and then, and which they knew very well was the last of many of the settlers and their homes, and wondering if their words were the same fate. But the afternoon waned, no Indians came, and they were beginning to think that they were safe, when they were startled by a loud knock at the door. "Come in," called out the mother, and a man cried out: "Oh, there are the Indians!" But their mother told them that they need not be frightened; Indians would never knock; so that it must be father.

In an instant they were down-stairs; but their mother told them to keep back, and, as they saw who it was. She opened the door, and saw her husband standing on the step, as hearty as possible, and very thankful to see that his family were all safe.

After anxious inquiries as to how they had fared when he left, he told them he had not feared of the ravages of the Indians till about three o'clock, when he started out to find the house, and then told them that the Indians had come again, and were burning and killing. "I set out as soon as I could expect to find the house burned and you killed; but, thank God, I found you all well," said the poor man, with tears of joy at his family's safe deliverance. They were all glad to hear of the safety of the father, and his house, and done the same to a heap of others, and it's a wonder they did not come here. But the officers at the settlement had to have a word with them, and they were just setting out as I came along. I guess they will make it pretty hot for the wretches, for they were pretty mad, I tell you."

To tell you how the Indians' camp was ransacked and the owners taken prisoners, and how they were all shot for murdering the poor settlers, who were in the story too long; but it was done, and the settlers were hardly ever troubled after that in that part of the country, for the lesson was a bitter one to the Indians. LILLIE G.

SEASIDE, SAN DIEGO ISLANDS.

PENNY AMOY, NEW JERSEY.

It is very pleasant here in the summer-time, and as we live almost directly on the water, we have the full benefit of all the bathing, rowing, and sailing that goes on. I am twelve years old, and have a brother and sister who are both older than myself. I have a little dog named Bob, and have just taken Harry and Yoda, the littlest since last New Year's, but they didn't delightful.

BIRDIE S.

LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and drawing. My brother takes **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE**, and I like to read the letters very much. I have a cat and a pet pigeon; the pigeon will eat out of my hands and play with me. Good-by. EDITH S.

YARMOUTH, NEW SCOTIA.

I have taken **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** for three years. Although I have taken it so long, I have only written once. I think it is just a lovely paper, and I like to read it very much. I read that piece in it about General Muff, and it seemed so funny that I should have a cat named Muff. I think I have a cat named Muff, and I will be whenever she wants anything, and hardly ever has to be told to. She is a dark Maltese, and is considered very handsome, and she is so

particular that she will not sleep on the floor, but gets up on a chair. We are all very fond of her, and would not part with her for a good deal. We have a strawberry garden, and get quite large strawberries off of it. The other day we got one that weighed an ounce, and it measured six and a half inches. We have great fun here in holidays. We go in bathing nearly every day, and I can almost swim. DORA V. T. T.

NEWCASTLE, ENGLAND.

I like Mrs. Tillie's stories very much. I am eleven years old. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. I take music lessons on a piano, and like the story in it. My brother gave me **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE** for a Christmas present. CORA M.

**Lorraine de la:** The little story was in pencil, and written on both sides of the paper, so it could not even be considered. Please write on one side only, and use ink, not pale, but good black ink. —To all the boys: My little fellows, you must wake up; the girls are surpassing you. Will you not send me so many letters that I can some week fill two-thirds of the Post-office Box, for a change, with letters from the boys? I know how busy you are out-of-doors, but still I do not like to be neglected altogether.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CHARADES.

1.—In hope of my first being caught by my second, I sat down beside a brook, when, presto! as I looked quickly down, my first had gone off with my whole.

2.—My first brings joy to all around, My second may bring sorrow, My whole but once a year is found, And may be yours to-morrow.

3.—My first is formal, my second is a flower, and my whole is a flower beloved by the poets. LOU TENNANT.

No. 2.

CONSUMED.

Ever eating, ever dying, Never finding full repeat: All devouring, all destroying, Till it eats the world at last. J. GUS BOLANDER, JUN.

No. 3.

ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in rat, but not in mouse. My second is in door, but not in house. My third is in bill, but not in dale. My fourth is in rain, but not in hail. My fifth is in ocean, but not in sea. My sixth is in date, but not in palm. My seventh is in date, but not in palm. My eighth is in danger, also in harm. My ninth is in channel, not in shallow. My tenth is in kite, but not in string. My eleventh is in signet, but not in ring. My whole is a famous summer resort, where deer are shot and trout are caught. B. S. GIBSON, JUN.

2.—My first is in shot. My second is in Lucy. My third is in corn. My fourth is in a wild. My fifth is in Coca. My whole is a great virtue, both in poetry and prose. DORA.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 353.

No. 1.— R A G C A T E P I N  
A C C E P T E D  
G E M T E A N A N  
No. 2.— P  
P A L  
P A L  
P A L L A  
P A L L A S  
Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Lou L. Tennant, Anna Boone, H. M. Rochester, Maggie Brown, E. M. Rogers, Arthur K. Muller, J. Gus Bolander, Jun., Grace C. Hayes, Sarah Chapman Hill, Eleanor Gibson, Edith Gibson, C. S. Gibson, Jan. C. Gibson, Mabel, Arthur K. Muller, J. Henry Street, Augusta, J. M. Emrick, Lillie V. Ayer, Louis Winfield, G. E. Watts, Stella Sisson, Harry Howard, Mabel, Mabel, Mabel, John Heins, Rebekah Schmidt, and Reuben Halin.





#### A STRONG SENSE OF DUTY.

Helen is devoted to her flowers, and as her mother has told her that they must be watered twice every day, she obeys strictly.

(Mamma is out this morning, detained by a shower.)

#### WAS IT INSTINCT?

A WESTERN lawyer, whom we will call Mr. Lawrence, recently related the following, which is true in every particular:

"I rode lately some thirty or forty miles out of the city with my friend Mr. G—— in order to help him in opening his summer cottage, which had been closed during the winter. We had a delightful drive, and found things looking all right about the cottage. Mr. G—— unlocked the door of the barn, and led his horse in to stable him while we should examine the premises more fully. On closing the barn the fall before he had placed a quantity of oats in a hammock suspended from the beams which supported the floor above.

"You know," said Mr. G——, "that rats and mice won't get into grain which is kept in this way." He took a small measure, and dipped his hand into the hammock of oats. "Good gracious!" he cried. "Don't you ever believe that story again. The inside of this heap of oats is entirely eaten out. I shall have to go over to my neighbor's and borrow some feed for my horse."

"He started at once to negotiate the loan, and I idly thrust my hand into the heap of grain lying in the hammock,

with a vague idea of starting any rats or mice which might lurk there. There was indeed a mouse's nest in the grain, and my hand came into contact with some of its inmates. I withdrew it with great celerity. As I did so, the mother mouse appeared on top of the grain, running for dear life. A little mouse followed her, and catching on to its mother's long tail, clung to it with a grip like death. A second mouse followed his brother, and caught on to his tail just as the first one had caught on to his mother's; a third one followed, and did the same; and before the mother in her wild flight had reached the rope by which the hammock was suspended, a fourth little one was clinging to the tail of the third.

"Incredible as it may seem, the mother mouse, with four little ones, each hanging to the tail of the one in front of him, ran nimbly up the suspension rope of the hammock, made her way on the face of a beam to the side wall of the barn, and disappeared from view, leaving me overcome with wonder and admiration.

"Now," asked Mr. Lawrence, in conclusion, "was this instinct on the part of the little mice? Would all mice have done in just this same way? Or was this an uncommonly smart family of mice, with an uncommonly smart mother?"

#### MABEL DINES OUT ALONE.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

(Previous instructions from Mamma.)

I MADE her stand beside me, my bonnie little girl; I arranged each dainty ruffle, and smoothed each sunny curl. "Now, baby, you'll be careful in all you do and say; You will not trouble Auntie while dining there to-day. You'll take your place in quiet, nor ask for anything, But eat what Uncle gives you, or what the waiters bring. You won't take too much pudding when there's no Mamma to check;

And when it comes to sweetmeats, you'll scarcely taste a *speck*."

(Result, as described by Auntie.)

The feast was rich and splendid, the board held flowerets rare, But yet my rose-bud tender was the sweetest blossom there. Her eyes were bright as diamonds, her speech a birdie's song;

She was frugal as a hermit, lest she might eat something wrong.

When asked to take some pudding, she answered at her ease; When questioned as to ice-cream, said, "A little, if you please."

Alas that such behavior should end in utter wreck! The sweetmeats come; the little tongue lisps, "Thankth; I'll take a peck."



INDIGNANT CHICKS. "THE IDEA OF THAT IMPUDENT THING PUTTING ON SUCH AIRS IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE, AND WE DIRECT DESCENDANTS OF THE OLD PLYMOUTH ROCK FOLKS!"

# HARPER'S

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HARNEY MAY CORDUA, SECOND UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

## THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER IN THE ARMY.

BY GENERAL T. F. RODENBOUGH,  
U. S. A.

**H**ARNEY MAY CORDUA was born December 24, 1882, at Laredo, Texas, and is therefore about three years and eight months old (October 1, 1885). His father, R. F. Cordua, now of Galveston, Texas, was formerly a soldier, and served from March 30, 1852, to April 25, 1862, in the Second United States Dragoons, in Company A, most of the time as a sergeant. He took part in many weary marches and many desperate and bloody encounters with the Indians, and proved himself a good soldier.

Although no longer a soldier, he often thought of his old regiment and its gallant record, and when, twenty years after his discharge from the army, a son was born to him, the old sergeant determined to dedicate his boy, in name at least, to his old regiment, then stationed two thousand miles away, in Montana. The little fellow was christened after two of the most distinguished officers of the Second Dragoons, and, at the request of the father, was duly assigned as a recruit to the sergeant's old company, as the correspondence given on Page 694 will show.

"HEAD-QUARTERS SECOND UNITED STATES CAVALRY,  
FORT CUSTER, M. T., January 1, 1882.

"SIR, Your letter of December 28, 1882, received. We have taken up unofficially Recruit Harney May Cordua, and assigned him to Troop A, Second Cavalry.

"I congratulate you in the renewal of your younger days in the person of your boy.

"Hoping you will ever keep alive your feeling for the regiment, I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES F. ROE, Adjutant Second Cavalry."

(Copy of Order of Assignment.)

"HEAD-QUARTERS SECOND UNITED STATES CAVALRY,  
FORT CUSTER, M. T., January 1, 1882.

Order No. 2

"Unassigned Recruit Harney May Cordua having been reported by letter to these head-quarters, is hereby assigned to Troop A.

"By order of Colonel J. P. HATCH, commanding the regiment.

"CHARLES F. ROE, First Lieutenant and Adjutant."

Thus our young hero was officially adopted as the "child of the regiment." In the following June, Harney May was presented with a beautiful cup of solid silver, made by Tiffany, and bearing the following inscription, "Harney May Cordua, from the Officers of the Second United States Cavalry." This was acknowledged by his father in a letter from which we make an extract:

"The undersigned hereby acknowledges, with feelings of sincere pride, the honor conferred upon him by the officers of his beloved old regiment. The recipient has ever had the welfare of the command at heart, been truly proud of his association with the same, and remembers with unalloyed affection the brave officers under whom he had the honor to serve. He returns sincere thanks to the donors for their kind and handsome souvenir, and assures them that it will be truly cherished by,

"Yours to command, R. F. CORDUA."

Perhaps a short account of the regiment which bears upon its rolls the name of so young a recruit may be interesting. It was organized in 1836 for service in Florida against the Seminole Indians, of whom Osceola was one of the greatest chieftains. There the duty was very hard, dangerous, and unhealthy. The soldiers had to hunt the Indians in dense thickets and swamps almost impassable; part of the time they were on horseback, and again they pursued the Indians in canoes, or followed them on foot through the undergrowth called "saw-grass" (sharp green blades which cut their clothes to shreds). The Indians fought the troops for several years, and were only driven out after hundreds of brave soldiers had been killed, or had died from the effects of exposure.

When the Mexican war opened, the regiment was the first cavalry regiment to cross the Rio Grande (or Grand River) into Mexico with General Taylor (whose soldiers called him "Old Zach"); it bore a glorious part in all the battles which followed, and escorted General Scott when he took possession of the ancient City of Mexico at the head of the United States forces in 1847. One of the most gallant deeds during that war was Captain May's charge at the head of a squadron of the regiment upon a Mexican battery at Resaca de la Palma; not only the guns, but a Mexican general, La Vega, were captured by the American dragoons. Captain May was a very handsome man, and a magnificent horseman, and for a long while his name was famous. It was this officer who commanded Sergeant Cordua's company, and whose name now belongs to young Harney May.

From Mexico the regiment found its way to California, Texas, Kansas, and Utah. In 1856 it made a terrible march in winter-time to the foot of the Rocky Mountains and to the Great Salt Lake to watch the Mormons, who had defied the authority of the United States. Many soldiers and thousands of animals perished from cold and hunger. Upon getting up one morning to march it was found that five hundred horses, mules, and cattle (carried along for food) had perished during the night. This camp was ever after known as the "Camp of Death."

When the "Great Rebellion" of 1861-65 broke out, the Second Dragoons were brought to Washington, and sent to Virginia, where they took part in many battles, and kept bright the glorious reputation for courage, ability, and fidelity to the Stars and Stripes which they had long before earned. After the great conflict between the North and the South—which, let us hope, may never be repeated—the regiment, now known as the Second Cavalry, was again sent out upon the great plains, and, after years of hard service against the Indians, crossed the Rocky Mountains about two years since, and is now serving on the Pacific coast.

If our hero, whose portrait heads this account, is the *youngest* soldier in the army, General Harney, whose name he bears, is the *oldest*. This officer is now eighty-six years of age, but still very active. General Harney entered the service in 1818, and his name has been borne on the army register for sixty-eight years. He joined the regiment in Florida, and became its Colonel in 1846. He was a man of great size and strength, and in his younger days was noted for his athletic powers. He was a noted runner, and for that reason, and on account of his great strength, was much respected and feared by the Indians.

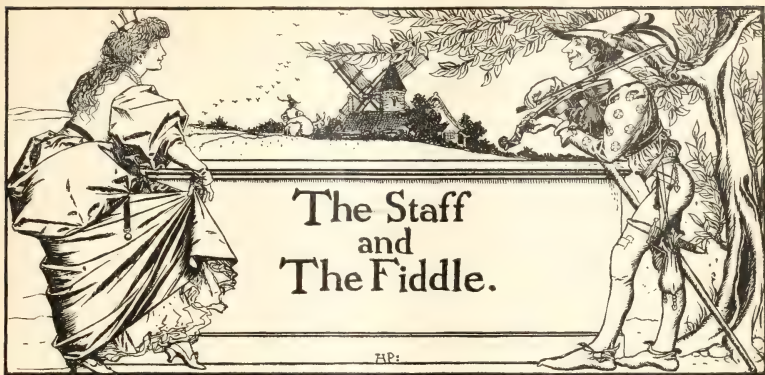
It is related that upon one occasion, at Fort Winnebago, in 1830, the Fox River was frozen over, and the garrison improved the opportunity to have winter games. An Indian was confined at the fort for some offence, for which the penalty was a flogging. Harney, then a Captain, concluded to give the Indian, who was very fleet, a chance in a race on the ice; told him he would give him a hundred yards the start, and in case he (the Indian) reached a certain point first, he would be excused from punishment.

Both men wore moccasins, and both were stripped and belted for the race, Harney carrying a cowhide whip. Both started at the word, and Harney was rapidly gaining on the Indian, when the cunning savage darted to the right, toward a spot where the ice was thin. Being light in weight, the Indian passed the spot safely, but Harney went through into the water. Being a good swimmer, he soon crawled out, and hurried to his quarters, very angry, very wet, and covered with icicles. The Indian did not return, having earned his freedom by cunning if not by fleetness of foot.

General Harney won great distinction in Mexico, and his charge up the steep sides of the Cerro Gordo, April 17, 1847, at the head of his brigade, causing the Mexican General Santa Anna to retreat with his troops in great disorder, is one of the bravest things recorded in the history of the United States.

So our young readers will see that Harney May is rich in godfathers. There are forty officers in the regiment which has adopted him, and each officer is one of his godfathers. His welfare will be a matter of interest to the soldiers of the regiment as well as to the officers. More than eight hundred men will therefore watch the boy's growth, and it is not too much to look forward to the time when he may become a cadet at West Point, and after many years of honorable service he may rise to command the famous corps in which he has just been enrolled.





BY HOWARD PYLE,  
AUTHOR OF "PEPPER AND SALT," ETC.

THERE were a Fiddler, a Tinker, and a Shoemaker jogging along the road.

The Fiddler was as merry a little toad as ever you could wish to see; as for the Tinker and the Shoemaker, why, they were as sour as bad beer. By-and-by they came to a cross-road, and there sat an old body begging.

"Give a poor old woman a penny or two—do, now," she says.

"Pooh!" replies the Tinker and the Shoemaker, and off they walked, with their noses in the air as though they were hunting for flies up yonder.

As for the Fiddler, he had another kind of a heart under his jacket; so he gave the old woman all that he had, which was only two pennies.

"A cake for a pie," said the old woman. And what would the Fiddler like to have in the way of a wish? for all that he had to do was to ask, and it should be granted.

Oh, there was little that the Fiddler had to wish for; but since they were in the way of it, he would like to have it for a wish that whenever he would say "Rub-a-dub-dub!" this staff in his hand would up and fight for him, and all that he would have to do would be to sit and look on.

After that they said "Good-morning," and the one went one way and the other the other. Then the three companions plodded along together until, by-and-by, night came, and there they were in a deep forest. After a while they saw a light, so they jogged along more rapidly, and presently came to the house.

Rap! tap! tap! They knocked at the door, but nobody came; so they opened it for themselves and walked in. No, there was no one at home, but there was a table spread with a smoking hot supper, and places for three. Down they sat without waiting for bidding, for their hunger was as sharp as vinegar.

Well, they ate and they ate and they ate, until they could eat no more, and then they turned around and toasted their toes at the warm fire. That was all very well and good; but by-and-by all the wood was burned, and then who was to go out into the dark forest and fetch another armful?

"Not I," says the Tinker.

"Not I," says the Shoemaker.

And so it fell to the Fiddler, and off he went.

But many a one spills the milk mug to save the water jug, and so it was with the Tinker and the Shoemaker; for, while they sat warming their shins at the fire and rubbing their hands over their knees, in walks an ugly little Troll no taller than a yardstick, with a head as big as a cabbage and a good stout cudgel twice as long as himself in his hand.

"I want something to eat," says he.

"You'll get nothing here," say the Tinker and the Shoemaker.

"That we'll see," says the Manikin; whereupon he snatched up his club, and, without more ado, fell upon the Tinker and the Shoemaker and began beating them with all his might and main, and never stopped until he was too tired to drub them any more; then he went away whither he had come, and all that the two fellows could do was to rub the places that smarted the most.

By-and-by in came the Fiddler with his armful of wood, but never a word did the Tinker and the Shoemaker say, for they had no notion of telling how such a little Manikin had dusted the coats of two great hulking fellows like themselves; only the next day they were for staying where they were, for their bones were too sore to be jogging just then, I can tell you!

Well, that suited the Fiddler well enough, and so they lolled around the house all day, for they found all that they wanted to eat in the cupboards.

After supper there was more wood to be brought in from the forest, and this time it was the Tinker and the Shoemaker who went to fetch it, for they had settled it between them that the Fiddler was to have a taste of the same broth that they had supped.

Sure enough, by-and-by in comes the ugly little Troll with the great long cudgel.

"I want something to eat," says he.

"There it is, brother," says the Fiddler; "help yourself."

"It is you who shall wait on me," says the ugly little Troll.

"I shall not," says the Fiddler.

"That we will see," says the Manikin, and he gripped his cudgel.

"Hi!" says the Fiddler; "and is that the game you are playing?" Then, "Rub-a-dub-dub!" says he.



"GIVE A POOR OLD WOMAN A PENNY OR TWO."

Pop! Up jumps his staff from the corner where he had stood it, and then you should have seen the dust fly! This time it was the Manikin who hopped over the chairs, and begged and bawled for mercy. As for the Fiddler, he stood by with his hands in his pockets, and whistled. By-and-by the Manikin found the door, and out he jumped, with the Fiddler at his heels. But the Fiddler was not quick enough, for before he could catch the little Troll he popped into a great hole in the ground, like a frog into a well, and there was an end to that business.

After a while the Tinker and the Shoemaker came back from the forest with their load of wood, and then how the Fiddler did laugh at them! for he saw very well how the land lay. As for him, he was all for following the little Manikin into the hole in the ground; so they hunted here and they hunted there, until they found a great basket and a rope, and then the Tinker and the Shoemaker lowered the Fiddler and his staff down into the pit.

The first body whom he saw was a Princess as pretty as a ripe apple, but looking, oh! so sad at being in such a place. The next he saw was the ugly little Troll, who sat in the corner and growled like our house dog when the cat comes near him.

"So!" says the Fiddler; "there you are, are you? Then it is 'Rub-a-dub-dub!' again." And this time before the drubbing was stopped it was all over with the Troll.

And then who was glad but the pretty Princess? She flung her arms around the merry little Fiddler's neck and gave him a right good smacking kiss or two; and that paid a part of the score, I can tell you. Then they sat down, and the

pretty Princess told him all about how the Troll had carried her off a year and more ago, and had kept her in this place ever since. After that she took a pure gold ring off of her finger and broke it in two; half of it was for the Fiddler and half of it was for her; for they were sweethearts now, and that was to be a love-token.

Then the Fiddler put the Princess into the basket, and the two fellows above hauled her up. By-and-by down comes the basket again, and it is the Fiddler's turn. "See, now," says he; "suppose that they are up to some of their tricks;" so he tumbled a great stone into the basket in the place of himself. Sure enough, when the basket was about half-way up to the ground, down it came tumbling, for the rogues above had cut the rope, and if the Fiddler had been there in the place of the stone, it would have been all over with him.

Then the Tinker and the Shoemaker told the poor Princess that if she did not promise to tell everybody that they were the lads who had saved her from the ugly little Troll, they would make an end of her there and then, and that was the long and the short of it. So there was nothing for the Princess to do but to promise. Then away they jogged, as little was to be gained by staying there for a longer time.

But if anybody was ever down in the dumps, the Fiddler was the fellow. After a time he saw a pretty little fiddle that hung back of the cupboard. "Aha!" says he, "there is some butter to the crust, after all; and now we will just have a bit of a jig to cheer us up a little." So down he sat, and began to play. And then what do you think happened? Up popped a little fellow no higher than your knee, and as black as your hat.



"RUB-A-DUB-DUB!" SAYS THE FIDDLER."



"A PRINCESS AS PRETTY AS A RIPE APPLE"

"What do you want, master?" said he.

"So!" said the Fiddler; "and is that the tune we play? Well, I should like to get out of this, that I should."

No sooner said than done; for he had hardly time to pick up his staff and tuck the fiddle under his arm, when—whisk! he was up above as quick as a wink.

"Hi!" said he; "but this is a pretty fiddle to own, and no mistake!" And off he went, right foot foremost, to follow his nose and see where it led him.

After a while he came to the town where the King lived, and there was a great buzzing and gossip. And this was why: all the folks were talking about how the Tinker and the Shoemaker had brought back the Princess from the ugly little Troll, and how the King had promised that whoever did that was to have her for his wife, and half of the kingdom to boot. But the Princess did nothing but sit and cry and cry. As for marrying, she vowed and declared that she would not do that till she had a pair of slippers of pure gold, and a real diamond buckle on each slipper; and nobody in all of the town was able to make the kind that she wanted.

"So!" said the Fiddler; "that is the way that the wind lies, is it?"

So out he went to a shoemaker's shop. "Will you take a journeyman shoemaker?" said he.

"What can you do?" asked the master shoemaker.

"I can make a pair of slippers such as the Princess wants, only I must have a room all to myself to make them in," says the Fiddler.

That was a tune that tickled the shoemaker's ears, I can tell you. He was wanting just such a journeyman as that; and so the bargain was closed, and that settled the business.

As soon as the Fiddler was alone he drew out his fiddle and began to play a bit of a jig, and there stood the little black fellow, just as he had done before.

"What do you want?" says he.

Why, the shoemaker was wanting such and such a kind of golden slippers, but he only wanted one buckle to them, and that must be made of real diamonds.

Oh! that was an easy thing to have; and there they were, just as the Fiddler had ordered.

"But there is only one buckle," says the shoemaker.

"Tut!" says the Fiddler: "turn no hairs gray for that, brother. Just tell the Princess that the Fiddler has the other, and matters will be as smooth as cream."

Well, the shoemaker did as the Fiddler said, and you may guess how the Princess opened her pretty eyes when she heard that her sweetheart was thereabouts. Nothing would suit her but that she must see that journeyman shoemaker. But when they sent to fetch him, he was gone.

And now would she choose either the Tinker or the Shoemaker? That was what they wanted to know.

Well, there was nothing left for the Princess but to say "Yes," for she felt sure that the Fiddler would be on hand at the right time. So the next day was fixed for the choosing, at which the King was glad enough, for he had little or no peace of his life with all this pestering and talking.

It was not long before the Fiddler heard of that. So off he went and played a turn or two on his fiddle.



"WHAT DO YOU WANT, MASTER?"



"And what do you want now?" says the little Manikin. Why, this time the Fiddler was wanting a splendid suit of clothes for himself, all of silver and gold. Besides that, he wanted a hat with a great feather in it, and a fine milk-white horse.

Oh, well, he could have those things easily enough; and there they were. So the Fiddler dressed himself in his fine clothes, and mounted upon his great milk-white horse, and set off for the King's house, with his staff across the saddle in front of him. Up he rode to the castle, and when he knocked at the door they did not keep him waiting long out in the cold, I can tell you.

There they all sat at dinner, the Tinker on one side of the Princess and the Shoemaker on the other. But when they saw the Fiddler in his grand clothes they thought that he was some great nobleman for sure and certain, for neither the Princess nor the two rogues knew who he was. The folks squeezed together along the bench, and made room for him. So he leaned his staff in the corner, and down he sat, just across the table from the Princess.

By-and-by he asked the Princess if she would drink a glass of red wine with him.

Yes, the Princess would do that.

So the Fiddler drank, and then what did he do but drop his half of the ring that the Princess had given him into the cup before he passed it across to her.

Then when the Princess drank, something bobbed against her lips, and when she came to look, lo and behold! there was the half of her ring.

And if anybody in all of the world was glad, it was the Princess at that very moment. Up she stood before them all. "There is my sweetheart," says she, "and I will marry him, and no one else."

As for the Fiddler, he just said, "Rub-a-dub-dub!" and up jumped the staff, and began to thump and bang the Tinker and the Shoemaker until they scampered away for dear life, and there was an end of them.

The King was ever so glad to have the Fiddler for a son-in-law in the place of either the Tinker or the Shoemaker, for he was a much better-looking bit of a lad; besides, the others had done nothing but brew trouble and worriment ever since they had come into the house.

## THE OLD SCHOOL BOOKS.

BY R. W. McALPINE.

WHAT pleasant memories cluster round these volumes old and worn, With covers smirched, and bindings creased, and pages thumbed and torn!

These are the books we used to con, I and poor brother Will, When we were boys together, in the school-house on the hill. Well I recall the nights at home, when side by side we sat Before the fire, and o'er these books indulged in whispered chat, And how, when father chided us for idling time away, Our eyes bent to the task as though they'd never been astray. The old-time proverbs scribbled here, the caution to beware ("Steal not this book, my honest friend") scrawled roughly here and there,

The blurs, the blots, the luncheon spots, the numberless dog's ears, The faded names, the pictures, and, alas! the stains of tears, All take me back in mind to days when cloudiness was the sky, When grief was so short-lived I smiled before my tears were dry; When, next to father's angry frown, I feared the awful nod That doomed me, trembling, to advance and humbly kiss the rod. How bright those days! Our little cares, our momentary fears, And e'en our pains, enveloped with a burst of sobs and tears, And every joy seemed great enough to balance all our woes! What pity that when griefs are real, they can't be balanced so! The school-house stands in ruins now, the boys have scattered wide; A few are old and gray like me, but nearly all have died; And brother Will is one of these; his curly head was laid Down by the brook, at father's side, beneath the willow's shade. These books so quaint and queer to you, to me are living things; Each tells a story of the past, and each a message brings. When'er I sit, at eventide, and turn their pages o'er, They seem to speak in tones that thrilled my heart in days of yore. The school-boy of to-day would laugh, and throw these old books away, But, think you, neighbor, could his heart consent if he were I?

## DR. WARD'S MOUNTAIN LASSIE.

BY BELLE WILLIAMS.

MR. BURNS, on the whole, had improved. So said Dr. Ward, as he looked down reflectively upon his corduroy hunting blouse and new top-boots. But then Dr. Ward had examined his patient last August, almost a year ago, and that same verdict had been the result. This had become the doctor's preliminary duty to his yearly "roughing" in the Adirondacks.

"Cheer up, man," said the kindly doctor, as he glanced up from his buckskin toes and caught a look of despair; "we'll have you out of this in another year. This camp life's just the thing. Eat plenty, and don't exert yourself. Look there, now—call that pretty?" he exclaimed, pointing to a pair of guide-boats shooting over the lake. In a moment they drove their bows into the sand, landing the three young mariners in a heap.

"Hah! Nell Burns, think you can beat us, if you are fourteen and weigh a hundred and ten?" and fat little nine-year-old Dudley swaggered up the rustic bark wharf, quite content to let Arthur and Nell reach their father's tent first.

"Well, chickens," was the doctor's greeting, "you're fine specimens of health, I'll warrant. Hey! my mountain lassie; good stout muscle there," he continued, approvingly, pinching Nellie's pretty round arm. "Well, I must be off to Paul Smith's. A fifteen-mile drive isn't a matter of minutes in these woods," and the doctor was soon paddling off in his canoe toward the end of the lake, where his team awaited him.

"Papa, we've been invited," began Arthur.

"You're right, we have," echoed the "old man," as the children were fond of calling matter-of-fact Dudley.

"Sh!" cautioned Nellie, foreseeing a tiff.

But Arthur, as usual, was too sweet-tempered to fire up on small provocation.

"Yes," he resumed; "the Misses Dempster are going to have a camp-fire party to-night. They've invited all the nice people from Saranac; but they'll have a night ride of it home again. Can't we go?" he asked, quickly, mistaking his father's depressed look for a silent refusal.

"I don't care what you do," answered Mr. Burns.

"Ask Aunt Lot; I'm too tired to listen now."

The children walked slowly over the grass toward the bark kitchen, where Aunt Lot was helping Mary, Vene's wife, with the dinner.

"No, of course you can't go," she said, after hearing their request. "Vene's going hunting to-night with Miss Dempster's guide, and there's no one to send for you."

"My!" interrupted Nellie; "I think I can row half a mile," with an emphatic squeeze round each little brother. "I haven't been in the mountains two summers and part of a winter for nothing. What is there to be afraid of on the lake? It's not like walking through the woods at night."

"Goodness! Aunt Lot's too scarey," and the "old man" sniffed contemptuously. "She's so little the boat hardly wabbles a mite when she gets in. Then she's afraid it'll tip over 'cause her hair ain't parted in the middle."

Arthur began to laugh uproariously. But Aunt Lot's thin face, grown white and wizened by months of devotion to a sick man's whims, bore the resigned look which meant that the children had gained the day.

Toward sundown that evening a little red craft shot out into the lake.

"I'll sit in the middle," proposed Nell, "and you two boys balance the ends. The 'old man' can take one oar, and we'll let Art sit in the stern and paddle."

Nellie was very womanly, so womanly that the sojourners in the wilderness remarked it—"So careful of her little brothers." Miss Dempster had known Nellie's mother years ago, and Nellie was very like her, she said, with those large pleading gray eyes and the sweet, firm mouth.

The boys went to sister now with their joys and griefs, for sister always had a loving touch and comfort in store. In return the girl loved these twin brothers with a deep, ever-strengthening devotion, drawing them closer day by day. They could be merry too, and as they neared the neighboring camp their gay laugh ringing over the placid lake heralded their approach.

Miss Sarah came down to meet them, while in the parlor tent, on her rustic lounge upholstered in Turkey red, lay Miss Dorothy, waving her hand. Miss Dorothy was an invalid.

On the platform before the parlor, which Miss Dorothy called her piazza, sat the group of guests, and in the middle of them the guide's "beautiful smudge" defied mosquitoes. Ransom had so skilfully sandwiched the chips and sand in his pan that not the tiniest blade disturbed the cloud of smoke. Plentiful weeping and choking amid conversation testified to the strength of his defence against winged marauders.

"Now, Sarah," said Miss Dorothy, "we must have the camp fire lighted, and our picture will be complete."

There in front lay the marvel of skill. A number of stout logs were piled up, and above these, balsam boughs supported in the centre a queen tree, whose graceful top surmounted the structure. Slowly the flames crept out at the bottom, mounting higher and higher, until the pile was one vast conflagration.

The group of watchers, half reclining in the weird, uncanny light, and thrown into strong relief by the shadows of the forest, seemed like goblins of another sphere. But the spell was broken by the merry voices, as "Bi-n-go," "Old Dog Tray," and many a college glee wound up in peals of very human laughter.

At last there came a lull. But Miss Sarah was equal to the occasion:

"Come, Ransom, refreshments ready?" she called out.

"Oh yes, Miss Dempster; had it friz a spell ago. The old *skew* gave fine cream to-day."

Good-bys came at last.

As the boats departed, Miss Dempster struck up "Scotland's burning." From one to another the round was carried, until "lookout!" "fire! fire!" echoed from all parts of the lake. One by one the responses died in the distance, fainter and fainter grew the medley, and dissolved like mist into thin air.

The boys were too sleepy now to help row, but sister was able to manage alone.

"Wake me up for the 'all hands off,'" was Dudley's remark, as he settled himself for a nap.

"Port ho!" shouted sister, when near the shore.

Dudley roused up then, and stood in the bow ready to act as guide; but as he sprang, one tired foot caught in the boat's edge, and a black little heap fell to the sand.

Nellie's sigh of relief upon reaching home changed to a gasp of dismay, for, with one groan of pain, the heap lay fearfully quiet.

"Aunt Lot!" she screamed—"Aunt Lot!" and catching the lantern from the edge of the wharf, flashed it into the child's face. It looked ghastly and drawn in the dim flicker, but a slight convulsive twitch showed that he was not dead.

Quickly she gathered him up, and staggered toward the camp with her load. Aunt Lot met her on the way, and her exclamation of surprise died upon her lips as she saw that some dreadful accident had happened.

"Sh!" she cautioned Arthur, sharply, who was sobbing with fright; "don't wake your father," and, turning, led the way to the boys' tent.

There, as they tried to undress the little fellow his suffering roused him, and his piteous screams of appeal drove the listeners almost frantic in their helplessness.

"Nellie, what shall we do?" cried Aunt Lot, wringing her hands in despair. "His arm is broken—I can feel

the sharp end of the bone clear through the flesh—and God only knows how else he's hurt."

"We must have the doctor," said Nellie, fiercely, pushing Arthur aside: "but Vene—gone hunting!" and the words fell with a chill upon their hearts.

The nearest help was Dr. Ward, at Paul Smith's hotel, fifteen miles away. The only men who could bring relief in their extremity were the two guides, by that time roaming the mountains in search of deer. They might be gone two days, and every moment was fraught with agony to that child.

"Aunt Lot!"—and the words came with determination—"I will bring the doctor. I've rowed five miles for fun, and I can row eight miles now; then there'll be six miles to walk: you know it's a mile shorter by the lake and 'carry.' If I can only keep the trail! But, oh dear! it will take so long; Vene can't do it in less than four hours. Aunt Lot, don't let Dudley die before I get back. Give him brandy, and hold his arm together—anything to keep him. Heavenly Father, take care of us!" she sobbed, running out into the darkness.

Catching up the lantern that was still burning upon the wharf, she pushed off in the *Delight*.

The lake looked black and forbidding under the starless sky, and a chill miasma seemed to creep over its surface. The lantern in the stern threw scattered red gleams on the water, and lit the way for a few feet around.

But there was no wavering in Nellie's arm, and the steady dip of the oars told surely upon the eight miles.

"I must be careful of Morton's Point," she thought, "there are so many shoals there," and she stopped a moment to hold the lantern high up and take her bearings.

"Passed it!" she exclaimed aloud, as her heart gave a quick leap at the danger so safely distanced.

Presently the arms began to falter, and there were yet two miles ahead.

At that moment a sudden rustling and breaking of the underbrush gave warning that the boat was very near shore. On the bank stood a startled fawn, with head thrown back, and bright eyes fastened upon the moving lantern.

"Poor thing!" murmured the girl. "Very likely your pretty mother is running miles off to lead Vene and Ransom away from her baby. That must have been a providence!" quickly came the comforting thought, for the sudden fright had lent new strength.

The Indian "carry" was reached at last. The weary girl pulled up the boat from the water, then sank to the ground exhausted. Long-pent-up tears came, and flowed until her heart seemed bursting. But Mother Nature is wise. She knew how to relieve the overwrought nerves, and beneath her healing touch a feeling of peace and calmness returned. Sitting up, Nellie smoothed the silk skirt that had so lately graced the party, and looked at her watch.

"Only an hour and three-quarters! I am glad I wore my jersey," she reflected, with a smile, "or I couldn't have rowed so fast. But Dudley may be dead even now." The thought darted like an arrow through her brain, and springing up, the brave girl set out upon her long tramp.

Through dense underbrush, over fallen logs, lay the track, a narrow foot-path at best, sometimes so faintly trodden as to be scarcely distinguished amid the thick scattering of fallen leaves. Often a reconnoitring tour was necessary in order to make sure of the trail. Once or twice an open trampled spot was reached, where a party of travellers had broken their single file while crossing from lake to lake.

With a sigh of relief whenever such a place appeared, Nellie paused to gain fresh courage. Each mile had seemed six, and as step after step dragged wearily on the fear constantly arose that she had, after all, lost her way, and was roaming aimlessly about in the great Adirondack



"NELLIE'S SIGH OF RELIEF CHANGED TO A GASP OF DISMAY."

wilderness. But these spots were sure signs of human contact, and they proved her only reassurance.

While she rested a moment, with her head on her arm, which had been thrown heavily over a fallen log, the sharp crack of a rifle broke the dead stillness.

Starting up in alarm, she strained her ears intently, but could hear no sound.

"It must be the guides!" And calling aloud with all her strength, "Vene! Vene! Ransom!" she received in answer only the echoes of her own voice.

With beating heart she resumed her way, and had walked, perhaps, another mile, when the lantern slowly flickered and died out.

That possibility had not occurred to her.

"Oh! I might have known," she wailed aloud—"I might have known it wouldn't last! Aunt Lot must have put it on the wharf at dark. What shall I do?"

Not daring to stop and wait the long night through for daylight, stumbling hopelessly forward in the darkness, she caught her foot in a tangle of briars, and, with one wild cry, knew nothing more.

Dr. Ward was aroused from sleep, in the middle of the night it seemed to him, by a loud rapping at his door and calls for instant help. Dressing quickly, he found a few men grouped about a figure on the sofa in the large parlor.

"What? Nellie Burns?" he exclaimed. "How's this?" glancing inquiringly at Mr. Burns's guide as he applied restoratives.

"Don't know, doctor. Me and Rant was out for a night's shootin', and got pretty near Paul's a-trackin' up

an old doe. When we fired at the thing we thought we heerd a voice callin', but you know them creeturs do make sorerful noises sometimes. Rant he said it was my sooperstishun; but sure enough, in another second we heerd a scream, and I knowed that wasn't no doe. Wa'al, we made short tracks for the spot, and found little Nell here, with her face hung into the bushes, and all the life gone out of her. It didn't take us long, I tell ye, to get her by you."

"No," said the doctor, "she has only fainted; this blood is from the scratches on her face and hands;" and even as he spoke the girl returned to consciousness, and seized his hand.

"Quick! quick!" she gasped. "Dudley's hurt. He may be dead now. Go!—oh, don't lose a minute! He's screaming—he's screaming!" and she sank back weakly.

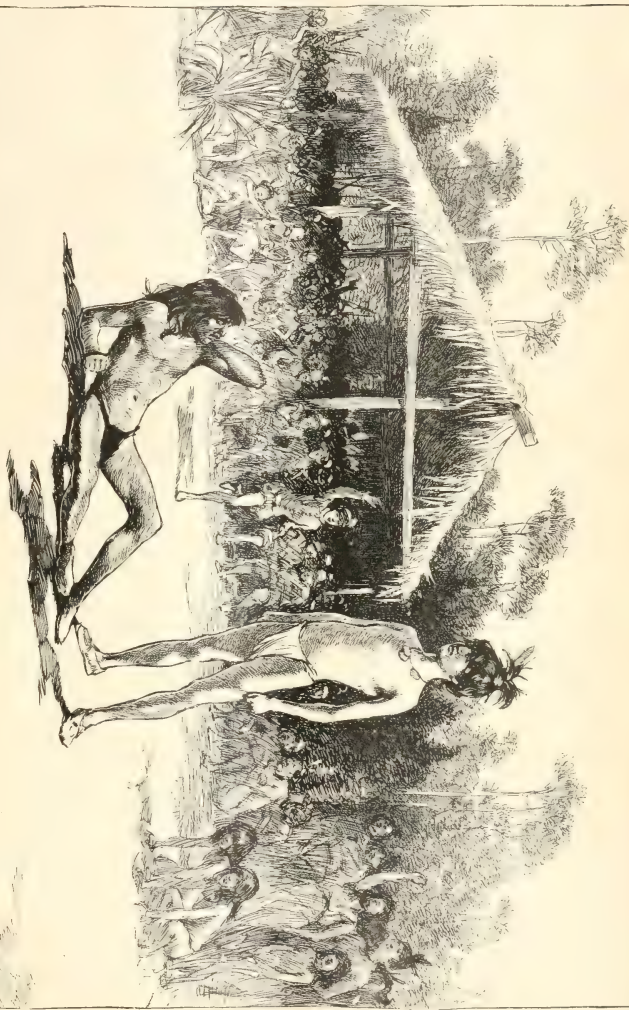
"But you must take me too," she cried, again starting up.

"Man, get out your spryest horses," directed the doctor, looking toward his host. "Yes, we'll take this lass back with us," he said, patting the torn hand wonderingly as the almost incredible truth flashed upon him.

When the gray dawn crept over the sky, relief came to the little sufferer in camp. The doctor pronounced it a bad fracture, but found no other injuries. With good nursing the boy would get well in a few weeks.

"But there's no knowing what might have resulted from inflammation if the arm had been neglected much longer," he said, with a grave shake of the head. "I wish the world held a few more like this mountain lassie of mine," and the great doctor stooped and kissed the brave face.





"HARSH STOOD ERECT, A PROUD SMILE ON HIS FACE, WINNER OF THE GAMES."—SEE "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," PAGE 712.

## THE FLAMINGO FEATHER.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "WAKILLA," ETC.

## CHAPTER II.

## A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

THE building of Fort Caroline occupied about three months, and during this time the friendly Indians willingly aided in the work of preparing the tree trunks (which, set on end, were let deep into the earth close beside one another) and in digging the wide moat that surrounded the whole. A heavy embankment of earth was thrown up on the inner side of the palisade of tree trunks, and upon this were mounted a number of great guns.

During the time thus occupied René de Veaux became acquainted with Mico's son, a young Indian of about his own age, named Has-se (which means a sunbeam), and a strong friendship was speedily formed between them. They saw each other daily, and each learned the language of the other.

After the ships had sailed away, René's uncle found time, even in the midst of his pressing duties, to attend to the lad's education, and every morning was devoted to lessons in fencing, shooting the cross-bow, and in military engineering. The evenings were passed with the good Jacques le Moyne, the artist, who was a very learned man, and who taught René Latin and how to draw.

Although his mornings and evenings were thus occupied, René had his afternoons to himself, and these he spent in company with his friend Has-se, who instructed him in the mysteries of Indian woodcraft. Now it happened that while Has-se was a merry, lovable lad, he had one bitter enemy in the village. This was a young man somewhat older than himself, named Chitta, which means the snake. Their quarrel was one of long standing, and nobody seemed to know how it had begun; but everybody said that Chitta was such a cross, ugly fellow that he must needs quarrel with somebody, and had chosen Has-se for an enemy because everybody else loved him.

One afternoon Has-se asked René to go out on the river with him in his canoe, as he had that to tell him which he did not wish to run any risk of being overheard by others. René willingly agreed to go with him, and taking his cross-bow and a couple of steel-tipped bolts, he seated himself in the bow of the light craft, which Has-se paddled from the stern. Going for some distance down the river, they turned into a small stream, from the banks of which huge moss-hung oaks and rustling palm-trees cast a pleasant shade over the dark waters. Here the canoe was allowed to drift, while Has-se unburdened his mind to his friend.

It seemed that the day of the Ripe Corn Dance, the great feast-day of his tribe, was set for that of the next full moon. On this day there was to be a series of contests among the lads of the village to decide which of them was most worthy to become bow-bearer to Mico, their chief and his father. This was considered a most honorable position to occupy, and he who succeeded in winning it, and filling it satisfactorily for a year, was, at the expiration of that time, granted all the privileges of a warrior. The contests were to be in shooting with bows and arrows, hurling the javelin, running, and wrestling. Has-se had set his heart upon obtaining this position, and had long been in training for the contests. His most dreaded rival was Chitta, and while Has-se felt ready to meet the Snake in the games of running, shooting, and hurling the javelin, he feared that, with his greater weight, the latter would prove more than a match for him in wrestling. Could Ta-lah-loko advise and help him in this matter?

"Ay, that can I, Has-se, my lad," cried René. "Thou

couldst not have hit upon a happier idea than that of asking advice of me. 'Tis but a week since I removed a cinder from the eye of Simon the armorer, and, in return for the favor, he taught me a trick of wrestling that surpasses aught of the kind that ever I saw. I have practised it daily since, and would now confidently take issue with any who know it not, without regard to superior size or weight. I will show it thee if thou wilt promise to keep it secret. Ha!"

As they talked the canoe had drifted close in to the shore, until it lay directly beneath the gigantic limb of a tree that extended far out over the water, and from which hung a mesh of stout vines. As he uttered the exclamation that finished his last sentence René seized hold of a stout vine, and with a quick jerk drew the light craft in which they were seated a few feet forward. At the same instant a tawny body was launched, like a shot, from the overhanging limb, and dashed into the water exactly at the spot over which, but an instant before, Has-se had sat.

The animal that made this fierce plunge was a panther of the largest size, and if René had not chanced to catch sight of his nervously twitching tail, as it drew itself together for the spring, it would have alighted square upon the naked shoulders of the unsuspecting Indian lad. René's prompt action had, however, caused the animal to plunge into the water, though it only missed the canoe by a few feet, and when it rose to the surface it was close beside them.

Has-se seized his paddle, and with a powerful stroke forced the canoe ahead, but directly into the mesh of trailing vines, in which it became so entangled that they could not extricate it before the beast had recovered from his surprise, and had begun to swim toward them.

A bolt was hurriedly fitted to René's cross-bow and hastily fired at the approaching animal. It struck him near the fore-shoulder, and served to check his progress for a moment, as with a snarl of rage he bit savagely at the wound, from which the blood flowed freely, crimsoning the water around him. Then he again turned toward the canoe, and seemed to leap rather than swim in his eagerness to reach it. A second bolt, fired with even greater haste than the first, missed the panther entirely, and the boys were about to plunge from the opposite side of the canoe into the water, in their despair, when an almost unheard-of thing occurred to effect their deliverance.

Just as one more leap would have brought the panther within reach of the canoe, a huge dark form rose from the red waters behind it, and a pair of horrid jaws opened, and then closed like a vise upon one of its hind-quarters. The panther uttered a wild yell, made a convulsive spring forward, its claws rattled against the side of the canoe, and then the waters closed above its head, and it was dragged down into the dark depths of the stream to the slimy home of the great alligator, who had thus delivered the boys from their peril. A few bubbles coming up through the crimson waters told of the terrible struggle going on beneath them, and then all was still, and the stream flowed on as undisturbed as before. For a few moments the boys sat gazing in silent amazement at the place of the sudden disappearance of their enemy, hardly believing that he would not again return to the attack.

When they had regained the fort, Laudonniere heard with horror René's story of their adventure with the "tiger" and the "crocodile," as he named panthers and alligators, and bade him be very careful in the future how he wandered in the wilderness. He did not forbid his nephew to associate with Has-se, for he was most anxious to preserve a friendship with the Indians, upon whom his little colony was largely dependent for provisions, and he considered René's influence with the Indian lad, who was the son of the chief, very important.

On the afternoon following that of their adventure Has-se came into the fort in search of René, and anxious to acquire the promised trick of wrestling. After securing his promise never to impart the trick to another, René led him into a room where they would not be observed, and taught it to him. It was a very simple trick, being merely a feint of giving way, followed quickly by a peculiar inside twist of the leg; but it was irresistible, and the opponent who knew it not was certain to be overcome by it. Has-se quickly acquired it, and though he found few words to express his feelings, there was that look in his face, when he left René, that plainly showed his gratitude.

When next the silver sickle of the new moon shone in the western sky, active preparations were begun among the Indians for their great Dance of Ripe Corn. The race-course was laid out and carefully cleared, clay was mixed with its sand, and it was tramped hard and smooth by many moccasined feet. A large booth, or shelter from the hot sun, under which the chiefs and distinguished visitors might sit and witness the games, was constructed of boughs and palm leaves. Bows were carefully tested, and fitted with new strings of twisted deer sinew. Those who had been fortunate enough to obtain from the white men bits of steel or iron, ground them to sharp points, and with them replaced their arrow-heads of flint. Has-se with great pride displayed to René his javelin or light spear, the tough bamboo shaft of which was tipped with a keen-edged splinter of milk-white quartz obtained from some far northern tribe. Guests began to arrive, coming from Seloy and other coast villages, from the sea islands of the north, and from the broad savannas of the fertile Alachua land in the west, until many hundreds of them were encamped within a few miles of Fort Caroline.

At length the day of feasting broke, bright and beautiful, and soon after breakfast Laudonniere, accompanied by René de Veaux and half the garrison of Fort Caroline, marched out to the scene of the games. Here they were warmly welcomed by Mico and his people, and invited to occupy seats of honor in the great booth. Upon their arrival the signal was given for the games to begin.

First of all came the races for wives, for at this feast only in all the year could the young men of the tribe get married. Even now they were obliged to run after their sweethearts, who were allowed so great a start in the race that, if they chose, they could reach the goal first, and thus escape all further attentions from their pursuers. They generally allowed themselves to be caught, however, and so became blushing brides. Thus, on this occasion and in this manner, Yah-chi-la-ne (the eagle), a young Alachua chief, gained the hand of Has-se's beautiful sister Nethila (the Day-star).

The contests among the boys, to decide who of them should be Bow-bearer to their chief for the ensuing year, followed, and as the great drum (Kas-a-lal-ki) rolled forth its hollow booming notes twenty slender youths, of whom the handsomest was Has-se (the Sunbeam), and the tallest was dark-faced Chitta (the Snake), stepped forward. All were stripped to the skin, and wore only girdles about their loins and moccasins on their feet; but Has-se, as the son of the chief, had the scarlet feather of a flamingo braided into his dark hair.

From the very first Has-se and Chitta easily excelled all their competitors in the contest, but they two were most evenly matched. Has-se scored the most points in hurling the javelin, and Chitta won in the foot-race. In shooting with the bow, both were so perfect that the judges could not decide between them, and the final result of the trial became dependent upon their skill at wrestling. When they stood up together for this contest, Has-se's slight form seemed no match for that of the taller and heavier Chitta, and when, in the first bout, the former was thrown heavily to the ground, a murmur of

disapprobation arose from the white spectators, though the Indians made no sign to express their feelings.

In the second bout, after a sharp struggle, Has-se seemed suddenly to give way, and almost immediately afterward Chitta was hurled to earth; but how, no one could tell except René, who with the keenest interest watched the effect of his lesson. As Chitta rose to his feet he seemed dazed, and he regarded his opponent with a bewildered air, as though there were something about him he could not understand.

Again they clinched and strained and tugged, until the perspiration rolled in great beads from their shining bodies, and their breath came in short gasps. It seemed as though René's friend must give in, when, presto! down went Chitta again; while Has-se stood erect, a proud smile on his face, winner of the games, and Bow-bearer to his father for a year.

Has-se had still to undergo one more test of endurance before he could call himself a warrior. He must pass through the ordeal of the cassine, or black drink. This was prepared by the medicine-men, of roots and leaves, and to drink of it was to subject one's self to the most agonizing pains, which, however, were but of short duration. In spite of his sufferings, the youth who drank from the horrid bowl was expected to preserve a smiling face, nor admit by word or sign that he was undergoing aught but the most pleasing sensations. If he failed in this one thing, no matter what record he had previously gained for courage or daring, he was condemned to share the work of women, nor might he ever again bear arms or take part in the chase or in war.

Immediately after his overthrow of Chitta, Has-se was led to an elevated seat, where he could be seen of all the people, and a bowl of the awful mixture was handed him. Without hesitation, and with a proud glance around him, the brave youth swallowed the nauseous draught, and then folding his arms, gazed with a smiling face upon the assembled multitude. For fifteen minutes he sat there, amid a death-like silence, calm and unmoved, though the great beads of perspiration rolling from his forehead showed what he was enduring. At the end of that time a great shout from the people told him that his ordeal was over, and, weak and faint, he was led away to a place where he might recover in quiet from the effects of his terrible sufferings, and enjoy in peace the first glorious thoughts that now he was indeed a Bow-bearer and a warrior.

René sprang forward from his seat to seize and shake his friend's hand, while from all, Indians as well as whites, arose shouts of joy at the victory of the brave and much-loved lad who wore the Flamingo Feather.

As the angry Chitta turned away from the scene of his defeat his heart was filled with rage by these shouts, and he muttered a deep threat of vengeance upon all who uttered them, those of his own race as well as the pale-faces.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CANOE "TALKS."

BY THE COMMODORE OF THE NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.

### IV.—CRUISING.

"OF course," said Mr. Russell, when the Archer boys came to him for the last of their canoe "talks" in the club-house, "you all expect to enjoy this summer's canoe cruise very much."

"I should say we do," answered ever-ready Bob.

"We certainly expect to," said the more thoughtful Aleck; and,

"If we don't enjoy canoe cruising, I don't know of anything we should enjoy," remarked Ben.

"My most important bit of advice," said Mr. Russell,





CANOE SHELTER FOR SLEEPING UNDER

"is for each one of you to consult the wishes of the others in everything during the cruise. You must constantly bear and forbear; and the opportunities you will have for 'giving in' to each other will, if made the most of, be a source of happiness to you for long years to come.

"Never try to cruise up-stream. Plan your trip so that you will start at the head of some river, or as near the head as you can find good water, and cruise down.



FLAMME FORCÉE

"Do not try to cover too great a distance in one day. Twenty-five miles per day is enough, and is more than you will sometimes care to make.

"Never hurry your selves. Take plenty of time to fish, bathe, land and explore the country on either bank of the river, or do whatever else seems pleasant to you. Spend Sunday in camp, and make of it a day of complete rest."

"And go to church?" asked Bob.

"Yes, go to church, if you are camped near enough to one, and feel that it will do you good to do so. But one of you should always stay near the canoes and guard camp.

"Most of the things necessary for you to take are mentioned in the list you have shown me, that your uncle Harry included in his 'Camp Needs and Comforts,' and printed in *YOUNG PEOPLE* of July 1, 1884.

"You will not need the knapsacks, but you will each need a water-proof bag in which to carry your clothing.

"Your mess chest, which will be carried in the middle of the 'Peterboro' canoe, should be three feet long, one foot high, and eighteen and a half inches wide, inside measurement. Its top should have a cover of painted canvas, with flaps that will come down over the edges. Part of this chest should be filled with as many tin boxes, each six inches square and a foot high, as may be required. These boxes should have tightly fitting hinged covers, and on each cover should be painted a letter that will indicate the nature of its contents.

"For ordinary cooking you may trust to an open camp-fire, or take one of the many little folding sheet-iron stoves that are to be found in any of the stores where camping goods are for sale. For emergencies, however, I would carry a spirit lamp, *flamme forcée*, and a quart of alcohol.

"Bob and Aleck will sleep on light cork mattresses, spread on

the ground beneath their inverted canoe, but Ben will need a canoe tent such as I have here."

At this point Mr. Russell took from one of the canoes near him a bundle of striped awning cloth, which, when unfolded, proved to be a small tent to be suspended from the two masts of a canoe above the cockpit, and buttoned down around the coaming. The method of arranging it is shown in the last illustration on this page.

Resuming his talk after exhibiting the canoe tent, Mr. Russell said: "Of course all small articles that must be kept absolutely dry should be carried beneath the watertight hatches of Ben's 'Nautilus,' and your bedding, after being well aired and dried each morning, must be carefully rolled in rubber blankets before being stowed in the canoes.

"Remember what your uncle Harry told you about dishes and cooking utensils, and cleanse them thoroughly immediately after each meal.

"Always land and make your camp before sundown.

"When you discover rapids or other dangerous places ahead of you, land and explore them thoroughly from the banks before attempting to run them in your canoes.

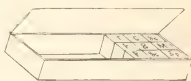
"In choosing camping grounds, carefully avoid low, wet lands and the vicinity of swamps or ponds of standing water; also remain under cover so long as any night mists hang over the river.

"Keep a daily log of your cruise, for future reference and amusement.

"This is all the advice I have time to give you at present, and it is probably much more than you will remember.

"Now good-by, and a jolly trip to you."

With these words the athletic young master stepped into his canoe and started off to join a friend on a long cruise along the sea-coast, while the Archer boys turned toward home to make use of their newly acquired knowledge, and prepare for their own cruise on inland waters.



MESS CHEST.



A CANOE CAMP OUTFIT.

## A STORY OF THE SEA.



Alice and Punch expect to spend a happy day on the beach.



For Alice is devoted to crabbing—a sport which Punch also regards as highly amusing.



Alice's first capture, however, nips Punch's leg with his claw, and that amiable person gets a shocking fright.



And before Alice can reach him, he is floating on the briny ocean, in a most helpless manner.



Things might not have been so bad if Alice had not been so eager, for she loses her balance, and plunges in headlong.



They return home, Punch not feeling at all well, and Alice having lost all taste for crabs—and crabbing.



A QUIET TIME WITH THE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

JULESBURG, COLORADO.

I live in a pretty little town called Julesburg, in Colorado. It is only one year old, and has several hundred inhabitants most of whom have come within five or six months. The town is two miles from the southwest boundary of Nebraska, and situated on the Platte River, which is half a mile wide, and full of islands, which at this time of the year are nice and green. The town is on a beautiful ground, rising about ten feet in twenty rods for a distance of three miles back to the bluffs; these bluffs extend back about three miles further, when you come to a beautiful rich table-land on either side of the river, and this tract of land, on which the town is situated, is north of the river, and is six or eight miles in extent up and down its banks. Up the river about five miles there were two towns; it was a good many years ago. One was a military post, which was moved to Sidney; the other was massacred by the Indians. The Indians burnt the town and killed most of the people who lived there, and left nothing but parts of sod houses, iron, bricks, and old caved-in cellars. Buffalo bones are scattered all over the country. There are a few antelopes here; my uncle shot one, and I had a taste of it. There are wild horses over south of the river about forty miles. I was picking up buffalo bones, and found the point of an Indian's arrow in one of them. This country was once called the American Desert, but it does not look like one now. The country looks green all around here, owing to the many refreshing showers we have had. I have two little kittens; one is named Robinson Crusoe, the other is not named. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE three years, and think it a charming paper. I am interested in "False Witness." My father does not like it. Well, goodbye. I am your constant reader, HARRY L. C.

IOWA, AND KANSAS.

I have just come home from a delightful trip in the country. My friend and I spent most of the day about the house, in the evening walking or riding, according to our fancy. The place was so comfortable and pleasant that our stroll around the country were not very extensive. Looking eastward on the top of the country, the cottage, in front of which is a long portico with a covering of some fine rose vines. The yard is laid out in beautiful flower-beds. Opposite the yard, toward the north, is the vegetable garden, toward the south, the orchard. All of this is kept in the best of order. A border of boxwood separates my friend and I from the large woods on one side and the hay-field on the other. This scene looks grand when in the evening the setting sun throws its brilliant lights upon it. The woods appear to be on fire, and the house wrapped in red, pink, and golden colors; these constantly change until the night covers it with a dark mantle. KATIE D.

ALBANY, MASS.

I have wanted to write you for a long time, but have never had courage enough to do so till today. I am a little girl ten years of age, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years. I study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, French, and music. I should like to be some little foreign girl correspond with me. ALICE V. TOREY.

MASS., N. H., and NEW JERSEY.

My dear P. M. I have two dogs, one called Sport, and a bird called Sport. They are very lovely, but very cunning. He and the cat have fine times together; if another dog dies at the cat, Sport dies at him and barks.

My aunt had two cats, but one day, when she went to church, they got out and some dogs killed one. I have a very sweet little doll that has three teeth. I left it on the stoop, and the dog chewed the hair off, but I glued it on again. I have written once before. I am now ten years old, quite tall for my age. As I have a bird for a pet, and it was brought up to eat out of my mouth, I live in New York, but I like this place, the Hudson, very much; it is built on three hills. The twilight is very long here. We took a long ride to Valatie and Kinderhook, and all the country around looks lovely—such beautiful farms, and lots of little pink pigs and white sheep. MAY G. T.

PAWNEE CITY, NEBRASKA.

I am nine years old, and go to school. Our school is one. I study Third Reader, spelling, writing, arithmetic, and filling blanks. I made a paper-doll house, and I think it was very nice. Would some girl please tell me how to make a paper doll? My sister, Alice Bell, and I have seven cats and kittens between us. I have a wax doll, and sister has one too. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a very nice paper. My favorite stories are "Little Miss Santa Claus," "The Minister's Barrel," "A Fortunate Mistake," "The Three Runaway Girls," and "False Witness." I send the receipt for Johnny-cake, as Carrie W. C. wanted it. One quart of buttermilk, two table-spoonfuls of butter, one egg, beat up with a thick batter, one teaspoonful of soda, the same of salt; bake in oven. I composed this story, but pa wrote it for me. ELLA V. C.

NEW YORK CITY.

In your issue of August 3 some one writing from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who signs herself "Stella," asks for some nonsense verses beginning "Mr. Tennyson Tupper, Tupper, von Burns." I think this is what she refers to:

"Mr. Tennyson Tinkleton Tupper von Burns  
Was no poet, as every one knew,  
But the fact that he had his poetical turns  
Was well understood by a few.

"I long, I aspire, I suffer and sigh,  
When the fever is on, he confessed;  
"I've never the love I have in mind for why?  
My faculties cannot be expressed!"

"Ah, what avail language, ink, paper, and quill,  
When the soul of a gifted one yearns?  
Could I write what I think, all creation would stir."

Said Tennyson Tupper von Burns.

They appeared in *St. Nicholas* for December, 1881. C. S. C.

FORT ADAMS, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

DEAR POSTMASTER, I wrote to you once before, but my letter was not printed. I am sorry to say I must not be discouraged, but try again. My sister Nellie, who is eight years old, says very often she goes to write to you, but she is not to be depended upon, for she would rather any time play croquet or read than write a letter. Nellie takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but we both enjoy reading every word of it. I liked "Jo's Opportunity" very much, but I think "False Witness" is quite as pretty a story. This is a large military post, situated near Newport; we have a little steamer that runs about the harbor, and a beach very near our house, where we go in bathing when it is warm enough, and some of the general officers and the king try to take us little girls to swim. We have two lovely Maltese cats; we call them Ko-Ko and Midget—the latter because he looks so small beside Ko-Ko. I know it is generally supposed that cats and birds don't agree—for that was dreadful that happened to your bird—but I had a bird given me, and I have a cat, and before long I shall hang the cage over me put it on the table in the bedroom, and one evening, when Nellie went upstairs to be sure that the doors were closed, she found the cat and the bird sitting on the table, going to sleep close beside the bird. He seems to like Chippie very much, and loves to hear him sing, but I wouldn't like to trust him very far.

The buttercups and daisies were beautiful in their season, but it is now past, and so I have to be contented with the flowers in our garden: I am sorry to say this is not a success this year, on account of the dry weather; the only thing that is pretty are the sweet-peas. I am ten years old. Good-bye. Your loving friend, MARIE C. R.

SHELBOURNE, NORT SCOTLAND.

You may have seen the name of this town in the papers lately, as three American fishing vessels were seized here by the customs officers. This town was principally settled by boatmen when the United States gained their independence. It soon became the largest place in the province, having a population of twelve thousand. After the war, many of the boatmen left the town and went to other settlements along the coast. Now it has a population of about two thousand. As I am collecting stamps, would you like to have little girls of about my age (eleven) exchange with me. I will close now, with love. MARY E. C.

EDMONTON, SASKATCHEWAN.

A little while ago there were fears of the death of little Pete, our gosling, but he did not die, and now he is quite big, and so tame that he follows you all over. I do not know what we will do with him when he is real big. He will sometimes get in your way when you walk, but I guess a great many of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be glad to hear that he is so cunning. He and another were hatched under a turkey, with a whole brood of little turkeys. These two goslings could not live with the turkey, so they were taken away and raised by hand. One of them had a topknot on his head, and was very pretty, but this poor little fellow did not live very long. He had a name, a name was Pete. C. L. F. (aged eleven years).

HAMILTON, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMASTER, We are three cousins, and all enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Last week, with some other cousins, we gave a private entertainment. It consisted of tableaux, recitations, etc. One of the tableaux was "The Sleeping Beauty," and another, "Bo-Peep." Hamilton is quite a pretty village, but very quiet now, because of the schools not being in session. Madison University and Colgate Academy are situated here. Rev. Edward Taylor is giving a very fine lecture here Commencement-week. Will the Postmaster kindly tell us where the home of Little Peter is situated? I will be glad to publish, and hope to see this letter in print.

KATIE S., FLORENCE B., JENNIE S.

Miss Alcott's home is in Concord, Massachusetts. I cannot answer the question which I do not publish.

MILBROOK, PENNSYLVANIA.

Everybody is away from home, to stay for a week, except my brother, sister, and myself. My sister is fifteen years old, and I am thirteen, so we do not know very much about keeping house. Every night we put a club by the bed, in case of a prowling robber or any other unwelcome visitor. We like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and I think it is a very nice paper. I like it too. When is Jimmy Brown going to write again? I think that "False Witness" is a very interesting story. My sister and I love Miss Alcott's stories very much indeed, especially "Little Women." Is "Mildred's Bargain" published in book form, and if it is, where can I get it, and what is the price? We have tried to get some receipts for chocolate-creams, and not one of them has been a success. If any of the Little House-keepers would send a good receipt, we would be very glad. We like to work in the garden, and as we live in the country, we have a good chance to take plenty of exercise.

MILBROOK, PENNSYLVANIA.

Good receipts for chocolate-creams are in order; please send some. Messrs. Harper & Brothers will send *Mildred's Bargain* to any address for \$1.

SOUTHVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMASTER, I am very much interested in our Post-office Box, and I thought I would write a letter to you. I have a pet named Spot. My brother has two pigeons that are very tame. When he feeds the turkeys they come and peck at his hand. We like to work in the garden when HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is come; I like it very much. My brother and I got it for a Christmas present from our brother who lives in Iowa. EMMA A. M.

ROSE, NEW YORK.

We are very sorry to say that we have written to you and our letter was not published. But



we are not discouraged, and will write another. I will both write from the place we did before, although we do not live here; and we are spending our summer vacation here. We go in bathing every day, and we both can swim. I am now rowing here, and I like it very much. Every day passes so quickly that it is impossible to get in all we should like to. We stop at Spring Beach, which is a part of Rome, but in the center of the lake. There are three steamers that run on this lake; we sail in them very often. Hot afternoons we spend in a grove. I have met a great many children here. There is a little boy here who goes in bathing every day. Spring Beach has several mineral springs, also a pond containing about five hundred trout.

JOSE P. and ERIC C.

READING, PENNSYLVANIA.

I will soon be thirteen years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a number of years, and I like it very much. I have a canary, a parrot, a bird. He is so tame that he sits on my finger and allows me to carry him about the house. He also eats from my mouth. I like him about one year.

ESTELLA L. T.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time. My papa got it for me Christmas before last for a present. The stories I like best are "Rolf House," "False Witness," and Howard Pyle's stories. I go to school and study French, English, geography, catechism, reading, history, spelling, and music.

E. BARRY O'D.

GREENWOOD, OHIO.

It is very warm here, and my sister Nell has been down in the cellar trying to keep cool. As nearly all our subscribers tell about their pets, I will tell about mine. I have a canary named Lewis, but he is too young to sing yet. We have a dog named Ephe; he is a bull-dog, but not cross, and the other day I brought him to school. I have a house, and papa soon sent them out. Four summers ago we were on the beach, and Nell was gathering pebbles to take home, and mine would put the pebbles in the pot. I have taken music lessons on the piano for five years. I like "False Witness," "Who Knows Best?" and "Bliss of Adultery." I like like Howard Pyle's, Allan Forman's, and Jimmy Brown's stories very much. I was rather disappointed in the way "Silent Pete" ended, for I was in hopes he would find a home. I want to take this paper for a new deliverer in Charleston, Massachusetts. Our dog's name is Ephraim Jeddiah Nehemiah Pocotalito Bilad Bates W.

IDA C. W.

ROSE HILL, VIRGINIA.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a year, and love it very much. I live in the country, in Virginia, and I want to tell you two strange things that have happened at our home lately. A few weeks ago two broods of chickens were hatched out the same day. I have been taking care of them, and shut up the other. The hen that we shut up escaped from her box the next day, and going to the place where her fourteen chicks were with the others, called them all and took them to the box where she had been shut up, leaving the others with the other hen. Wasn't that bright? The other thing is that a raspberry vine was growing out of a locust-tree, and a seed dropped there and took root. If you think this is a good enough letter, please print it for your others. Your true friend, G. C. M.

Of course it is good enough. It is a very good letter indeed.

Here is a letter from two fine little fellows who live in Ohio:

We are twin boys, and will be eight years old in November. We live at Mount Echo, Ohio, and have a beautiful view of the Ohio River and the Kenton hills. Our mother has a large farm, and we live at home, but we will go over the hill to school in the fall. We have two dogs, one a water spaniel, which we call Douglas, the other a little velvet dog named Bill, and we have a kitten named Dot. We enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, it is such a comfort to us, especially on rainy days. We would like to see you. Postmistress, who takes such an interest in the boys and girls, and if she would come to see us in the early part of summer we would just load her with roses. Well, this is very good, I'll tell for such little boys as we are. Good-by. We remain, as ever, great lovers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

RICHARD and THEODORE B.

WOODLAND, CALIFORNIA, NEW YORK.

I saw a letter from your last number from Bebe H., who lives on a bank of the St. Lawrence. I live on the opposite bank, about two miles from there. Our river, between the two banks, and right in the middle of a small wood, so we called it Woodlands. We have a beautiful view of the river, and on clear days we can see the Canada

shore. I love to sit on the piazza and look at the river; that is very beautiful. We take our fishing for the whole day. We take our lunch along, and at noon we land on some island, and sometimes cook the fish we catch in the morning, and we have dinner. Three o'clock we start out again, and fish until it is time to go home. Last summer I went through the Lake of the Woods. It is a lake right in the middle of an island. At one place it is so narrow that you can barely get the boat through. Once we went to the camp of the canoeists on Grand Tower Island, and saw the clock marked "New York City."

AMY R.

Another little girl and I are writing a little paper, as we think it great fun, and we want to know if some of the boys like it. We are HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE would send us some letters, poetry, or prose made up by themselves. Our address is: I. O. Box 161, Lenox, Massachusetts.

S. B. BARTON.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy ten years old. Last winter I went to school, and studied spelling, grammar, writing, arithmetic, dictation, definer, composition, French, grammar, geography, and history. I had a canary for a pet, but I have a Maltese cat named Timmy. My brother has one of his kittens; he calls it Philip Sheridan. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I was first published.

J. I. MCK.

DORCHESTER, SIERRA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I take great interest in the Post-office Box. Emma C. W.'s letter reminded me that I ought to tell you about the birds in northwestern California. One of the prettiest, I think, is the yellow-hammer. The back, head, wings, and tail are a very delicate yellow. The inside of its breast is the same color, dotted here and there by small black spots. Can any one tell me the name of this bird? It is about the size of a robin; it has a bright yellow top-knot, a bright red breast, and black wings and tail. Swallows are very numerous here; they build their nests of mud under the eaves. The nests are pretty to look at, but are a great bother. The bright yellow wild canary is very beautiful, and sings very sweetly. The woodpeckers are very numerous. I wrote to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE when it was its second year, and felt very proud to see my letter in the Post-office Box. I would like very much to correspond with some girl in the East. One more question, and I shall have finished. Have any of your girls a button-string? I have one, containing nine hundred and ninety-nine buttons, no two alike. It is over fifteen feet long, and weighs seven or eight pounds. I am very proud of it.

ALTA VAUGHN.

MARLBORO, MASSACHUSETTS.

I live in a small village at the top of a high hill. It has only thirty-one inhabitants, and is very quiet. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and think the name just suits it. We also take the *Youth's Companion* and the *Century Magazine*. I have a very pretty little pet named Tom. I named it Topsy, after the Topsy in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I also have a white gosling, a drake; his name is Thomas. At night, when he goes to bed, he is full all the way up to his mouth; I can feel the grass beside his neck. I have a curly brown dog; it is a water dog, and is very smart, but we never always call him Rock. There are a great many chestnuts here: some are very large. Will you please tell me if "Talking Leaves" can be had in any form?

*Talking Leaves* is published in a very pretty style, and makes a charming gift-book. Its price is \$1. for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers will send it to you.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—The interest which some of your young people have manifested over finding long words, reminded me of the amusement I have had from asking friends to repeat after me, *honorable philistines* and *unpleasant*. I tried to pronounce it, and I will add that all the vowels have the long sound with the exception of those in the last two syllables, which have the short sound. Let those of our readers who are not familiar with the word attempt to correctly pronounce it after reading it through. Afterward they may try *transmagnificent and joyful*.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My brother has been a subscriber to this charming paper since January. He has since had it in his hands, and has enjoyed it very much. I walk a mile and a half to school twice a day, but do not mind it so much, because I am used to it. I am in the Third Grade at the Central School, Grand Central Station. I have a darling little brother, whose name is James Arthur; he is nineteen months old—just old enough to get into all kinds of mischief. He

has walked and talked since he was a year old. I have no pet, and I have a very pretty cat, which we called Limpy. Do you not think that was a strange name for a cat? I will tell you how we came to call him so. We found him in the yard one cold winter day, with his nose, eye, and tail sore, and he limped with one foot. Mamma dropped eye-water in his eye, and bathed him with liniment. He grew better in a short time, and did not even limp, but he never liked papa. As soon as he came home in the evening Limpy bit, and did not return till papa left in the morning. When we moved, he became scared at the move-men, and we could not catch him. I remain, with much love,

EMMA L. M.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since No. 31, and have enjoyed it thoroughly. I am twelve years old. As the Fourth of July happened to come on Sunday, it was celebrated on the fifth, and to commemorate the event papa took us to Newburgh, which is sixty-five miles up the Hudson. On the Hudson we saw the Palisades, Yonkers, the Sugar-loaf Mountain, the Highland Falls, and the Newburgh Landing. I saw Washington's head-quarters, which contained a boat worn in the war by the Hessians, Washington's chair, and numerous other things.

GRACE W.

Alice E. H.: Write as often as you please, dear. I am sorry there is not room for your letter now.—Will some girl of eleven write to Alice E. H., 379 Broad Street, Providence, Rhode Island? This Alice may also write again, as her little letter is crowded out this time.—Gervie W.: I am glad you belong to a juvenile missionary society, as I am much interested in all such work.—Jessie L. R.: Write again, dear, and tell me about the flowers near your home. Jessie is one of my California girls.—Maggie L. Aikman, Box 354, Winnipeg, Manitoba, would like to receive a letter from Edith Aikman, thinking they may possibly be able to claim relationship.

Exchangers will please send their notices on separate slips, and not on the sheet with answers to puzzles or in the middle of their letters.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A WORD SQUARE.

1. A sort of omelet. 2. A mental figure. 3. A long measure for cloth, used in Portugal and Spain. 4. Imaginary monsters. 5. To hold by a string.

ODELL CYCLONE.

No. 2.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. The negative side of a question. 3. The dried root of a species of orchid. 4. Excellent. 5. Earnestly requested. 6. Observed. 7. The cover of a chalice. 8. Conducted. 9. A letter.

ODELL CYCLONE.

No. 3.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

s-e-r-i-e-s a-u-e-u-e

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 351.

No. 1.—Palermo. Madrid. Bombay. Lucknow. Lisbon. Salem. Hartford. Taunton.

No. 2.—Greenland. Horses.

No. 3.—

|   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| S | H | R | E | D |
| B | A | R | E | N |
| F | O | R | E | S |
| P | A | R | L | I |
| C | H | R | I | S |
| A | D | E | E | M |
| P | A | R | C | H |
| B | E | N | E | F |
| U | M | E | A | T |
| F | M |   |   |   |

No. 4.—Mediterranean (err. ermine, drama, ant. area, Madeira, meditate).

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mary E. Cox, Cuckadee City, Jean B. G., Jeanette Phillips, Charles Barker, Louise G. C., Odell Cyclone, Grace Holt, H. M. Rochester, Anna Boone, Eleanor Addison, M. B. B., Florence Miller, Geraldine F., Edwin G. Over, C. H. Furstenberger, Original Puzzle Club, Ethel Skinner, and Fannie M. P.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



NOT DISOBEDIENT

MAMMA. "Frankie, are you eating those green apples again?"  
FRANKIE. "No, Mamma; I'm eating some others."

## A MUSICAL GENIUS.

A FEW days ago I was trying to write a story for the amusement of the rising generation, when a friend interrupted me to ask my advice as to a certain dog, which he was doubtful whether he should keep or not. I was impatient of the interruption, and advised him to sell the animal. But that advice did not suit him; he was very fond of "Pepper," who, or which, was in addition such a hopeless mongrel that he doubted whether he should find a purchaser.

"Then keep him," I suggested.

"He's too expensive," protested my friend, who had now taken up permanent quarters in my arm-chair. "He eats too many things. He chewed the tail off one of my coats yesterday, and last week ate up half a book."

"What book?" I inquired, absently.

"A treatise on the Great Pyramid; more than I could ever get down."

I did not feel the slightest interest in Pepper, which I had only seen once, when he made straight for my legs. All the time my visitor was discoursing on his merits and demerits I was trying to think out my story. In an absent sort of way I began digging my pen into my blotting-paper, then into my desk. A more than usually vicious dig broke the points out, leaving them sticking in the wood.

I tried to pull them out, and damaged my finger. Then, in a moment, an incident of many years ago flashed across my memory, and Tommy Pavey came to my mind for the first time for at least a couple of decades.

Now that there is no fear of interruption I will try and recall the incident in question.

Tommy was a small stout boy of nine. He very much wanted to be taller, and he used to hang to the tops of doors as long as he could hold on in order to stretch himself out. He had various other peculiarities, amongst them a great love of music.

He possessed a jew's-harp, which he could play in a distressing manner. He also had a miniature bagpipe or bagpipes, whichever is correct, which uttered doleful noises. But his greatest triumph was a harp made of a

"merry-thought" chicken-bone, with elastic stretched across. This we thought he could never beat.

But he did. He discovered that if you stuck a broken pen-nib in the table and gave it a filip with your finger it gave out a musical note. The note varied with the distance it was driven in and the size of the nib, so that it was possible to tune it.

Tommy discovered this invaluable secret during writing class one day, and communicated it to the rest of us in order that we might assist him in collecting the necessary materials. There was havoc in pens that day; never had so many required renewal. Tommy treasured up the broken nibs, and employed his time when the master's eye was not on him in fixing them into the edge of the deal table, where they were out of sight.

Our master was an easy-going but irritable man. He discovered after a time that some mischief was on hand, but not seeing quite what it was, took no notice of our behavior till he found that Tommy was evidently the source of it. He edged his way gradually toward the centre of attraction, and then bent down over a small boy as if absorbed in the youngster's efforts.

Tommy, thinking all was safe, began fingering his instrument. The sound caught Mr. Lockwood's ears, and he glanced up.

Tommy saw he was discovered, and tried to dislodge his nibs. He managed to extract all but two, which broke off short.

"What have you there, Pavey?" asked Mr. Lockwood.

"Nothing, sir," replied Tommy, giving the regulation answer without hesitation.

Mr. Lockwood, however, was not quite satisfied; he had seen Tommy pulling out something from the table. He bent over and passed his hand quickly along the edge. A sharp exclamation told that he had discovered something; one of the broken points had caught his finger.

Poor Tommy paid for that accident by having a couple of hundred lines to write. He also had to replace all the pens which had been broken, which cost him fourpence. So Tommy's musical propensities received a decided check.



BEHIND THE TIMES.

ONE OF THE OLD-TIMERS (dog). "Sonny, what time do hit say de 'scurdgeon train start'?"  
YOUNG ONE. "Eighter clock."  
OLD-TIMER. "Mornin' or ebenin'?"  
YOUNG ONE. "Mornin'." "Eight a'?"  
OLD-TIMER. "Scorry." "Boy, don't you tride long o' me. Mornin' or ebenin'?"

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"OH, WON'T SOMEBODY PLEASE TAKE OFF MY MUZZLE?"—DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD



## ENGLISH LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS.

BY HOWARD A. TAYLOR.

A FEW months ago\* I gave the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE some hints on lawn-tennis which I trust they found of practical benefit to their games. One of the best practical methods of learning to play is to study the game of a first-class player. The very best of these, however, live too far away for my American readers, and so I am going to tell you what the best English players have done, especially their champion, William Renshaw.

To speak correctly about the play of Englishmen as a class would be a difficult task. Their methods, on the whole, are almost the same as those of their American cousins, and differ individually, much as ours do in the United States. To this remark there is one important exception. Our base-ball batting on this side of the Atlantic has a good deal of influence on our instinctive methods of hitting the tennis-ball. As the custom in base-ball is to strike with a horizontal swing of the bat from the shoulder, we are apt to hit the tennis-ball in the same way to take it at the highest point of the rebound, with the racket held almost horizontal from the shoulder.

Now in England, where a boy is brought up, so to speak, on the perpendicular swing of his cricket bat—the very opposite of the base-ball motion—he unconsciously takes to hitting the tennis-ball in the same way. Instead of hurrying the stroke, and taking the ball wherever he happens to meet it, the Englishman is apt to wait as long as he can—almost to the second rebound of the ball. Then with his eye, the coming ball, the racket, and the point of attack in the opposite court all in one perpendicular plane, he gets an infinitely greater amount of accuracy in his stroke than does the American. I have seen a base-ball trainer at college follow out this principle for attaining accuracy by making his pupils throw the ball directly overhand or underhand from base to base, instead of at horizontal arm's-length, the more common method.

What I have said brings us to the idea that cricket practice is tennis practice too. And so it is, as many of our best players witness, who come from the cricket clubs around Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. But cricket practice is an aid only to a certain degree, and, indeed, in time becomes even a hindrance. There is a delicacy of play in tennis unknown and even antagonistic to the instincts of the average hard-hitting cricketer, which must compel any one who wishes to arrive at the highest tennis honors to give up cricket play entirely. English tennis players surpass us in their form of play, but the fact that they keep up their cricket too long leaves them with much less delicacy of play than we have. The slow, careful "placing," often so effective in our own tournaments, is almost an unknown quantity in England. So long as I have any respect for my legs I would not play with an Englishman without plenty of back and side nets. He could tire me out in one set running after the balls that passed far beyond my reach. As I have explained, he will send the ball with a great deal of accuracy in a given direction. He is not apt to aim for one side of the court, and have the ball fall in the other or beyond a side line. That part of his stroke is well enough. On the other hand, the stroke is so forcible and so inaccurate in its perpendicular direction that it is far less likely to be stopped by an opponent than by a net, either the court net or a back net.

Now when we realize the fact that the English champion has transported the correct cricket stroke to tennis, that he has a superior delicacy of play to any other man in the world, and finally that, differing from all his countrymen, he can strike his opponent's court every time, we get some idea of his powers.

I have been asked to give some intelligible idea of Mr. Renshaw's prowess. Possibly some of my readers have witnessed one of the unfortunate winners of the All-comers Prize at Newport playing off for the championship with our own champion, Mr. Sears. Perhaps he has seen the balls go off the champion's racket down one side or the other of his opponent's court, utterly beyond the reach of the latter, who, standing spell-bound in the middle of the court, stares at the passing balls until, in sheer disgust, he would like to hide his head from the on-looking crowd. Well, I have seen Dr. Dwight, who is about equal in technical skill to Mr. Sears, occupy just such a position against Mr. Renshaw as the Newport All-comers winner did above. When the English champion is fully on his mettle, which is about every other time he plays—and always when the match is of importance—the best of the English players have nothing to do but gaze open-mouthed in the opposite court at the ball coming back off his racket.

Now how does all this happen? In the first place, he has discarded all cautiousness of play. Lest he should cramp his game by too much carefulness of style, it is his rule to refuse odds of more than fifteen in a game to any of his opponents. As he can give those odds to any one of them, he must be well used to counting his games that way. But this lack of caution is only comparative. He is a brilliant player, to be sure, and yet a thoroughly steady one. I think his brilliancy consists in trying to "kill" every ball. His steadiness consists in succeeding. Contrary to the correct rule for inferior players, he seldom returns the ball simply to await his opportunity, but usually to settle matters on the spot. No matter how the ball comes to his court, it is pretty sure to be returned where his opponent will not reach it again. He plays forward and back about as the average players, scarcely running forward to "smash" as much as he is generally reputed to do. The only thing peculiarly noticeable in his style is a sudden wrist motion at the end of his strokes, which gives, especially in his volleying, the sharp, decisive character to his play. The elbow is held very rigid, and the force of his stroke comes only from his wrist, which must be of immense muscular power.

But I have been speaking of Mr. Renshaw at his best. On an "off" day one can notice the same amount of speed, the same accuracy of direction, but a greater tendency to fall into the common English fault of hitting the ball over the back line. On a very bad day the net, too, gets its share of the balls. Of course, with this great amount of force the least deviation from the correct angle of his racket is apt to send the ball flying over the back net. This description may call to mind the methods of play of two or three "brilliant" players at home. But between them and Mr. Renshaw one feels an instinctive difference. I think Mr. Renshaw's best game gives the impression of being the correct measure of his everyday play—as if he were doing what he really was trying to do. There are on this side of the Atlantic several players who can do wonderful things with the racket for a set or so. But they scarcely know what they are doing; certainly not how they do it.

And this is what seems to be the drawback to the further advancement of good play in this country. Until we learn this especial lesson that the English champion teaches us, we can scarcely be said to have arrived at any of the possibilities of the game. Some one of our good players will bring forward a very strong game for a set, a match, or even a tournament, and yet at the end sink back into his old position, with no advantage whatsoever gained from his sudden spurt—except, perhaps, the prize. Now why is this? I believe that Mr. Renshaw when he makes a good stroke knows just why he made it and how he made it, and in consequence is sure he can make it again. To say that no player in this country but Mr. Sears makes his strokes except instinctively is a

\* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 344.

sweeping assertion, and yet, I fancy, one not far from the truth.

Has any one of my readers, in practice or in a match, ever stopped to consider just why and how he made that last good stroke? Suppose the same stroke comes again immediately. I will wager that if he stops to think of his previous methods, and tries to put them in practice again, he will grow confused, and fail in the rally. There is nothing to be done but to try for the stroke by instinct again, just as before, and consequently there is no gain from the previous practice of the stroke. It can't be right, as is often the case, that a player should be at his best after no practice at all. Putting head-work into the general game is a different matter from considering the method of each stroke. Now this kind of "instinctive" play, as I shall call it, is certainly wrong, and causes all this up and down play in tournaments. What is a boy's game good for if, his physical condition being all right, he can't bring out all his play at command? A well-practised base-ball player *knows* that an easy "fly" when it comes to him will be held; if it is not, he understands the cause of his failure. And yet what tennis player is *sure* that he can return even the easiest balls?

I imagine that in that lies the difference between the play of the champion and that of his brother, Mr. Ernest Renshaw. In technical skill they seem about equal; but while E. Renshaw's strokes are instinctive, W. Renshaw's strokes are from knowledge. When instinct deserts, Mr. E. Renshaw has nothing to fall back upon. He has consequently run all the way up and down the tennis ladder, while his brother sits securely on the top. We in America are unable to study this quality of play in the English champion, and yet we have a good substitute for him in this respect in Mr. Sears. Inferior in technical skill to perhaps a half-dozen Englishmen, he has yet held the American championship more securely than they could for the last five years, simply because he knows why he plays as he does, and in consequence is ready with his play at any time. In this quality he is second only to W. Renshaw. Self-reliance caused by a knowledge of one's own game is the best quality for a tennis player. That is the making of a champion, and not a self-reliance based on luck and past victories. Our great fault lies just here. This it is that makes one so disgusted when playing badly, and brings the hopelessness of improvement to view.

So to such of my readers as really care to make a study of the game I would give this practical advice as a result of their and my own acquaintance with Mr. Renshaw. As it is stupid on all sides to get any one simply to knock balls over a net to you, the practice opponent must yet be used at times solely for that purpose. Do not give up the time to simply knocking balls back and forth to each other, for you will not get the same balls to play that you do in a game. But, on the other hand, play a set or so a day with an opponent utterly regardless as to whether he is victorious or not. When he returns the ball to you, forget all about him, or about getting the ball back to his court where he can't return it. But before his stroke, decide on some point in his court in which you wish to practise putting the ball. Then give your whole attention to the coming ball (watching it as long as possible) and to the movement of your own racket in hitting it. If the stroke is a successful one, consider why it was so, with a view to playing it that way again. If it is bad, recognize clearly the false method of making it.

As lawn-tennis is a very quick game, I have given advice not easy to be followed. But I would say to each young player that without actual knowledge of his own methods of making each particular stroke, he can never hope to—well, I won't say arrive at—but at least to hold any high honors in the game. That is the chief lesson we should learn from William Renshaw's play.

## THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF POLLY JAY.

A STORY FOR GIRLS AND DOLLS.

BY KATHERINE D. McILVAINE.



I AM not an ordinary doll at all, for I learned to say "papa," "mamma," and "milk" in my earliest infancy, which was spent with Mrs. Barlow (who kept a toyshop) in Philadelphia. In time I was bought by old Miss Jay to send to a little girl in New York, where I went in the trunk of a young lady named

Agnes, who was very pretty and sweet. The journey was not very interesting. It was only one long shake, with an occasional bump, and I found it very wearing. Then I found myself

in the arms of the dearest little girl of five years old that ever was seen, and who was my dear little mother for a great many years afterward.

"Aunt Mary sent her to you," said Agnes.

"Oh, Cousin Agnes!" cried little Alice. "Isn't she too beautiful?" and then she kissed me three or four times, and I felt very happy.

"What shall I call her, mamma?" she asked. "She must have a name, you know."

"I think you ought to name her for Aunt Mary, as she sent her to you," said mamma.

"But," said Alice, "I have Big Mary already, and if I call this dolly Mary too, she'll always be making confusion."

"Indeed," said Agnes, "it won't do to let her make a confusion. But Polly is the same as Mary; why don't you name her for Aunt Mary by calling her Polly Jay?"

"Why, yes, Cousin Agnes, that's splendid. Come, Polly Jay, and let me introduce you to Big Mary, and make you feel at home."

Big Mary was a great big doll with a china head, and black china hair in very tight curls. She was weak in the waist, and always sat lopsided. Willie Stripes was a knitted doll, and he and I never did get on together. His face and hands were bright pink worsted, and his eyes were only two black beads; he had a very violent temper, and not a particle of intellect. Alice was never very fond of him, he was too disagreeable; but she was good to him from a sense of duty, which was more than he deserved, anyway.

Alice's mamma and Agnes and Hortense (Alice's nurse) all went to work to make me some clothes, so that I should be presentable in society, and very soon I had four dresses and a pink cambric wrapper, besides a coat and hat to wear in the street and a night-gown to wear at night. I slept in a little black-walnut bedstead with Big Mary. She was too long for it, so Alice always had to double her feet up under her chin, which must have been rather uncomfortable; but Mary never complained: she was a very good doll always.

Willie Stripes had a cradle to sleep in, but his clothes were all sewed on, and Alice often forgot to put him in



"I FOUND MYSELF IN THE ARMS OF THE DEAREST LITTLE GIRL."

it; so he usually staid awake on a chair in the corner of the nursery, and once he spent the night on a pin-cushion full of needles in Hortense's work-basket.

We used to have very good times indeed those days, especially me, for my little mother was very devoted to me, and took me everywhere she went, nearly, and played with me all the time at home. Whenever any one came, Alice always wanted me to talk, and one day I tried so hard to say "Alice" instead of that stupid "milk" that I broke something inside of me, and couldn't say anything at all. I felt very badly about this, and so did Alice. She cried, and I would have too, did dolls don't have any tears.

"Don't cry, birdie," said Alice's mamma. "Let me see if I can fix Polly;" and she took her sharp scissors out of her basket.

"Oh, mamma," cried Alice, "please don't cut Polly! I'd rather never have her speak again than have you cut a hole in her."

"Why, darling," said

her mamma, "I'm not going to hurt Polly. I'm only going to rip this seam in her side, so that I can take hold of the strings and fasten them on again to the machine that makes her talk."

"Oh, but, mamma, I can't have my dear Polly cut open. I don't want you to do it, mamma; indeed I don't."

"Well, if you don't want her mended, I don't," said her mother; and Alice clasped me in her arms and ran off into the nursery.

"Oh, Polly Jay," she cried, "you've had such a narrow 'scape! Isn't it fortunate, Polly, that I'm not a baby?—'cause if I had been, I couldn't have told mamma that I didn't want you ripped up; and even if it wouldn't truly hurt you, Polly, I should feel as if it did."

After a while she took me into her mother's room again. "Mamma," she said, "what's the name of the thing inside of me that makes me talk?"

"Do you mean the larynx?" asked mamma.

"I suppose that's it. I'm going to play that Polly Jay's got a slight 'fection of the larynx. That's the reason she can't talk any more. Don't you know Mrs. Morton has a slight 'fection of the eyes, and that's the reason she can't see."

Not long after this a Mrs. Renwick came to stay with Alice's mother. She



"NOW I LOOK LIKE A REAL LIVE BUTCHER," HE SAID."



had a little boy named Sylvestre, about nine years old, whom she brought with her.

I have heard that cats have what is called an *antipathy* to dogs; now *dolls* have just that same sort of feeling for *boys*. I had never had anything to do with them; the nearest approach to a boy that I had ever known was Willie Stripes, and though I suppose Sylvestre Renwick would have been considered a handsome little fellow, I never could see any beauty in him from the minute Alice brought him into the nursery and introduced him to Big Mary, Willie Stripes, and me.

He said I was "a stunner," which, I suppose, is some awful thing. He called poor Mary "old waddler" and "buttermilk," and he threw Willie Stripes up in the air, and declared he was made out of his old mittens.

For several days Alice hardly came near us, for Sylvestre, of course, wouldn't play dolls, and she had to play horse and ball with him. But one morning Hortense took her to the dress-maker's, and Sylvestre was to go to drive in the Park with his mother and Alice's; but when the time came he wouldn't get ready, and his mother, after waiting a little, went off and left him. He lay on the floor and kicked for a while, and then he concluded to get up and amuse himself. There was a large closet just opposite the nursery door, in which house-linen was kept. He took all the linen from the first two shelves, and piled it on the third; then he got a paper of tacks and a hammer, and drove them in about a foot apart along the edges. After this he dragged Alice's little table into the middle of the closet, and put a ball of darning cotton on top of it, and he took out his knife, and opened the big blade, and laid it down beside it; then he pinned a towel around his neck, and put his belt on over it.

"Now I look like a real live butcher," he said. Unfortunately his eye fell on us as we sat in a row on the dolls' bed. He took Willie Stripes first, and hung him by the neck to the door knob. Big Mary came next. He took all her clothes off, and was going to hang her up that way, but her china head was only sewed on through two big holes in the edge of her neck. He took his knife and cut the stitches, and hung her head up by itself. Her arms and legs came next; they too were only sewed on. He ripped them off. Poor Mary! How sorry I felt for her! I should have felt worse had I not been sure that my turn would come soon, and it did. "Here, Miss High-and-lofty," he said; "I'm the butcher, and you're spring lamb. Now say 'baa!'"

I couldn't say "baa!" of course, and I *wouldn't* have said it if I could; so he said it for me a great many times. But, alas! I wasn't sewed together in sections, like Big Mary.

Well, if any one will believe it, that dreadful, horrid boy actually *chopped* my legs and arms off with his knife, and *sawed* me in two around my waist. My sawdust just strewn the floor. Nobody will ever know how I felt (unless it may be Big Mary), torn limb from limb, and hung up all around that closet. And I kept think-



"I AM ONLY A SILLY GOOSE, POLLY JAY."

ing all the time of the grief I knew my dear little mother would feel when she came home. I heard her happy little voice at last, talking to Hortense. That wicked Sylvestre walked to the head of the stairs in his butcher's apron, and said, as bold as brass, "Come on, Alice; I'm playing butcher. Don't you want some beef?"

She followed him to the door of the closet, where she saw Willie Stripes first, and pulled him off the door handle. "Why, Sylvestre," she said, "it makes poor Willie so uncomfortable to hang with his head down." Then she saw Big Mary and me inside. I never saw any one so angry.

"Sylvestre Renwick," she exclaimed, "you are a bad and cruel boy, and I hate you! You've *killed* Big Mary and Polly Jay. Oh, Polly! Polly!" and she snatched us both, piece by piece, from the walls, and ran with us into her mother's room, and cried as if her heart would break.

Hortense began to scold Sylvestre in French, and as he didn't understand a single word, the effect was perfectly awful. He began to feel very uneasy.

"Say, Alice," he said, "I didn't suppose you'd care."

"Go away, bad boy," said Alice, still crying. "I wish you'd never come here."

Sylvestre left. Presently he came back again. "Say, Alice, I've got a pony at home, and here are all the things I've got here; you can have 'em."

"I don't want your old things," sobbed Alice. "I wish I'd never seen you."

Sylvestre went away a second time, feeling even more depressed than before. Hortense was sewing Big Mary together as fast as she could, and Alice sat on the bed holding me tight in her arms, and every time she looked at me she cried afresh, for, alas! Hortense couldn't mend me. Half an hour went by. Big Mary was dressed, and looked as if nothing had ever happened to her, when Sylvestre looked in a third time.

"Alice," he said, "*please* don't tell. Mamma 'll be awful mad, and I'll just catch it. I'm real sorry."

Mrs. Renwick was very much vexed with Sylvestre, and wanted to do all she could to repair the mischief.

"You shall have a new doll, dear," she said, "as much like Polly Jay as we can find. You shall get it yourself."

"It wouldn't be Polly Jay," said Alice. "And if you please, Mrs. Renwick, I don't want any other doll at all. I couldn't love her as I do Polly, and perhaps mamma can mend her."

Finally it was decided to buy me a new body, and put my old head on it, which wasn't hurt at all. When this was done I felt quite myself again; and Alice too felt better about me.

I did not see Sylvestre again all the next day. The day after that, however, he came into the nursery, looking very much subdued. Alice picked me up, and held me tight.

"Go 'way," she said.

"You needn't be afraid, Alice," said he. "Here's my new top; please take it; and here is this for you too," producing a paper. "I gave a man on Sixth Avenue five agates for it. I'm awful sorry, truly I am; I never thought you'd feel so bad. Please say you forgive me."

Alice was silent. So was Sylvestre.

"I wish I hadn't done it," he said. "I'll never do it again." Sylvestre certainly looked sorry.

"Well," said Alice at last, with a sigh, "I will forgive you, Sylvestre; but I don't want the things."

Sylvestre looked deeply hurt. "I wish you would take them, Alice; it doesn't seem as if you really forgave me unless you do."

Alice slowly stretched out her hand and took the paper and the top. Then she let Sylvestre kiss her, and they were friends again.

"It's one of those spiders that bob up and down," he explained; and so it was. It was made of a little piece of rabbit's skin and a lot of wiry legs. There was a ring in its back with an elastic in it to dance it about by. They seemed to enjoy it very much, but I thought it was horrid—worse than any real spider that I ever saw, and bigger.

After a while Sylvestre said, "Alice, don't you believe I am really sorry now?"

"Yes," said Alice. "And, Sylvestre, I'm sorry you had to stay in bed all day yesterday."

"Well," said the young man, "I did think mamma might have whipped me instead. I asked her to, but she wouldn't."

"Oh, Sylvestre!" exclaimed Alice, aghast.

"Pshaw! that's nothing," said he. "It don't last long, and if I'd been up I could have gone to the circus in the afternoon, and now Barnum's gone."

A few days after this, Sylvestre and his mother went home, and nothing remarkable happened for a long time. One day Alice let me fall over the balusters from the third story and break my head. She tied it up with ice-water bandages for several days, but it didn't get any better, and I don't think she expected it to, so it was mended with a new one, and I did not look much like what I used to; but I've heard that people change as they grow older. Certainly Alice did. She was a good deal taller, for she

was ten years old, and had a governess who came every day and taught her a great many things. The nursery was called "the school-room" now, and it had changed too, but I always sat there just the same, and Alice played with me in the afternoon and on Saturday; and so three years more passed away, and Alice kept on growing. One day she came to me, and said, joyously:

"Oh, Polly, I am going to Europe, and I sha'n't come back for a long time—not till I am quite grown up, and then I shall be too big to play with dolls; so good-by, Polly."

Then Hortense came and put me and my clothes away in a drawer, and there I staid for five whole years, and very lonely I felt, I can tell you. At last somebody came and pulled me out; and who should it be but my dear little mother, grown up into a tall young lady!

"You dear, funny, old-fashioned Polly Jay!" she cried. "How very glad I am to see you! You haven't changed a *single bit*. I must say you keep your individuality remarkably well; for though you've had three bodies" (I forgot to say that a puppy at the sea-shore chewed up the kid one that Mrs. Renwick got for me) "and two new heads, you are the very identical Polly Jay that Aunt Mary sent me. No amount of new limbs *could* change you." So she carried me back to the school-room again, which was now fitted up for her use, and I lived on a shelf in the closet.

Once I heard my dear little mother, as I still called her to myself, talking about a missionary box to be sent to the far West.

"Alice," said Mrs. Elliot, "why don't you send some of your old dolls to those poor missionary children?"

"To be sure, mamma," said Alice. "What a splendid idea! I'll send Big Mary and Willie Stripes, but not my dear Polly Jay. I *never* can part with her."

I felt so proud and pleased, you can't imagine, and I lived on happily on the closet shelf.

At last Alice came and took me down. Then she got out my pink silk dress trimmed with lace, and put it on me.

"You must have a new sash, Polly Jay," she said, and she cut off a piece of white satin ribbon, and tied it around my waist. "You don't know that you are being dressed for my wedding, do you, Polly?" she went on, in her sweet voice. "But you are, for I am going to be married to-morrow." Then she took all my clothes, and me too, and went up into the attic, and opened a trunk under the window. She put my things in first; then she held me tight in her arms for a minute. "I am a woman now, Polly Jay," she whispered, "and I must put away all my childish things. I am not a little girl any longer. You mustn't think because I am crying that I am not happy, or that I do not love him, Polly, because of course I do; I can't tell even you how much. I am only a silly goose, Polly Jay; that is all." Then she laid me in the trunk, leaned over and kissed me, and said, "Good-by, dear old Polly Jay," and she shut the lid down and turned the key in it.

I heard her go singing down-stairs, and this is the end of my history. If any one doesn't believe it, if she will come up in the attic, and open the old leather trunk with brass nails in it, under the window, she will find an old yellow wax doll with the color all faded out of her cheeks, her flaxen wig all out of curl and hanging on one steel pin in front (if it doesn't fall off altogether), and with a faded pink silk dress on. That's me. My life has been in some respects a hard one. I don't believe there ever was a doll whose career was interrupted by so many accidents. All this, however, I could have endured, knowing the love my little mother bore me. But now my heart is broken quite in two, for Alice has actually married that identical Sylvestre Renwick who made butcher's-meat of me fifteen years ago.

## LETTERS FROM A BLUE-COAT BOY.

BY HUGH FRANCIS FOX.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL is one of the Royal Schools of England, having been founded by the young King Edward VI. in 1552. Its numerous endowments give it a revenue of over \$300,000 a year, which is devoted to the education of twelve hundred boys. Four hundred of these are at the preparatory school at Hertford, about twenty miles from London, where the new boys are required to serve a period of probation before entering the main school in London.

The management of Christ's Hospital is in the hands of governors, each of whom, by virtue of a donation of \$2500, is entitled to send one boy to the school every third year. The system of education is so excellent that many wealthy people have offered to pay highly to procure admission for their sons. Only those children whose parents are unable to give them a good education are, however, eligible. The school affords the best facilities for the most advanced studies in classics, mathematics, and modern languages, and the acquirement of a thorough commercial education. There are also masters for music and drawing, and the boys are drilled every day. The school contains a fine swimming bath and gymnasium, and has a capital cricket field in the suburbs.

The "Blue-coat Boys," as the scholars are called, still wear the quaint costume of the sixteenth century. This consists of a dark blue cloth gown reaching to the ankles, yellow stockings, and black velvet knee-breeches. The gown is open in front, and when the boys want to play they tuck their skirts inside their leather girdles, which they wear round the waist. The bright nickel buttons on the gown and breeches bear the image of Edward VI. Round the neck is a pair of old-fashioned white clerical bands. The boys don't wear any hats, and a "Blue" in a high wind is a funny-looking object, with his hair blowing about, and his gown puffed out like a big balloon.

The following letters from a Blue-coat Boy give some idea of life at Christ's Hospital in recent years:

HERTFORD.

DEAR MATER,—I don't mind going without a hat at all, and I have learnt how to tuck my gown into my girdle when I play, but I wish I wasn't a new boy.

I haven't touched my grub yet, as I don't feel very well. I bought a shilling's worth of jumbles at the tuck shop last night, and eat them in bed, with some condensed milk and sardines another fellow gave me. I have got a bad toothache to-day. I think I must have caught cold in my tooth on the journey. Please send me some wool to put in it.

The fellows sent me down to the cook this morning to have my mouth measured for a spoon. The cook told me to shut my eyes and open my mouth wide, and then he crammed it full of salt. Don't you think that was awfully mean, mater?

Your affec. son.

HERTFORD.

DEAR MATER,—I like school a great deal better now. The fellows are all collecting pins. One fellow hasn't any roof to his mouth, and he is showing it at a pin a peep; so I thought I would show my enlarged tonsils. I let them have three peeps for two pins, and called it "The Great and Only Tonsil Show"—patronized by the Queen and all the Royal Family." I got no end of a lot of pins; but some of the big chaps wanted to tickle my tonsils with a tooth-brush, so I closed the show. Please send me a whole lot of pins on my birthday.

I got in an awful row this morning. The fellow next me had a cold in his head, and snuffled like anything all through first lesson. He hadn't any handkerchief, so he

asked me to lend him mine. I hate lending other fellows my handkerchief; but I didn't want to use it, so I told him I would lend it him for a penny a blow. He said he didn't think less than three blows would be any good, and he had only tuppence with him; so I let him have three blows for tuppence. I dropped one of the pennies on the floor, and the master heard it, and made me tell all about it. Then he said I was a wretched little money-grubber, and wasn't fit to sit with the other boys, and told me to go outside and play with the sparrows. I have lost five places by it, and think it is very hard lines. Would you lend your handkerchief to another fellow for nothing? Give my love to the children. Your affec. son.

HERTFORD.

DEAR OLD MATER,—Thanks awfully for the sticking-plaster. The fellow who sits next to me in church has a game-leg. He says he was riding on the elephant at the Zoo, and some one made faces at him, and he ran away with him on his back, and one of the keepers tripped him up with some string, and he tumbled down and threw him onto the path, and broke his leg.

There is a new boy sitting by me who has yellow hair and red eyes, and blubs all the time, because he is homesick, I suppose. He has just showed me his album, and his sister is as ugly as anything. She is all squint-eyed, and her face is covered with freckles. He says he is going to ask me to stay with him in the summer holidays, but I don't mean to go.

I haven't any more to say, so I will say good-by.

Your affec. son.

LONDON.

DEAR MATER,—Please address my letters Mr. H. F. Fox, now I am a London fellow.

There are eight hundred boys in the London school, and some of them are nearly twenty years old, and have whiskers. We come out of morning school at a quarter past twelve, and at a quarter to one preparation bell rings, and we all tear off to our wards to get ready for dinner. At one o'clock the bugle sounds, and we march to the hall playground and fall in by the side of our ward flags. There are sixteen companies of fifty boys each. We fall in in double rank, behind the corporal and monitor, and stand at ease till the bugle goes again. Then the sergeant gives the word of command:

"Tention. Dress by the right. Form fours right. Forward—*Marr ch!*"

Then the band strikes up, and we march round the playground and into the big dining-hall. When the boys are all at their tables, the warden gets onto his platform, and gives three raps with his hammer, and we have to stop talking. We all sing a hymn, and one of the Grecians gets into the pulpit and reads grace, and then the warden raps again, and we begin to eat.

The sergeant is awfully brave, and has five medals. He says he knew the Duke of Wellington quite well, and fought beside him in the battle of Waterloo. He has no end of a big chest. The brass band makes a jolly row. There are fifty boys in it, and they have a big drum and five kettle-drums.

Your affec. son.

LONDON.

DEAR MATER,—We are learning "The Lady of the Lake" this term. I think poetry is jolly fun. If you won't let me be a soldier, I think I would like to be a poet. Do you think Sir Walter Scott was much older than I am when he began to be a poet? I wrote you a poem in the French school this morning, because I had nothing to do. I wrote it without thinking at all, and it only took me half an hour.

Don't tell any one I am writing poetry, please, because they would only chaff me. Your affec. son.





BLUECOAT BOY WITH GOWN TUCKED UP FOR PLAYING

LONDON.

DEAR MATER. We had the first public supper last night. They have them every Thursday in Lent, and heaps of people come to see them. While we are having supper the people walk round the hall and watch us. The Duke of Cambridge presided last night, and he patted me on the head as he passed me. One of our beadles was in the Crimean war, and the Duke went and talked to him. The beadle said "your honor" every minute, and at last the Duke said, "Don't call me your honor—call me *sir*."

After supper we all have to "bow round." The wards form into ranks, with the matrons and monitors in front. The boys who carry the bread basket come next. Then come the rest of the boys, the table-cloth, knife, and water boys coming last. We walk past the President two at a time, and bow to him, and he bows to us. He must get very tired of bowing by the time it is over.

There is a jolly swimming bath in the school, and I am learning to dive. I generally manage to go flat on my stomach, and it hurts like anything.

I am going to get as strong as I can this term, so that I can thrash all the fellows at home next holidays.

Your affec'ate son.

LONDON.

DEAR MATER.—The Chinese Ambassadors were at the last public supper. They are awfully funny-looking men. The fellows say that if a Chinaman has his pigtail pulled, he will be disgraced forever. One of the fellows dared me to pull their tails, so I squeezed in by them when they were getting into their carriage after supper, and gave one of their tails a jerk. The old heathen turned round and jabbered at me like anything. I couldn't understand what he said, but it sounded as if he was swearing. I tried to get away, but one of the beadles collared me, and I thought I was in for no end of a row. Just then, though, I heard a shout, "Fours to the rescue!" and a lot of our fellows came running up. The beadle made a grab at one of them, and another fellow tripped him up, and I ran under the horse's nose and got away. It was too dark for him to see my face, so I think it is all right.

Your affec. son.

LONDON.

DEAR MATER.—On Easter-Tuesday the whole school marched through the streets to the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor lives. When the Lord Mayor was ready, the big doors were thrown open, and we marched into the Venetian parlor. The Lord Mayor was sitting at a table in his swell robes, and the mace-bearer and a lot of other men in uniform were standing behind him. The Lord Mayor gave each of us a brand-new shilling, and a footman with powder all over his head handed us two buns and a glass of wine. Last year one of the fellows said he was a teetotaler, and refused to drink his wine, and the Lord Mayor sent him a nice book afterward, so I thought I would refuse to take the wine too. He didn't give me a book, though, and I think it is a regular sell.

Your affec'ate son.



THE SCHOOL PUMP, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL



"WHAT! IS THIS THY WORK, CHITTA?" SEE "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," PAGE 118.

## THE FLAMINGO FEATHER.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "WAKILLA, ETC."

## CHAPTER III.

## CHITTA'S REVENGE.

SO Has-se the Sunbeam became Bow-bearer to his father the great chief Mico, and Chitta the Snake was disappointed of his ambition. By some means he became convinced that René de Veaux had instructed Has-se in his newly acquired trick of wrestling; and though he had no proof of this, he conceived a bitter hatred against the white lad. He had especially included him in his muttered threat of vengeance against all those who greeted his final overthrow with shouts of joy; but, like the wily reptile whose name he bore, he was content to bide his time, and await his opportunity to strike a deadly blow. After the games were ended he disappeared, and was seen no more that day.

His absence was hardly noted, for immediately after Has-se's victory the entire assembly repaired to the great mound which had gradually been raised by the accumulation of shells, bones, broken pottery, and charred wood that many generations of Indian fencers had left behind them, and here was spread the feast of the day. Then followed dancing and singing, which were continued far into the night.

At length the dancers became exhausted; the men who beat the drums and rattled the terrapin shells filled with dried palmetto berries grew so drowsy that their music sounded fainter and fainter, until it finally ceased altogether, and by two hours after midnight the whole encampment was buried in profound slumber. Even those whose duty it was to stand guard dozed at their posts, and the silence of the night was only broken by the occasional hootings of Hup-pe (the great owl).

Had the guards been awake instead of dreaming, it is possible that they might have noticed the dark figure of a man who noiselessly and stealthily crept amid the heavy shadows on the edge of the forest toward the great granary, or store-house, in which was kept all the ripe maize of the tribe, together with much starch root (koonti katki) and a large quantity of yams.

Occasionally the dark figure skulking among the shadows came to little patches of bright moonlight, and to cross these he lay flat on the ground and writhed his way through the grass like a snake. A close observer would have noticed a dull, steady glow which came from a round object that the skulker carried with great care. If he had been near enough he would have seen that this was a large gourd, in which, on a bed of sand, was a quantity of live coals taken from one of the fires that still smoldered about the epola, or place of dancing. In his other hand the man carried a few fat-pine splinters that would burn almost like gunpowder.

At length, without having attracted attention from any one of the encamped Indians, or the drowsy guards upon whom they depended for safety, the figure reached the granary and disappeared amid the dark shadows of its walls. Crouching to the ground, and screening his gourd of coals with his robe, he thrust into it one end of the bundle of fat-pine splinters and blew gently upon them. They smoked for a minute, and then burst into a quick blaze.

Beginning at one end of the granary, this torch was applied to the dry thatch that covered it, and it instantly sprang into flame. As the figure ran along the end of the structure, around the corner, and down the entire length of its side, always keeping in the shadow, he applied the torch in a dozen places, and then flinging it on top of the low roof, where it speedily ignited the covering,

he bounded away into the darkness, uttering as he did so a long-drawn, ear-piercing yell of triumph.

By the time the nodding guards had discovered the flames, and given the alarm, the whole granary was in a blaze, and the startled Indians, who rushed out from the lodges and palmetto booths, could do nothing but stand helpless and gaze at the destruction of their property.

Meantime the author of all this mischief stopped when he had gained what he considered a safe distance from the fire, and, concealed by the friendly shadows of the forest, stood with folded arms and scowling features gazing at the result of his efforts. At length the light from the burning building grew so bright that even the shadow in which he stood began to be illuminated, and he turned to go away. As he did so he shook his clinched hand toward the burning granary, and muttered, "The white man and the red man shall learn to dread the fangs of the Snake; for thus do I declare war against them both."

As he spoke a voice beside him, that he instantly recognized as that of Has-se, exclaimed, "What! is this thy work, Chitta?"

For answer Has-se received a blow that stretched him, stunned and bleeding, on the ground, and Chitta, saying, "Lie there, miserable Bow-bearer, I will meet thee again," sprang into the forest and disappeared.

When Has-se, aroused by the shouts of the guards and the glare of light, had rushed from the lodge in which he slept, he had seen a figure standing between him and the light, and had approached it to learn the cause of all the excitement. He was just about to speak when he recognized Chitta, and heard him utter the words that at once declared him to be the author of the conflagration and the enemy of his people and their friends.

Not being able to appreciate the petty spirit of revenge that influenced the Snake, Has-se gave utterance to his exclamation of surprise, and in return received the cruel blow for which he was so little prepared. When he recovered consciousness he found himself in his father's lodge, lying on a bed of deer-skins, while his sister, the beautiful Nethla, was bathing his temples with cold water.

It was now broad daylight, and the great granary, with all its contents, had been reduced to a heap of smoldering ruins. About the lodge in which Has-se lay were gathered a great crowd of Indians, awaiting his return to consciousness, to learn what he knew of the occurrences of the past few hours, and in what way he had been connected with them. By the earliest light of day a band of experienced warriors had tracked his assailant from the spot in which the young Bow-bearer had been discovered through the tall grass and underbrush from which the fugitive had brushed the dew in his flight to the river's edge. Here one of the canoes that had been drawn up on the beach was found to be missing, and search parties had been sent both up and down the river.

As Has-se slowly recovered consciousness and opened his eyes, his sister bent over him and whispered, "Who dealt thee the cruel blow, oh my brother?"

Receiving his faint answer, she sprang to her feet, and turning to her father, who stood near, exclaimed, "'Tis Chitta the Snake who has done this thing in revenge for our Has-se's success in the games of yesterday."

From the entrance of the lodge the old chief proclaimed the news, and all through the great assembly were heard cries of anger against Chitta the Snake.

The destruction of this winter's supply of food was not only a serious blow to the Indians, but to the little garrison of Fort Caroline as well, for Laudonniere had just completed arrangements with Mico for the purchase of the greater part of it. Only a small quantity of provisions remained in the fort, and though the forest contained an abundance of game, and the river teemed with fish, the French soldiers were not skilled in either hunting or fishing, and had become dependent upon their Ind-



ian neighbors for what they needed of such food. It was therefore with feelings of surprised alarm that on the second day after the burning of the granary they noticed the absence of all Indians from the vicinity of the fort. Scouts were sent to the Indian encampment to discover the cause of this unusual state of affairs, and they soon returned with the report that the place was wholly deserted, and that not an Indian was to be found. Not only had all the visiting Indians disappeared, but also every soul of Mico's tribe, and, what was more significant, they had taken with them their lodges and all portable property.

Laudonniere at once realized the full force of the situation. His soldiers were worn out with the labor of building the fort, and many of them were prostrated by a peculiar fever that racked their joints with severe pains and unfitted them for duty. The store of provisions upon which he had depended to feed his men through the approaching winter had been destroyed. The Indians, who might have provided him with game, had abandoned him and gone he knew not whither. His men knew nothing of the art of winning for themselves a livelihood from the wilderness that surrounded them. Although the soldiers had been allowed to think differently, he knew that some months must still elapse before the arrival of reinforcements and supplies from France. He himself, worn out by anxiety and overwork, was beginning to feel symptoms of the approach of the dreaded fever, and he feared that ere long he would be unfitted to perform the duties of his important position.

In this emergency he decided to hold a council with the officers of the garrison, and ask their aid in deciding what was to be done. He therefore sent word to Soisson his Lieutenant, old Hillaire the Captain of Artillery, Martinez the Quartermaster, Chastelleux the Chief of Engineers, Le Moyne the artist, and to René his nephew, bidding them meet him in council. He added René to the number, for though he was but a lad, he had proved himself to be wise beyond his years, and his uncle wished him to fully comprehend the difficulties of their position.

The council met in the commandant's private room, and Laudonniere, stating the situation clearly to them, asked what was to be done. Some suggested one thing, and some another, and the discussion was long and earnest. Le Moyne, the artist, added to the perplexities of the commandant by stating that he had heard rumors of dissatisfaction among the garrison, and threats that unless provisions were speedily obtained, they would build a vessel, abandon the fort and country, and attempt to make their way back to France.

While the discussion was at its height two soldiers appeared at the door, leading between them a slender young Indian, whom René, with a joyful cry, at once recognized as his friend Has-se the Sunbeam.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.

BY NAUTILUS.

THE *America's* cup, homely, old-fashioned piece of silver as it is, has, by thirty-five years of generous rivalry between England and America, the two greatest yachting nations, become the emblem of the yachting supremacy of the world. It was first offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron of England as the prize of their annual regatta to be sailed around the Isle of Wight on August 22, 1851.

The schooner-yacht *America*, which had been built and launched in New York during the earlier months of that same year, had been sailed across the ocean as one of the contributions from the United States to the first of the great World's Fairs, then being held in London, and was finally permitted to enter this regatta. In it, though

she sailed against a fleet of fourteen schooners and cutters, she won so easily that at the finish the *Aurora*, which came in second, was eight miles behind her, and the rest were nowhere to be seen. With this splendid victory the *America's* cup was first won, and never since that day has it left our hands.

In 1857 the gentleman who owned the *America* when she won the cup presented it to the New York Yacht Club, to be held and defended by it as a perpetual challenge trophy, and to be raced for by the representative yachts of any foreign club. Although the conditions of this gift were published throughout the world, it was not until nearly fourteen years later that the holders of the *America's* cup were challenged to a race for it.

The second race for the cup was sailed in New York Bay on August 8, 1870, between the English schooner-yacht *Cambria*, owned by Mr. James Ashbury, and twenty American yachts. It aroused the most wide-spread interest, and was witnessed by a greater number of people than any similar event has ever drawn out. Although it was a most exciting race, the *Cambria* was easily beaten by the American schooner-yacht *Magie*.

Mr. Ashbury returned to England determined to try again for the cup, and the following year he came over with the new schooner-yacht *Livonia*, which he had built on purpose to race for it. Then followed a series of six match races, in every one of which the *Livonia* was beaten—three times by the *Columbia*, twice by the *Sappho*, and once by the *Dauntless*.

The next challenge for the cup came from Canada in 1876, and in July of that year the schooner-yacht *Countess of Dufferin*, representing the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, appeared in New York Bay, and began to make ready to win it. This she did not do, however, for she was very badly beaten by the *Madeleine*, of the New York club, in two races, and so the cup did not go to Canada.

Captain Cuthbert, the builder and commander of the *Countess of Dufferin*, went home very much disappointed, but determined to try again for the cup if he ever got a chance. Nothing was heard from him until 1881, when he again appeared in New York with a new sloop-yacht named *Atalanta*, which he had brought from Lake Ontario by way of the Erie Canal and the Hudson River. She represented the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club. The New Yorkers were very ready to give Captain Cuthbert a race, and they selected the iron sloop-yacht *Mischief* to meet and beat the new Canadian yacht. This the *Mischief* did so thoroughly in two races that in the second the *Atalanta's* time at the finish was not taken at all, as she did not come in until long after everybody else had gone home.

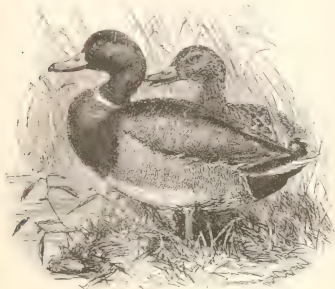
Last year the famous English cutter-yacht *Genesta* came across the ocean to try and capture the *America's* cup. She was so much larger and more powerful than any existing American sloops that something had to be built to race with her. So the *Priscilla* was built in New York, and the *Puritan* in Boston. After they had sailed several races against each other, the *Puritan* was chosen to meet the *Genesta* and defend the cup. So gallantly did the white sloop from Boston perform her duty that she beat the *Genesta* in two out of three races, and thus the fifth attempt to capture the coveted trophy failed.

Now the English cutter *Galatea*, longer by ten feet than the *Genesta*, and in every way the most powerful yacht ever sent to capture the *America's* cup, has come over the ocean after it. She is a last year's yacht of just the same age as the *Puritan*, and has already made for herself a splendid record. In addition to the *Puritan* and *Priscilla*, two new sloops, the *Mayflower*, of Boston, and the *Atlantic*, of New York, have been built to defend the cup. These four will sail a series of trial races before this paper is issued, which will result in one of them being selected to meet the *Galatea*, and beat her in two out of three races, if she can.

## SWIMMING BIRDS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

**D**UCKS and geese present themselves at once to our minds as familiar examples of swimming birds, and we can see how exactly their boat-shaped bodies and long necks are suited to living on the water. Then they are web-footed, which makes swimming an easy matter, and their short legs are placed far back on the body. This



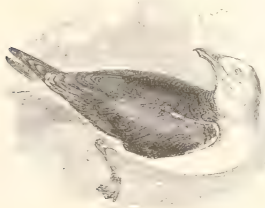
WILD DUCK. From "Ordn's Comparative Zoology."

position suits very well for paddling in the water, but it makes their gait upon land extremely awkward, so much so that "to waddle like a duck" has become proverbial.

First diving into the water, then flying up into the air, these swimming birds are necessarily exposed to great changes of temperature, and as a protection against such sudden changes their bodies are covered with a thicker and closer plumage than other birds have. The coat of down next to the skin is also very thick. There is, moreover, an unusually large supply of oil from the oil-gland, which keeps the plumage from getting wet, and gives the feathers that beautiful gloss so noticeable in the duck.

These birds have an odd way of gobbling up their food, often taking in mud and water at the same time; but their broad flat bills are furnished with rough plates around the edge which form a very good strainer. Being richly supplied with nerves, this strainer is able in some way to select the particles of food and keep them in the mouth, while the mud is allowed to run out.

More graceful than the ducks and geese are the swans, with their long necks gently curved, and their wings partly lifted when swimming, as if to catch the wind. Nevertheless, when attacked, they show another side of their



SEA-GULL.

nature by making a loud hissing sound and striking violently with their wings.

Wild ducks, geese, and swans are excellent fliers as well as swimmers, and they can be recognized at a distance by their wedge-shaped flocks. In reality, these birds fly in two lines, which come together in front, and gradually separate toward the last of the flock, so that the general appearance of the company has the shape of a wedge. The leader flies at the point where the two lines meet, and when he becomes weary he leaves his post to his next neighbor, and falls back to the last of one of the two lines; but meanwhile, during this change of leaders, the flock keeps in perfect order. In these migrations the birds fly thousands of miles, and they build their nests in summer among the lakes and marshes of cold northern countries.

Less familiar than some of these land birds, but not less interesting, is the whole host of sea-birds, whose hab-



PENGUIN.

(From "Ordn's Comparative Zoology.")



ALBATROSS.

its are necessarily very different. Many of these sea-birds pass their lives entirely upon the ocean, and sleep at night with their heads tucked under their wings as they float on the waves. They feed upon the fishes and other small animals which they snatch while skimming over its surface, and only go on shore to raise their young ones.

For this purpose they often select lonely islands and steep bald cliffs. Here thousands of them raise their young upon the bare rocks, and mingle their screams with the roar of the waves below.

In a certain sense, perhaps, these birds are destitute of the charms we usu-



EIDER-DUCK.

ally expect to find in birds. They seldom take any pains with their nests, and their note is only a shrill cry; but these defects are easily overlooked after once seeing them upon the lonely ocean, and learning something of the wild, free lives they lead.

First of all, there are the gulls, so abundant all over the world. With their strong wings they fly rapidly and gracefully over the sea, and when their keen eyes discover a tempting morsel in the water beneath, they make a sudden dive to procure it. These birds meet in large numbers to raise their young on the rocks, or on the sand-bars at the mouths of rivers and bays. The graceful, elegant gulls generally keep quite near the shore, and are not found very far out at sea.

The stormy petrel, on the other hand, is met at great distances from the land. Although the smallest of web-footed birds, and not larger than a swallow, it is very brave, and flies over the roughest sea with perfect confidence, rising with the billows and sinking with the falling waves as if in sympathy with the storm. Watching the petrels is one of the delights of a sea-voyage. To all appearances the same little flock hovers over the wake of the vessel from day to day, and looks as if it might intend to cross the ocean in conjunction with this particular vessel. These tiny little black and white birds are commonly called "Mother Carey's Chickens." They live constantly on the water. Once in a while they make a dive under the waves, or float for a moment upon the surface, and then resume their onward flight with as much spirit as before.

The largest of all the swimmers is the albatross—a powerful bird with white body and black wings. It also seems to delight in a fierce gale, and skims over the surface of the ocean without touching it. It is, nevertheless, an expert swimmer when it deigns to light upon the water. An albatross has been known to follow the course of a ship in mid-ocean for many weeks.

The eider-duck, too, is a real sea-bird; but it does not fly well, and its habits are peculiar in many ways. Eider-ducks spend the winter in large flocks on the arctic seas; but when spring comes they select their mates, and the happy pairs swim off by themselves to the shore. The

female makes a large loose nest of dry grass and straw, and lines it with a thick layer of down which she has plucked from her own breast. In this warm nest she lays from six to ten pale green eggs, and a supply of loose down is generally placed near by to cover the eggs with when the hen is off in search of food.

Eider-down, as you may know, is very valuable on account of its lightness and softness. The eggs are also valuable, and bring a good price when offered for sale; so it often happens that the natives of these cold countries are on the lookout for the nests about this time, and carry them off as soon as they are filled with eggs. This is the way our eider-down is obtained. The mother-bird in her distress makes another nest; but her down is gone, and she has nothing to line it with, so her mate is now obliged to strip the down from his breast also. The natives do not disturb this second nest which the male has lined, for if they should destroy the nests too often, there might be no eider-ducks to visit their shores.

Very different birds from these are the penguins. When on land they can do nothing but stand up in an odd manner, for their legs are placed right at the end of the body. Then their paddle-wings hang down at their sides, and, covered with short scale-like feathers, are entirely useless for flying; but they answer very well in swimming and in scrambling upon the rocks.

Penguins live only in the southern hemisphere, as the auks and guillemots, their distant cousins, are found only in the north. They spend most of the time in the water, and are sometimes found at a great distance from land. When they come on shore and stand upright in long lines, with their white breasts glistening in the sunlight, they are said to look like an array of soldiers.

We must not forget the pelicans, too—those awkward, ungainly birds that look almost too heavy to fly. But they are not so very heavy after all, for their bones contain a great many air-sacs, and the large heads are nearly all bill. That curious bag that hangs underneath is only a tough, flabby skin, which makes a convenient pouch for the pelican to scoop up fish with and carry them off to the shore to be eaten at leisure. Pelicans are common on our Florida coasts.





not yourselves lean more to one who can help on other people.

"Thoughtful little Mary Wood  
Always did the best she  
could."

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA.

DEAR POSTMASTER:—While in Washington I went to Corcoran's Art Gallery, named after its founder, W. W. Corcoran, who also founded the Louise Home for Aged and Indigent Gentlemen. While at the Gallery I saw a ring made from the famous Charter Oak. There are statues there taken from the ruins of Pompeii, and also from Rome, Athens, and other ancient cities. The paintings are wonderful, and the most beautiful that I have ever seen. As you go up the steps from the entrance you can see two types of ancient Flemish tapestry which were taken from the drawing-room of some English lord. After staying in Washington a while longer, I went over to Baltimore, which is forty miles distant. It is a very beautiful city, and some parts are beautiful.

It is called the Monumental City, because it has so many monuments and churches. I went out to Druid Hill Park, which is next in size to Central Park in New York. In this Park there are the Maryland and Mansion Houses; the latter was once the continental headquarters, but was moved to Baltimore. From the Maryland House you can see a natural arch formed by the trees. I went to see the branch of the Enoch Pratt Library, at the corner of Hollins and Calhoun Streets, and there I read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which they keep on file. "Anybody may get a book and sit down and read it," says the area resident, you can take the book home—that is, if you have a recommendation from a citizen. After seeing other sights, I got ready to leave. I went by boat, and passing down the river saw Fort McHenry, near which the famous "Star-Spangled Banner" was written by Francis S. Key. At night the phosphors playing around the boat made it look beautiful. It looked just like electric lights. In the distance you could see the red beacons of the light-houses. In a short time we came into Chesapeake Bay. In the morning we came to Old Point. From there we took the train to Richmond, thence back to Petersburg, after having been absent six weeks.

MARK F.

INDIANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have written to you before, but my letter was not printed. I enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Why does not Jimmy Brown relate such stories as these? At the end of the year, visiting friends now and am having a very nice time. I have to practise on the piano an hour a day. The only pets I have are an old cat and a kitten. I like to read very much, and am always glad when my paper comes.

EMMA S. C.

BLAIR, ONTARIO.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since November last, and I never read any books so taken as these. At the end of the year, visiting friends now and am having a very nice time. I have to practise on the piano an hour a day. The only pets I have are an old cat and a kitten. I like to read very much, and am always glad when my paper comes.

FANNIE B. S.

INDIANVILLE, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

I am here now, as it is vacation. We are staying on our own island in the St. Lawrence River. It is one acre in size. There are mostly pine and oak trees on it, and there are great many huckleberry bushes. The house is built nearly in the middle of the island, and the house is very comfortable. The house is at one side. The house has a piazza almost all around it, which makes it very pleasant, as we can move about when the sun shines, or the wind is too strong, which it is often up here. The other day my sister, a friend, and myself went around the Canadian Islands, and saw the famous *Chateau d'Ile d'Orléans*, which makes two trips a day. The Canadian Islands are much more beautiful than those on the American side. They are not built on so much as ours are, as the Canadian government

won't sell them, and will only lease them for a certain number of years. This boat goes through a place called the Lost Channel, and the current is so swift that it carries the boat right along. A great many of the islands have beautiful houses built on them, and many of the people own steam-yachts. The name of our island is Indulgence. I think it is very nice, because we don't come away to work, we come to rest. I am sure if you have ever been here you must think it a very beautiful place; if you haven't been here, I hope you will come some day.

ETHEL S. (age thirteen).

GREENSBURG, INDIANA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time, and am always very glad when it arrives. I have neither brothers nor sisters, but I have a very dear friend, Florence Christy, and we are together a great deal, although she is only twenty-one months older than I am. I am eight years old. She calls me "Dedede," and her nurse Kate. "Tab." My favorite authors are Mrs. Lillie, Howard Pyle, and Ernest Ingersoll. I have no pets except a cat. I have twenty dolls.

ELIZABETH LYMAN F.

KINGSTON-ON-THE-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

I think that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is one of the loveliest magazines I have ever seen, and I wait for it eagerly and welcome it heartily every week. Mrs. Lillie's stories are so special to me. "Jo's Opportunity." Miss L. M. Alcott is my favorite author. The place where I live, Kingston, is very beautiful. It was built in 1784, and on October 16, 1777, I will tell you about the old Senate House here. It is long and low, very old-fashioned, with solid oak doors ornamented with large brass knockers. It is built of a kind of rough gray stone, and has this inscription on a white board over the door: "Colonel Vessel Ten at the West Point, N. Y., erected in 1784, this stone house about 1676, wherein the Senate of the State of New York was held in the year of the adoption of its first Constitution, 1777, on October 16, 1777." I hope you will see it yourself some time. I think old-fashioned places are lovely.

I send a splendid receipt for taffy: Four tablespoons of water, eight of vinegar, twelve of sugar; boil until it becomes brittle in water; cool, then pull till pure white.

GRACE B. K.

Will Little House-keepers who send receipts please send them promptly after reading the Post-office Box?

The little poem sent with Enallie's letter is very sweet and very sad. As there is not room for both, we prefer to insert the letter rather than the verses.

MATTHEW, ILLINOIS.

I hail from the great prairies, "where the soil is rich and the land is level." Here we have lovely trees, and all the flowers that bloom in the spring. My father is an editor, so that I see many papers and magazines; but HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a great favorite with me, as I like to read very much. "We four." I am the oldest. My pets are chiefly cats, and my brother has a little dog who is a great friend of my little tabby kitten. They play like two kittens together, and are very fond of each other. I have other cats in an unusually affectionate manner. The other cats all make big tails at him, but little Nod Muffet never does. I send you my first effort in poetry.

ETHELLE W.

HAYWARD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little boy ten years old. I have a little Maltese kitten. Mamma gives me lessons on the piano. I like to read very much, and give all my time to it. I have a very dear friend, Miss Lillie, Kirk Munroe, and Howard Pyle. I would like very much to have some boy of about my age to write for me. I have a very dear friend, Stevenson, and find time for a European correspondent and for my too, I would be delighted to hear from him.

ADOLPHUS D. SPRAGUE.

ALBANY, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR HATTIE W. L.—For your benefit, and for that of others who wish to have fans, I will try to give you directions how to make a Chinese pen-wiper, which I saw in a New York newspaper. Take a small fan, and cover it on both sides with silk, or satin, or any other material six pieces the size of the fan; tack three on each side. Then cut two pieces of pasteboard the size of the fan, and cover them with silk or satin on both sides. Then form the fan, and it will be fastened to the fan, which is completed with cord and tassels.

I too belong to a mission band. Lately we had a very good service at which we had declamation and singing, and made quite a sum. On one table was displayed our work from the beginning of the band. We met every other Saturday.



"I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING BUT SKY."

TO BEGIN IN THE NEXT NUMBER:

## THE CAPTIVE QUEEN.

A Fairy Tale.

BY LOND BRABOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. KNATCHBULL-HOGENSEN

All who delight in wonder stories, and especially those who have read the charming fairy tales written by Mr. EDWARD H. KNATCHBULL-HOGENSEN (now Lord Brabourne), will be glad to learn that a new story from his pen will commence in the next number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

It is ingenious and amusing, and young readers will follow the search for the Captive Queen with unflagging interest.

The story will be illustrated by Miss ROSINA EMMETT.

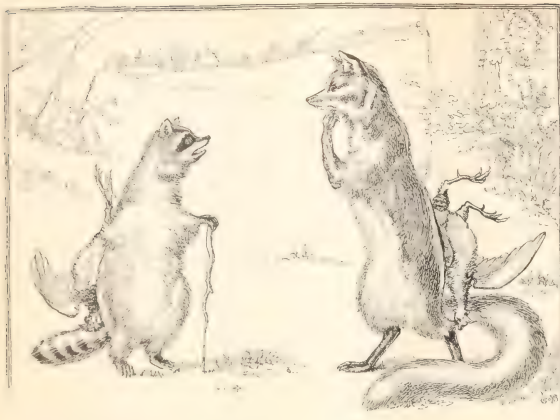
## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

HAVEN'T you had a good time this vacation, chicks—just the happiest time you ever had?—Some of you in the country, some in town, some climbing, canoeing, fishing, swinging, driving home the cows, riding old Brown Bess, going to the mill, gathering wild flowers, picking apples, running errands, rocking the baby, reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and writing letters to the Postmistress; busy and merry, and lovable and good. My little men and women, as I write to you this morning I think of this one in Australia, that one in Honolulu, another in Bohemia; others in France, on the Rhine, among the Alps, in Norway; of a berry in England, a troop in Scotland, a bright-eyed cluster in Wales; and of more children than I can begin to count, from Maine to California, over this wide land.

Possibly somebody else may know more children than I do, but, my dears, I doubt it. And as for invitations, why, if I should begin a pilgrimage to all the pleasant places to which girls and boys have asked me to come this summer, I should not get back until Christmas.

What I want to say is this. You who are away will soon be packing your trunks for home, taking with you the shells, the curious stones, the dried grasses and pressed ferns, which will be pleasant reminders of summer when the snowflakes shall be falling. You who are at home will be getting books together in preparation for school. Little folk in England and America will soon be going to school again. Make a good use of your time, my dears. Take my advice, and observe this rule. Always be as nearly perfect as you possibly can. Do your best every day. Never allow yourselves to slight anything, but take and boys have asked me to come this summer, I should not get back until Christmas.





MR. COON TAKES THE CUE.

Mr. Fox. "Good-morning. You're out early, Mr. 'Coon."

Mr. 'Coon. "Yes; you seem to be pretty early too. Did you notice how finely Farmer Sage's Chickens are rearing up?"

Mr. Fox. "Well, no. The fact is, I was in such a hurry this morning I came 'cross lots."

Mr. 'Coon. "H'm! Yes, yes; that was my case exactly. Good-morning."

## A PARADISE FOR TOADS.

THE paradise I have in mind is an irrigating ditch. It runs along one side of a quiet street in the prettiest town in Colorado. Tall cottonwood trees shade it well from the sun; on either side bushes of sweet clover grow taller than a man's head, and red clover and dandelion blossoms, in their season, make a carpet soft enough to satisfy the most ease-loving toad, and gorgeous enough to please an Eastern king. From dawn until dark the hum of insects is heard. Honey-bees fly among the clover, daddy-long-legs, large and small, run awkwardly over the grass, lady-bugs nestle in the heart of the dandelion blossoms, and every species of bug and insect known to Colorado ditches hop, fly, or swim over the surface of the water.

On one side of this ditch is a well-shaded lawn, and this the toads seemed also to regard as their undisputed territory. All summer it was their sleeping-room. Every night they settled down in the soft grass, and every morning found them so deeply embedded in it that only a small part of their backs was visible. If we touched them, the shut eyes would open for a moment, then close again. The hour at which his toadship preferred to rise had not come, and although by waking him often enough we might deprive him of his morning nap, we could not compel him to go for his breakfast until he was ready to eat.

Between nine and ten o'clock usually they left their little round beds, and went to the ditch to catch their breakfast. Down their capacious throats went flies, daddy-long-legs, lady-bugs, little moths, and even butterflies. One gulp, and a small butterfly would disappear. But they did not limit themselves to small ones. They can swallow butterflies of such size that in the beginning the attempt looks like an impossibility. In

once I watched for fully three minutes a struggle between a big yellow one that was determined not to be swallowed and a toad that wanted it for his dessert. His mouth stretched to its utmost width; the butterfly, half-way in, fluttered its yellow wings violently, and tried to recede from its disagreeable position. For some seconds at a time the toad would remain perfectly motionless; then suddenly, with a great effort, he would swallow; a little less of the yellow wings was in sight, until with one last convulsive gulp they disappeared altogether. It is fortunate for our flower-beds that toads are such gluttons; from their breakfast-time until dark their sharp eyes are open, and every foolish fly that stops for a moment

near to scratch his head with his foot, every grasshopper that swings tantalizingly on a leaf a few inches above a pair of those watchful eyes, will be very likely to meet a sudden, ignominious death.

Two of these toads were seen actually and unmistakably walking. The first one that tried this unusual manner of locomotion was very large. He straightened out his legs until he stood nearly upright, and putting first one foot ahead and then the other, he walked nearly three feet, slowly and unsteadily.

After this we watched carefully, and at last the performance was repeated. This time it was a small toad. The family cat came up on the porch with a piece of ham in her mouth. This attracted his notice, and he watched her motions intently. In a few minutes she went away, leaving a scrap of the meat. As soon as she jumped off the porch the toad straightened himself up, and walked slowly and quite steadily a little more than one foot toward it, stopped, dropped to his usual position, and walked the rest of the way.



BY AMY ELIZABETH LEIGH

"IT must be great fun, with a rod or a gun,  
To go tramping about.

Hunting deer, catching trout.

I mean to as soon as I can:

'Twon't be long now till I am a man.

I want pants, and a coat, and a horse, and a boat,

And a watch that will go,

And a horn that will blow.

I'll get them as soon as I can:

'Twon't be long now till I am a man."



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## THE CAPTIVE QUEEN.

BY LORD BRABOURNE

(E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "Puss-Cat Mew AND OTHER FAIRY STORIES," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

**T**HERE was once a King who had everything in the world to make him happy. He ruled over a people who were so devoted to him and to his royal house that they took real pleasure in

paying the taxes which went to support his crown and dignity. It is true that these taxes sat lightly upon them, because their country was rich and prosperous, and they were thought to be such a brave nation that no enemy ever dared attack them. So a long peace enabled them to plough and sow, to buy and sell, and to grow rich as fast as they could, and their King was never in want of money, for they gave him as much as he could possibly desire.

He had, moreover, something which was more likely to make him happy than his money, or than anything which his money could buy, and this something was a queen whom everybody allowed to be the most beautiful and charming woman that they had ever seen. Her face and figure were both as nearly perfect as possible, and were only equalled by the sweetness of her disposition, which made everybody who came near her admire and love so delightful a creature. With such a wife the King might well be happy; and when I tell you that the royal pair were blessed with several children who were good and dutiful, as well as healthy and beautiful, you may well imagine that there was little wanting to complete their perfect happiness. Such a state of existence, however, is not permitted to any of the dwellers upon earth, and for that reason, I suppose, the events which I am about to relate were allowed to take place.

Upon one lovely summer's evening the King and Queen, having dined early, took it into their heads to stroll together in the gardens and shrubberies which surrounded the palace. This was a pleasure in which they often indulged, and never before had anything occurred of a disagreeable nature. Upon this particular occasion, however, they had not strolled far when the Queen suddenly discovered that she had left her pocket-handkerchief upon a table in the room which they had just left, and the King thereupon returned to fetch it, leaving her seated upon a bench beneath an oak-tree, under whose leafy shade the royal pair had passed many a pleasant hour, and which was a favorite spot with them both. To hurry from the seat under the oak to the palace and back was certainly not the work of more than three minutes, and the King returned within that time, gayly singing a stave of an old song as he waved the recovered handkerchief in his hand. What was his surprise to find that the Queen had disappeared!

At first he thought that she must have hidden herself behind the oak. Then the idea struck him that she must have wandered into the wood beyond the shrubberies; but she had not had time to go far, and if this had been the case, he would surely have seen her.

But he saw her not. He called aloud; he uttered her name again and again in tones which betokened his alarm when there was no reply. He ran hastily to and fro, at one moment imploring his Amabilia (for such was the Queen's name) no longer to conceal herself, at the next giving vent to such lamentable cries as would naturally proceed from an agitated mind. Still all was silent around him; no voice replied to his frantic words; his beloved had disappeared just as if she had sunk into the ground beneath his feet, or flown up to the skies above his head; there was no sign or trace of her left, nor had he the slightest clue by means of which he might hope to discover the mystery of her disappearance. Never before had the King been so completely baffled, and he could hardly believe the misfortune which had befallen him.

Returning hastily to the palace, when he had searched and shouted until it was perfectly clear that shouting and searching were useless, he gave orders for his Great Council of State to be immediately summoned, and while this was being done he despatched numerous messengers through the shrubberies and woods, with directions to explore every thicket and bush, and penetrate within every cave and corner in which it was possible for a human being to be hidden. For although he felt sure that

something very uncommon had happened to his adored Queen, the hope still lurked within his breast that, even if she had been spirited away, or carried off by robbers, she might still be within the neighborhood of the palace, and he therefore neglected no possible means which might lead to her recovery.

The Great Council soon assembled, and having listened with due respect to the story which the King had to tell them, took the matter at once into their serious consideration, and talked over it together for three weary hours. At the end of this time they came to several resolutions, which the Prime Minister laid before the King, making at the same time an eloquent speech, at the end of which no one could possibly tell what he meant. The resolutions, however, spoke for themselves, and were well worthy of the talented men who had produced them.

The first was that her Majesty the Queen was lost; the second, that it was most desirable that she should be found; the third, that it was expedient to wait until something should turn up which might give them some idea where to look for her. When these resolutions were published, everybody was struck with the proof which they gave of the great wisdom of those who had prepared them, and the people were told by all the newspapers that there never had been such a Council and such a Prime Minister as they had then the good fortune to possess.

As the people in those days generally believed what the newspapers said, this was very satisfactory to everybody except the King. He, poor fellow, could not for the life of him see how these resolutions were likely to restore to his arms his lost Amabilia; and being of an active mind, the idea of waiting for something to turn up was not at all according to his views of what ought to be done. If he had been compelled to follow the advice of his Great Council he would probably have gone mad; but, fortunately for him, this was not the case, for he was not only a king in name, but had power and authority such as kings had in those old times. So as soon as he found that the course recommended to him was that which any child or old woman could have followed as well as a powerful monarch, and which was unworthy of his rank and position, he dismissed his Council, kicked the Prime Minister down-stairs while he was still explaining his resolutions at great length, and ordered such measures to be taken as appeared to be suggested by common-sense.

He caused advertisements to be put into all the newspapers, making his loss known, and offering a large reward to any one who would give such information as might throw any light upon the matter. He sent letters by special couriers to all other kings and princes, telling them what had happened, and asking them to make inquiries in their several kingdoms; and having done everything in his power to invite assistance from every possible quarter, he abandoned himself to his grief in a proper and becoming manner. He gave up shaving, never had his hair cut, put on his clothes in a careless manner, went out without his hat, ate mustard with his fish and sugar with his roast beef, and, in short, did half a hundred of those extravagant and foolish things which are often noticed in persons who are under the influence of a great sorrow.

As the courtiers all thought it necessary to follow the example of their King, it will easily be imagined that the court soon began to lose all appearance of splendor or even of neatness, and every one seemed to vie with his neighbor in discomfort and untidiness. The very ministers appeared clad in old and ill-fitting garments; such a thing as a new hat or a well-brushed coat was never seen within the palace walls, and the shadow of the heavy misfortune which had befallen the King brooded over the whole of his dominions.

This was indeed a sad state of things, and those who loved the King feared that his reason would become affected, and that even worse would follow. As day suc-

ceeded day and no news was heard of the lost Queen, no change came over the aspect of the court, the most hopeful people began to despair, and the future of the kingdom appeared dark and desolate.

One fine morning, however, a wonderful thing took place. The King, to the surprise of all the inhabitants of the palace, came down to breakfast with his hair properly brushed, his beard decently shaved, and dressed in a red coat, with leather breeches and top-boots, just as in the good old days he had always been used to appear upon hunting mornings. He roundly rated his personal attendants for their slovenly appearance, told the Prime Minister that he looked as if he had not had a bath for a week, and sent the Lord Chamberlain home at once with directions to have his hair cut and to put on a better coat. Then, while the other ministers and courtiers were wondering what could be the meaning of this sudden and hopeful change, he told them that he had that night had a dream of the greatest interest and the most vital importance.

His hearers naturally showed much excitement at this news, and earnestly besought his Majesty to unfold his dream at once. This, however, he declined to do in open court, and desired that the Great Council should immediately be called. To them he declared that which had happened. In the dead of the night he had been asleep, which was not uncommonly the case, nor was it unusual that when in such a state, especially after a hearty supper, he should be visited by dreams of a more or less exciting nature. But this particular dream had, in its excitement and interest, surpassed any which he had ever had before.

An old man had appeared to him, dressed in a long flowing garment, and wearing a beard, perfectly white, which hung down from his venerable face as far as below his waist, and then turned up again on each side in a manner curious to behold. His face was furrowed by wrinkles which betokened great age, the hand which he stretched out toward the King trembled as if from the same cause, but his eyes were remarkably vivid, and almost dazzling in their brightness, and his voice was clear, although he spoke with tremulous accents and as if the effort to do so cost him some exertion. So plainly did the King see this ancient man that he could hardly believe that it was only in a dream that he did so, and with such startling clearness did his words fall upon the royal ears that it seemed as if they had been spoken through a trumpet. And these were the strange words he spoke:

"The cow, the rabbit, and the old kangaroo  
Came marching down the hill.  
They said that the Queen to the King had been true,  
And had vanished against her will;  
And where she was gone to nobody knew  
But the cow, and the rabbit, and the old kangaroo."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY E. L. BENEDICT.

**C**RIMSON and scarlet and yellow,  
Emerald turning to gold,  
Shimmering there in the sunbeams,  
Shivering here in the cold;  
Waving farewells as the tempest  
Ruthlessly tears them apart,  
Fluttering, dancing, and rustling  
As hither and thither they dart;  
Recklessly sailing the rapids,  
Lazily swimming the pools,  
Playing "I spy!" with each other  
Under the puffy tondoots,  
Wreaths for the walls of her dwelling  
Each neat little house-keeper weaves,  
And there, amid delicate fern sprays,  
Nestle the bright autumn leaves.

## INSECT NURSERIES ON PLANTS.

BY E. D. WALKER.

**M**ANY insects get the help of plants in raising their families. In the spring the mother goes to her favorite growth, bores a tiny hole into the leaf or stalk, drops an egg there along with an irritating fluid, and then leaves her little one entirely to the plant's care.

A fly's bite stings a twig as much as a hornet's does a boy. Instantly the spot begins to swell. The lump enlarges as the branch grows, until a grand dwelling is built for the infant fly, which nestles in a smooth round cell at the centre. He is completely shut in from light and air, and you couldn't guess how he got there if you didn't know. It was a puzzle to philosophers for many centuries, just as the king wondered how the blackbirds got into his pie. The egg rapidly increases in size, and soon becomes a white worm (called a grub), which grows fat on the sap juices generously served him. After some weeks of this free board and lodging he finds the place a tiresome dungeon, and eats a way of escape to the outer world. Then he changes to a fly, and buzzes out into the last chapter of his life.

Every insect of these habits is especially fond of one kind of vegetation, and always visits that, if possible. It is very particular too about the part where the egg is laid, one kind preferring the bud, another the leaf, while some attack the stem, and some the roots.

The oak is the most popular resort for gall flies. Occasionally the galls (as these insect swellings are called) seem to outnumber the acorns. You must get under the tree to see them best, as they hang under the leaves and from the new shoots. Notwithstanding the great variety of gall shapes, the flies making them are very similar in appearance, and some are only distinguished by their swellings. Oaks know the difference in fly poisons better than men know the difference in the flies.

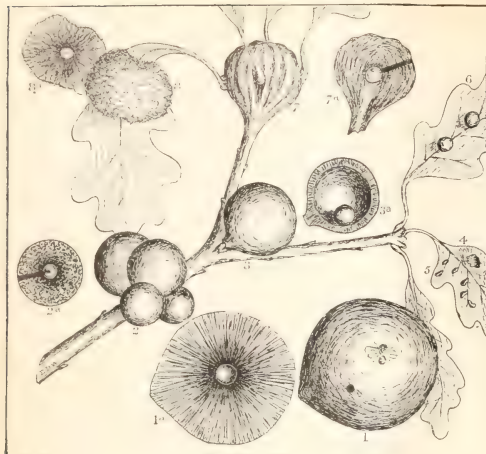
The largest galls, known as "oak-apples," because of their size, are attached to the central vein of leaves. While growing they carry gay colors of red and yellow, and when mature are brown and shiny. They are light puffy things with brittle shells. The occupant's chamber is a hollow ball suspended in the centre, like the hub of a wheel, by hundreds of delicate spokes. In an autumn stroll among oak woods you will see many of these scattered on the ground. Each has a round hole on the side and another matching it in the central chamber, through which the fly crawled out. The cause of this immense monstrosity was a little black fly with a body like a garden ant and broad wings. About six weeks before the hole appeared she alighted on this leaf, and running back and forth, selected the spot for her baby's residence. She uncoiled from her tail a long hair-like tube, divided lengthwise into three parts, sliding on each other, so that the channel could be enlarged for the egg to go through, and contracted into snug shape for packing away.

Piercing the leaf vein with this egg depositor, she wigged it around until the hole was widened to the egg's size, conveyed through the tube the wee white ball, and planted it in the pit with some sting juice. The oak did the rest.

In many villages of England the 29th of May is celebrated in honor of the restoration of Charles II. to the throne. These large galls are then gathered and gilded as ornaments appropriate to the occasion, the King having hidden in the Royal Oak after the battle of Worcester. The quantities of them used in this way has given to the holiday the name "Oak-apple Day."

Another oak fly likes the buds best, and compels the tree to give her child the rich nourishment that should have gone to a new branch. Her gall is decorated with the leaves of the branch, which is dwarfed and finally killed for the insect's benefit. A third kind produces the fuzzy growth with a hard centre, like a small bunch of golden silk.





OAK GALLS.

- |   |                                       |                       |                                       |
|---|---------------------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Oak-Apple, with<br>1 <sup>a</sup> Fly. | 1 <sup>a</sup> . Section of the same. | 3. Pocket galls.      | 7 <sup>a</sup> . Section of the same. |
| 2. Cherry Gall.                           | 2 <sup>a</sup> . Section of the same. | 4. Curculionid galls. | 8 <sup>a</sup> . Section of the same. |
| 3. Leather-box Gall.                      | 3 <sup>a</sup> . Section of the same. | 5. Bud Gall.          |                                       |
| 4. Open Gall.                             |                                       | 6. Fuzzy Gall.        |                                       |

The cherry galls are a staple of commerce. They are round as marbles, and solid, except for the grub cell. Cut off you must use some acid, as vinegar or lemon. These galls, boiled with a kind of iron, have given the world its best writing fluids for centuries. The most important element of civilization depends, therefore, on this meek little fly. Ink galls are found so abundantly near the town of Aleppo, in Smyrna, that most of Christendom is supplied from there, and the tradesmen call them "Aleppo galls." They are used also for tanning and medicine.

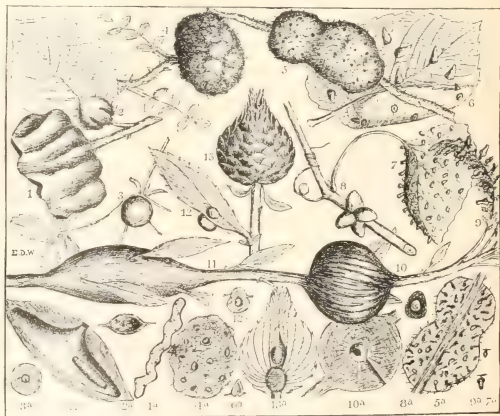
The rattle-box gall lets the worm-cell roll around loose inside, and is less common than the others. Currant galls copy red currants in size and color. The little seed-like pocket galls, hanging in pouches from under white-oak leaves, drop off in the autumn, and the uneasy grubs caged within keep up such a continual kicking that their cells are hopping incessantly among the leaves with a strange rattling noise, to the astonishment of every one who knows not the reason. The round hollow spots, lined with a thick crust under many oak leaves, are another style of fly cradles. These eight varieties of galls, with several others on the root,

prove what favoritism the oak suffers. Of course they are never found all on the same twig, as they are drawn here for convenience.

The oak stingers demand a complete house for every individual, but some insects are not so particular. On the sweet-brier and blackberry a number of eggs are laid near together and enclosed in one large hotel, with a separate room for each, making the plant look as if it had the mumps. This is the case with many bushes, especially prickly ones, on which the flies do not like to promenade.

Frequently you may find in the woods leaves covered with small fancy topknots, each nourishing its grub, like the witch-hazel and grape leaves in the illustration.

By the country road-side or river-bank a common gall swells the golden-rod stalk into a round bunch. This is the work of a fly. The long gradual swelling on this plant is made by a little moth. As moths cannot sting, this lodger did not wake up to find his home built around him as did the young fly, but had to help form it himself. When the worm hatched from the egg that was fastened to the rod, he dug straight for the heart of the stem, and gnawed away there until it bulged out into a roomy apartment. Then he opened a front door for his use later on, and plugged it up with



INSECT NURSERIES.

- |                     |                                       |                                       |                           |
|---------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Poplar Bud.      | 1 <sup>a</sup> . Section of the same. | 8. Wild-Grape Stem.                   | 8 <sup>a</sup> . Section. |
| 2. Poplar Leaf.     | 2 <sup>a</sup> . " " "                | 9. Golden-rod Blossom.                | 9 <sup>a</sup> . " "      |
| 3. Wild Strawberry. | 3 <sup>a</sup> . " " "                | 10. Golden-rod Blossom made by a Fly. | 10 <sup>a</sup> . " "     |
| 4. Sweet-brier.     | 4 <sup>a</sup> . " " "                | 11. Golden-rod Stem (made by a Moth). | 11 <sup>a</sup> . " "     |
| 5. Blackberry.      | 5 <sup>a</sup> . " " "                | 12. Willow Bush Leaf.                 | 12 <sup>a</sup> . " "     |
| 6. Witch-hazel.     | 6 <sup>a</sup> . " " "                | 13. Willow Bush Bud.                  | 13 <sup>a</sup> . " "     |
| 7. Wild-Grape Leaf. | 7 <sup>a</sup> . Section.             |                                       |                           |

choice diet in the juicy pith. Before long his resurrection day brought him wings, and pushing aside the silken barrier, he flew away into his paradise of woods and fields. The golden-rod has a third gall on its flower.

The poplar galls pictured here are of a different order of architecture. The builders are plant-lice. Mother Louse glues a tiny egg on her chosen portion of the family tree, but makes no sting. The little one, as soon as she hatches, begins to bite the green under her, and keeps spurring the plant until a house is grown large enough to satisfy her. She fills it with a swarming brood of children. Several doors are always open, and when the young are large enough, they ramble off to look after themselves, but the mother always stays within, spending her entire life there. One variety of plant-lice thinks there is no place like the junction of the flat leaf surface with the stem, and makes there a pea-sized ball with two door slits. Another goes to the tip of the branch, and nibbles a home of the cocks-comb pattern, bright green while growing, and drying into a crispy shell. In the spring you may find in this the wingless mother and a crowd of her winged progeny.

The rose, dogwood, chestnut, cherry, apple, morning-glory, huckleberry, and, in short, almost all common green things, support these baby farms for insects. Some tend their charges two or three years before they become

of age. Even the modest wild-strawberry vine has to nurse the youngsters of a certain fly. Excepting mosses, ferns, and fungi, every plant seems obliged to entertain one or more of these unwelcome guests, and is under orders to do its share toward raising winged creatures.

The famous "apples of Sodom," which were long thought to be fabulous, beautiful to the sight, but when tasted crumbling into bitter ashes, are now considered to be Oriental galls. Have you ever gathered "swamp apples" to eat as a delicacy or to pickle—the green juicy lumps growing among the flowers of the azalea or "swamp-honeysuckle"? These too are galls.

If you are observant in your out-door strolls you will discover a wondrous variety of unnatural bulby growths. Cut them open, and the soft, harmless, sleepy worm at the centre will show you the infant form of the insect which made them. To capture the fly you need only break off the branch bearing the gall, place it in water to keep it fresh, and cover it with a fine gauze net. Though the fly can eat a tunnel out of his prison, he does not chew thread, and when he comes out you have him safe.

Sometimes the grubs are turned out of their homes by other tyrants. In examining many galls you will come upon some where the first inhabitants, for whom they were made, have been devoured and their nests seized by more unscrupulous insects, which were parasites on parasites.



## BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

BY DAVID KER.

## STRUCK DOWN IN THE DARKNESS.

A BLACK, bitter winter night, the hoar-frost of which stood white and thick on the beards of the soldiers who came tramping in from their cold night-watch, stamping their half-frozen feet, and striking their benumbed hands hard against each other.

War was raging in every part of England, King Charles and his nobles battling with the Parliament and the people. Among the other places that were being fought for was the old town of Leicester, and it seemed now as if a few days more must decide which party was to have it.

The cutting wind that had been blowing fiercely all day had lulled about midnight, and all was deadly still; but ever and anon a red flash broke through the darkness, and the deep boom of a gun told that the enemy was on the watch.

Those in the guard-room were hardy and practised soldiers from the picked men of Cromwell's army—all except one. That one was a tall, brown-haired, rather coarse-featured lad of eighteen, with a strangely wistful look in his large, deep, earnest eyes, like one who was always seeking something which he could never find.

He had little about him as yet from which his companions could have guessed that he was to grow into one of the famous men of the world; but even these rough soldiers had already begun to notice that he was thoughtful beyond his years, fond of asking strange and searching questions, and always eager for every chance of doing any one a good turn. Was there a hurt to be bandaged, a sick man to be tended, a ration of bread to be shared with a hungry soldier, a prisoner in need of a kind word to cheer him up, the young recruit was foremost of all; and he was already known among his comrades by the name of "Helpful John."

The strain of this rough camp life was evidently beginning to tell upon him, for his face looked pale and thin, and his eyes shone with a feverish light; but he was putting on his steel cap as briskly as ever to go forth to his duty, when one of the men interfered.

"Tarry, friend John; thou art willing, but wilt without strength is naught. Thou hast been sick, and art not overstrong even now; wherefore I will take thy turn of watch for thee, even as thou didst take Repentance Brownrigg's but a week ago."

And before John had time to remonstrate, brave Salvation Hawkins had gone forth with his long pike in his hand into the cold black night.

To and fro he paced, straining his keen eyes into the surrounding gloom for any sign of danger, and keeping time to his measured tramp by humming under his breath the grand old battle psalm with which Cromwell's "Iron-sides" had so often turned to flight the hosts of the enemy:

"The mighty Lord is on my side,  
I will not be dismayed;  
For anything that man can do  
I will not be afraid.

"The nations, joining all in one,  
Did compass me about;  
But in the name of God the Lord  
I will them all root out."

A flash—a crack—a whiz through the still air, and poor Salvation Hawkins lay dead on the frozen ground, with his white face turned upward to the cold, starlit sky.

Many a grim visage softened into sadness when the corporal's guard that had come to relieve the sentinel brought back his lifeless body; for he had been a warm-hearted comrade as well as a brave soldier, and there were few there for whom he had not done some act of kindness.

"And it was *my* work that he was doing!" cried young John, with a pang of generous regret at the thought of another man having died for him.

The words were heard by the captain of the battery, who had just come up—a sturdy old "Miles Standish," who could fight as well as pray, and who fought none the worse for having prayed first; just the man, in fact, to serve for a model (as he afterward did) for the Mr. Great-heart, whom we all know in the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

"Young man," said he, solemnly, "assuredly the Lord hath great things in store for thee, since He hath thus redeemed thy life from destruction. To His name be the glory!"

The old warrior was right; for in after-days "Helpful John" did such work as will preserve so long as the world lasts the name of John Bunyan.

## THE FLAMINGO FEATHER.\*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "WAKULLA," ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

HAS-SE IS HELD PRISONER.

**S**ALUTING his commandant, the sergeant of the guard, who held the prisoner on the right, reported that this young savage had been seen skulking in the forest near the fort, and that, deeming his presence and movements very suspicious, he had sent a party of men to capture him. They had gone out by a rear gate, and, making a long detour, had surprised him just as he was making off through the underbrush, and after a sharp tussle had secured and brought him into the fort.

At the first appearance of his friend, René had started up with an exclamation of joy to go to him, but his uncle sternly bade him keep his seat. He obeyed, but scowled angrily at the soldiers, who still retained their hold of Has-se, as though fearful that if they let go he might in some mysterious way vanish from their sight.

Laudonniere commanded them to release their hold of the prisoner and to retire from the room, but to remain within call. They did so, and the young Indian, left to face the council, drew himself up proudly, and folding his arms, stood motionless. René tried in vain to catch his eye that he might by a sympathetic glance assure him of his friendship; but the other betrayed no recognition of his presence, nor once looked in his direction. He was dressed in the full costume of a young warrior who occupied the honorable position of Bow-bearer to a great chief, and in his hair gleamed the flamingo feather that proclaimed the station in life to which he was born. His handsome figure, proud face, and fearless bearing caused the members of the council to regard him with approving glances, and it was with less of sternness in his tone than usual that, after the door was closed, Laudonniere said, "Now, sir, explain to us the meaning of this sudden departure of thy people, and the reason of thine own action in thus acting the part of a spy upon us."

With flashing eyes the young Indian answered, in the French that he had learned of René: "My name is Has-se. I am the son of a chief. My father and my people have been friendly to you and your people. This country is ours, and in it we go where we please when we are ready to go, and stay where we please when we are ready to rest from going. I have done nothing that I should be brought here against my will, and until I am set free I will answer no questions. Has-se has spoken."

Réne's face flushed with pleasure at this brave speech



of his friend; and even Laudonniere admired the young Indian's coolness and courage, but he nevertheless felt it his duty to maintain his dignity and question him sternly. To all his questions, however, Has-se remained dumb, absolutely refusing to open his lips. The words "Has-se has spoken" with which he had ended his defiant speech signified that he had said all that he had to say, and nothing should induce him to speak further unless his condition of being set at liberty were complied with.

At last Laudonniere called in the soldiers, and ordered them to take the prisoner to the guard-house, and there treat him kindly, but to watch him closely, and on no account allow him to escape. When Has-se had thus been removed, Laudonniere turned to the members of the council and asked what, in their opinion, should be done with him.

Le Moyne, the artist, advised that the young Indian should be set free at once, and treated with such kindness that he might thereby be induced to give them the information they sought to gain. Then René de Veaux, blushing at his own boldness, jumped to his feet, and made a vehement little speech, in which he said that Has-se was his dear friend, and that, as he himself had said, they had no right to make a prisoner of him, besides much more to the same effect. He became so excited in his defence of the Indian lad that finally his uncle interrupted him, saying:

"Softly, softly, René! Thou art right to defend thy friend if indeed he be not our enemy, but thou hast no authority for finding fault with those who are much older and wiser than thyself."

Blushing furiously at this rebuke, René sat down, while his uncle continued: "I am also of the opinion that this young savage should be courteously entreated and set at liberty. Thus shall we win favor with his tribe, with whom it behooves us to remain on friendly terms."

The others of the council did not, however, agree with this, but thought the better plan would be to retain the Indian lad as a hostage, and demand of his tribe a great quantity of provisions as his ransom.

As they were in the majority, Laudonniere hesitated to act contrary to their counsel, and finally said that they would hold him for at least one day, and that in the mean time René should visit him, and endeavor to extract from him the desired information regarding the movements of his people.

When René, armed with his uncle's authority for so doing, passed the sentinel and entered the guard-house, he found the Indian lad seated on a rude bench in one corner, with his face buried in his hands. He sprang to his feet at René's approach, and stood silently regarding him, not knowing but that he too had become an enemy. Carefully closing the door behind him, the impulsive French boy stepped quickly over to where the other stood, and embraced him, saying, as he did so, "Surely, Has-se, my brother, thou canst not think that I am aught but thy friend?"

Thus reassured, Has-se returned the embrace, and said, "I know thou art my friend, Ta-lah-lo-ko, and I did wrong to doubt thee for a moment; but it maddens me to be thus caged, and I am become like Nutchka the hawk when restrained of his liberty, suspicious of all men."

Then both boys sat down on the bench, and René questioned Has-se regarding the sudden departure of the Indians, and why he was there alone.

Has-se replied that while he had no secrets that all men might not know, he would have died rather than answer the questions of those who were his captors, and as such commanded him to speak. To his friend Ta-lah-lo-ko he would, however, talk freely and with a straight tongue. He said that after the destruction of the storehouse containing their supply of provisions for many

months, Micco, their chief, had decided that it would be best for his people to remove to the land of the Alachuas, their friends, who had provisions in plenty, and remain there until the next season of corn planting. He caused their departure to be made secretly, for fear that the white men would seek to detain them as hunters for the fort if they learned of the intended movement, and he wished to avoid any shadow of trouble between his people and their white brothers.

"He had undoubtedly the right to act as seemed to him best," said René; "but why didst not thou accompany thy people, and what brings thee here to the fort?"

"To see thee, Ta-lah-lo-ko, and thee only, did I come," answered Has-se. "I learned, after we had been some hours on the journey, that which affects thee so nearly that I could not leave thee in ignorance of it and without a warning. What I learned is that Chitta regards thee with a deadly hatred, and has sworn to have thy life."

"Mine!" exclaimed René, in great surprise. "Why does the Snake bear malice toward me? I have no quarrel with him."

"That I know not, unless he suspects that it was thou who taught me the trick of wrestling that overthrew him, and thus lost him the position of Bow-bearer that he so greatly desired to obtain."

"It may be so," said René, musingly, "though how he could learn it I cannot think, nor why, even if he had knowledge of it, it should be cause for his wishing my death."

"Ah, Ta-lah-lo-ko, thou dost not know Chitta. His nature is that of the serpent whose name he bears, and for real or fancied wrongs to himself his revenge is cruel. Having once conceived a bitter hate against thee, he will have thy life, or risk his own in attempting to take it."

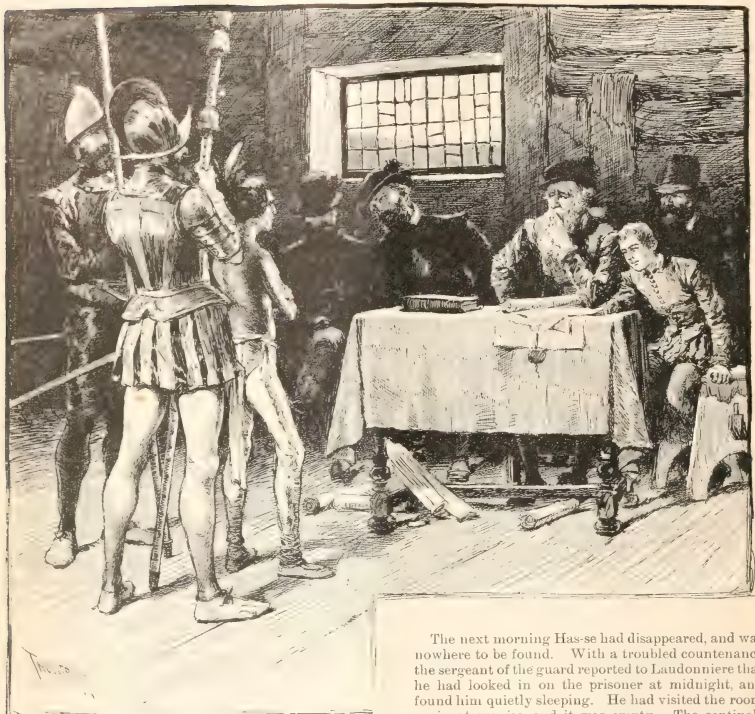
"In that case," said René, "I am deeply grateful for thy warning, and will take care that Master Chitta does not find me unprepared for him in case he seeks me out."

"Now," said Has-se, "I would speak of another matter. I know that you white men have but little food within the fort, and must soon suffer for want of it if more is not obtained. There is none left in this country; but the Alachuas, to whom my people have gone, have an abundance. If one of thy people would go with me to them, and offer them things such as thou hast and they have not, in exchange for food, he would thus obtain a supply for the fort. If many went, the red men would be afraid; but with one they would talk, and if he were my friend, then would his safety be assured. Wilt thou go with me to this distant land, Ta-lah-lo-ko?"

"Why," answered René, hardly knowing what to say to this sudden and unexpected proposal, "thou art a prisoner, Has-se, and dost not even know if my uncle will release thee. How, then, dost thou speak with such confidence of journeying to the land of these Alachuas?"

With a meaning smile Has-se answered: "Walls and bars may answer to cage men, but they cannot confine a sunbeam. If thou wilt go with me, then meet me when the light of the second moon from now touches the waters where Allapatta the great alligator delivered us from Catsha the tiger. With my life will I answer for thy safety, and at the next full moon, or soon after it, thou shalt return to thy people."

René would have talked more of this plan, but just then the door of the guard-house was opened, and the sergeant appeared, saluting, and saying: "'Tis the hour of sunset, Master De Veaux; the guard is about to be relieved, and I must request you to retire and leave the prisoner for the night. Surely you must be tired of talking with such a pig-headed young savage."



"WITH FLASHING EYES THE YOUNG INDIAN ANSWERED."

Not caring to exhibit his real feelings toward Has-se before the sergeant, René bade him good-night very formally, and added, "Mayhap I will see thee on the morrow; but count not on my coming, for I may not deem it worth my while to visit thee."

"I should think not," said the sergeant, as he closed the door behind them and barred it. "A young gentleman such as Master De Vaux can find but little pleasure in intercourse with such ignorant creatures. For my part, were I commandant of this fort, I would make slaves of them all, and kindly persuade them to my will with a lash. They—"

"Hold there!" cried René, as he turned toward the sergeant with flashing eyes. "If thou speakest another word in such strain of those who have treated us with naught save kindness, I will report thee to that same lash of which thou pratest so glibly."

The astonished sergeant muttered something by way of apology, but René, not waiting to hear it, hurried away to report to his uncle the result of his mission to the prisoner, and then to his own quarters to think over the startling proposal made to him by his friend.

The next morning Has-se had disappeared, and was nowhere to be found. With a troubled countenance the sergeant of the guard reported to Laudonniere that he had looked in on the prisoner at midnight, and found him quietly sleeping. He had visited the room again at sunrise, and it was empty. The sentinels at the gates and those who paced the walls had been closely questioned, but declared they had seen nobody, nor had they heard any unusual sound. For his part, he believed there was magic in it, and that some of the old Indian witches had spirited the prisoner up the chimney, and flown away with him on a broomstick.

Although troubled to find that his prisoners could thus easily escape from the fort, Laudonniere was relieved that the disposal of Has-se's fate had thus been taken from his hands. He said to René: "I am glad that thy friend has escaped—though I like not the manner of his going—and I trust he may come to no harm. I would, however, that we had been able to send a company, or even one man, with him to this land of the Alachuas of which he told thee, for mayhap we might thus have obtained provision; but without a guide I know not how it could be discovered."

"Do you think I could have gone, uncle?" inquired René, eagerly.

"Thou, lad? No; thou art too young and tender to be sent on such a perilous mission. It should be one of double thy years and experience. Let no such foolish thoughts fill thy head yet awhile."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE LITTLE GAME-KEEPER.



## STOCK, LOCK, AND BARREL.

## A TALK ABOUT GUNS AND SHOOTING.

BY FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE.

Part E.

THREE pairs of legs dangled over the side of the old wreck on West Hampton beach one day early last summer, while their owners—Mr. Theron, and his old friend Exham's two manly boys, Bill and Carson—watched with interest the graceful circling of a flock of tiny plover over the heavy surf.

"Those are the little chaps, boys," said Mr. Theron, "that your father and I used to crack away at when we were learning to shoot, years ago. We had one gun between us, and used to take turns. If your father was alive now I believe he would get you a gun, and never rest contented until you learned to shoot on the wing, for he was always a very thorough and enthusiastic sportsman."

"Now tell us all about when you and papa went shooting, Mr. Theron," chimed in both boys at once, wiggling up close, so as not to lose a word by the roaring of the waves. "Whom did the gun belong to?"

"It was mine," replied Mr. Theron, smiling at the remembrances the conversation brought up. "It was a little single-barrel muzzle-loader, and when I got it and showed it to your father we both thought we were made for life, and although it was just out of the shop, we used up a cruget of oil on it the evening it was sent home, and hardly slept a wink that night, thinking of the birds we would shoot the next day. I got the gun in a queer way, and it shows it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"I was thirteen, just about your ages, when one day I was standing by the edge of our meadow watching Aaron Flumerfelt, the store-keeper, load his gun. A couple of city sportsmen had come in the old stage, which was so long that it looked like a bowling-alley on wheels, and had put up at the tumble-down hotel to have a few days' English snipe-shooting. Mr. Flumerfelt—who disliked city people very much, and was under the impression that they came to the village only out of spite, to deprive the countrymen of the birds that visited the meadows every spring—no sooner saw them than he hauled on his long boots, and grabbing up his muzzle-loader, started for the marsh. Ordinarily it was Mr. Flumerfelt's custom to ignore the presence of the infrequent purchaser of penny toys at his store, but on this occasion, having no one else to storm to, he delivered to me his tirade on 'city gunners' and the terrible havoc they committed whenever they saw fit to come his way. A very excitable man was Mr. Flumerfelt. He thumped down the charges of powder and shot as if he was preparing a blast, having first put caps on the tubes to prevent, as he said, 'the powder from oozing out.'

"Then down-country folks won't get nary a snipe if I can help it," he shouted; and to give force to his determination he thumped the butt of his gun down on the log across the ditch, and the gun went off, the charge taking off the end of his nose, and sending his broad-brimmed hat sailing above the cat-tails. With a yell, old Flumerfelt dropped his gun, and holding on to what remained of his nose, ran shouting back to the village.

"When I got home, I asked my uncle, with whom I was spending my Easter holidays, if he would not get me a gun. Though it's nearly thirty years ago, I can now see the expression on my uncle Sylvanus's face when I asked him this. He was a great lover of field-sports himself, and the idea that I desired to follow in his worthy footsteps tickled his fancy immensely. I saw his eyes twinkle when I broached the subject, but he only replied 'he would see about it.'

Now there happened to live near us an old bachelor, known to all as 'Uncle George.' Unquestionably

he was the most accomplished sportsman of his time residing in the North, and, boy-like, I was never tired of listening to his inexhaustible fund of shooting stories, of the exploits of his famous breed of pointers, and of the miraculous shots he had made with the gun Mr. Joe Manton, of London, had made for him. He was a most happy story-teller. One listening to him could almost see old Nat and Grip pointing, stiff as rocks, in some old weed field, and showers of quail falling before the unerring aim of the redoubtable Colonel, as the sturdy old man sat up in the big arm-chair in the billiard-room, pointing his cue about like a gun, with his tight-buttoned frock-coat, broad, smooth face, and great eyes so wide apart that they often made me think he looked like the big stuffed woodcock on the mantel-piece.

"Now, as it happened, Mr. Flumerfelt's mishap stood me in good turn; for this unsportsmanlike exploit so amused my uncle and the Colonel that before I went to bed it had been settled that John Mullen, the New York gunsmith, should make me a single-barrel gun, and that my 'young idea' should be taught how to shoot—providing that the consent of three grandparents and a maiden aunt, all of whom took a hand in my bringing up, could be secured. The old people fidgeted a good deal before they said 'yes,' but my aunt, who had been nearly frightened to death in her younger days by looking at a leather shot-pouch which she expected would 'go off,' and who imagined she could see me being brought home trussed with a ramrod, and several pounds of shot in my body, was horrified at the idea, and had at last to be voted out of the council.

"Boys, it was an anxious time for your father and me when all this was going on; but at last the gun was ordered, and while waiting for it to be finished every book on shooting in my uncle's library was read through several times. We learned, of course, much that was useful, but I do not believe there were two boys out of every ten thousand who ever had as thorough and capable instructors in every particular concerning the safe and proper way to handle a gun and its use in the field as we had. We were taught from the start not to regard a gun as a toy or a plaything, but to seriously understand that it was to be a means of giving us pleasure in our hours of recreation. My uncle and the old Colonel drummed this into us, criticised our ways of carrying the gun and loading it, and threatened so vigorously to take the gun away from us if their instructions were not carried out to the letter, that from the very start we learned but one way to use the gun, and that was the right way. So thoroughly was all this ground into me that I am to-day just as careful with my gun as I was thirty years ago when I was taken out shooting under my uncle's wing. The only wonder to me is, from the number of thoughtless, careless, and ignorant people I meet out shooting, that accidents of the most dreadful kind are not of more frequent occurrence.

"No helter-skelter boy should ever be allowed to have fire-arms, and the age of a boy when permitted to learn to shoot depends entirely upon his character and disposition. Somewhat of a sermon, you will perhaps say, young gentlemen; but this gun business and learning to shoot, especially in company with other boys, is a very serious matter, and may end, if you are careless, in having your own or some friend's nose blown off, like old Flumerfelt's, and you will be lucky if you are not minus your arms or your heads, any of which events would be peculiarly annoying to your relatives and friends."

The leaving of the beach stages put a sudden stop to the story, and Bill and Carson talked of nothing else on the way home but of the time when they could coax their mamma into letting them go shooting as their papa and Mr. Fred Theron had done years ago.

Several days after this, Mrs. Exham, who was a very

pretty little woman, with soft blue eyes and light brown wavy hair, drew her chair close to where Mr. Theron was smoking on the piazza, and exclaimed:

"Gracious, Fred! what on earth have you been filling my boys' heads with guns and birds for? They have given me no rest for three days, wanting me to get them each a gun and ask you to teach them how to shoot. They are always dear, affectionate little fellows, but they have been so unusually attentive of late I knew something was in the wind."

"Well?" replied Mr. Theron, refilling his pipe.

"Well, indeed, you know very well that my boys are too young to own guns. Why, Bill is only fourteen, and Carson is a year younger."

"Not a bit too young, Fanny, for the boys to begin to shoot. They are chips of the old block, and the love of shooting is born in them. Much better to let them have a couple of good guns and let me teach them how to use them, now you have an opportunity, than have them, boy-like, go poking off with other boys and their cheap guns, which are continually out of order, or with some careless bay-man and his old muzzle-loader. There is far more danger in this than in placing the responsibility with such steady boys as yours are at the start."

"I do not know but you are right, Fred," said Mrs. Exham, quietly, who had great confidence in the opinions of her husband's old friend. So in this way it was settled that the boys should have the guns, and Mr. Theron kindly promised to go to New York the next day and consult with an old friend of his who was considered an oracle on gun-making.

## IN THE WOODS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

WHEN Fred Benson and Katie Dunlap first went to Buttermilk Springs neither of them expected to have anything like a good time, and when they first saw each other neither of them supposed that they would ever be friends.

Yet here they were, on a hot August day, off alone on the edge of the woods, quite lost, and wondering what each would have done without the other.

Fred arrived at the Springs first, with his father and mother, and Katie came a week later, with her aunt and uncle. Buttermilk Springs was a long way off from New York, where Fred lived, and a still longer way from Richmond, where Katie belonged; and as it was a new place for people to go to, there were not very many there that summer. It was wild, too, and rather lonely. The only children, except some babies, were the girl and boy of twelve and thirteen; and when Fred saw Katie getting out of the lumbering old stage that brought passengers from the station ten miles away, he groaned that she was not a boy, and pronounced her in his own mind a fashionable, stuck-up little fine lady.

Miss Dunlap was rather elaborately dressed for traveling, as she was accustomed to be on all occasions, and such a thing as "a print frock," which her aunt was soon advised to let her run about in, was not to be found in her wardrobe. She had an endless amount, however, of beautifully fine white dresses, very simply made, which she always wore during the heat of the day at home, and she had not been long at the Springs before she refused to wear anything else until evening. A shoemaker in the neighborhood had made her a pair of stout boots, in which her little feet seemed almost lost, but they did good service in tramping over the rough roads; and with her golden hair combed to the top of her head, and hanging down behind in a thick looped braid, Katie was, in spite of her queer costume, a fair, dainty-looking little girl, whom most people called pretty.

She was very much indulged by her kind-hearted aunt and uncle, as well as by the old colored "mammy" who had nursed her mother when she was a baby, and she had some rather curious notions in that graceful little head of hers. Fred soon found that she was not "stuck up," although his father and mother declared that she was a perfect little lady; but "stuck up" meant something different from this. She played croquet and lawn-tennis nicely and honorably, never losing her temper, and she was not at all a bad hand at a game of checkers or backgammon on a rainy day.

Katie could tell stories, too, by the hour, out of wonderful books she had read; and she believed so many of these strange things herself that she almost persuaded Fred to believe them too. She would often sit with such a dreamy, far-away look on her face that the boy, who soon began to think it the sweetest little face in the world, sometimes wondered if she were not one of the dryads or nymphs or water-spirits that she was so fond of talking about. It seemed as if she might dissolve into air and float away.

But "mammy's" opinion was somewhat different from this.

"Reckon yo' gwine to stay with us yet awhile, Mis' Katie, eh, eh," she would say. "Don't see no wings a-sproutin' when yo' sets yo' shoulders like *that*!"

She was a bit obstinate, this sweet-faced little Katie, and soft as "her way" was, she always seemed to have it.

Captain Shucks, the landlord of the hotel, was a fat, good-natured man, who seemed to spend most of his time on the broad piazza with his hat tilted over his eyes; but he was awake long enough to tell his young guests wonderful stories of the bears and wolves and rattlesnakes that had been found "off on the mounting" when he first settled at Buttermilk Springs.

"And are there any there now?" Katie would ask, in a startled tone, as she listened eagerly to these exciting adventures.

Fred hoped that there were; but his timid companion always felt relieved when the Captain assured her that the hunters had driven them all away long ago, except, perhaps, a stray one now and then. He advised them, however, to "keep clear of the mounting."

"Though 'tain't no ways likely," he added, with a laugh, "that you'll run across it, seein' it's a good six miles off."

Fred had already invited his father and Katie's uncle to accompany him on a hunting excursion there, but the gentlemen laughingly declined.

The woods near the house were considered perfectly safe, and on this warm August afternoon little Miss Dunlap said to her obedient companion, "Let's go *ever* so far in—further than we ever went before. It looks so good and cool off there."

"It does look good," replied Fred; and away they went, without hats or any preparation for a long stay.

There was a wide path for some distance, with grand chestnut trees, now loaded with small green balls, on each side. Then they took a little foot-path that looked attractive, for a laughing, bubbling brook was running along beside it; but it twisted and turned, leading them on and on, till at last they came to a rough fence, beyond which there was a small open space, and then more trees and woods.

"I'm tired to death," said Katie, as she mounted to the top rail of the fence with Fred's help, and leaned, exhausted, against the trunk of a large white-birch tree. "I can't walk a step more, and—I believe we're *lost*!"

She didn't cry, although she felt like it, for she saw the trouble in Fred's face, and she knew that he would do his very best. Besides, it was her own fault that they had come. Nothing seemed familiar to them, and they could not see a house of any kind in the distance, as



"I CAN'T WALK A STEP MORE. I BELIEVE WE'RE LOST."

Katie sat there, looking off into space, while Fred, leaning on the fence, gazed earnestly in the same direction, trying to think of some way out of their difficulty.

Presently he said, "If we could only get over there to those other woods, and walk around the edge of them a little way, perhaps we should see a house or find our way home."

As soon as Katie felt able to move again they tried it. They did not find any house, but they found plenty of wild blackberries, and, tired and warm as they were, they gladly feasted on the refreshing fruit. The bushes were thicker just within the woods, and the berries more luscious, and the wanderers were drawn from one point to another into the midst of rocks and berries and young trees, until Fred suddenly exclaimed, quite joyfully, "Why, Katie, there must be some people somewhere near us, for lots of berries have been picked here only a little while ago. How they've broken the branches, though, and trampled them down!"

Just then the little girl heard a sort of sniff behind her, and she turned to see a large dark animal on its hind-legs,

apparently making a bow. She stood quite still with fright, and her face was perfectly colorless, while Fred thought at first that she had seen a rattlesnake in the bushes.

But there was more sniffing, and the clanking of a chain, while a half-grown bear put out a paw in a sociable way, as if to shake hands. He was certainly very polite, but poor little Katie was nearly frightened to death, and Fred stood for a moment dazed by the new turn of affairs.

He was a brave boy, however, with a very clear head of his own, and he now reasoned that wild bears do not wear chains around their necks, neither do they bow nor shake hands. This one had, therefore, escaped from some private owner who had taken pains with his education, or possibly from a travelling menagerie; so boldly approaching him, Fred took hold of the chain and led the obedient animal to a strong young tree, where he securely fastened him. The chain was a good long one, and Bruin immediately clambered up the tree, and seated himself in a crotch that was about ten feet from the ground.

Here he looked so funny, as he gazed down at them with his queer little eyes, that Katie, who had felt at first like fainting, began to laugh.

"I suppose he doesn't look much like a hamadryad, if that is the young lady that lives in trees," said Fred, regarding his new possession with a puzzled air; "but you're a plucky girl, Katie."

"And you're a brave boy," was the reply. "But I wonder what will happen next?"

Next, fortunately, they heard the sound of voices, and it was quite time, for the day was near its close. The voices belonged to a party of men who were searching the woods for that very bear, as he was one of the most amusing members of a menagerie just arrived at the nearest town.

The men were very grateful for being saved a longer search, and they gladly took the young lady and gentleman in their wagon to Captain Shuck's, where an excited group of relatives were nearly frantic over their disappearance. Fred's father, however, was rather proud of his boy when he heard the story, while the Captain laughed until he was tired, and said it was the queerest bear-hunt he ever heard of.

"And you went right to the foot of the mounting," said he; "why, you must have walked six miles or more."

Katie's feet showed this by their blistered condition, and she did no more walking for several days, while "mammy," whenever the shoulders seemed to be getting "set," had only to say, "You 'member, chile, that day when you done run away to the woods?"





# LITTLE BO-PEEP. TO TONIE ECKHARDT.

BY S. B. MILLS.

*Allegretto.*

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to  
find them; Leave them a-lone, and they'll come home, And bring their tails be- hind them. Lit-tle Bo-peep fell fast a-sleep, And  
dreamt she heard them beat - ing; When she a - woke, she found it a joke, For still they all were fleet - ing. Then up she took her  
lit - tle crook. De - termined for to find them; She found them indeed, But it made her heart bleed, For they'd left their tails be hind them.

scene particularly interested us, as we live near a lady who lives now in the only house which was saved during that terrible massacre. The marks left by a tomahawk are still to be seen on the banister. "A Heroine of Revolutionary Days" represented Margaret Schuyler in the act of saving her baby sister from the hostile Indians. The next float is the wedding of the same brave girl at General Schuyler's mansion; a lovely feature of this scene was a glittering fountain of silver tinsel. "The Surrender of Burgoyne" depicted General Burgoyne in the act of surrendering his sword to Gates; in the background stood a horse so true to life that many thought it real. As this float passed slowly down the street cheer after cheer rent the air, as the patriotic people thought of the splendid victory and the importance of the event in their country's history. Next to the last was "The Completion of the Erie Canal," a canal-boat, the *Seneca Chief*, just coming through the lock. The last was an emblem called "Past, Present, Future," and cannot be described. One float I do not remember distinctly enough to describe. At midnight (Wednesday) the bells were rung, cannons were fired, and numerous rockets trailed their fiery way far above the city. This was the "ringing in" of the Bicentennial day, the two-hundredth anniversary of Albany's incorporation. At the same time a curious ceremony was being performed in one of the parks. The Knights of Mornus, a secret society, burning blue lights, dressed as giants and masked, battled with appropriate ceremonies the old century; a speech was made, and then the weird company dispersed. The next morning (Thursday) there was a grand military procession, nearly two miles in length. I think, which escorted President Cleveland, Governor Hill, Mayor Thacher, William McElroy (poet), and other distinguished guests to the park, where in the evening a reception was given them.

SMALL FAVORS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ROCKAWAY, N. Y.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Perhaps some of the distant readers of our favorite paper would like to hear of Albany's Bicentennial from a brother and sister who helped to swell the crowd visiting that city during the celebrations. On Sunday, July 15, memorial and historical sermons were preached in the churches. Monday the festivities began, ending Thursday, July 22. We reached our capital city on Wednesday morning. It was beautifully decorated, and presented a very gay and festive appearance as we rode into the depot on cars so packed with eager people that one could scarcely breathe. We passed under two evergreen arches, which were erected on the spots where formerly stood the North and South gates of the city. On the northern arch was the inscription, in old English, "Ye North gate of ye city; Ye greate road to ye Canadas," and on the southern one this, "Ye South gate of ye city; Ye greate road to ye pasture." Historical tablets were scattered over the city, and a loan exhibition of old curiosities attracted many visitors. About 10 a. m., Wednesday, we witnessed a grand parade of civic organizations—firemen, secret societies, Sons of Veterans, and, on foot, beginning, anti-Boer societies. In the afternoon there were races on the river, and, later, a parade of steam-boats. At Washington Park we listened to a lovely concert by a celebrated band. In the evening we saw a procession of sixteen "floats," which was similar to the Mardi Gras processions in the carnival at New Orleans. The first float was an emblem; it represented a white man and an Indian sitting on a highly decorated platform, with the coat of arms of Albany between them. The next was "The Spirit of Discovery," three young ladies sitting on a lovely shell drawn by dolphins covered with glittering scales; the dainty boat was surrounded by blue and silver waves. Following this came "The *Northman*," an ancient vessel of the Viking type, manned by sturdy old Norsemen pulling vigorously at their oars in the blue canvas sea. Then came "Landing of Columbus," a boat moored on the tropical shore; Columbus, with his men, planting the Spanish flag; in the background, highly gilt and silver palms, from behind which Indians peer. Next was "Fort Mifflin," a fort in the background, men trading with the Indians before it. A pretty one was "The Legend of the Catskill," a glitening scene in the background, Rip Van Winkle and the queer little mountain folk in picturesque costumes playing nine-pins, and, as Irving's familiar tale, the rolling of the ball down the mountain. Next, which was echoed back from the tiny cavern. Another float, called "The Duke of York's Charter," represented the granting of James's (Duke of York) Charter by his brother, Charles II. of England. The next was "The Albany Charter"; interior of a log cabin, the charter on a table, and two men conversing. Next was "The Dutch of Old Albany," represented an old Dutch couple seated on the porch, lovers a little distance away, and friendly Indians talking with some Dutchmen. The eleventh float was "The Banquet of Schenectady"; a log cabin in the background, from which flames (Greek fire) issue; several Indians binding their half-dressed victims. This

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL,  
407 WEST TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET,  
NEW YORK CITY.

Distance does not appear to make any difference in the interest you take in the work for the little children at the Hospital. Before me I have a letter from two girls (Edna and Amy West), which came all the way from Colorado, and a short note from a student of the University, which found its way through HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. These girls live in the country, and have plenty of fresh air, and can scarcely realize that they are shut out from the fresh air in a close-bullit city. At this writing we have at St. Mary's-by-the-Sea, Rockaway Beach, about forty children, and the best medical treatment for sick children—not only children who need fresh air, but who require medical treatment besides. They have been at the shore since July 1st, and their health has been wonderfully improved. Their little faces have turned from a milky white hue to a pretty, healthy brown, with just a tinge of red in the cheeks. They never seem to tire of the clean white sand, and each child at starting has her own pall and shovel; but before many days pass the shovel breaks and much to be replaced with a clam shell, and I am not quite certain whether the shell does not give more pleasure than the shovel. It is interesting to watch the different ones, and the variety of ples and things which can be made from the pretty sand.

This year they are also taking great pleasure in a dog and cat which have become part of the family at the beach. Some of the children at first shrink back from the dog Frolic, but it does not take long to inspire them with confidence, and they are now so friendly that they will come accustomed to her rubbing herself against them, and bringing them the ball which she so skillfully fetches and fetches back again for them to throw. The pussy, of course, is more demure, and while all will take to her for her gentleness, yet she does not give them the good pleasure which Frolic does by her occasional clumsiness.

The number of children that we can accommodate is, of course, small compared to the number at present in the Hospital. I am like this, and for this reason we have to confine our work to the really sick Hospital children. Should we could have a larger number, it would be a great number, it will give us much pleasure to do so.

You will be interested to hear something of the little occupant of Harper's Young People's Cottage at present. He is a little German boy, who mixes his German and English in a delightfully funny way. All the answer necessary to him is to say "Yes, yes," and he is glad to you for quite a long time with his two or three words of English and many more of German, while at times his big brown eyes seem almost ready to start out of his head. He is a great deal in what he is talking to you about. His name is Oscar Berg, and he is fond of many playthings. He is very interesting, and his little German words generally in English, put them all apart—I suppose to find out how to put them together again.

I want to tell you about the many beautiful flowers which have been in bloom here since during the spring and summer from readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE: flowers of all kinds, some highly cultivated, and of most delicate per-

fume and colors, which tell at once of the care that has been given to their cultivation, and also the pleasure which they have given to the "carers" of them: roses, roses of all kinds, and what more beautiful than a rose? Then come the lovely wild flowers—God's own work—and can we imagine anything more delicate and chaste than these? They are scattered over the beautiful cool woods and the green grass, which are so resting and refreshing both to eyes and mind. How can the little children be anything but grateful to their mother, who has been so thoughtful for them, and give them glimpses, by these pretty flowers, into the beautiful things of this world, which they are unable to see in their own homes, and can call their homes have not the slightest idea! But before I stop talking about the flowers, I must tell you of one of the "home" flowers which have been at the wedding, and seeing so many beautiful flowers, asked if he might not take some of them to the little sick children. Consent was gladly given, and he brought the flowers himself to the Hospital, and gave much pleasure to the little ones by his gift and thoughtfulness. I could tell you much more that would interest you, both about the children and flowers, but must not make my letter too lengthy for fear of tiring some of the little folks.

We hear good accounts of the little ones at Rockaway, and hope by the latter part of September to have them back at the Hospital looking and feeling well and strong; but they are obliged to go back to their own homes, and in nearly all cases, I think, it is with a feeling of regret that we are compelled to part with them.

This letter, written by a lady who withholds her name, was sent to the Postmistress by sister Catharine; and the children will, I am sure, be very glad to read it, and to hear of the dear little boy in Harper's Young People's Cot.

Some time ago I saw a letter in the Post-office Box from a kitty-cat, and was very much pleased with it, though, as a rule, I don't like cats. My mistress has suggested that perhaps you would like to get one from me.

My name is Solomon Grundle, and I've heard my mistress say I'm as handsome as a puppy as she ever saw. Say, I'm consoled too. I don't know just what that means; no doubt it's a compliment.

My brother, Gaily and I have a very good time. We're out in the country. We chase rabbits and hunt for bears—although we've never found any yet—and tease the cats, and accompany our master and mistress to the city.

There are three cats living here; their names are Dido, Maria, and Gaily. Dido is a city kitten, and wears blue ribbons. Mistress says she is pretty, but I think she is dreadfully stuck up, for every time I come where she is, she humps up her back and says, "S-k-i-t-z! s-k-i-t-z! get away, you horrid cat!"

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is very nice, I think. I have often seen pictures of dogs in it, which I admired very much. Some of the prettiest looked a good deal like me. **SOLOMON GRUNDLE.**  
P. S.—My mistress subscribes to your paper.

CONEMOUGH LAKE, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We are two cousins, spending the summer in the mountains by Lake Conemough. This lake is owned by the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, at Pittsburgh. The lake is artificial, but is said to be more beautiful than Lake Geneva or any of the Scottish lakes. It is about thirty miles long, and is about half wide, and has a dam eighty feet high. There are three large sail-boats, many small ones, and more fine boats than on any other lake in the United States. On the banks of the lake are many cottages. The only drawback in living here is, we get HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a day before we get it in Albany, which is our winter home. Although well acquainted with you for many years, we have never written you a letter, so we hope to see this one in print.

MARGORY AND ALLIE.

ROSE HILL COTTAGE, BOWEN.

My brother and I take in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and enjoy looking at it very much, and like reading "The Lost City," "Rolf House," and the Post-office Box. Please print my letter, and send it to me. I will see it in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Good-by.

LILIAN N.

OSWEGO, MARION COUNTY, NEW YORK.

I live in the country, one and a half miles from Oswego, and I have a very good view of the village from our veranda, and we have a small telescope with which we can see for miles. Most of the children tell of their pets. Mine is a cat named I suppose I should call her "Miss Helen," who is nearly seven months old, and whom we all think is the nicest baby that ever was. Do you like her name? I do not go to school now,

nor have I been since a year ago. I have been sick with pleura-pneumonia, and am not well enough to go. I have taken music lessons, but I don't like it, and I love music dearly, and so some time I mean to be a good music teacher, and enjoy reading nearly as well as anything. I have read a great many books. I am now reading *History of England*, in which I am greatly interested.

ALLIE M. C.

COURT, NEW YORK.

I am thirteen years of age. I have two brothers and one sister. I like best corresponding with Miriam H., and find her very interesting. I received a letter from her to-day, also a photograph of herself. I have taken Harper's Young People for two years. I like it very much. My brother Allen, aged fourteen, had two doves and a tame rabbit. My younger brother, Frank, aged eight, has a pet dog named Gyp, that follows him all over; you hardly ever see one without the other.

HELEN V.

FALLING WATER, GEORGIA.

I live in Atlanta, Georgia, but my mother comes here some time and spends some time when the weather is hot. I like it too. There are three hills in the river. I am taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it, and say my lessons better since I have had it for it is so interesting and I can always have it. I like "St. Christopher," "Uncle Jacob," and about the "Ogre" best. I should be seven years of age on November 1. I had a tiny dog given me, but a wagon ran over it and killed him.

WILLIAM LOWRY P.

ARDREDALE, DUX, NEAR SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I want to thank all my dear American cousins who so kindly wrote to me as I asked them. I received many letters, and of course I cannot possibly correspond with over thirty girls; but I thank them all very much indeed, and I will try and answer as many as I can among the next issue of my own age. Your paper is the most delightful one I ever read; you do not know how pleased I am it was published in England. I have been in my last letter that I lived in a pretty village in North Derbyshire. Castletown is not far from here, where the Peavils lived. I suppose you have read *Perceval of the Peak*, by Sir Walter Scott. Mother and father drove there one day, but I have never been. The front of our house faces the Derbyshire hills, and we often go for long walks on to the moors. We are having our summer holidays now, and our governess will not come back for six weeks. As I have corresponded with America, I should be glad if some girl in Europe would write to me as well as sixteen, as that is my age. I hope my letter will be printed, as I want all the girls who wrote to me to see it. I send my love to them all; and I must thank Daisy V. for the pretty flower she sent me, and also Louise M. for the papers I will write to them as soon as I can. I must say good-by, dear Postmistress. From one of your loving readers of the Post-office Box,

JESSIE E.

TOWNTOWN, CLARFORD COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I wish to tell Bertie Roller, through the Post-office Box, that I was very ill at the time his letter arrived—too ill to write letters or understand them when read to me. His letters were very entertaining, and I enjoyed receiving them very much. I wish to not know his address, or I would write to him. Lovingly, HARRY FAY.

VICARBURG, ST. MARGARET'S, IRLAND.

I am a little girl ten years old, and live at liket. I do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but my cousin does, and she lives with me. I have not been very well lately, and could not go to school, and did not know what to do; but I so enjoyed reading Harper's Young People, that I have a little sister named Olive (she is seven years old) and a brother, Eric (fifteen). I have a dog, and my sister has a cat, Topsy. The moors are so beautiful. I wish you could see them—don't you? This is the first letter I have written, and I hope that it will be printed. I sometimes make up poetry.

WINIFREDE D.

I would like to see your poetry, dear.

CATFORD HOUSE, CATFORD BRIDGE, KEV, ENGLAND.

I write to tell you that we have left Hammer-smith, and have come to live here. It is a very nice place, with a large house standing in beautiful grounds, large forest trees and shrubs, and flowers of different kinds, and nice lawns. In the kitchen-garden, which is surrounded by splendid vines growing in them, fall many kinds of grapes, which will soon be ripe. In the garden there are various kinds of vegetables, such as cabbages, radishes, and turnips, and various parsnips, strawberries, currants, and various fruit trees. We have also a large field and playground in a wood, in which we are allowed to climb if we do not rob the nests. We are also to

have a pond for gold and silver fish in the field, and which will have some water-lilies growing in it. We are to have a few sheep in the field soon, to eat the grass. My companion and I are to wear white if it is needed, for which we will get an allowance of fourteen pence for every boxful at the end of the week, which gives us each about one shilling besides our usual allowance every Saturday. I forgot to mention that we have a poultry-yard and hen-house near the stable-yard and coach-house.

CHARLIE H. H.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

I began taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in 1882, and have three volumes bound. I am very much interested in "False Witness" and am going to begin taking cooking lessons next Friday with my friend Isa B. We have already started a new school, and I go to the new school at the Academy, and expect to sit together when we begin school again. I should like very much to have a correspondence with a California girl who signed her name "Maud W."

BESSIE LIVINGSTON.

# GRANDMOTHER'S PARTY.

BY VELLIE V. BENSON.

My grandmother gave me a party. It was in "False Witness" and I am going to Each guest wore a long gingham apron. And carried a dust-pan and broom.

She taught us to march just like soldiers; We had to stand up very straight, And "prudent arms" the moment she said so (Our bullets were cakes, which we ate).

We cooked our own supper together; It was candy with nut-meat stirred in. And cookies cut out with a thimble. All pricked round the top with a pin.

Then sweet Katie Grey cracked the chestnuts (There were lots of the meats piled up high); We had a hot apple turnover (I like them much better than mince pie).

Oh, the games we all played I can't mention! There were more than a dozen I guess; And none of us had any mishap. Except Nellie Brown tore her dress.

My grandma can tell such nice stories (They're nicer than any you read), How she and I were lost in the swamp-pit. And they found her by seeing her dress.

She was naughty once, when she was little, She cut off her hair just for spite; And then there was company at dinner: Oh, didn't she look like a fright!

She used to lie down by the fireplace, And once her dress got all on fire; Then once, when she crossed the swamp pasture, She sank to her knees in the mire.

Yes, we had a nice time at the party—At least I know I had, for one. The others said nothing about it. I 'spos they went home when 'twas done.

Yes, I 'spos—well, you see, I was sleepy, I sat in the corner of the chair, I shut my eyes, 'cause they were tired. And when I woke there was nobody there.

Jack thought he would tease me next morning. But grandma just said, "Never mind." She's a darling to give me that party. And she's always so pleasant and kind.

LOVELAND, COLORADO.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

My brother has a canary, but I have no pets. We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and I look eagerly for every issue. I am very much interested in "False Witness"; I hope it will end nicely. The next letter I will tell you about an entertainment we had here for our church.

C. S.

CLARKEVILLE, MISSOURI.

My home used to be in Olney, Illinois, but last fall my papa moved to Florida. I have a little sister seven years old; we have gay times fishing and playing on the beach; we go over to the island and gather shells; we have fun going in bathing. A boy down here killed an alligator ten feet long. I have a meeking bird and some pet chickens. There is a fish in the bay called the tarpon; it is very large, and is sometimes called the silver-fish; the scales are used to make fish-scale flowers, and the fish is caught by spear-  
GRACE L. C.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, but I have not been writing. I have bought it weekly instead of subscribing. I like "Nan" and "Rolf House" ever so much. I think "False Witness" is splendid, too. I should like to correspond with a girl who

signed herself "Cad." I hope this letter will be published, as it is the first I have written to you.

ISA BELL.

Care of C. E. Walbridge, Buffalo, New York.

LEMON, TENNESSEE.

I am a little girl twelve years of age. My papa takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us. I like it very much, the continued stories especially, and like "Rolf House" and "Jo's Opportunity" best of all. I live in the mountains, and have five brothers and four sisters. I have a squirrel, a squirrel-hawk, and a little black cat named George. I am great fun to see the squirrels turn their wheels. I go to school and study geography, reading, arithmetic, grammar, and spelling. I can play the piano by note. I hope to see my letter in print, as I wrote once before, and it was not published.

HELEN H.

SHOAN, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, NEW YORK.

We are cousins, aged twelve and thirteen. We have taken this lovely paper ever since it has been published, and haven't written a letter yet. We are spending our vacation in the Catskills, and we hope this letter will be published, for our friends at home don't know anything about it. We are spending our vacation in the Catskills, and we hope this letter will be published, for our friends at home don't know anything about it. We are spending our vacation in the Catskills, and we hope this letter will be published, for our friends at home don't know anything about it.

SADIE AND EMMA.

WEST HAMPTON, NEW YORK.

I am a boy fourteen years old. I had taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE before; I have begun to take it again. I like the stories "False Witness" and "A Nautical Experiment." Besides HARPER'S, I take the *Youth's Companion*. I like both. The school year is over several weeks ago. I study grammar, geography, writing, and arithmetic. We live about three miles from the beach, and there is a very nice school down there. My father is a minister. I have a cat and eight young chickens. We have quite a number of fowls. I must close now.

UEL G.

If Hattie W. L., whose letter lately appeared in the Post-office Box, will send her full address to the President of G. A. C., No. 33 Clark Street, New Haven, Connecticut, she will receive two very pretty holders, and perhaps some useful hints to help the mission band in their work of charity.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS

No. 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 12 letters.  
My 1, 2, 5 is distant.  
My 5, 6, 9, 7 is a benefit to all.  
My 9, 5, 12, 3 is very valuable.  
My 1, 12, 4, 2 is a seat.  
My 8, 2, 5 is a conference.  
My 4, 5, 2, 7, 11 is a piece of money.  
My 10, 12, 2, 5 is to rise.  
My 12, 7 is a preposition.

ELMA WOOD.

No. 2.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. An instrument. 3. The goddess of beauty. 4. A fruit. 5. A letter.

MARGARET GWENDOLINE O'BRIEN.

No. 3.

REMEMBRANCE.

1. A word meaning to blossom—behead, and leave a word meaning to let down. 2. A word meaning flesh—behead, and find a word meaning to take merriment. 3. A word meaning at first—behead, and find a word meaning ahead. 4. A word meaning a piece of furniture—behead, and get a word meaning can. 5. A word meaning autumn—behead, and get a word meaning everything.

A. ADELAIDE JOHNSON.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 336

No. 1.—Fish-hook. Birthday. Primrose.

No. 2.—Fire.

No. 3.—Admirals. Scott.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Paul and Virginia, Anna Lagergren, W. S. Collins, Solange Knepper, Dick Elm, Odell Lytle, Cecily H. Arnold, Emma L., and Robert H. May. Anna Boone, H. M. Rochester, Carl Färsténberg, J. Gus Bolander, Jun., Emma W. Gleason, and S. Adele Morand.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]





THE VERY THING.

DICK. "Say, Tom, how's that head for a base-ball?"  
TOM (with enthusiasm). "Immense! I'd make a home run on it every time."

## DITTY-BAG STORIES.

BY HOPE HOWARD.

**E**VERY petty officer and sailor in the American navy owns a ditty-bag. In it he keeps his needles and thread, his tapes and buttons, for repairs, and, above all, his treasures; his precious home letters also, and the pretty trifles he has picked up for his loved ones as he roams the boundless sea.

The name of ditty-bag comes from Dittis cloth, a Manchester stuff of which it was originally made. Until within two years each sailor provided his own ditty-bag. Since that time the

many sailors to all forward what they call a ditty-bag, which is divided into compartments to hold the haberdashery, and having a little mirror in the inner part of the lid.

The first time I ever heard of a ditty-bag was in connection with the antics of a mischievous monkey on board a man-of-war. A sailor lad was one afternoon sewing some buttons on his jacket, his ditty-bag lying beside him, crowded with its many treasures. The monkey seized it and ran, the lad giving instant chase. After dodging him at every turn, the monkey sprang out upon the bowsprit, and running to the extreme end, began beating the bag upon it, to the destruction of everything breakable within. Then fixing his eye upon the sailor with an expression of grinning defiance, he took the bag by the two corners at the bottom, after well loosening the string, and deliberately shook all the contents into the sea.

That is my first ditty-bag story. Here is another:

THE LIEUTENANT-COM-MANDER'S STORY.

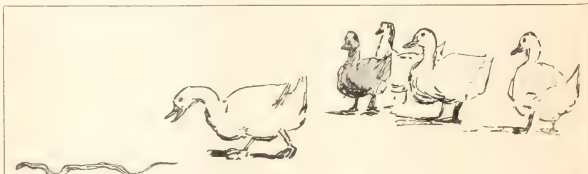
I was stationed on one of the school-ships of our navy, which had been on

its summer cruise to the tropics. Among the many pets which had been collected by the ship's company was a monkey so intelligent and brimful of pranks that he supplied amusement for every day and hour. He was especially fond of the surgeon, and followed him on his round at the hospital, and was frequently with him in his office.

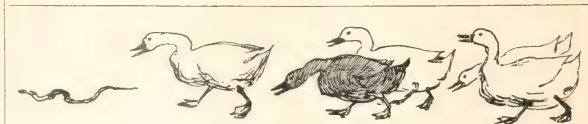
One day an officer, in a friendly bout with a brother officer, rolled up a newspaper he was reading, and threw it at him. He missed aim, and the ball of paper hit a drum, which sent forth a "boom!" very loud and startling. The monkey was standing near the drum, but not in contact with it. The ball of paper had not come near him, but he was very much frightened at the boom, and thought he had been hit.

He began, in an agitated, trembling manner, to examine himself—felt of his arms and legs, muttered, and blinked his eyes, took up his tail and scanned it, passed his hands about his shoulders, across his neck, over his head; then he passed each toe under inspection, and again beginning at his arm, finally settled on his left elbow as the seat of the injury.

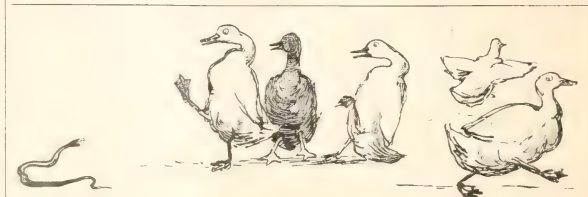
As soon as he convinced himself, by sundry jabberings and arguments with himself, that he had located the mischief done him, he took the elbow in his right hand, and hurrying up to the doctor, he began chattering in mournful tones, rocking himself to and fro, tending his elbow as if it were a greatly afflicted member, and telling the doctor a long and earnest tale about his misfortune. The doctor leaned over and felt of the elbow, patting it, and expressing great pity. But this would not satisfy Jocko. He went toward the doctor's office, looking back, and chattering for him to follow. Finally the doctor followed, and having rubbed the elbow with some preparation, Jocko became very comfortable, and jabbered his thanks as plainly as if it had been in the Queen's English.



THE ENEMY DISCOVERED



FOLLOWING UP THE RETREAT.



A CHANGE OF BASE.

HARPER'S  
YOUNG PEOPLE  
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. VII.—NO. 360.

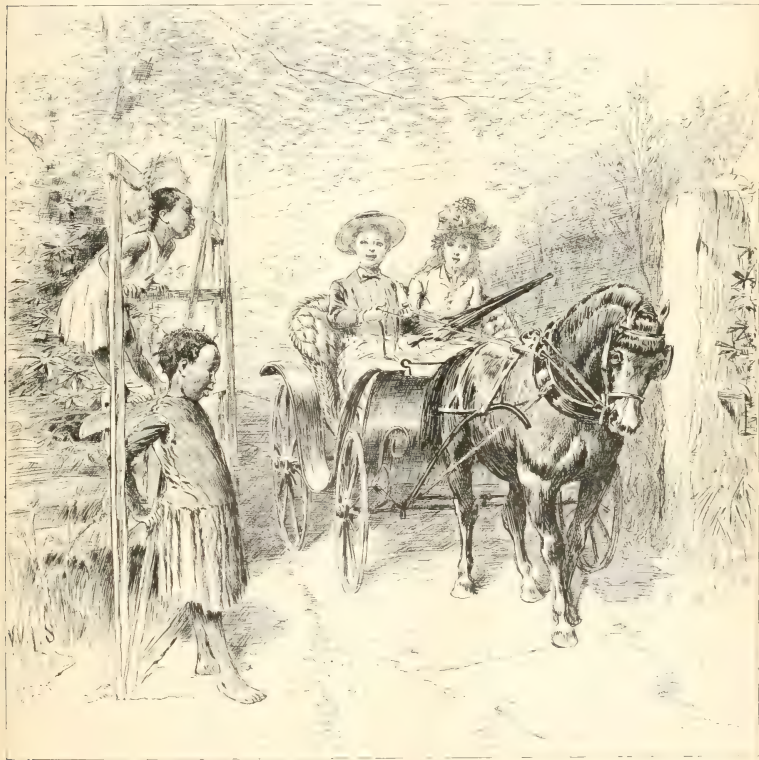
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PLEASURE AND POLITENESS.

## STOCK, LOCK, AND BARREL.

## A TALK ABOUT GUNS AND SHOOTING.

BY FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE.

## Part XX.

IN a dingy little shop the following morning Mr. Theron sat perched upon a pile of box gun-cases, listening to the aproned old gunsmith laying down the law.

"It's just as important that a boy should have a safe gun as a man," said he; "it must be well made to be safe and to execute well. The market now is flooded with cheap clap-trap guns which are dangerous to use, and from their low price have fallen into the hands of exactly the class that is most unfit to be trusted with fire-arms. The cheap breech-loaders made for boys are carelessly put together, rough, heavy affairs, and unsafe for boys to carry and awkward for them to use. Though some boys learn to shoot well with them, yet a boy should be given a practical gun—one that will kill when properly held, and with nothing of the toy character about it.

"It should be a single-barrel breech-loader—length of barrel about twenty-eight inches, weight from five and a half to six pounds—and be of No. 12 gauge. It is far more easy to get shells to fit this size bore anywhere in this country than any other. They can be loaded with two and a half to two and three-quarter drams of black powder and an ounce of shot. Providing the powder is good, this charge will be sufficient to kill any bird a boy is likely to come across. The gun should have a double grip action, which can be tightened as occasion requires, and the locks should be those that can half-cock. The spring snap action for opening and shutting a gun is liable to get out of order, as also are rebounding locks; yet if the spring action is preferred, the gun should close with a leathery sound, for the sharp snapping of any spring-action closing device is but the announcement of a heavy friction, and consequent wear and tear.

"Unless, too, the locks on the rebounding principle are of the best workmanship, they are unsafe. It is much better that a boy's gun should be made with as few springs as possible, as there is less likelihood of its getting out of order. Let him have a gun with locks on the old-fashioned half-cock principle, and teach him to carry his gun, when loaded, at half-cock, which is the only safe way. The gun should balance well, and be free from ornamentation. The stocks in all boys' ready-made guns are much too long, which prevents the gun from being quickly brought to the shoulder. The length of stock from butt to the trigger, when the lock is at full cock, should depend entirely upon the length of the boy's arms for whom the gun is intended. It is an easy matter, as the boy grows larger, to lengthen the stock. Such a gun as I have described will, with average usage, last for a great many years, and will always be worth preserving as a family relic."

Mr. Theron, before leaving, gave the order for a couple of guns; and one day in the early part of September the expressman delivered at Mrs. Exham's cottage a large wooden box, which contained the guns in their leather cases, with a complete outfit of cleaning and loading implements, and a goodly store of cartridge shells and ammunition.

It was with great pleasure that Mr. Theron instructed Bill and Carson in the art of loading the first batch of cartridges, cautioning them at the start to always protect the cap by placing the brass end of the shell in the stand made for the purpose, when forcing down the wads upon the powder and shot, and also teaching them the required pressure necessary to properly ram the cartridges. When this was done, he illustrated to them the different ways of holding and carrying a gun.

"Remember one thing above all others, boys," he said; "never under any circumstances point a gun, whether it

is loaded or not, in the direction of a living being; and when you are not cleaning your guns, never fool with the hammers or triggers. Thousands of guns have been accidentally discharged in this way, and thousands of good fellows shot, and thousands more have had most lucky escapes. When there is no game about, carry your guns on either shoulder, the hand being free of the trigger guard, with the butt well down, so that the barrel will point in the air above your head. Carrying a gun in a balanced position on your shoulder is a dangerous affair; it is not only liable to slip as the hand relaxes its grip, but the barrel points out behind parallel with the ground, and covers objects you cannot possibly see.

"When there are indications that birds are not far distant, as you are both right-handed, you can carry the gun in the hollow of your left arm, and your right hand grasping the stock back of the trigger guard. When you are approaching game, the gun can be carried in front of you, with the barrel pointed upward. Never trail a gun, as it is liable to catch in objects and swing wildly about.

"Remember, also, to always withdraw your cartridge before getting over or under a fence, into a wagon or boat. A loaded gun in either a wagon or boat is a very dangerous thing. If, however, you are shooting out of a wagon, the gun should be held (not rested) in front of you, with the barrel pointed upward. If shooting out of a boat or blind, the guns should always be pointed the same way, whether they are held in the hand or rested in front of you. You must not, on any occasion, both shoot at the same time out of a boat that is not stationary. In fact, boys, I advise you to let shooting out of a moving boat, when together, severely alone.

"Never stand your gun up against the trunk of a tree or the side of a building, lest it fall down and be discharged or broken. When taking a rest, place your gun in a position from which it cannot fall. Never pick your gun up by the barrel or drag it to you in this way. There are a dozen men shot every week by doing this. Always make it a practice to lift your gun by grasping the narrow part of the stock just back of the trigger guard. Learn from the beginning to follow these simple instructions, and you will not shoot yourself with a breech-loader, nor any of your companions. I warn you, however, never to go out shooting with a crowd, whether you be a boy or man. Two persons are enough to have loaded guns in one place. The third person is always shooting some one or getting shot."

That afternoon Mr. Theron took the boys out on the meadows, where there were a number of sand-pipers and other small bay-snipe. He taught them how to take aim at sitting objects, and, by aiming at the lower part of the body of a single bird on the ground, not to overshoot it. By holding the left hand well forward of the trigger guard he showed them how the gun could be steadied and held firmly against the shoulder. The boys were also quick to learn that the gun should be instantly discharged as soon as the object of aim was covered. For some time the boys were kept out of shot of each other, until they became accustomed to handling their guns and proved to Mr. Theron's satisfaction that his instructions were closely followed. Then they were allowed to go off shooting together, and soon learned to estimate the proper range to shoot—which can only be picked up by experience—and to become good sitting shots.

"How long do you think it will be before we learn to shoot flying?" asked Carson of Mr. Theron one afternoon. "We had several flocks of yellow-legs pass us to-day, and none of them would alight. It was dreadfully provoking."

"Yes, I whistled one flock right over my head," chimed in Bill.

"You missed them, eh?" asked Mr. Theron.



"No, we didn't, because we knew it was of no use to shoot," replied Carson.

"Well, young gentlemen," said Mr. Theron, "how do you expect to get the birds unless you shoot at them? You will never learn to kill birds on the wing until you bang away whenever you get a chance. While reading and writing can be taught by books and a school-master, shooting birds flying must for the most part be picked up by yourselves. Here, Carson, stand in front of me, and when I count three, put your gun up and as quickly as possible cover the martin-box on the top of the arbor."

Mr. Theron counted, and stooping down, sighted the box along the barrel as Carson brought the gun to his shoulder.

"Well done!" he exclaimed; "well done, my boy. If your gun had been loaded, and you had drawn the trigger as the butt pressed against your shoulder, you would have blown the Martin family to smithereens. Always keep both eyes open and look steadily at the flying bird you wish to shoot; at the same moment raise your gun, and the instant the butt touches your shoulder—shoot. Practice will make the eyes and hands act mechanically with one accord. I advise you to learn to shoot flying with both eyes open, because you can see more with two eyes than with one. I have sometimes seen gentlemen shut both eyes when they shot, but I never saw them hit anything. If the gun 'fits' the shooter, there will be little trouble in his covering a bird flying away from him if he does as I say. There is a knack to be acquired in pulling the trigger at exactly the right moment. Practice and some thought on the subject will teach this. Birds, however, that are crossing you cannot, unless very close to you, be killed at point-blank aim. Allowance must be made for the rapidity of their flight and the distance which they are from the gun. At first, boys, you will invariably shoot behind crossing birds. You will aim at the head bird in a flock, and see, to your great astonishment, the last bird drop out. There is no better way to learn the range of a bird flying past you and to shoot on the wing than by standing by the edge of a pond and shooting at every bird within range that crosses its surface. You will see every time where the shot strikes the water, and this will tell you whether you are shooting over or under, behind or in front of, every bird. When you don't kill, you will at once see where your aim was at fault, and when a similar shot presents itself, try and correct your mistake.

"A great many persons say, when they miss, 'Oh! that bird was too far off.' Now it is just as bad sportsmanship to shoot at a bird out of range as it is to miss one. As looking across water is deceptive to the unaccustomed eye, stick up a piece of brush in the pond twenty yards from the shore, and another ten yards further off, and shoot at all the birds that fly between or over the two bits of brush. Your guns will scatter the charge properly at this distance, and if you miss, you will know it is not the gun's or the bird's fault, but your own. You can practise putting up your gun on objects in your room as well as out-of-doors, and by doing so frequently you will soon find that your point-blank aim is becoming correct."

It was only a few days after this that Bill came running home from the beach early one morning, and, while still a long way off, waving a diminutive sand-snipe to his mamma, who was on the piazza. It was his first bird shot on the wing, and never was a boy more highly elated or a bird more thought of. After this, almost every day the boys brought home birds that they had shot flying, until at last the killing of snipe on the wing or the picking off a plump quail as the bevy rose from the stubble was no longer a novelty to Mr. Theron's young friends Bill and Carson.

## THE FLAMINGO FEATHER.\*

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "WAKULLA," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE ESCAPE OF HAS-SE AND RENÉ.

THIS speech from his uncle both pleased and troubled René. He was glad to learn that it was deemed advisable for some one from the fort to visit the land of the Alachuas, and troubled to find that if he went with Has-se, he must do so without permission from his uncle. Nevertheless he felt certain that he, being Has-se's friend, and also regarded by the Indians as the son of the great chief of the white men, could undertake the mission with a greater chance of safety and success than any one else. He would have urged this view of the case upon his uncle's attention, but feared that speaking of the subject a second time would only result in his being absolutely forbidden to leave the fort on any pretence. The lad felt himself to be truly a man, now that he was nearly seventeen years old, and like all manly, high-spirited boys of his age, he was most anxious to enter upon any adventure that promised novelty and excitement.

René's appearance at this time was very different from that of the boy who, less than a year before, had left the old château of his fathers with tear-stained cheeks. His long curls had fallen under the shears, and his closely cropped hair showed to advantage his well-formed head. He was tall for his age, his muscles had hardened with constant exercise, and his face, neck, and hands were tanned to a ruddy brown by the hot suns, beneath which he had spent so many months. His brown eyes held a merry twinkle, but at the same time there was an expression of pride and fixed purpose in his face that well became it.

At this time he wore a small plumed cap, a leathern jacket, knee-breeches, stockings of stout yarn, and short boots, the legs of which fitted closely to his ankles. Simon the armorer had made for him a light steel corselet that he wore over his leathern jacket whenever he went beyond the walls of the fort. Upon all such excursions he was armed with his well-tried cross-bow (for which he carried a score of steel-tipped bolts) and a small but keen-edged dagger that hung at his belt.

After considering Has-se's proposal all the morning, René finally decided to accept it, and, without notifying any person in the fort of his intention, to accompany the young Indian to the land of the Alachuas.

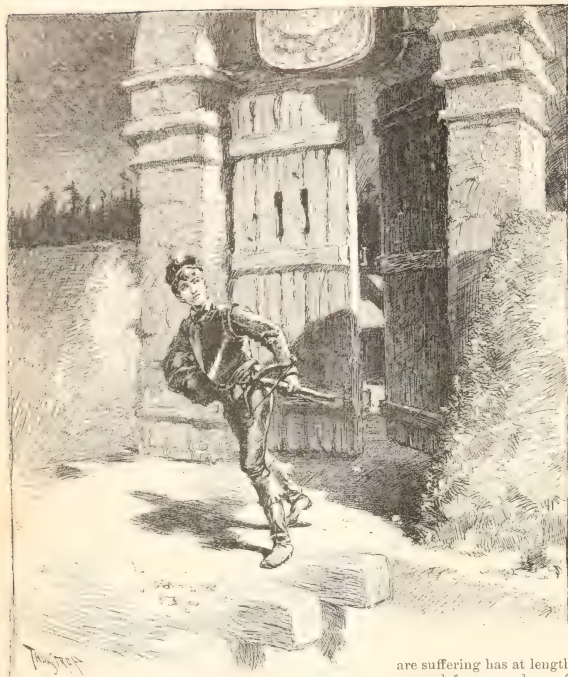
In accordance with this plan, he gathered together a number of trinkets, such as he knew would be acceptable to the Indians, and during the afternoon he conveyed these to the forest beyond the fort, where he bound them into a compact package and carefully hid them.

René could not account, more than the others, for Has-se's disappearance, nor imagine how his escape had been effected; but he felt certain that the young Indian would be true to his word, and await his coming at the appointed place of meeting when the moon rose above the pine-tree tops.

As it would not rise until nearly ten o'clock that evening, and as his uncle retired early on account of his indisposition, René was able to bid him an affectionate good-night and receive his customary blessing without arousing any suspicion of his intended departure in the breast of the old soldier.

Leaving his own quarters about nine o'clock, with his cross-bow over his shoulder, René walked with an unconcerned air, but with a beating heart, directly to the main

\* Begun in No. 356, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"RENÉ SLIPPED QUICKLY THROUGH THE GATE."

gate of the fort, at which he was challenged by the sentinel on duty there. René gave the countersign, and was recognized by the soldier, who, however, firmly refused to allow him to pass.

Thus turned back at the very outset of his adventure, René knew not what to do. Should he attempt to scale the walls, he might be shot while so doing, and at any rate there was the most beyond, which he could not possibly cross without detection.

While he was thus overcome by the difficulties of his position, and as he had about concluded that he had undertaken an impossibility, he was startled by the deep tones of the great bell that hung in the archway of the gate striking the hour of ten o'clock. Directly afterward came the measured tramp of the guard and the clank of their weapons as they made their round for the purpose of relieving the sentinels on duty and replacing them with fresh men. René sat so near the gateway that he could overhear what was said when that post was relieved, and distinguishing the voice of his old friend Simon the armorer, he became convinced that he had been placed on duty at this most important point.

After relieving this post the guard resumed their march, and passed so close to where René sat in the shadow of the great gun that, had the night been a shade lighter,

they must have seen him. As it was, he escaped detection, and once more breathed freely as their footsteps sounded fainter and fainter in the distance. After a while he heard them return along the opposite side of the fort, and finally halt in front of the guard-house, when silence again reigned throughout the entire enclosure.

As René still sat on the gun-carriage, thinking how he might turn to account the fact of his friend Simon being on duty at the main gateway, the sound of a groan came from that direction. As it was repeated, the lad sprang to his feet, and walked quietly but rapidly toward the place whence it came. When near the gateway he laid down his cross-bow, and advanced until brought to a halt by a sharp challenge in the gruff voice of old Simon.

René gave the countersign, and added, "It is I, René de Veaux, good Simon. Hearing thy groans, I came to learn their cause. What distresses thee so grievously?"

"Ah! Master De Veaux," answered the old soldier, "I fear me greatly that the fever of the bones with which so many of our men

are suffering has at length laid hold on me. I have been warned for some days of its approach, and only a few hours since obtained from good Master Le Moyne physic which, if taken at the outset, prevents much pain. I left it in the smithy near the forge, not deeming the attack so near, but the chill of the night air hath hastened it, and already am I suffering the torments of the rack. Tell me, lad, wilt thou fetch me the phial from the smithy, that I may test the virtue of its contents?"

"Not so, good Simon," answered René, whose thoughts had been busy while the old soldier told of his troubles. "I will gladly aid thee, but am convinced that it can better be done in another way. Go thou for the physic, for thou canst more readily place hands upon it than I, and at the same time apparel thyself in garments thicker and more suited to the chill of the night than those thou wearst. I will stand watch until thy return, and pledge thee my word that none shall pass."

All his soldier's training forbade Simon to accept this offer, and the struggle in his mind between duty on the one side and his sufferings on the other was long and pitiful.

Finally pain conquered, and with a gruff "Well, well, Master René, I must e'en take thy advice, and obtain speedy release from this pain, or else be found here dead ere the post be relieved. Keep thou open keen eyes and ears, and I pray that no harm may come of this my first neglect of duty in all the years that I have served the King."

As soon as Simon was out of hearing, René went and recovered his cross-bow. Then he carefully and noiselessly undid the fastenings of the gate, and swung it

open a few inches. This accomplished, he shouldered Simon's heavy pike, and patiently paced, like a sentry, up and down beneath the dark archway, until he heard approaching footsteps.

He called softly, "Is that thou, Simon?"

"Ay, lad," came the answer.

Then laying down the pike, and seizing his own cross-bow, René slipped quickly through the gate, and with noiseless footsteps fled swiftly across the bridge that spanned the moat, and disappeared in the black shadows of the forest beyond.

Although the moon had risen, and was now well up in the eastern sky, so that the bridge was brightly illumined by it, René crossed unnoticed. The gate swung to noiselessly behind him, and Simon failed to detect that it had been opened; indeed, the old man spent some minutes looking for the lad in the archway before he became convinced that he was gone. Even then he considered that René was only endeavoring to tease him by thus slipping away, and muttering something about a boy being as full of mischief as a monkey, the soldier shouldered his pike, and once more resumed his measured paces up and down the archway.

At the edge of the forest René stopped, drew from his bosom a note that he had written before leaving his room, and thrust it into the end of a cleft branch that he stuck into the ground near the end of the bridge. It was addressed to his Excellency the Chevalier Laudonniere, Commandant of Fort Caroline, and its contents were as follows:

"MY DEARLY BELOVED UNCLE,—Doubtless I am doing very wrong in thus leaving the fort and undertaking an important mission without thy sanction. It would seem, however, that circumstances are peculiarly favorable to my success in this matter, and I feared lest thou wouldst forbid the undertaking out of a tender regard for my youth and inexperience. I go with the Indian lad Hasse, my friend, to the land of the Alachuas on a quest for provisions for the fort. In case of my success I will return again at the end of a month or shortly thereafter. If I fail, and return no more, I still crave thy blessing, and to be remembered without abatement of the love thou hast ever extended to me. No person within the fort has aided me in this matter, nor has any one of thy garrison knowledge of my departure.

"I remain, dear uncle, with sincerest respect and deepest love, thy nephew  
RÉNÉ DE VEAUX."

Having thus taken measures to inform his uncle of his departure and the mission on which he had set forth, René tightened his belt, shouldered his cross-bow, and turned into the dark pine forest. He made his way swiftly down the river-bank toward the appointed place of meeting, where he hoped to find Hasse still waiting for him, though it was already past the hour that the latter had mentioned. On the way he stopped and recovered the package of trinkets that he had hidden in the forest that afternoon.

As he neared the little stream on the bank of which the Indian lad had promised to await his coming, he uttered the cry of Hup-pe the great owl, which was the signal Hasse had taught him. To his joy it was immediately answered from a short distance in advance. In another moment he stood beside his friend, who without a word led him to where a canoe was hidden beneath some overhanging branches. They stepped in, a few strong strokes of the paddles shot them clear of the creek, the bow of their craft was turned down-stream, and ere a word had been spoken between them, they were gliding swiftly down the glassy, moonlit surface of the great river toward its mouth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



NAPOLÉON THE SECOND.

## THE STORY OF A LITTLE KING.

BY ELEANOR BRADFORD.

ON the 20th of March, 1811, the people of Paris were gathering in crowds about the palace of the Tuilleries, filling the air with loud hurrahs, and waving their caps with eager demonstrations of joy. Bells were clanging and clashing from all the tall steeples, flags were flying gayly, and one hundred and one guns announced to the world that a son was born to the great Napoleon, the conqueror of Europe.

All Paris was radiant with joy both on that day and later, when the little prince was taken to church for his christening in a robe of silver tissue trimmed with ermine, a duke for his train-bearer and an emperor and a queen for his sponsors. He was named Napoleon Francis Joseph Charles, and received the title of King of Rome.

Life seemed to be opening very brightly for the little boy, but the brightness was of very short duration.

When he was about a year old, his father set out on that disastrous Russian campaign which was the beginning of his downfall. It was at this time that the little prince's portrait was painted by Gérard, a celebrated French painter, and sent to the Emperor, reaching him on the eve of the battle of Borodino.

A year or two later, foreign armies were thundering at the gates of Paris, and the Empress fled with her little boy to Austria. The Emperor had abdicated and gone into exile, and the King of Rome was left without home or country or title or lands. Even his very name was taken from him, the name of Napoleon being suppressed by order of the Emperor of Austria, the boy's grandfather. Henceforth he was called Franz von Reichstadt, and the great name of Napoleon Bonaparte was as though it had never been.

Nevertheless the little boy had not forgotten his former greatness nor that of his father, and he kept a warm corner in his heart for him.

Once a plan was formed to carry him off to his father at Elba. It was settled that he should be conveyed out



of the palace in a great basket of linen which was sent every week to the laundry. The little prince was very eager to go, and he had been safely smuggled into the basket when, to his attendants' dismay, a little boy, the prince's playfellow, wanted a share in this fine new play, and began to scream out, "I want to go to ride in the basket too! I want to go to ride in the basket too!" Before he could be pacified, attention had been aroused and the enterprise failed.

Long afterward, when one of the princesses was conversing with General Tommariva, he mentioned three persons whom he considered the greatest captains of the age.

Little Franz listened with great attention. Suddenly he interrupted the general eagerly. "I know another one," he said, blushing deeply.

"Who, your Highness?" asked the general.

"My father," said the boy, running away as fast as he could go.

The general ran after him, caught him, and said, "Your Highness was right to speak so of your father, but you were wrong to run away."

But notwithstanding the loneliness of his position, he was not unhappy. His home was at Schönbrunn, a lovely country-house near Vienna, and he and his grandfather were great friends. The Emperor felt a great tenderness for the little lonely boy, and whoever was excluded, his private room was always open to his little Franz.

He was an amiable boy, though reserved and undemonstrative and possessed of a strong will. Unlike his father, he had no liking for mathematics, and he cared not at all for either art or music. But the strangest thing of all was the absolute distaste which he manifested for fables and stories of all kinds. "It is not true," he would say when he heard one; "then what's the good of it?"

He could not bear the thought of being deceived, and was apparently unable to discriminate between falsehood and fiction.

He made one exception, however, in favor of *Robinson Crusoe*, perhaps because he was fond of acting it out. There was a little Tyrolean chalet in a lonely place among the trees near the palace, and there the little prince used to go with his tutor and play at being Robinson Crusoe. He made all his household utensils and his garden tools himself, and made them very well too, and he also dug out a cave like that of the veritable Robinson on his desert island. His favorite study was history, and his great passion was for a military life.

It is impossible to say into what sort of man the young prince might have developed had he lived. As it was, he had many good and solid qualities, but he apparently lacked the great force of character which made his father so eminent.

He was ardent, eager, and impetuous, but variable, and, according to his biographers, was a curious mixture of child and man.

His health had always been delicate, and he was hedged about with constant restrictions which prevented his pursuing his chosen career, and at the same time irritated him beyond measure. He was constantly struggling against his own weakness and defying his physicians, who bade him remember that he had a spirit of iron in a frame of crystal. This weakness made him often gloomy and depressed as he grew older. In a moment of hopelessness he exclaimed, "My birth and my death—that is my whole history."

As long as he lived the Bonapartists cherished the hope that he might one day be their sovereign. In 1830 a feeble attempt was made to proclaim Napoleon II. Emperor, but it failed utterly.

But all hopes of that nature were soon extinguished forever when the prince died at Schönbrunn in 1832, in the same room in which his father had once slept as conqueror of Austria.

## WHAT I KNOW.

BY AMY ELIZABETH LEIGH.

### I KNOW

Where the prettiest flowers grow:  
Not the kind that a cool wind kills,  
That live in pots on our window-sills,  
But blossoms that bloom of their own free wills,  
All golden and speckled, and shaped like bells,  
And filled with sweetest smells.

### And I know

Where the most musical breezes blow,  
And where the blackberries ripen first,  
And how the flying-squirrel's babies are nursed,  
And when the nut burs are ready to burst,  
And where the birds come to bathe and drink  
And chirp and chatter; and—somehow—I *think*

### That I know

Where dozens of children ought to go  
(I'd like to go with them to show them the way!),  
And make up their minds that they'd go and stay  
(For you can't learn *everything* in a day),  
And I'm almost sure that perhaps by-and-by  
They'd know very nearly as much as I.

## BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

### HATTIE'S HAT.

**H**ATTIE came in with a bright color, and eyes which flashed. "Aunt Marjorie," she exclaimed, "is there anything wrong about my dress? I met Cousin Ed, and he said, 'Good-morning, dear. May I ask, when did you arrive from Tonga?' And when I said, 'Please explain, Cousin Ed; I do not understand,' he answered, 'Pardon me; I was looking at your head-dress, made-moisele.'"

On Hattie's hat, nestling daintily among the ribbons, was a tiny wren. On another of her hats, as I remembered, there was a gray wing, the wing of some sea-bird; and still another was adorned with golden plumes.

"My darling child," I said, "in the Tonga Islands travellers tell us that the ladies wear whole forests of birds on their bonnets, and trim their gowns with feathers. In some of these and in the Malay islands the men wear garments composed of feathers, and have queer dances, in which they look very grotesque, for each has mounted on his own head the head of a murdered bird. It is, you see, a savage fashion, and if our girls thought about it, they would hardly like to wear dead song-birds on their pretty heads just as those fierce islanders do. The Audubon Society, of which your cousin is a member, is trying hard to protect the birds, and the Legislature has been invoked to prevent ladies from killing *all* the little warblers. In the past few seasons the darling things have been swept off by thousands, because fashion has ordered that they should be worn on our bonnets and hats. That tiny wren on your hat, dear, no doubt was torn away from her nest and her fledglings."

"I see," said Hattie, "that I have been a horrid thoughtless girl." And unpinning the bird from its place with energy: "I, for one, will never wear a dead bird again. It is a hateful fashion!"

Hattie has been as good as her word, and I have written this at her request.

## THE CAPTIVE QUEEN.

BY LORD BRABOURNE

(E. H. KNATCHBUILL-HUGGESSON,

AUTHOR OF "PUSS-CAT MEW AND OTHER FAIRY STORIES," ETC.)

## CHAPTER II.

WITH the sound still ringing in his ears, the King awoke, and started up in bed with the intention of asking the old man what he meant. But there was no old man there. Everything was silent except the ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece; there was no light save that which the rays of the moon gave through the half-closed curtains of one of the windows; no trace remained of any mysterious visitor, and for half a moment the King believed that he must have been mistaken. But no—it was impossible: that figure was too real to have been only the fanciful creation of his brain; those rhymes, strange and ludicrous as they would have seemed at another time, referred to the present unhappy circumstances too plainly to be mistaken. The dream (if dream indeed it were) had evidently been sent for some purpose, and it would be folly and madness to neglect the information which it conveyed.

The King sprang from his bed, hastily drew aside the curtains of all the windows in his room, and gazed out into the night as if he expected that the moonlight would disclose some further part of the vision which had roused him from his slumbers. It was not so. He gazed in vain. Everything appeared to be the same as usual, and with a sigh of disappointment the monarch once more betook himself to his bed—but not to rest. Sleep had forsaken the royal pillow for the rest of that night; the King tossed and fro in weary longing for the morning, as uncomfortable as a sick person disturbed by a mouse, or, worse still, one who is tormented by a crumb in his bed which worries him whenever he moves.

As, however, all things come to an end at last, so did that long and dreary night, and as soon as the dawn of daylight lit up his bedroom, and the shadows of night had faded away before the rising sun, the royal dreamer arose once more, determined to summon the wise men of his kingdom with the least possible delay, in order to obtain from them an explanation of his wonderful dream. He had not to wait for their advice, however, before some little help came to him from another quarter. On entering his dressing-room he perceived, to his great surprise, that instead of his usual morning dress, his hunting clothes had been put out for him, although he was perfectly sure that he had given no orders that they should be so placed. There might, of course, have been some mistake on the part of the servants, but as these, on being asked, one and all denied that they had put the clothes where they had been found, his Majesty naturally came to the conclusion that it was the act of no mortal hand, and, taken in connection with his dream, that the meaning of the latter was in some way or another to be discovered by the use of the clothes. As the ordinary way of making use of these was to put them on, the King at once proceeded to do so; and as those who had intended them to be worn doubtless intended also that the sport to which they belonged should be followed, the royal commands were issued for a hunting party, and the members of the Great Council were told, as soon as they had assembled and heard the King's story, that they must at once prepare to attend the hunt.

They looked at each other in astonishment as they received the orders, being unable to discover any connection between the dream which they had heard and the pleasures of the chase which they were commanded to follow. It was not usual to hunt cows, a rabbit seemed rather an ignoble object of pursuit for a powerful mon-

arch, and a kangaroo had never been heard of in that country. Still, the King's orders must be obeyed, and in due time everything was made ready, and every minister, courtier, and other person who could obtain a horse went forth to the hunting party which had been so suddenly arranged.

The chief huntsman, clad in bright colors, led the way to the forest, and the noble pack of hounds, in which the King had always taken great pleasure and interest, entered upon their work with lively joy, and soon made the hills and dales reëcho with their deep voices. I do not know (because those who told me the story did not mention) what was the game which they pursued—whether stag, boar, wolf, or fox was the especial object of that day's chase; and therefore I will not graft anything of my own invention upon this truthful history. All I have to do with are the main facts which bear upon the important event which had caused the hunting party to take place, and how those facts occurred upon this eventful day.

The forest was upon the side of the vast mountains which rose on one side of the palace, and extended for many miles each way. It was an immense tract of woodland, and composed of various kinds of trees; at one time you were surrounded by oaks of mighty size, then you found yourself in the midst of low beech coppices extending right and left as far as you could see, and again you suddenly entered a huge grove of pine and fir trees stretching to an apparently endless length.

On rode the King and his court, and the sound of the horns rang through the forest as the hunt rolled away to the right, the gay colors of the riders and the trappings of their horses forming a pleasing contrast with the darker hues of the woodland through which they passed.

Suddenly the King reined in his steed, and turning away from his attendants, rode away down a track to the left as fast as he could go. The courtiers paused for an instant, and then dutifully followed their sovereign, who, however, rode at such a furious pace that he very soon disappeared from their sight. On they pushed notwithstanding, and for some time continued their pursuit without the smallest idea of what the King intended by his hasty flight, or in what direction he was going. Suddenly, however, they emerged from the pine forest through which his headlong race had been taken, and found themselves in the midst of one of the broad tracks which traversed the mountain from top to bottom, and although principally used by wood-cutters and peasants, formed the only means of communication with the country which lay beyond the forest, excepting the river which flowed around the base of the mountains. Here the courtiers drew rein, for a sight met their eyes the like of which none of them had ever seen before.

The King, dismounted from his horse, stood holding it by the rein in the very middle of the track, while slowly descending and approaching the spot where he stood was a procession of an extraordinary character.

On the right was a large dun cow, in the middle a rabbit, and on the left an animal which none of the lookers-on had ever seen before, but which, from pictures with which they were acquainted, they knew at once to be a kangaroo.

But it was not only the appearance of these three animals which excited the astonishment of the courtiers. There was something which surprised them still more. The cow had around her neck a collar, to which were fastened a set of hand-bells, which she rang, perfectly in time and tune, in a manner which was little short of miraculous; the rabbit had a fife, on which he accompanied the hand-bells with wonderful correctness; and the kangaroo had a belt around his waist to which was attached a drum, upon which he beat the accompaniment with a zeal and energy which caused the woods to reëcho with the



THE KING ORDERS HIS COURTIER'S TO ATTEND THE HUNT.

sound, and his hoarse voice, together with the shrill treble of the rabbit and the deep bass of the cow, filled the air with the following words, which every one of the listeners distinctly heard as if spoken in his ear:

"The cow, the rabbit, and the old kangaroo  
Come marching down the hill;  
They say that the Queen to the King has been true,  
And has vanished against her will;  
But where she is gone to nobody knew  
But the cow and the rabbit and the old kangaroo!"

As this strange procession drew quite close to the King, the three animals came to a stop, and once more sang the same words to the same curious tune to which they had been singing it since they came into view.

It may well be supposed that the royal bosom was agitated by the most conflicting feelings. Joy that he had obeyed the uncontrollable impulse which had led him to turn his horse away from the hunt; hope that he was at length about to hear tidings of his lost Anabiliha; doubt and fear as to what those tidings might be—all these feelings kept the King silent for a few seconds, and then, his deep affection for his Queen overcoming every other sensation, he exclaimed, in a voice the accents of which trembled with the emotion of his heart,

"Oh, cow, rabbit, and kangaroo, only tell me how to get back my Queen, and the names of all three of you shall be blessed by me and mine for evermore!"

To these words the animals replied in a manner which the King hardly expected. The kangaroo gave a curious sound between a bark and a grunt, the rabbit squeaked shrilly, and the cow, opening her mouth widely, gave vent to a moo which sounded loudly over hill and dale.

As these sounds told the King nothing, because he had

never been properly instructed in the animal language, he was about to say something more on his own account and in his own tongue, when the three creatures before him began a new song which ran after the following fashion:

"Take up the rabbit, and ride the cow,  
And follow the kangaroo,  
And thus shall you learn the 'where' and the 'how,'  
And what you have got to do."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HANK ATWOOD'S TRADE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"HULLO, Hank! Want to trade?"

Hank pricked up his ears, as he sat swinging his legs from a hogshed just outside Nezer Coffin's store.

It was Phile Doane, from Fleetwell, who had called to him. He was eighteen years old, and some people said he was "too smart"; but Hank "guessed he couldn't get the better of him."

Hank was born with a trading bump. It was a family tradition that when he was teething he insisted upon exchanging his rubber rattle with a baby visitor, and the first time he went to school he "swapped" his primer for a jew's-harp.

His brother 'Lisha was owner and captain of the *Polly Baker*. She was only a little pink-sterned schooner, but she had weathered fierce northeasters off the Banks many a time. Sometimes she came home with a full fare, that meant plenty and good cheer all winter, and sometimes she hadn't "wet her salt," and then they often went to bed hungry.





"YOU'VE TAKEN GOOD CARE OF NEP, ANYHOW," SAID "LISHA."

"Want to trade for that cranberry patch of our'n down by the old mill?" said Phile, sitting sociably down on the other end of the hoghead.

Did he *want* to trade? Why, cranberries, rightly managed, were a sure thing! His heart gave a great leap.

"But I hain't got anything to trade with," he said.

"You've got Nep, 'n' we're wantin' a hoss," said Phile.

Nep! Of course Nep belonged to him. 'Lisha and Hank were half brothers. 'Lisha's father had left him the *Polly Baker* for an inheritance, and Hank's father had left him a sturdy colt, born on the Cape, and taking as kindly to sand as a camel.

Nep was called the mate of the *Polly Baker*. Just as soon as the *Polly* was to be seen at her moorings Hank harnessed Nep, and by the time 'Lisha had come ashore in the *Polly*'s sharp-keeled tender Nep was ready to draw it over the long tide-washed stretch of sand and beach-grass between the shore and the fish-houses.

"Cranberries is worth ten dollars a barrel up to Boston, 'n' that patch will yield fifty barrels," said Phile. "We wouldn't sell it for nothin' you could name, only bein' it's too fur from home for us to take care of. You'd only have to hire a few pickers, and there'd be your five hundred dollars as clean as a whistle."

It was a dazzling prospect. It would be showing some people what a boy could do. Hepsy, 'Lisha's wife, didn't think much of boys.

"But we couldn't do without Nep," he said.

"'Lisha will go clear off to the Banks, fish is so scarce, 'n' he won't be home before Thanksgivin', or mebbe Christmas, 'n' a hoss ain't much use in the winter, 'n' his keep is dear. And you could buy him back in the spring."

Hank said he would go and look at the cranberry patch, about a mile away. It was flooded—cranberries have to be occasionally to keep them sound and flourishing—and it was not easy to tell what condition they were in, but those that Hank picked were sound, although not very large, and they were turning red.

"Most ripe. It's the early cranberries that fetches the money," said Phile.

"I'll trade," said Hank.

He had to swallow a great lump in his throat as Phile led Nep off, and although Hepsy took it for granted that Phile had hired Nep, he had to tell her something so like a falsehood that it left a very bad taste in his mouth.

"What is Phile Doane over here for?" said Hank's friend Hi Nickerson, down by the fish-flakes that night. Hank was almost bursting with his secret, but he didn't wish to tell it before little Enoch, Hi's brother.

Little Enoch was considered wise, but it was Hank's opinion that he was rather dull. He didn't care for trading, and he didn't want to go in search of Captain Kidd's treasures, as Hi intended to do. But he was always "looking into things." He knew what caused the tides, and what heat and cold were, and just what kinds of wind and weather were likely to prevail.

"Phile didn't come any too soon," said little Enoch, wisely. "Worms have got into his cranberry patch."

Hank had to endure his great anxiety that night. Just as soon as it was light he and Hi went down to the cranberry patch. Little Enoch was right, as little Enoch was apt to be. The worms had begun their ravages at one end of the patch, and Phile had taken him to the other end. But about half the cranberries were still sound, and they worked hard to prevent the worms from doing any further damage.

"In a week, now, you can begin to pick," said Hi.

Captain Howes, of the sloop *Betsey*, was engaged to take the first cargo to Boston.

Hepsy went down to Provincetown to visit her stepmother, and insisted upon taking Hank with her. He didn't like to leave the cranberries, but Hi promised to look after them.

The weather had been unusually warm for September, but Hank awoke in the night in Provincetown shivering, and wishing he had another blanket. He shivered still more when he remembered the cranberries. The very thought of a frost strikes terror to the heart of a cranberry grower.

It was cold the next morning, but Hepsy would not hurry home; and when they did get started, how slow the stage horses were! And four miles from home the stage broke down. It was ten o'clock when they reached home.

Hank had to pretend to go to bed, but he stole softly down-stairs again and out of the house. Flooding would prevent the frost from striking the cranberries. If he could only reach the floodgates before it was too late! How he ran! It was almost as light as day. But moonlight is treacherous; it makes a ditch look like smooth ground. Hank felt a great shock, and the stars seemed swooping down from the sky and dancing before his eyes. He tried to rise, but a sharp pain in his ankle made him sink down again.

It seemed hours, but it was only a few minutes, before he heard the tramping of a horse's hoofs on the road.

"Help! help!" he cried.

The horse was stopped suddenly. Its rider was their neighbor Lysander Fearing, going to Fleetwell after Dr. Johnson, because little Abby Ann had the diphtheria and seemed to be choking to death. The good man hastily drew Hank out of the ditch, and set him on his horse, and mounted in front of him.

The doctor was soon aroused, and had his horse harnessed, and proposed to take Hank home in his carriage.

"You have a good horse," said Hank, tremulously, as the doctor's steed settled into a swift trot as familiar to Hank as the whinny he had uttered at the sound of Hank's voice.

"Yes; bought him of Phile Doane. Paid a good price for him—you're apt to pay a good price for what you buy of Phile Doane—but I wouldn't sell him for half as much again," said the doctor.

A good price and half as much again, and the cranberries frost-bitten! Oh Nep!

What a dark world it was! and the most miserable boy in it was Hank Atwood. Even the scolding and the hot herb-tea that Hepsy administered when he got home didn't seem to make things much worse.

But a boy can sleep if the world is dark, and Hank was awakened by Hi Nickerson's voice at his bedside late the next morning.

"Lucky you flooded the cranberries!" said Hi. "Lots of 'em are frost-bitten all round. Our'n are as fair and handsome!"

Hank would have thought he had been dreaming, but for a twinge in his ankle.

"I'll tell you what, then," said Hi, after Hank had told all he knew about it, "it was little Enoch. I'll fetch him, and we'll ask him."

Little Enoch admitted that he had opened the floodgates. He knew when there was likely to be a frost; he had learned by "looking into things."

"Hi, we'll make him a partner," said Hank, huskily.

The injury to Hank's ankle proved to be only a strain, and he was able to help pick the last of the ten barrels of cranberries that went up to Boston on the sloop *Betsey*. It seemed a long while to wait for the captain's report.

"Pootty poor market for cranberries," he said. "But I managed to average six dollars a barrel for 'em."

Hank counted the money with a sinking heart.

"I went over to Fleetwell the other day," said little Enoch. "I told Dr. Johnson how it was, and he agreed to let you have Nep for just what he gave Phile for him. And you've got enough money all but five dollars."

"I've got a dollar besides," said Hank, "but that's all."

"I've got three dollars and seventy-five cents that I

was saving to buy some natural history books. I will lend you that."

"Joe Phillips offered me a quarter for my Cap'n Kidd book, and I'm kind of tired of it anyway. That'll just make up the five dollars," said Hi.

"But you won't have anything for your share," said Hank.

"I had the reg'lar pickers' wages, and I've got the experience—little Enoch says that is wuth consid'able—and I don't see's *you've* got any more."

"I'll pay the borrowed money anyway, but I'll work for it. I won't make another trade without asking 'Lisha—not till I'm twenty-one," said Hank, firmly.

They all three went that day and brought Nep home in triumph. He had grown fat and sleek, and his fare had been luxurious.

The very day after Nep's return, as Hank sat on the doorstep whittling, he heard the sound of 'Lisha's horn, and there was the *Polly Baker* and the half-dozen other boats that had gone out with her. Hank harnessed Nep in a trice, and was down at the shore when 'Lisha came off in the tender, looking, as 'Lisha always did, as if he had only been off for a day's trip, with a basket of freshly caught cod in the boat, and a big one in his hand of which Hepsy would shortly make a fry for supper.

"You've taken good care of Nep anyhow," said 'Lisha. "He 'ain't been livin' on marsh hay and herrin' bones."

And Hank knew that he was a great deal happier than he deserved to be.

#### MR. THOMPSON AND THE JUNE-BUG.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

**B**UZZ, buzz—bump! buzz, buzz-z-z—bump!"

"Shoo!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson, drowsily.

Buzz, buzz—

"Get out!" ejaculated Mr. Thompson, wildly waving his newspaper. It seemed to have the desired effect, for the buzzing grew more and more indistinct, and as Mr. Thompson sank contentedly back into his easy-chair it seemed to have ceased altogether. It was just the dusk of a summer's day, and after having eaten a good dinner and read his evening paper, Mr. Thompson was sitting beside the open window in the twilight, and meditating—at least that is what Mr. Thompson called it. The young man who had the next room said that that was the funniest way to pronounce s-n-o-r-i-n-g that he had ever heard. But then the young man in the next room was always poking fun at Mr. Thompson, and as he did not meditate nearly so much as he ought to himself, it was not to be supposed that he knew much about it. At any rate, Mr. Thompson said that he was meditating, and though he did breathe regularly with a strange humming noise, he surely ought to know whether he was asleep or not, and on this particular evening he assures me that he was wide awake, but in deep thought. He sank back contentedly into his chair, and was just beginning to meditate softly when the buzzing began again.

Buzz, buzz—bump! bump—buzz!

Mr. Thompson paid no attention to it until, with a vicious bump, the buzzer thumped against his forehead, nearly knocking off his spectacles, and fell into his lap.

"Shoo!" murmured Mr. Thompson.

"Shoo yourself!" buzzed the intruder. "Why don't you keep your head out of the way."

"Why don't you look where you are going?" responded Mr. Thompson, indignantly.

They sat and stared at each other for a while in silence; finally Mr. Thompson asked, "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm a June-bug, or a Dorr-beetle, or a May-bug, whichever you choose to call me," responded the beetle.

Mr. Thompson hesitated for a moment, and began to meditate. As he drew a long breath through his nose the

June-bug exclaimed, in a tone of satisfaction, "There, that is the first sensible word I have heard you say this evening."

"I was only meditating," remarked Mr. Thompson, mildly.

"Of course you were," said the June-bug, triumphantly. "A man can't make a sensible remark without meditation."

Mr. Thompson was not aware of having spoken, so he hastened to change the subject.

"What makes you bump against things so?" he asked, rubbing his forehead where the June-bug had struck him.

"For fun," answered the June-bug. "You don't think it's fun? Just try it and see;" and before Mr. Thompson could say Jack Robinson he found himself on the window-sill beside his new-found friend. He was no longer a staid and respectable-looking middle-aged gentleman, but he realized with some misgivings that he was a very clumsy and common looking beetle. He was a dark chocolate color all over, and he could feel gauzy wings under his hard back. He unfolded his shell-like back, and stretching his wings, he flew easily over to the window ledge. He crawled along this with some feeling of delight, and looked curiously down upon the piazza beneath. There were seated Miss Angelina, the young man who boarded in the house, and two or three others.

"I wonder where Mr. Thompson is?" said Miss Angelina, in a pause in the conversation.

"Suppose he's up in his room snoozing," said the young man, with a laugh.

Mr. Thompson never did like that young man; now he positively hated him, and in his excitement he tumbled off the window ledge before he could think to spread his wings. Down, down, he went, until he struck fair and square on top of the young man's bare head. He jumped up with a yell, and muttered something about "those pestiferous June-bugs," while Mr. Thompson recovered himself, and flew away contented and happy.

But no sooner did he begin to fly than he experienced a wild desire to bump against things; the intoxicating pleasure of the buzz, buzz—bump! was apparent to him now. He was joined by his new friend, and together they managed to make things pretty lively for the occupants of the piazza. Mr. Thompson refrained from bumping against Miss Angelina many times, though he could not resist the opportunity of snatching a kiss or two as he passed. Miss Angelina announced her intention of going into the house.

"The place seems full of June-bugs," she said. "One of them has been buzzing around me all the evening."

"Worse than old Thompson!" growled the young man under his breath, for which impolite remark Mr. Thompson butted full-tilt against the end of his nose.

After the people had gone into the house, all the excitement of staying around the piazza vanished with them, and Mr. Thompson suddenly discovered that he was tired. He accordingly flew up to his open window and settled comfortably on the window-sill, his companion following him.

"How old are you?" Mr. Thompson asked, abruptly, after he had rested for a moment.

"Do you mean as a bug, or in all?" inquired the June-bug, good-naturedly.

"In all," said Mr. Thompson.

"Three years," replied the June-bug. "Three years is the limit of life in a June-bug—two years as a grub, and one summer as a bug." The June-bug drew a deep sigh.

Mr. Thompson felt sorry for him. "Tell me about it. I thought that—that—" Mr. Thompson hesitated.

"—That insects only lived one season," said the bug, finishing the sentence. "That is generally true, but with us it is different. Three years ago this coming fall my mother dug a deep hole in the ground and laid a number of small yellow eggs in it. In the spring these eggs hatched out





"'THE PLACE SEEMS FULL OF JUNE-BUGS,' SAID MISS ANGELINA."

into large white grubs. You have seen them in freshly ploughed ground. We lived all summer under the earth, burrowing blindly—for we had no eyes—eating the soft roots of grass, small shrubs, potatoes, or whatever we happened to come into contact with. We grew large and fat, and in the fall, when the frosts came, we curled up where we had burrowed deep down in the earth and slept during the long winter. The next summer we spent in the same way, growing larger and stronger and fatter each week. That fall something told us to burrow deep and hollow out quite a large nest before we went to sleep. This nest answered for what you men call a chrysalis. During the winter the change went on, how I hardly know, and in the spring I found myself as I am now, only my shell was quite soft, and I was very weak. I burrowed laboriously to the surface, and found myself free. In a few hours my wings had hardened, and since then I have been flying around, enjoying my short life as best I may."

There was such a tinge of sadness in the June-bug's voice that Mr. Thompson felt sorry for him, and he said, "At least you have little to fear while you do live."

"No; my hard shell protects me. The birds and animals can't eat me now, though as a grub all the birds sought me as a great delicacy. But now men are afraid of me, though I cannot possibly harm them. I can neither sting nor bite. All I can do is to bump." And Mr. Thompson thought he could detect something like a

chuckle under the June-bug's horny cover, as if at the recollection of some especially mischievous bumping adventure. But he saddened again immediately, and added: "Men try to kill me whenever they can, but so far I have managed to make my escape. Here comes a man now."

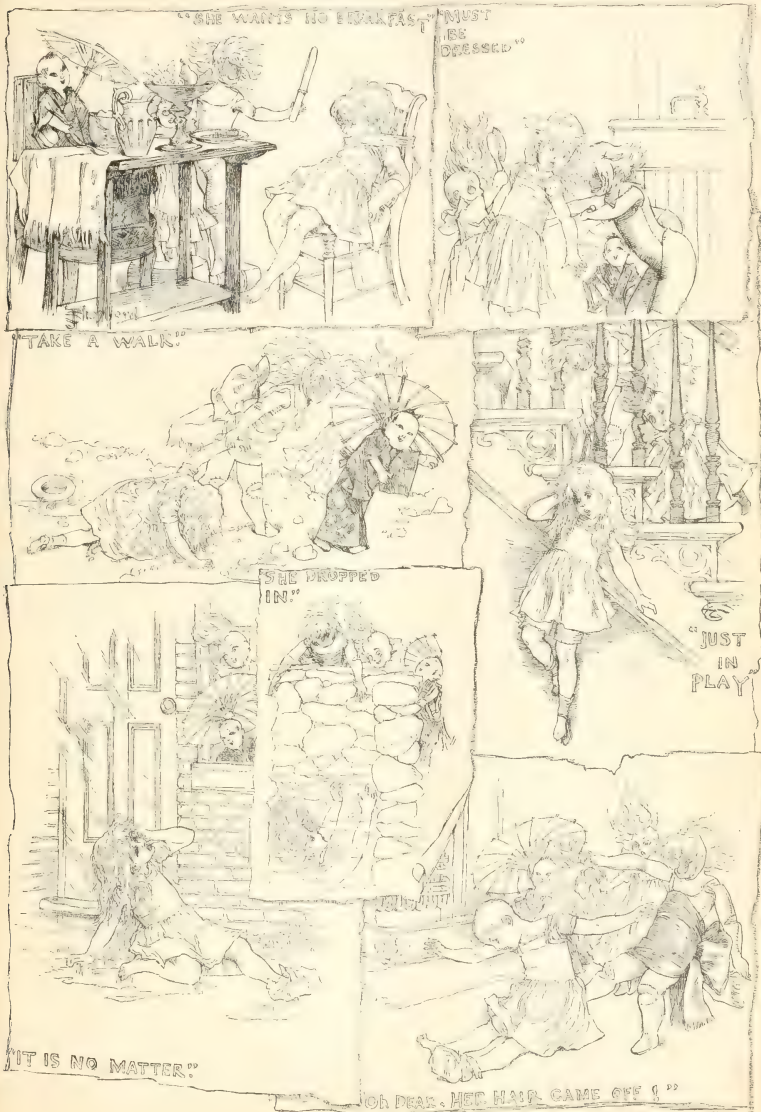
"What on earth are you doing, Thompson? You'll be out of that window!" exclaimed a familiar voice; and Mr. Thompson found himself grasped by the young man who boarded in the house, and forced down into his chair.

"Been asleep, eh?" rattled on the young man. "Did you ever see so many June-bugs? The air is full of 'em."

"So you came in here to kill me?" growled Mr. Thompson, ungraciously.

The young man started back in surprise. "I came in just in time to save you from falling out of the window," he said; and adding under his breath, "The man is clean daft," he backed out of the room.

The next morning the young man told how he had entered the room and found Mr. Thompson balanced in a most dangerous position on the window-sill, and of his subsequent strange remark. Mr. Thompson was obliged to make some explanation in self-defence, and that is how the story got around. Nobody believed it except Miss Angelina. For my own part, I looked in a big book of natural history, and found that all that the June-bug had told Mr. Thompson was strictly true. So I never dared to tell Mr. Thompson that I did not believe his story.



THE DOLL'S REVENGE; OR, THE TABLES TURNED.





named Will; he is four years old. We have very nice times playing around the yard here. I am thirteen years old, and I will be fourteen on the 20th of next December. I have been with the *Young People* for three years, and papa has again renewed my subscription. Papa is the Superintendent of the International Ocean Telegraph Company. He is repairing the cable between Key West and Cuba. We gathered some thistles the other day, and now that they are dry, they look just like pompons. They are very pretty. I hope I will have a long time to write this letter in print. I will send you two puzzles with this letter. But I must now close, as I will be taking up too much of your time. MARY S. H. Thank you, May, for letter and puzzles.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I am a girl twelve years old. I go to school, and study German, spelling, arithmetic, reading, geography, and history. I have taken *Harper's Young People* for three years, and I like it very much. "False Witness" is my favorite story. RINA J.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* nearly six years, and have never written to you before. I have quite a number of pets: I have two birds, a cardinal and a robin; the cardinal is a splendid singer, and has beautiful plumage; the robin is cunning, but not very pretty. We have two cats, a kitten and three weeks of kittens. The kitten has pretty blue eyes, and is coal black with a white collar. We have a colt, and when he sees a high brick or lumber pile he kicks at them with his heels. He is very gentle. My favorite authors are Miss Alcott and Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie. My favorite stories are "Roll House," "Jo's Opportunity," "Silent Pete," and I have liked "False Witness" so far. I enjoy reading the Post-office Box. I like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* better than any other paper I have ever seen. Can you tell me nice places to visit in New York? I would like to see this letter in print, although it is pretty long. CLOVER (age thirteen).

When you visit New York, you will, of course, call on the Postmistress and see the great establishment where *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* is published. There are so many other interesting places in our great city that I think I must leave you to find out about them all when you come here.

EDGEWOOD FARM, INDEPENDENCE, IOWA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have taken this valuable paper since 1880, and I like it very much. About a time I thanked Messrs. Harper & Brothers for the benefit and pleasure derived from it. We which includes grandparents, papa and mamma, and great children live on a farm called Edgewood, of two hundred and forty acres, one and a half miles from Independence. We children all go to school in winter, and almost all of us in summer. My sister and I both go to the same school, and study the same branches—arithmetic, reading, spelling, word analysis, writing, geography, grammar, and physiology. We have finished history and the civil government of the United States. I have five brothers, Herbert, Eddie, Willie, Laurence, and Harry, and two sisters, Marlon (or Mame) and Edith, all younger than myself. We used to live in Illinois until two and a half years ago, when we came "out West." My sister is taking lessons on our organ. We both took vocal lessons for two and a half terms last summer. We girls bought the organ with money that we earned ourselves—\$75. I love reading, and I like the favorite stories in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* are "Nan," "Roll House," "Who Was Paul Grayson?" "Jo's Opportunity," "False Witness," and "Wakala." My favorite authors are Miss Alcott and Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie. Rev. E. P. Ross, Thomas Hughes, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Martha Finley, and Anna Warner. MATTIE C.

Will some one send Mattie a receipt for angel-cake?

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am just learning to swim, and practise every day. I like it very much, but not when the water is cold. I wonder if every one likes it. I have a little cat named Minnie, and I like her very much. CHARLIE A. M.

QUOZEE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am my eleventh summer in QuoZee, and I am very fond of it. There are some very peculiar Indian names around here, such as Speenk, Quantie, QuoZee, Aspatie, and a number of others. QuoZee means clare. H. C. (a great friend of mine) and I go rowing a great deal together. There is a small brook which we named Asquatic, and we swim in the waters, and we have lots of fun there. There are several tennis tournaments going on, and my sister won one of the prizes. I seldom have nothing to do, as I am always having some fun, such as fishing, crabbing, and walking; and it is not often that I get a chance to read much. There is to be a fair at Helen C.'s house, and I am working for it. As it is a very rainy day, I took the oppor-

tunity to write a letter to the Post-office Box. My favorite authors are Sir Walter Scott, Miss Alcott, and I have not decided which others. Hoping this letter will come long to print, I remain ever your devoted reader.

ELLEN V. B. M.

NORTH STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little boy of six years, and am learning how to read and write. I have some pretty pets, and I will tell you of them. I have a dog named Nero, and a pussy cat named Snooks, also a birdie. Hoping this letter will come long to print, I remain ever your devoted reader. I have some little sisters, and I want to learn how to write letters nicely. JOE C.

This little man also hails from Stonington:

I am a little boy of nine years, and have taken this paper ever since I was seven. My papa has two horses and one cow. The cow's name is Betsy, and she is just as gentle as she can be. My papa will not let me ride on any of the horses. There is a river very near my house, and I go rowing all alone. I have a dog, Pepper, and a little pussy cat, Tabby. WILLIE C.

These boys, Joe and Willie, are friends, but not brothers.

A third Stonington boy. Well done, Stonington!

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little boy ten years old. I go to school every day in winter, and like it very much. I enjoy *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* very much; I like "False Witness" and "Silent Pete" also. I went to Watch Hill on a picnic, and had a very good time. I have a cat and a dog who live together peacefully. My dog's name is Rover, and he does many pretty things. My cat is a black-and-tan. My cat's name is Snowdrop, and she is just as cunning as she can be. I ride horseback, with the man William to hold me on. Do you ride? LATAN H.

I hope you will soon be able to hold on to your horse by yourself. I am very fond of riding.

FORT STANTON, NEW MEXICO.

We have a great many skunks here; papa poisoned four and killed one. Night before last one got in the chicken-house and killed twenty-seven little ones, and we have lost all but twelve or thirteen out of sixty. It rains every day now, and makes the creek very muddy. It is a very pretty place here. We are pretty near the Capitan Mountains and the White Mountains; the latter are covered with snow from November till May. I think I will send *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* to a boy friend of mine in Denver, Colorado. Could you please tell me of some pretty name for our little baby boy, one month old? He is a very good boy. I like Mrs. Lillie's and Kirk Munroe's stories best. TOMMY P.

Would you like Claude or Guy? There are many pretty names which will occur to you for the baby brother. I name those two because I am rather fond of them.

I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for a long time, and enjoy it ever so much. I am very much interested in "False Witness" now, and am hardly wait until the next issue. I have copied the picture "The Young Naturalist," and some others in the magazine, and look forward to the illustrations almost as much as to the stories. I like music and drawing lessons, and enjoy my drawing best. ALICE W.

GOLDSBOROUGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

I have been waiting to write for a long time, but I have been so busy playing. I live in Baltimore, and I am on a visit to my sister. My sister gave me *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and Edna, my niece, *St. Nicholas*. Edna staid with me all winter, and it was very nice, as we went to school together. HILDA E. (aged nine years).

SENECA, KANSAS.

We are two cousins, eleven and thirteen years of age. We take *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and like it very much. We thought "Jo's Opportunity" a very nice story. We have been in St. Joe, and through the cracker and candy factory. We are going to Oneida this week on a visit, and expect to have a nice time. BLANCHE AND GRACE J.

LEONORE N.: I thank you very much for sending your pretty story about the girl's graduation. I like it, however, is too long for the Post-office Box. Her brother was a very cruel and bad boy, and it was well for him that he did not live with

the Postmistress.—A. L. W.: In what part of England are you spending the summer, dear; and are you coming home in the autumn?—Mary Dean, of Washington, D. C., apologizes to the girls whose letters she cannot answer, as she has received over one hundred from little unknown friends. The Postmistress is of the opinion that hereafter it would be well for the girls and boys to correspond with each other through the Post-office Box only. In some instances these numerous correspondents interfere with home duties.—Mary H.: I would prefer, my dear, your composing-mendicant expressly for the Post-office Box. The tragic tale of the "Two Laundry-men," though very clever, is not just what I want here.—Josie D. R., of Ridgewood, New Jersey: Thank you for describing the Albany Bicentennial. I could not include it in the Post-office Box, because last week we had a similar and even fuller letter of the same kind from two young visitors to the festivities at New York's capital city.—Many thanks to all the boys and girls who have sent copies of the verses about the poet who couldn't write poetry, Mr. Thinkleton Tennyson Tupper von Burns.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No 1.

SQUARE.

1. Ground. 2. Space. 3. Near. 4. To defy. CHARLOTTE F. K.

No 2.

ACROSTIC.

1. A great and honorable queen. 2. A splendid country. 3. An emperor who said, "By this sign I conquer." 4. A mighty robber chieftain. 5. A South American river. 6. A famous city, once mistress of the world. 7. A beautiful adornment to a lady's dress. 8. A race of female warriors. Primals give the name of a great sovereign.

No 3.

TWO NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

1.—I am composed of 14 letters, and am the name of a boy.  
My 6, 5 is a pronoun.  
My 10, 12, 6 is a boy's name.  
My 13, 7, 8, 9 is a part of speech.  
My 2, 3, 4 is an article of the dress.  
My 3, 9, 11 is a girl's name.  
My 1, 5, 14, 10 is a point of the compass.

2.—I am composed of 8 letters, and am the name of a poet.  
My 1, 5, 8 is a proverb.  
My 8, 7, 1 is an adverb.  
My 6, 7, 3 is a male child.  
My 8, 2, 1 is useful to fishermen.  
My 4, 7 is a negation.

EMMA.

No 4.

ENIGMA.

My first is in wheat, not in corn.  
My second is in March, not in April.  
My third is in Wednesday, not in Thursday.  
My fourth is in hard, not in soft.  
My fifth is in horse, not in rider.  
My sixth is in love, not in hate.  
My seventh is in win, not in lose.  
My whole is the name of a poet.

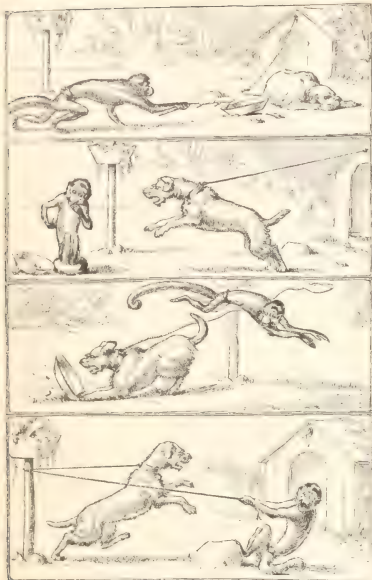
ALICE SNYDER.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 357

No. 1.— C I B O L  
N A C E  
B A R A  
O G R E S  
L E A S H  
No. 2.— S  
C O N  
S A P T A L  
S O L I C I T E D  
P A T I E N S  
L E D  
No. 3.— "A stitch in time saves nine."

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mrs. J. Anderson, Charles Anderson, and Pritchard, Anderson, Reses, Amy Selleck, Jennie Doubleday, T. C. D. Grace May, John Kline, Arthur Hamilton, Eugene V. Mark Persey, Hippopotamus, Clover, Daniel Bixby, and Ella Gray.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



JOCKO GOES TO THE COUNTRY WITH US, AND, AS USUAL, GETS INTO MISCHIEF.

### DITTY-BAG STORIES.

BY HOPE HOWARD.

#### A PATRIOTIC GOOSE.

WHEN our ship was down on the Potomac during the war we kept a number of geese on board, which we fattened for our table. A lame one among them attracted the attention of the sailors, who made a pet of it, and by degrees it came to have the liberty of the ship.

It made its way into the officers' quarters, winning their regard as well. When they were talking together it would walk up, with that movement of head and neck peculiar to the goose family, place itself between them, look from one to another as if studying their meaning, interject a "Qua, qua" here and there, and fill up the pauses with a gibberish which was irresistibly funny, and was always received with shouts of laughter.

The goose seemed to catch the subject of our talk. If it were serious, as indeed it often was in those dark days, all its intonations would be in a corresponding key, deep and guttural. If, on the con-

trary, we were discussing affairs of business, it would exhibit all the importance and circumstance of thorough business knowledge, giving advice, objecting to propositions, till we were almost inclined to think the spirit of a Rothschild was within the goose. But when we were spinning yarns, and relieving the tedium by some jolly stories, then the goose was in its element. It would fairly screech, and its gabble-gabble nothing could subdue. We came to look upon it as a familiar spirit as well as a disinterested friend.

We often threw it off the ship to give it a swim, and the first time with misgivings, thinking it might go ashore and escape us, but it always returned to the ship after a short absence.

After it had been with us some time it seemed to languish, and we thought it felt the loss of its goose-kin, and the goose-ponds with their growth of fungi, and the daily promenades with the flock, and the military drill. Who knew but it was the captain of one of those trainbands which we meet in our country rambles, every head and neck stretched out, as if all were bent on some grave and absorbing purpose? Sometimes when its head drooped, and we seemed to detect an expression of melancholy in the eyes, we thought it might be dreading a court-martial for desertion, and consequent punishment.

After holding a council of war over it, we agreed, painful as it would be to us, to part with it. We were about to leave on a three weeks' cruise to provision the ships and gun-boats along the line. We engaged a farmer, opposite whose homestead our ship lay, to care for it, and bidding it an affectionate farewell, sent it ashore at the last moment before we set sail.

Our round of duty completed, we returned to our old anchorage. The Potomac was at that time swarming with ships of every size and build. We would have thought it only a practised eye which would select one from many others gathered there. Judge of our surprise when, arriving within sight of the farmer's house, we discovered our pet about midway between the shore and ship, making for us with hot haste. Its joy seemed so ecstatic that at times it rose in the water and flapped its wings, making the spray rise like a water-spout.

When taken on board it went from one to another of the officers and crew, running its head into their hands, qua-quacking, gabble-gabble-gabbling, and saying in unmistakable language that it preferred a sea life to that on shore; that the time it had lived with us had convinced it that a life on the ocean wave and the society of the war-room had elevated it above the corn-crib and the goose-pool, and its aspirations were for companionship of a higher kind, and a possible Admiral's rank in the bright future.



#### OBJECT TEACHING.

TEACHER. "Now what is the name of this animal, children?"

CLASS. "Sheep."

TEACHER. "And what is it called when it is young?"

CLASS. "Lamb."

TEACHER. "Good! And what do we call the meat of this animal?"

YOUNGEST MEMBER. "Pork chops."

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CARA'S PETS.—DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD.—SEE PAGE 758.



## CARA'S PETS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

ON the veranda of a beautiful country home in Kentucky pretty little Cara stood watching something so intently that her aunt, Miss Dunleath, put by her work and came out to see what it was. Cara was Judge Dunleath's only child, and the joy of his life.

"What can Ezra have in that box?" she wondered.

Ezra Trail, the hunter, just then knocked the slats off the big box he had brought in his wagon, and the next moment two little fawns stood on the rich blue-grass.

"Oh, you darlings!" screamed Cara, running down the walk and clasping her arms about the surprised young strangers. "Papa, oh, papa!" she cried, "please buy these dear little fawns for me. See how pretty they are."

"So they are," said her father, who had just appeared on the scene. "Where did you get them, Ezra?"

"You see, sir," said the man, "I went a-hunting yesterday, and shot a deer. I was about to drag her to my cabin, when here come these little fellows out of the bushes, lookin' sort o' wild like. Then I see I had killed their mother. I was sorry, but I must hev meat, you know. Well, I didn't see how I was to catch the young ones; but when I started with the mother, they followed as kind as calves. So I brought 'em down, thinking maybe you'd like 'em for the little miss."

"Poor little darlings!" exclaimed Cara; "to think they have no mother! Mayn't I have them, papa?"

"Indeed," said her father. "And what is to become of my cabbage bed?"

"Oh, never mind, sir," said the hunter; "they can't bother that for a long time to come." And Ezra went away with a crisp new ten-dollar bill in his pocket-book.

"Oh, thank you, papa!" said the delighted girl. Then with the chestnuts Ezra had brought Cara fed them and coaxed them to the house. She named them Nannie and Billie. They were lovely pets, with soft, bright eyes, and glossy coats of reddish-brown thickly marked with white spots, while underneath the color was all white.

Nannie was very gentle, but Billie was full of cunning antics, and Miss Dunleath did not think him altogether lovely. One day she stroked him behind the shoulders, when he reared up with a flash in his eye, and startled the lady. He was willing to be patted only on the head, Nannie could be touched anywhere, and Cara said that that child was a great comfort to her. They wandered about as they pleased, and the pat, pat of tiny hoofs on the veranda usually announced that Nannie was coming for a drink of water out of her young mistress's basin—the only way she would take it. Billie was not so particular, but would drink anywhere. As for *eating*, although his favorite food was chestnuts and rose-bush leaves, he didn't mind trying to chew up his tin plate; and one day Judge Dunleath took the chain of his gold repeater from the little scamp's mouth. Billie found it on a table, and wanted to see if it tasted as good as it looked.

"But he's so cunning, papa!" pleaded Cara; and Billie would lick her face and hair and hands, and look pitiful with his great brown eyes.

One day, after the usual chase among the trees and rocks, poor little Nannie was found with her right fore-leg doubled under her. The bone was broken, and hanging by a shred of skin. Cara was nearly beside herself with grief, and did all she could for her suffering pet. She sent hurriedly for the kind doctor she had known from babyhood. He came at once, and prepared to bind up the broken leg.

"Oh, doctor, must she die?" cried Cara.

"Not at all," was the reply. "If you are a brave girl, do just what I tell you, and she will soon be all right."

So Cara became a little woman at once, and was ready to help.

The servant-men held the patient in a firm but kind grasp while the doctor placed the leg in splints of strong pasteboard strips, and wound around them a linen bandage wet with common starch. This soon hardened and became as stiff as bone itself; but while it was still fresh and wet Nannie was released, and limped away on three legs, evidently feeling much better. Billie looked on at the operation with wide, curious eyes.

Cara was pale and trembling, but the doctor patted her cheek, and promised that Nannie would soon be well again. And so she would, for she learned to chase Billie upon three legs; but one night a dreadful fate awaited the poor little creature. While playing by moonlight with her big brother Billie some vicious sheep dogs jumped over the low white fence and chased the fawns. They were such pretty, dainty prey! Billie got out of their way with his long legs, but Nannie was lame, and could not run fast enough. She was found torn and bleeding. All day Cara attended her, giving her warm milk, and fresh green leaves from the rose-bushes. The doctor came again. He said the wounds might heal, but that the gentle creature had been too much frightened to recover. At sundown she died, and then the doctor found that her broken leg was healing rapidly, and said it was a pity she couldn't have lived to run about again. She was buried under the blue-grass where she had been so happy.

Billie was so lonely without her that for the lack of something better to do he began to destroy the vegetable garden. This sealed his doom. He was given to a kind minister, who had a large park fenced in all around. Here he became friends with a beautiful greyhound, and spent his days chasing him about as he had once chased his little sister Nannie.

## A TRICK OF THE TRADE.

BY R. W. M.

THERE was worry and trouble enough that year; For the King of the French was ill, And his heart was torn with the ceaseless fear That the end of his glorious reign was near, In spite of doctor and sage and seer, Of plaster and potion and pill.

He scolded all, both high and low;  
He stormed at lord and groom;  
He bade each old-time mate to go;  
He brooked no word, no glance of woe—  
And thus made every friend a foe,  
His palace a place of gloom.

Yet a few faithful servants staid  
To serve their wretched King;  
One dulcet creams and jellies made  
(The doctors and the nurse to aid),  
And two the parlor organ played,  
And ten or twelve would sing.

His pains would not to music yield,  
And jellies were in vain,  
And all the arts that doctors wield;  
The King's disease would not be healed;  
They told him that his fate was sealed,  
And another King must reign.

The aching monarch shed no tear;  
He was of no coward race;  
He feared—but bravest men will fear  
When unknown dangers hover near—  
And, with a howl, said, "Bring the seer  
I banished in disgrace."

Then to the seer the monarch said,  
With strong, unshaken voice;  
"Tell me a lie, you lose your head;  
The truth, you live a Prince instead.  
Say, when will your King be dead?  
Now, wise man, take your choice."

The seer—he was a cunning elf,

As every quack must be—

Knowing how he could help himself,

With good things load his empty shelf,

And treasure boxes fill with pelf,

Thus charmed his Majesty:

“O King, thine end is novise nigh:

Thou’lt live for many a year,

The date exact when thou shalt die

Is just a fortnight after I

Am borne beneath the sod to lie,

Freed from all mortal fear.”

The cunning quack lived royally

For many and many a day;

The King got well again, for he,

To keep the seer from danger free,

Drowned half his doctors in the sea,

And sent the rest away.

## THE CAPTIVE QUEEN.

BY LORD BRABOURNE

(E. H. KNATCHBELL-HUGGESSON.)

AUTHOR OF “PUSS-CAT MEW AND OTHER FAIRY STORIES,” ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

THESE directions were so plain that the King could hardly mistake them, and as if to make matters still clearer, the kangaroo turned round and prepared to lead the way, while the cow and the rabbit came still closer to him, evidently quite ready to take their share in the business. The cow knelt down in order to make it more easy for his Majesty to mount, and the rabbit crept up within reach of his hand. Under ordinary circumstances the King might have hesitated to play the part assigned to him, but the circumstances were *not* ordinary, and his love for his lost Queen, and desire to regain her, were so strong within his breast as to leave no room for hesitation. Therefore without any delay he let go the reins of his horse, carefully lifted the rabbit from the ground, and seated himself astride on the cow in full view of his astonished courtiers. The cow forthwith stood up again on her four legs, and with a moo of evident satisfaction began to follow the kangaroo into the wood upon the other side of the track, and in a few moments the anxious lookers-on could see no more of their monarch and his strange companions.

The King, meanwhile, was naturally full of wonder and excitement. Accustomed from his youth up to ride upon a saddle, he did not feel particularly comfortable upon the bare back of his new steed, but being prepared to undergo some hardships for the sake of his Amabilia, he determined to make the best of it. On pushed the kangaroo, who had now ceased beating his drum, and in a short time the pine-trees were left behind, and the party came to a part of the forest where there were not so many trees, but only a few stunted oaks and beech, and a quantity of gorse bushes, and rocks embedded in a sandy soil. It was a part of the forest which the King did not remember to have seen before, but he had not much time to notice the scenery, being entirely occupied in observing the actions of his three companions. When they had arrived opposite one enormous square rock, which towered up like a giant amid its neighbors, the rabbit suddenly gave such a violent squeak as nearly made the King drop him.

Immediately the kangaroo stopped, the rabbit sprang to the ground, and the cow knelt down in a manner which showed the King that he was expected to dismount, which he did. Then the three animals ranged themselves in a row before the rock, and each playing on the same instrument as before, they began to sing the following words:

“Cock, cock, King of the Rock,  
Show thyself soon, and the gates unlock!”

This they repeated in slow, measured tones six times over, and were just about beginning the same verse for the seventh time, when, without the slightest warning, a bantam cock appeared upon the top of the rock before which they stood, and interrupted their harmony with a loud and melodious “Cock-a-doodle-doo!” He seemed to have sprung out of the rock itself, for he certainly had not flown into his present position, with which he appeared to be perfectly content, and sat flapping his wings, shaking himself, and ever and anon repeating his cry in the most natural manner possible.

After he had done this several times, it appeared to strike him that he had something else to do than to sit and crow there like a common farm-yard fowl. So, ceasing to utter the sound which is so well known to mortals, or at least to those who are accustomed to wake early in the morning in any place near which such birds dwell, he spoke in the language of the country, and with some haughtiness of tone thus addressed the three animals who had called him thither:

“Speak, ye beasts of common stock,  
What is your will with the King of the Rock?”

At these words the kangaroo gave a grunt, the rabbit a squeak, and the cow a smothered moo, but whether as a protest against the terms in which the cock spoke of them, or as an acknowledgment of his goodness in doing so at all, the King could not tell. Then they all gave a note on their different instruments, as if to make sure that they were in tune, and began to sing again:

“The cow, the rabbit, and the old kangaroo  
Through the wide, wide world have been;  
An old love is better than anything new,  
And the King still pines for his Queen.  
Brave cock, tell the tale which thou know’st to be true  
To the cow and the rabbit and the old kangaroo.”

While the animals were singing, the cock drew himself up to his full height, and turned his head proudly to and fro, as if to invite the admiration of any one who might be looking on. As soon as they had concluded he shook himself once more, and then returned this reply:

“If the truth you would know,  
It is far below  
In the land of the funny chief  
That the Queen doth weep  
To the briny deep  
As she sits on a coral reef.  
But how she got there,  
That lady so fair,  
Is very well known to you,  
You rabbit who squeak,  
And you cow antique,  
And you frolicsome kangaroo.  
A wizard so sly  
Who had long had his eye  
On the lovely and peerless dame,  
As she sat by the oak  
Played a practical joke  
Which was serious, all the same.  
With a laugh and a scoff  
He carried her off  
To a cavern beneath the sea,  
Where the mermaids and elves  
Have it all to themselves,  
With their songs and their gambols free.  
’Tis here that she sits  
Half out of her wits  
With fright and with grief combined,  
And the mermaids’ tails  
And their plaintive wails  
She never appears to mind.  
In moonlit night  
And the gay sunlight  
They merrily splash and sing,  
But she only sighs,  
And in sad voice cries,  
“Oh, take me back to the King!”  
But this, forsooth,  
Is *your* task, and in truth



THE KING STARTS IN SEARCH OF HIS AMABILIA.

If the thing you neglect to do,  
You're a rabbit disgraced,  
A cow double-faced,  
And a culpable kangaroo!"

Then the cock ceased speaking, and it may well be supposed that the King heard his words with the deepest emotion. From them he learned much, though not all, that he wished to know. He now knew where his Queen was, and the agents to whom he must trust if he was ever to recover her. That she desired to come back to him, wherever she might be, he had never doubted, but the knowledge that she vainly uttered this wish and had no means of accomplishing it inspired him with a still more earnest determination to spare neither time nor trouble in her rescue. He was about, therefore, to address the three animals at once, in order to implore them to lose no time in giving their assistance, when, before he could do so, they all three struck up again and sang as they had already done, to the music of their instruments, and this was what they said:

"The cow and the rabbit and the old kangaroo  
Are ready to do their task,  
But the way to begin and the first thing to do  
Of the friendly cock they ask.  
There's a mystic word and a magic sign  
Which are hidden within the rock,  
But as sure as six and three make nine  
They are known to the bantam cock,  
And we ask him to tell them, loyal and true,  
To the cow and the rabbit and the old kangaroo."

The cock did not hesitate a moment after hearing the request of the three animals. He did not speak, indeed, but uttering his "cock-a-double-dee-dee" in a vigorous tone, stamped three times upon the rock, which immediately opened and disclosed a large passage, which, to the sur-

prise of the King, appeared to be quite as light as if it had a sun all to itself, or some such substitute for a sun as gas or electric light. Then the cock spoke again, but this time in a grave and solemn tone:

"Within the rock, beneath the ground,  
The magic sign and word are found  
With which those creatures armed must be  
Who seek the caves beneath the sea.  
That sign to make, that word to speak,  
Learn, and the Queen for whom ye seek,  
Recover'd, King, shall soon be thine  
By virtue of the word and sign."

As the cock finished speaking the cow again turned round and knelt as a signal for the King to mount, which he accordingly did, first taking up the rabbit in his arms as before. The kangaroo led the way into the rock, which immediately closed behind them, and the King and his three companions disappeared within the passage just as some of the courtiers came in sight, who, having somewhat recovered from their surprise, had pushed through the forest in order to see what would happen to their beloved monarch. They were very much astonished at what they saw, and raised loud cries of surprise and horror when they perceived the rock opening its mouth and swallowing up their King. They rode frantically to the spot, and redoubled their shouts and cries when they arrived there. But it was not of the smallest use. The cock had retired, I suppose, from whence he came, the rock presented the usual appearance of rocks, and all the knocking and yelling of the bewildered courtiers produced no effect at all.

When they found that this was the case, they left off yelling and knocking, and rode back to join the rest of their party, to whom they imparted their extraordinary news.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WHAT IS HE?—BIRD OR NOT?

BY EESUNG EYLINS.



NEW SOUTH WALES comes up sharp and clear before my eyes when I look at this beautiful drawing, for that is the country where these strange little fellows live. Strange and odd they are, sure enough, and yet they are not much more so than almost everything around them when they are at home.

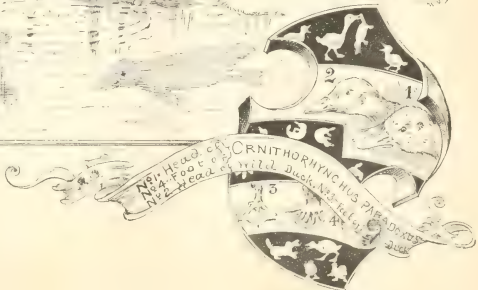
Doubtless many of you, in your reading, have learned what a wonderful region that land of Australia is, and how all the trees and the animals and the birds are entirely unlike any that we see. Did you ever see anything that appeared to be half bird and half beast? No, I know you never did; and yet here is a true picture of what you might find any day, or rather any evening, by watching, as I will tell you.

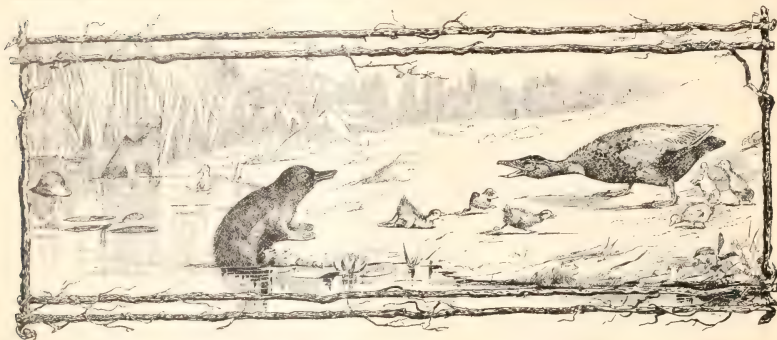
Close behind the town of Sydney comes the Iramatta River, winding around and entering the harbor. On the west side of it is a little stream called Leaf Creek. I do not know how it is now, but I will tell you what used to be there, and what you and I could find if we went out there together. We will start about sunset, for there will be but little use in going during the day. The little fellows that we want to find are in their burrows fast asleep almost always all day long, and come out only just at night. We will go perhaps half a mile up the stream, till we find a place where the trees are quite thick and make a heavy shade over the still water. Sit down now, and watch.

Before we have been there many minutes we see something swimming toward



DRAWN BY DAN BEARD





the bank, and as we keep perfectly quiet it comes up and creeps out close to us. It is a beautiful animal, about as large as a musk-rat and looking somewhat like one, the size, we will say, of a half-grown kitten. He is of a fine brown color above and lighter below, with very delicate soft fur. His legs are short and stout, but you see that he can run briskly, and if another comes up and they begin to play, as they are very apt to do, just as likely as not they will go scampering up one of the trees, almost like squirrels, for their claws are sharp, and yet their feet are webbed almost like a duck's. And this is not all, for they have a mouth which seems a perfect copy of a duck's bill, and, in fact, they have almost always been called in the books duck-billed platypus, though the English settlers here on the Paramatta always speak of them as water moles, while the natives of the country call them mullingong. Their scientific name, as you see in the drawing, is *Ornithorynchus paradoxus*.

Now perhaps you think this drawing is only a fancy sketch; but you are mistaken, for I will tell you where you can find it. If ever you have an opportunity go to the Museum of Natural History, on the west side of the Central Park, in New York city. You will find the whole building filled with what will interest and instruct you of wonderful animals, birds, and insects, of which I would like to tell you, but cannot do it now: only this one thing—on the left-hand side of the room which you first enter you will see a large glass case, and Mr. Beard has simply made an accurate drawing of what you will see in the case.

These are the specimens of ornithorhynchus, prepared and stuffed with very remarkable skill. They look actually as though they were alive. One is rolled up, with his tail wrapped over his face, for that is the way in which they sometimes sleep, though at other times they sleep lying over on their backs, like that one up above, as you may probably have seen your kitten sleep.

One is climbing up over the branch of a tree, one is creeping down the bank, one is apparently swimming under water, though it is only glass which looks like water. There is the bank, too, with a hole broken into it to show the burrows which they make. These burrows are sometimes twenty feet long, and the outer part is high and dry, with a nice warm nest, while the other end opens under the water.

Now look down in the right-hand corner. I am afraid Mr. Beard has put a little fancy into that. It is true he has drawn you a head of a duck and of a water mole, as well as a foot of each of them, which are all right. But

he is a funny man, Mr. Beard is. Look at that duck up above that has caught up a poor ornithorhynchus by the tail. I am doubtful if Mr. Beard ever saw anything like that, any more than he did that old duck on this page, who is scolding away at such a vigorous rate at her four-footed relative who is coming up out of the water.

#### BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARGORIE PRECEPT.

##### A HOLE IN THE POCKET.

**D**ON'T go about with a hole in your pocket, Jennie, Jimmie, Artie; I am anxious on your account. I heard Jennie complaining that her allowance was all used up before the month was half through, and that where she was to get money for slate pencils and car fare and note-paper and charity, she did *not* know. Jennie's mamma is very wise, and she never comes to her daughter's relief at such times as this, because when the amount of the allowance was determined it was ample to cover all expenses. And Jennie is prohibited from borrowing, or I would lend her some money, so sorry I am for the poor penniless child.

"You are so fond of chocolate creams, dear," I heard Mamie say. Then I understood. The hole in Jennie's pocket was made by chocolate creams.

Jimmie, too, has a hole in his pocket. It is not a hole that you can feel, for his mother takes pains to sew every seam with double thread over and over, and the stuff of the pocket itself is very strong, as it may well be, such a collection of things goes into a boy's pocket. Jimmie never can keep a cent. He always wants to buy something—peanuts, or a new mechanical toy, or a knife, or a paper. Money *burns* a hole in his pocket.

In Art's case the hole in the pocket springs from another cause. Arthur is very kind-hearted. There are two words, benevolent and beneficent—long words from the grand old Latin tongue, meaning, the first, well-wishing, and the second, well-doing—which describe the highest type of character. Now Arthur has such kind impulses that I wish I could tell you that he was either benevolent or beneficent. In fact, he is neither. He does not like to see suffering, but he does not stop to inquire how he can best relieve it. He simply empties his purse into the hat of the first beggar who asks him, and then, for the next week or ten days, he has nothing to bestow on other poor people, but he cannot pay his own proper debts.

## THE FLAMINGO FEATHER.\*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "WAKULLA," ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF FOOD.

AS the paddles flashed brightly in the moonshine, and the light craft in which René and Has-se were seated moved swiftly and silently down the broad river, the former related to his companion all the particulars of his leaving the fort, and the delays that had detained him past their appointed time of meeting. As he concluded his story, Has-se, who until then had remained silent, said, "Thou hast done well, Ta-lah-lo-ko, and thy success at the outset is proof to me that the Great Spirit favors our undertaking."

René was not so convinced of this as his companion, for he was not at all certain that he was acting rightly; but he did not seek to disturb the other's confidence, and only said, "Now tell me of thy escape, Has-se; for I must confess that I would have deemed it impossible, and am not a little concerned to find Fort Caroline such a sieve as thy easy leave-taking would seem to prove it."

Has-se was silent for some minutes, and then he said: "I would have no secrets from thee, my brother, and would gladly tell thee that thou askest; but I may not now, though at another time my tongue may be loosed. For the present I am bound not to reveal that which must needs be known were the manner of my escape described to thee."

René felt somewhat hurt at this answer, which seemed to imply a want of confidence in him; but he knew his friend's character too well to press the subject further, and so, smothering his curiosity, he turned the conversation to other things.

After they had travelled for several miles down the river, Has-se turned the bow of the canoe into a sluggish bayou, that wound, with innumerable turnings, amid vast limitless expanses of salt-marsh. This stream led into others that formed such a maze that it seemed to René impossible that they should ever discover a way out of it.

As Has-se kept the canoe to its course, never for an instant hesitating as to which way he should turn, they startled from their resting-places myriads of water-fowl and strange birds, that flew away with harsh notes of alarm. These were answered from the distant forest by the melancholy howlings of wolves and the cries of other night-prowling wild beasts, that sounded very fearful to René's unaccustomed ears.

At length their craft was run ashore at the foot of a small shell mound that formed quite an elevation amid the wide levels of the marshes, and Has-se said they would rest there until sunrise. After hauling the canoe well up out of the water, he led the way to a small hut, thatched with palmetto leaves, that stood half-way up the side of the mound. In it was piled a quantity of long gray moss, that formed a most acceptable bed to the tired boys; and throwing themselves down on it, they were in a few minutes fast asleep.

It seemed to René that he had but just fallen asleep when he was awakened by a light touch upon his forehead. Springing to his feet, he found Has-se standing smiling beside him, and saw that the sun had already risen. Running down to the beach, he bathed his face in the cool salt-water, used a handful of moss as a towel, and turned to the breakfast that Has-se had spent an hour in preparing.

When René saw what a luxurious repast the ingenuity

of the young Indian had provided, he opened his eyes in astonishment. He knew that a bag of parched corn and several gourds of fresh-water had been brought along, and upon this simple fare he had expected to break his fast. Now, in addition to the parched corn, he saw fish, oysters, eggs, and a vegetable, all smoking hot, cooked to a nicety, and temptingly spread on some freshly cut palm leaves.

The fish were mullet, that Has-se had speared from the canoe as they swam in the clear water. He had cleaned them, wrapped them in fresh damp leaves, raked aside a portion of the fire that he had kindled when he first arose, buried them in the hot sand beneath it, and covered the spot with live coals.

The oysters had also come from the water, in a great bunch that Has-se had just been able to lift and carry to the fire. To cook them he had simply placed the entire bunch on the coals, where they had roasted in their shells, which now gaped wide open, offering their contents to be eaten.

The eggs were plover's eggs, of which Has-se had discovered several nests among the tall marsh grass. They also had been roasted in the hot sand from which the fire had been raked one side.

The vegetable puzzled René considerably, for he had never seen its like, and knew not what to make of it. When he asked Has-se what it was, the latter laughed, with a soft musical laugh, and answered:

"Dost thou not know thy namesake, Ta-lah-lo-ko? It is the leaf bud of a young palm-tree, and with us Indians it takes the place of bread when we have neither a-chee (the maize) nor koon-ti-katki (the starch root)."

It was, indeed, the tender leaf bud of the cabbage-palm, roasted in its own husk, and to René it tasted much like roasted chestnuts.

From the shells on the beach he obtained a small quantity of salt that had been left in them by the evaporated water of some former high tide. This he wanted for both his fish and his eggs. Then the two boys sat down to their feast, and ate, and laughed, and chatted, and enjoyed it so thoroughly that one of them at least thought nothing had ever tasted so good to him before.

After breakfast, as there were no dishes to be washed, and nothing to be packed to carry with them, they were able to resume their journey at once. Until nearly noon they were hemmed in by the monotonous salt-marshes. Then they crossed a wide sheet of open water, and entered the mouth of a wild, dark river that flowed into it from the west. The rest of that day and most of the next was occupied in the ascent of this river, which ever grew darker and narrower as they neared its source. They worked incessantly at the paddles, and made such speed that Has-se said they must certainly overtake his people before they reached the land of the Alachuas.

Several times during these two days he ran the canoe ashore at places that his keen vision noted as having been the landing-places of other canoes. At each of these places he found the ashes and charred sticks that denoted recent camp fires, and each time after making such a discovery he returned to René with a puzzled and thoughtful expression on his face. His companion noticed this, and finally inquired the cause.

"What troubles thee, my Has-se?" he asked. "Thy looks betoken a worriment of some kind. May I not share it with thee?"

"Others besides ourselves are in pursuit of my people, and I fear they are enemies."

"What is thy reason for thus thinking?"

"Because I find that each halting-place of Micco's band has been carefully examined after their departure. I have also found the remains of several small but recent camp fires on opposite sides of the river from theirs, and around them I find the traces of but two men. One of these

\* Begun in No. 355, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.





"OTHERS BESIDES OURSELVES ARE IN PURSUIT OF MY PEOPLE."

men is very large, and he wears moccasins that were never made by my people. I fear they are enemies."

"But why should they be enemies?" asked René. "May they not be some of thy band left behind like thyself? Or may not one of them be thus of thy tribe, and the other be one of the guests who attended the Feast?"

"That is easily answered," replied the young Indian. "If they were friends who for some reason had been left behind, and were now anxious to rejoin those whom they follow, they could have done so long since. Their fires burned at the same time with those of my people, and they have visited Micco's camps before the ashes of his fires grew cold. Besides, in each case their own fires were carefully hidden, so that they could not by any chance be seen by those who were in advance of them."

"Who, then, can be following so large a band, and for what purpose? Surely two cannot harm so many."

"That I know not; but I fear them to be of the outlawed Seminoles. If so, they are following my people for the purpose of picking up plunder, or of snatching the prize of a scalp—a thing they could only gain by a cowardly attack upon one defenceless, for they dare not seek it in open fight. Or it may be that one of them is he who has conceived a bitter enmity against those who never treated him with aught save kindness, and that he has joined with him another equally base."

At this thought Has-se's bright face became clouded, and for some time he remained silent. Finally the silence was again broken by René, who asked,

"Who are these Seminoles of whom thou dost speak thus contemptuously?"

"Seminole, in my language, signifies a runaway. They are a band of thieves, murderers, and other bad Indians, who have been driven out of my tribe and other tribes on the north. They have gradually increased in numbers, until now they call themselves a tribe. They are always at war with all men, and against them my people have declared a fight forever."

"And who is he of whom thou speakest so vaguely as having conceived an enmity unjustly against those who have harmed him not?"

"One who should be well known to thee, Ta-lah-lo-ko. I speak of Chitta, whom I hope we may not encounter."

"It will be the worse for him if we do encounter him, and he ventures to interfere with us," replied René.

"Nay, Ta-lah-lo-ko; I have a feeling within me which warns me that a meeting with the Snake will be a sad one for us," answered Has-se, who, though as brave as a young lion, was inclined to be superstitious.

During this conversation the course of the canoe had been through a mere thread of a stream, and René now noticed that they were traversing the mazes of a dark swamp. The little stream connected a series of stagnant pools, or bayous; and just as they came into the open water of one of these, they caught a glimpse of another canoe leaving it on the opposite side. Even as they sighted it it shot in among the trunks of a dense cypress forest, and disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A TUB BATH.—DRAWN BY W. A. MAIST.—SEE PAGE 766.

## THE TALE OF A TUB RACE.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

ABOUT the most disagreeable thing Bobby Gibson had to do was to carry the "wash" clothes to and from the summer hotel at Middle Lake. The mere carrying of them was easy enough for such a sturdy boy, but it was not so easy to have to pass the city boys and keep the angry words back, when he knew by their smothered laughs and half-audible jeers that they were making him the butt of their jokes.

The city boys had planned a tub race, and were in the midst of an animated discussion of the subject when Bobby came along, struggling manfully under the weight of his heavy basket. Frank Cummings, the leader of the hotel boys, noticed Bobby, and as he passed by said, with a careless little laugh,

"Perhaps *he'd* like to join the tub race."

"Why, yes," exclaimed Ralph Peabody, "it would be in his line."

"Clothes-line, you mean, I suppose," said George Sands.

"He could use his mother's tub," said Frank.

It was all cruel, though the boys meant it only for fun, and laughed accordingly. And perhaps they would never have known it was anything but fun but for that insult to the best woman in the world—his mother.

The big basket was dropped recklessly to the ground, and in a moment more Frank Cummings was on his back, prostrated by a stinging blow from Bobby.

For a second or two it really looked as if they were all to be routed by one boy; but the disgrace of that seemed to suddenly come to them, for they turned upon Bobby, and with one impulse knocked him down and rolled him and his newly washed clothes over in the dirt.

How much more they might have done it is impossible to say, for they were interrupted by a young lady with the indignant question, "Why, what are you doing?"

Then the boys, finding themselves unable to justify the unequal combat, looked sheepishly at each other, until a brilliant idea occurred to one of them, and he exclaimed, "Well, what does he want to come fighting around here for?"

"What's the matter?" asked the young lady, addressing Bobby.

But Bobby had not the heart to answer. He was picking up the pieces of soiled linen, thinking bitterly of the work his outburst of anger was going to cause his tired, worn-out mother; and then, too, the prospect that no more work might come from the hotel.

Fortunately, however, for Bobby's comfort, he had won a champion for himself, though he did not know it until the next morning, when he was surprised by a visit at the cottage from the young lady whom he remembered as having interfered in the fight of the night before. She saw him at the gate, and held out her hand to him, saying:

"Good-morning. You are Bobby Gibson, aren't you? My name's Grace Thornton. I inquired all about the trouble, and I think you did just right, and I came down to tell you so. But what I wanted to tell you most was that there's to be a tub race next Saturday on the lake. Did you ever paddle in a tub?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, you must practise a little, then. Papa says it's easy enough if you only keep cool and don't try to go too fast. You see, I want you to go in the race and win. I'm sure you can. Besides," she added, carelessly, "the prize is ten dollars. I want you to beat the hotel boys. Will you try?"

Bobby might have refused anybody else after what had happened, but it was hard to say no to pretty Miss Grace, so he said he would try.

"That's right," said Miss Grace. "And remember, now, you *must* beat. I won't have anything else. And I

want you to use your mother's tub. And be sure you practise. You just sit in the tub and paddle with your hands. Keep cool, and don't go too fast. Will you beat?"

"I'll try to," answered Bobby, laughing in response to the merry twinkle in her gray eyes.

Miss Grace had heard the taunts of the hotel boys the day before, and her womanly heart had gone straight out in sympathy for Bobby. She had planned the giving of the prize in the firm belief that Bobby, because he had been wronged, must win, and would thus have a poetical triumph over the hotel boys by beating them in the very tub they had derided him about.

A tub race is little else than a comical sight to the spectators, and so it was in the case of this one to all excepting Miss Grace, who, forgetting what her father had declared were essentials, wondered why Bobby did not put more vim in his strokes, so as to sweep triumphantly past the hotel boys. Bobby, however, had not forgotten his instructions, and was paddling carefully and safely along, while the more injudicious were on every side plunging headlong into the water amid shouts of laughter from the people in the yachts and along the shore.

But there were others as well as Bobby who evidently knew how to paddle the tub, and the most skilful of these was the very Frank Cummings who had been knocked down by him.

Gradually all dropped out of the race except Bobby, Frank, and two other hotel boys, and it soon became evident that the race was between Bobby and Frank. As soon as this fact was noted a new interest sprang up among the lookers-on, for it was now a race between the hotel and the village, and Miss Grace was nearly beside herself in her anxiety lest poetical justice should be defeated, for, with most others, she could not avoid seeing that Frank was gaining a little all the time.

Bobby too saw this, and had about given up hope, when, as he looked along the course ahead, he noticed a faint ripple, which told him, who knew the lake thoroughly, that a rock was hidden there. For a moment he thought to take advantage of the fact, but that thought was indignantly rejected, and swallowing his dislike of Frank, he said, in a low voice, "Look out for that rock right ahead of you, where that ripple is."

A few minutes later Frank Cummings was greeted with cheers as he paddled first past the winning-post, with Bobby second, and the two hotel boys not far behind.

Miss Grace was quite ready to cry, but her father, who had not been made acquainted with her project of dealing out poetical justice, stepped smilingly forward, and commenced a pleasant little speech of congratulation to the winner, when Frank, flushing fiery red, stopped him, and said, confusedly, "Ah—ah—thank you, sir; but—but I—I don't know if I—I am the winner, you know."

Then, with a boy's shamedness at doing a generous thing, he told of how Bobby had warned him of the rock, but for which, he said, Bobby would have won.

A murmur of approbation and of applause for the boy's generous spirit ran through the crowd, and Bobby at once awkwardly but vehemently began to disclaim any right to be called winner, when Miss Grace impulsively stepped forward, and with a smile and a sob mixed up as only girls know how to mix them, spoke out, "You two boys have just got to shake hands. There! Papa, you can arrange it this way: Frank is the best paddler, and would have won but for the rock; but Bobby would have won if he had not told Frank about the rock; so you call Frank the winner, but give Bobby the prize."

Everybody declared that nothing could be fairer, and consequently the honors were so divided, Miss Grace meanwhile beaming on the two boys as if she had half a mind to kiss them both. But it was just as well she did not, for boys don't like to be kissed—in public, anyhow.



## THE ORIGIN OF THE GAME OF CHESS.

BY L. P. LEWIS.

MANY centuries ago there happened to be a powerful prince whose kingdom lay along the shores of the Ganges, and who took to himself the proud title of King of the Indies. He began to reign while very young, and before he had learned that a king should be the father of his people, and that the most sure and solid support of a throne is the love and loyalty of the subjects. So when the Brahmins and Kajahs (the priests and nobles) reminded him of this, he not only despised their counsels, but caused some of them to be put to death for venturing to give him advice unasked.

Left to the unsafe company of his flatterers, the King fell into every kind of excess, until his oppressed subjects resolved to free themselves. Then it was that an Indian philosopher named Sissa, the Son of Daher, undertook to open the eyes of the prince to the fatal effects of his folly.

With this intention he invented the game of chess, where the king, though the most important of all the pieces, is both powerless to attack his foes and to defend himself without the aid of his subjects.

The new game soon became famous; the King heard of it, and wished to learn it. Sissa was asked to teach him, and while explaining the rules and showing him the skill required to use the other pieces in the king's defence, the Brahmin taught him many truths to which he had hitherto refused to listen.

Endowed with a sound mind, the King took Sissa's lessons to heart, changed his way of life, and thus averted the evils which threatened his kingdom. Anxious to show his gratitude, he left to Sissa the choice of a reward, who requested the number of grains of corn might be given him which the number of squares on the chess-board should produce—one for the first, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, always doubling to the sixty-fourth.

The King, surprised at the modesty of the request, granted it instantly; but when his treasurer had made a calculation, he found that the King had engaged to perform an impossibility, there not being grain enough in all his storehouses to fulfil his promise.

From this, wise Sissa taught the King the danger of hasty promises, and the necessity of exercising caution even in dealing with those in whom one has the greatest confidence.

The game of chess was not long confined to India. The Persians looked upon it as a game to be used in every country not only to amuse, but to instruct kings, as the name they gave it signifies—schatrack, the game of the schah, or king.

The names of many of the pieces have no meaning except in Eastern languages. The second piece after the king is now called queen, but old French authors call it *ferche* and *herge* (corruption of the Latin *fericia*, derived from the Persian *ferz* or *firzin*, signifying minister or vizier). From *ferge* it has been changed to *vierge*, *virgo*, lady, and queen. The resemblance of words made the change easy, and perhaps the more reasonable because the queen is placed near the king, and was at first of small consequence in the game. But the restraint upon the lady of chess was not pleasing to our forefathers, and they extended her steps and scope until the queen became the most powerful of all the pieces.

The third piece, which we call bishop, the French, fool, and Spaniards, *alferez* or sergeant, always bore in the East the figure of an elephant, and had that name. The fourth piece, or knight, has the same figure and name in all countries.

The fifth piece, which the English call rook, Americans, castle, and French, *tour*, is in Oriental lands represented in the form of a camel, mounted by a man bearing bow and arrows in his hand, and is called *rokh*. This

name, common to Persians and Indians, signifies a species of camel used by the latter for mounting their light cavalry in times of war. The quick movements of this piece agree very well with the name, as it was the only one which was perfectly free in its course, but not so well with the figure of a tower which is usually given these pieces in Western countries.

The sixth and last piece is the pawn, or common soldier, which has never changed in form or in moves.

The Chinese, who are lovers of this game, have made many alterations by introducing new pieces under name of cannons or mortars, and by inventing new moves, increasing the difficulties of a game already so complicated as to be regarded by many as a severe amusement. But these additions have not been approved of in our country, and we still hold to the old manner of playing, each player having sixteen pieces, upon a board of sixty-four squares.

## BINNAGER'S MULE.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES," ETC.

SOME people think animals cannot reason; some believe they can. I do not propose to decide between them, but merely to tell how a couple of animals who once were enemies became fast friends.

Binnager's mule was one of the characters of Red Hill Road—a country highway on which farm-houses were dotted along at the rate of eight or ten to the mile. The mule's owner was a drunkard, who seldom provided bread enough for his family; as for the mule, he seldom ate oats unless he stole them. He would have been sold long before, and the money turned into rum, had any one been willing to buy him, but he was so small and thin and ugly that no one wanted him; besides, all the farmers along Red Hill Road preferred horses. The mule himself had been known to signify a desire for better company than he had at home; while straying by the roadside—his usual pasture—he had tried to become acquainted with some of the horses who stretched their necks over barn-yard fences, but he was always snubbed, and when he went visiting at barns whose doors were open he was kicked in a manner which even his mulish intellect could construe as a hint that his company was not desired. Horses dislike mules instinctively; they seem to regard them as poor relations who have disgraced the family in some way; and of all the horses of Red Hill Road, the one who seemed most to despise Binnager's mule was Farmer Trudell's black horse Ben.

But there came a time when Ben was too busy to worry about mules or anything else but his own troubles. Just in the middle of ploughing-time his mate stepped into a hole, broke his leg, and had to be shot. His owner had not money enough to buy another, nor had he the time, for it is the fashion for a farmer to waste enough time in selecting a horse to earn the money that would buy him. As to borrowing a mate for black Ben, it was out of the question; no one ever heard of a farmer having a horse to spare in the ploughing season. So Ben had to drag the plough alone day after day, and although he was given extra oats and all the hay he could eat, he lost flesh; evidently he lost temper too, for when allowed to rest at the fence by the road, after turning up a hard furrow with the plough, and Binnager's mule attempted to rub noses with him, Ben always got out of the traces and began to kick down the fence so as to resent the mule's familiarity.

Black Ben grew thinner and thinner, and Farmer Trudell's face grew longer and longer as he looked at the ground yet unploughed, and thought of the crop he ought to raise to keep his family properly supplied. He talked about it to his wife, who became as troubled as he, and finally his two boys, Joe and Will, discussed the situation.



"IT WAS AN ODD-LOOKING TEAM; EVEN THE CHICKENS SEEMED SURPRISED."

They offered to help pull the plough themselves, as they had seen people doing in pictures of farm life in some parts of Europe, but their father said he hadn't yet got down to working half-grown colts.

Finally Will said, "Dad, why don't you work Binnager's mule alongside of Ben?"

Farmer Trudell laughed—it was his first laugh in a fortnight—as he replied: "Because in about two minutes I'd have to take Ben out of the traces to drag the mule's body home. Ben would kick daylight through the beast about as quick as a flash."

This was discouraging to Will, who had not enough new ideas to be willing to lose any of them. But he went on thinking about it, and as his mind had not much else to attend to, he devised a plan which he and Joe put into practice before breakfast-time next morning.

They caught Binnager's mule, hitched him to the plough, and while Joe led him, Will guided the plough once across the field. The furrow was but little straighter than a piece of rope thrown loosely on the ground, but the spectacle of Binnager's mule working at the Trudell plough made a profound impression upon black Ben, whom Will had tied on the opposite side of the fence, so that he could see what was going on. Ben stared fixedly; he did not stop staring; as Will said to Joe, "He looks just as if he was saying, 'Well, I never! Did you ever?'"

Back went the mule and the plough, though Will saw to it that the latter, instead of making a furrow, merely ran on its "heel." Then he ran another furrow right toward black Ben. It was hard work for the little gray mule, with his underfed body, but he was so glad to have any one notice him at all that he tugged honestly. As he neared the end of the field, Will shouted, "Lead him right up to Ben; see if they won't get acquainted now. Jump aside quickly, though; if they *should* get up a kicking match at that fence, a small boy between them wouldn't have much fun."

Joe obeyed orders. But there was no kicking; on the contrary, the mule stood quiet and meekly looked at Ben. As for the horse, he did not even lay back his ears; he stretched his long neck over the fence, looked critically at the mule for a few seconds, and then touched the mule's great broad muzzle with his rather slender nose.

"Let them talk awhile and get acquainted," said Will. "Rubbing noses seems the horse way of doing it."

So the horse, the mule, and the boys stood there for a few minutes, and the animals were so peaceable that Will said: "I'll tell you what, let's give dad a surprise. You lead Ben around to the barn-yard, I'll drive the mule and plough around there, and we'll hitch the two beasts together, and then invite dad out to see them."

Within five minutes it was done. Will watched the animals' heels carefully, while Joe kept his eye on their ears for alarm signals, but there was no trouble. Ben looked condescendingly down on the mule, who looked meekly up at Ben. It was an odd-looking team; even the chickens in the barn-yard seemed surprised; but the most amazed being on that estate was Farmer Trudell when the boys led him out and explained. "I don't know how they'll pull and guide, hitched together," said he. "I think I'll let each of you boys ride one, so as to guide them; but you must be ready to slide off and jump forward if kicking begins."

The boys were not at all frightened at the prospect; they were as much at home on horseback as village boys on a seesaw. But nothing unpleasant occurred; Ben graciously accepted the mule's assistance, and the mule was so delighted at being in good company that he persisted in trying to do more than half of the pulling. At noon he had a meal that astonished him, and although he stood right beside Ben, the horse did not attempt to kick him away. And that night at the supper-table Farmer Trudell exclaimed: "Horses *have* some sense. And," he continued, after a short pause, "so have some boys."

# The Champion Jumper.



THERE was a man in Hoppertown  
Who used to jump so high.  
He kept a cushion on his head  
Lest he should hit the sky.

But still on jumping he was bent,  
And one day jumped so far  
He missed the path to Mother Earth,  
And landed on a star.

Then, after resting him a bit,  
He said, "'Tis very plain,  
The more I jump, the more I  
may,  
So I will try again."

He spied the "Goat," and with  
a bound  
He lighted on his back;  
Harnessed the "Dragon" to the  
"Plough,"  
Pursued the "Lion's" track.

On "Pegasus" he swiftly rode;  
On "Aquila" he flew;  
The "Ram" he captured by the  
horns;  
Bestrode old "Taurus," too.

Like grasshoppers' his legs be-  
came;  
His strength no limit knew;  
I think each star he'll visit  
yet  
That shines in upper blue.

And now, dear little girls and  
boys,  
If you will use your eyes,  
And do not go to bed too  
soon,  
You'll see him in the skies.

For, on these pleasant autumn  
nights,  
What we call shooting-stars  
Are but the leaps this man doth  
make  
Who jumped from Earth to Mars.

## ONE OF LIFE'S MYSTERIES. BY E. W.

OH, life is all so very queer,  
I don't know what I am!  
Mamma calls me her little deer,  
And grandma calls me lamb.

Papa says I'm his little puss,  
Or sometimes little kid,  
And brother tells me I'm a  
goose—  
Yes, that's just what he did!

They call me kitten, fairy, chick,  
Dove, and canary-bird,  
And then they tell me I'm a brick—  
It's certainly absurd!

Why do they want to make a hen,  
Or sheep, or cat of me?  
Why don't they call me now and then  
Something I'd like to be?

I'd like to be an elephant,  
Or eagle, or giraffe,  
But when I tell them what I want,  
They just sit still and laugh.



## THREE LITTLE MICE.

THREE poor little mice  
Were caught in a trice.  
Pray how did this come to pass?

Their home they forsook,  
And just went to look  
At a little red box in the grass.





Jenny Girl and Johnny Boy  
Heard the bluebird singing.  
"Spring is coming—spring is near,  
Heard flowers beginning  
Off to meet her started they,  
With much merry laughter,  
Kitty Cat and Puppy Dog  
Trotting quickly after."

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POST-MISTRESS,—I am an American girl twelve years old, and am in Europe to learn German and French. Mamma, my brother, and I came over in May. We were one week in Berlin, where we saw all of the royal family, and Prince Bismarck's grandchildren. We were then in dena-Thuringia. We have also been for several weeks in Freiburg, a beautiful place in the midst of the Black Forest. There are many lovely walks and excursions, and the costumes of the peasants are very curious and attractive, the different styles and colors indicating their grade in life. It was in Freiburg that a monk accidentally discovered gunpowder; he was busy mixing a remedy for the sick, and put charcoal, saltpetre, and sulphur in a mortar, which mixture was soon followed by an explosion. The tradition does not say whether or not he was killed. From Freiburg, we were in Stuttgart—a very pretty but more modern town than most German places. In Nuremberg there are so many queer, quaint things, it is impossible to describe the city; it is well worth a visit as one of the old cities of Germany. At the Town-hall, where the "Diets" were held, I sat in the chair the King used in presiding. In this hall is the stone lion that threw red and white wine over the people for three days after the close of the "Thirty Years' War." We saw the old gates of the city, the house of Albrecht Dürer, the castle, and the royal apartments. We saw the instruments of torture, used, some of them, as late as sixty years ago; they are horrible. We came from Nuremberg to Karlsruhe—a famous place for "cures." I expect to go to school in Dresden this winter. I am afraid I have written you so long a letter you may not find room in the Post-office Box for it, but I hope you will try. I forgot to say we have had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, so it is an old and dearly loved friend. I have it sent me every week, and I prize it more and more after its trip across the waters. I am its and your friend, BELLE G.

CLARKSVILLE, MISSOURI.

I have not written to you in so long a time that I thought I would write again. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for five years, and like it very much. For pets, I have three dogs and six cats; we had eleven, but we gave four away, and one died. Last night a thief tried to break into a house near ours. I have one brother and one sister, of whom I am the eldest. I had three brothers, but two died. Your little friend,  
JAMES M. (aged eleven).

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

I am a reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like all the stories very much. I was very much interested in "Silent Pete," but would have liked it better if Pete had lived and fought with me. I would like one of the circulars George W. R. speaks of if George would be kind enough to send me one. I live in southern Oregon, and like it here very much. I have lived in a mining camp, and have picked up quite large pieces of gold on the bed-rock. If any reader of my age (fifteen) would like to correspond with me, I

should be glad to have her, and could tell my new friends more about mining. I was born in Oregon, but mamma and I spent several years in Michigan, and I like Oregon the better of the two. I am a great reader. My favorite authors are Charles Dickens, Louisa M. Alcott, and Walter Scott. I agree with Adele Watson, and think *the School-Teacher* is very interesting; and if she has for another correspondent, I should like to correspond with her.  
PHILIP L. KELLEY,  
Jacksonville, Oregon.

LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY.

I read Laura F. H.'s letter, and I am nine years old, and left-handed also. I go to school, and study arithmetic, spelling, writing, drawing, and Third Reader. I have no pets, except my little sister of four, who is better than any pet I could wish for. I am stopping here for the summer in winter I live in New York. Sometimes I go down to the beach and gather shells. I have a very pretty bracelet, which I made myself with some of them. I send my love to you. Good-by.  
GRACE R. K.

For the first time I am going to write you a letter—not a long one, but only to tell you that I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is just a lovely magazine for quiet old young people as well as for the little ones. I am eighteen years old, but not too old to read it, for I have been enjoying its stories since I was five years old. I am the only girl in our family, and am often very lonesome, and reading over the Post-office Box makes me often wish I could know some of the other girls who write to it; so if any girls between sixteen and nineteen would like to correspond with me, I should love to have them write, and would answer every letter, for I love to write letters.  
F. B. D.,  
Box 179, Northfield, Minnesota.

WASHINGTON.

I am a little girl eight years old. I live in Washington, and have one pet; it is a kitten, and I have not named it yet. I have five sisters, all older than myself. I used to live in Bloomington, Illinois, and afterwards here, as this is the first letter I have written, I hope it will be printed. A friend of ours sends us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. He sends it every week, and I like to read even better than the stories. I have two dolls: one is named Georgiana Buttercup and the other is named Lulu Rockwood Oberly.  
EUNICE K. O.

TORONTO ISLAND, CANADA.

I live on an island opposite Toronto. I saw in the Post-office Box a letter from a little girl who lives at the same place that I do. We have lots of fun here rowing and bathing every day. I have four brothers and one sister. I know how to row and how to swim, and we have great fun in bathing and diving off the water boat, which we go bathing, we take for that purpose. We have been here for three summers. In the winter we live in the city of Toronto, and have lots of fun tobogganing and sleighing, and we also go to a good many parties then. At the island we have a roller coaster, two switchbacks, a merry-go-round, and a cable coaster; we also have electric light here. I go to school, and learn English and French, and I am going to learn music. We have no pets except a cat and a dear little baby brother. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a good while, and have seven bound volumes. When we get twenty-five papers, we send them to be bound. We all like the paper very much.  
MAB.

GENEVA, NEBRASKA.

I have taken your charming paper for over six years, and like it very much. I am eleven years old, and I send a good many letters from old girls of my age. My papa is in California at present. I have no pets to tell you about, but one of my brothers has a dog named "Old Red," and my canary-birds one, named Bob and Jennie; they both died. Would you rather have the letters in ink or lead-pencil? I have two brothers, named Parker and Ned. Parker is seventeen years old, and is fourteen. I have no sister. I am a great reader, and I have some very nice books: I have *Faith and Love*, *Robbie Clifford*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Diddle Dumps*, and *Tot*, Andersen's *Fairy Tales*, and others. I hope you will print my letter. I wish I had time to tell you about a visit to Wyoming! Once told you my letter is in the Post-office Box. I am afraid. Good-by.  
MATTIE F.

Always use ink, if you please, Mattie, in writing to me, and tell of your little visit in your next letter.

TOWNSHIP, ONTARIO.

Yesterday I caught a lot of catfish, brook crabs, and put them in a pan of water with some sand at the bottom; but not knowing what to feed them on, they much to my sorrow, one by one turned on their backs and died. I am going to get an aquarium like the one described in Mr. Beard's *American Boy's Handy Book*. Could any one tell me how to keep and feed the little fish?

I go to the Wellesley Public School. This was my first year at it, and I took the second prize (a book of poetry by Thomas Moore), and was promoted to the Junior Fourth Book. I came out ahead in the examination, but our school marks count in for the three prizes; if I had had five more marks I would have had the first prize. Though I live in Canada, I am still one of Uncle Sam's boys. I will close now.  
Your affectionate reader,  
HERBERT M.

Be very careful about having those marks all right next year. Some reader who has had experience may give you the information you require about your aquarium.

MONROE VALLEY, NEW YORK.

I am going away to school soon, and I think mamma will send the paper to me. I suppose it goes to a great many places in England, and I wonder if it goes to Stockton, on the river Tees? My grandfather used to live there when he was quite young, and if any of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE live there, I would like very much to hear from them. Perhaps they will write to the Post-office Box.  
GERTRUDE P.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I have taken this dear little paper for about five years, and I enjoy the stories written by Mr. Forman very much. I have been to California four times, but I was born in bright, beautiful New York. I think L. M. P. very unkind to call me a New Yorker. I am not, I am a California girl, but I have a little friend whom I love as much as if she were my sister. I have one pet, a pug-dog. I think I would like to correspond with Mr. Forman, so I will write to him.  
Adnee's present address is Lexington, Kentucky, and you may write to her if you choose.

DEAR POST-MISTRESS,—I have never written before. I am a little girl eight years old. I have a little brother three and a half years old. I have only one pet; it is a kitten named Pansy. I think that this letter is getting to California. May I belong to the Little House-keepers' Club?  
EDITH B.

Yes, dear, and as vacation is almost over, I expect to ring one of my little bells soon, gather all my Little House-keepers, and begin some pleasant work in earnest.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I went to Chicago this summer, and had a very nice time. We went from Chicago to Milwaukee on the Milwaukee and Lake Shore line. It was lovely, but about five o'clock in the afternoon it began to grow rough, and by evening it was so rough that the water would come up over the front of the steamer, so no one could see the front of the boat. I became sea-sick, and a good many others did too. We arrived at Milwaukee about six o'clock in the evening, and the city was so crowded that we went back to Chicago on the same boat. We staid in Chicago a few days, and then went to visit my aunt.  
MARGARET G. E.

SAN SIMON, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POST-MISTRESS,—I am a little girl eight years old. My sister takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all like it very much. I have five brothers and one sister. I would like to be a little girl, about eight years old, to write to me. We have Sunday-school and Band of Hope. I belong to the Band of Hope. My good teacher, Miss Kate C. W., teaches both.  
ANNIE BELLE E.

MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POST-MISTRESS,—I have found a word longer than *inconceivability*, and it is *unimaginable*, and that is *philosophicalness*.  
EMMA G. M.

BRANDON, VIRGINIA.

My younger brother, Robbie Clifford, takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like to read the stories in it very much. I think "False Witness" a very nice story, and I think "The Nonnan-wood Box" by George Johnstone Elphinstone was just splendid. We live about a hundred yards from the river, and my brother Robbie Clifford has a little row-boat, but it is not very good, and it does very well for Robbie and myself. As neither of us can row with two oars, and not so very well with one, we do not go out in deep water. I would like to correspond with Annie Gieson, if she wants to.  
BELLE R. HARRISON.

I have written before, but my letter was not published, so I thought I would try again, and hope for better success. I read all the letters in the Post-office Box this week, and would like to correspond with Nellie B. Waters, of New Jersey. I am just her age. I will answer her letters promptly. I have been taking HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE for almost a year. My favorite stories are "Rolf House," "Jo's Opportunity," and I am very much interested in "False Witness," in which Fannie was a very mean girl; do you? I would like to know the names of *Kana*, and I think I can buy the book. For pets I have two cats, a goat, and a horse named Jenny, which I ride and drive. When I am twelve, I received a gold medal for my good lessons, and was very glad to get it. I must close, dear Postmistress, with love. I remain your fond reader,

Tunis Mills, Talbot County, Maryland.

Nan is published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who will send it to you on receipt of its price, \$1.

# MINNIE'S PURSE.

"Oh, isn't it pretty?" This expression was applied to a very pretty purse which Minnie Acree had just received from her aunt Flora in Brooklyn. Minnie was the oldest girl in a family of seven children, and she lived on a sheep ranch away out in Texas. It was on her thirteenth birthday that she received the purse.

"What will you do with it?" asked Tom. "Put money in it," said Minnie, wondering how she could do with some of the money she had none, when her mother's voice called.

"Minnie! Minnie! come pare the peaches for dinner."

At supper she started the family by asking her father how much blackberries would bring by the quart, and she looked pleased when he told her about eight cents. The next day she went up with the gun and picking berries. At one o'clock she had the baskets, with a quart measure on top of one of them, all ready to get taken upon the Tom's sheep ranch. Her father was going to the mill, three miles below the village, and had offered to take her as far as the village. At six o'clock, when Tom drove along, he saw, standing at the corner of the main avenue and the highway, Minnie, with empty baskets, and her arms full of bundles; for she had bought blue and orange and red ribbons for herself, lace for mother, and candy for the little ones. Tom helped her in the wagon, and stowed away her bundles; and then we leave Minnie and her first pocket-money.

EDITH M. N. (aged 12 years).

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

The first money a child earns looks larger and is enjoyed more than any money he or she ever receives. There are many ways of earning money besides that of picking berries. Do you ever earn any, little readers?

# THE FAIR.

There were five little girls who were thinking of a way to earn money. They lived in Massachusetts. The names of these girls were Anne (thirteen), Anne (twelve), Annie (eleven), and Marie (thirteen), Lillie Barr (twelve), and Ella Hunt (eleven). None of these little girls were large; the oldest was only just twelve, and the youngest had some work to do—lace, mittens, collars, stockings, handkerchiefs, and many other things. They met at one of their houses and made for about two and a half hours a day; they met three days in the week.

Finally the day for the fair came. It was a bright morning on the 1st of August, when all the people from the town came to see the fair. There were different colors of tatting at twelve cents a yard, lace collars from twenty-five cents upward, and lace collars at twenty-five cents, mittens at twenty cents, lace hoods and caps at fifteen cents, hats at fifteen cents, and pretty "crazy" patchworks sold at high prices. With the money they bought clothes and other necessary things which they needed. Finally they saved up money enough to be of use to themselves and to help the poor.

N. P. B.

BRITON GLEN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I am spending part of my vacation up here in the Catskill Mountains, but I will be in Brooklyn in a few days. The weather here since I have been here, and nearly every day we go fishing and rowing. My friend Clara and I like to paddle in the water very much, and we do so nearly every day. I have a little brother four years old. For a pet I have a pug-dog whose name is Yum-Yum. I like the stories in Harper's Young People very much.

JESSIE L. B.

FORT HAVY, KANSAS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years. It has come to me in Montana and in North Carolina and in Kansas. I have been taking *Golden Days* for a year. I like both papers, but *Young People* is my oldest and best friend. It is vacation now, so my mother is teaching me housework, for she says that it is no more than right that I should know how to work about the house. I can make biscuits, cakes, and cream. I am pretty well, and help mamma a great deal. "Nan" is my favorite story, and I shall try to take Nan for a model, and I ask you to thank Mrs. Lillie for telling me about her. I have no

pets. I did have a dog named Check, but he died because he was home-sick. I am twelve years old. Good-by, dear Postmistress. With love from one of your little girls,

BELLE C.

BRITON GLEN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little girl twelve years old. I do not live at Hilton Glen; I am only spending my vacation here. I have two sisters, the oldest fifteen and the youngest four years old. I like the stories in Harper's Young People very much, and I think "Nan" and "Rolf House" were very interesting, and now I am very much interested in "False Witness," which I think is a lovely story. I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box also. I go to school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography, grammar, and I read a book every evening, when I was quite little. My little friend Jessie is writing to you too.

CLARA D. B.

# THE BLUEBIRD.

A bluebird sat in a chestnut-tree; He warbled a song as sweet as could be. His gun came down from the chestnut-tree, Lits gun on his shoulder, as bright-looking as he.

The hunter saw the bluebird there, And said it and another would make a fine pair; He raised his gun in the quickest way, And in a moment brought down the jay.

Into his game-bag he put him quick, For some cold time he had time to pick. Home he went with a hasty stride: "See what I have!" he loudly cried.

His wife a stew of the bluebird made, And with its feathers she made a shade. And when the very day was over, He sure when you read it you can but wail.

ALICE McD.

# FRANK'S LESSON.

Frank Wilson was ten years old, and he was a very naughty little fellow, as you will know when I tell you what he did.

"Frankie," said his mother, "I am going away, and I do not expect to be at home to-day, and remember, do not go to skate on the river, because it is not strong enough to bear you yet."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Frank, with a sigh, because Fred Marshall had said that a whole crowd of boys were going down to the river to skate that very afternoon, and they wanted him to go along.

"They will laugh at me when I tell them I am not allowed," said Frank to himself, when his mother had gone. "Oh! I know just what I will do," he cried, suddenly. "Mother has gone now, and I will just come home after school, get my skates, and go down to the river, and nobody will know the difference."

So Frank came home from school, and threw down his satchel of books, got his skates, and was about to start off, when Mary, the girl, said, "Master Frank, did your mother say that you could go to the river?"

"What difference does it make to you, answered Frank, "what she said?"

"Well," said Mary, "I don't think she did, because you know that she is very strict about your going to the river."

Frank's temper was up, and he said, crossly, "If you mind your business, I'll mind mine, and off he started."

"What kept you so late?" growled one of the boys.

"I think so," chimed in another. "Here we hung around your front gate until we were almost frozen."

"Oh, I couldn't come any sooner," answered Frank, crossly.

"Oh, I guess his mother wouldn't let him," sneered a boy.

Frank did not answer, and somehow he did not enjoy himself as much as usual.

Meantime Mrs. Wilson came home, although she did not expect to, and not seeing her, she went to the room where he was, and Mary told her all about it.

I suppose he did not expect me home, and he took all the time of my absence to disobey me," said Mrs. Wilson.

"While Frank was skating around, he thought, 'I am so glad that mamma will come home to-day, and then she won't.' Suddenly the ice broke beneath him, and he felt himself go down, down, and down. He could not cry for help.

When he moved here, he saved him. The next thing Frank knew, he was lying in his own bed at home, and his mother was bending over him.

His mother forgave him, and he got well, but he never disobeyed her again.

EDITH B. T.

HUTCHINSON, NEBRASKA.

Were you ever away out here in Nebraska? I have lived here over six years, and like it very much. When we moved here, we had very few neighbors, and our post-office was ten miles away. Now there is a post-office two miles from here. I have eight little brothers and sisters, and we live in town for about seven months. Three or

four kinds of cactus grow wild on the prairie near here. One kind, the prickly-pear, has very pretty yellow flowers on it; another kind, the pin-cushion cactus, has no flowers. A good many people have come in their flower-garden. It is almost impossible to kill them. We used to live in town before we came here. I would much rather live in the country than in town. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since October, 1881. Of the stories, I like "The Talking Leaves" and "The Queen of the Desert." I am now ten years old, and dear Postmistress, I have a doll that I think a great deal of, and I play with her sometimes, too; her name is Lugena.

DALE

LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—We thought we would write to you and tell you about a little adventure we had last autumn while hunting in the woods of Maine. We were a long distance from any habitation, and though our father had shot several deer, we had not had one. One of us had seen, while walking near the camp, the footprints of a deer (as we supposed at the time), we thought it would be fun to take a dog, follow it, kill it, and bring it back to camp without letting anybody know. Off we went. When we had gone about a mile the dog began to be uneasy, and looking carefully ahead, we saw a large moose near a deer, as we had thought) grazing near us. We both dropped on the ground and crawled to the nearest tree, and resting our heads on one of the lower branches, took a long aim and fired at the same time. We could not tell whether either of the shots had struck him, but afterward found that both had taken effect. When the smoke cleared away, we saw him coming for us with his head down. The tree that we were under being a large one, we scrambled up into its branches. But the moose was not so fortunate, and the moose tossed him, and the last we saw of him he was tearing toward the camp. Now we wanted the moose to leave us, but he sat down near the tree, and we saw that we were prisoners till help arrived. After about two hours we saw the dog coming toward us, and we saw our father and two of the guides, who killed the moose; and we decided not to go out without a guide after this.

TOMMY AND BILLY H.

# PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

THREE VERBES.

- 1.—My first is in sand, but not in gravel.  
My second is in pan, but not in dish.  
My third is in lake, but not in river.  
My fourth is in danger, but not in safe.  
My fifth is in June, but not in July.  
My whole is a garden tool.
- 2.—My first is in sister, but not in brother.  
My second is in June, but not in May.  
My third is in great, but not in little.  
My fourth is in aunt, but not in uncle.  
My fifth is in run, but not in walk.  
My whole is something very sweet.

HONCE F. LEST.

- 3.—My first is in bake, but not in stew.  
My second is in many, but not in few.  
My third is in duck, but not in hen.  
My fourth is in sleep, but not in sleep.  
My fifth is in ram, but not in sheep.  
My sixth is in slumber and also in sleep.  
My seventh in orange, but not in fig.  
My eighth in pony, but not in gig.  
My all is an author of fame.

ALICE FAIRFAX RHODES.

NO. 2.

ANAGRAM.

Dare Egypt mark this? Zen.

# ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 358.

- No. 1.—Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
- No. 2.—

|   |   |
|---|---|
| H | A |
| C | R |
| A | Y |
| T | Y |
- No. 3.—Lizard!
- No. 4.—Hay-rick.
- No. 5.—Miss Muffet.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Clara D. Burdette, Emily Probs, Leander Gust, John D. Burdette, Daniel T. Cox, Leslie Fanning, Horace F. Lunt, John T. Dillon, Otto Koch, Ernest Koch, Jun, Hattie L. Barnes, David Fales, Anna F. Fales, John F. Fales, John F. Fales, R. Rena Leslie, Angie Lowther, and Thomas Arnold.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



AUNT POLLY'S SINGING-SCHOOL.

## SAND SERPENTS.

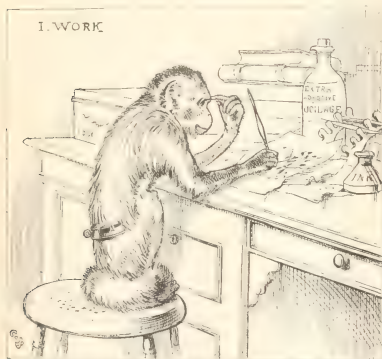
THIS name was given by an imaginative traveller to the wonderful columns of whirling sand that are so frequently seen on the great plains of Central Asia.

Fancy what a terrible country to journey through! For miles and miles one unbroken stretch of dreary sand, nothing to break the monotony, nothing to rest the eyes, unless one of these fantastic exhibitions, which, knowing the discomfort and the danger, a traveller would rather not see, takes place.

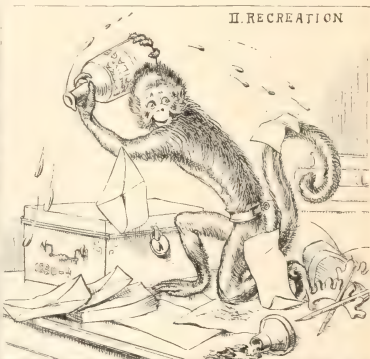
The first signal is a puff of wind, followed by various slight disturbances in the loose soil roundabout: then it blows harder, and, as if a legion of evil things had been called from the centre of the earth, tiny columns of sand lift themselves, and grow larger and larger and rise higher and higher, like the misty giant Sinbad the Sailor loosed from the great caldron he found in the sea.

These columns have the form of serpents, and all the waving sinuous motions of those terrible creatures. Sometimes they will rise to a height of fifty, sixty, and, if we may believe the testimony of some writers, even two hundred feet. They sweep over immense stretches, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, gathering size and force as they go, and then, as the wind lowers, diminish, and dwindle into nothingness.

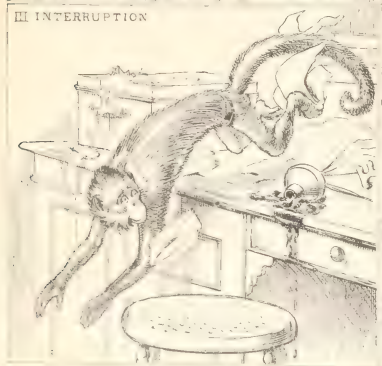
But for the terror of being caught in one of these sand-storms, and being blown and beaten about, and having one's sight and hearing almost destroyed, the phenomenon would be almost as grand as any in nature. One could fancy the evil spirits of the world at play, writhing, twisting, wrestling, and exercising their mighty strength on the play-ground of the desert.



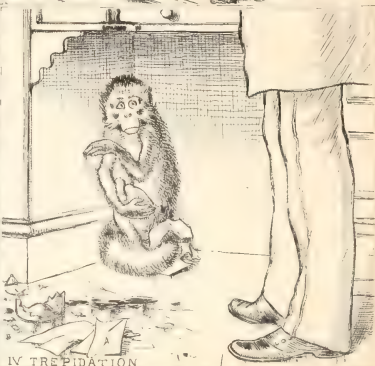
I. WORK



II. RECREATION



III. INTERRUPTION



IV. TREPIDATION



# HARPER'S

## YOUNG PEOPLE

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### BEN'S BLAZE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

IT was a dry spring on the prairie. There had been almost a drouth since the last of February. The new grass had made a small start, but last year's grass stood above it, dry and brown, and above that nodded the tall heads of the dead rosin-weeds.

Mr. Carr Marrow said to his wife and to his son Ben: "It's going to be the best kind of a year for corn. There's rain a-coming some day. This 'ere dry spell is just the thing to get the ground in order, and to do your ploughing, and pop your seed in early. Now, Ben, my

boy, we'll have some fun, and you needn't even call it work."

Ben knew what that meant. He rolled over on the floor, and took a look at Dusty. The look meant: "You're a dog that won't have any boy with him to-morrow. All that corn's got to be broken down."

It came out just so. The cornfields of that farm reached out from the fenced wheat fields near the house right into the open prairie. Beyond them stretched the swells and the levels, and these had not changed, except for new ant-hills, since the last drove of buffaloes left them.

Outside of Carr Marrow's ploughed land there was but one break in the prairie grass, and that was at Hiller's

Grove, not much more than a mile away. Hiller's house was in the grove, and his farm was all around it, and neither Ben nor his father knew that "old man Hiller," as everybody called him, was already busy with his last year's corn stalks.

Ben remembered that he had had to reach up, in corn harvest, for most of the ears he had pulled from the tall stalks he had worked among. He had gone home every night, until snow came, with a great ache in his arms, and the memory of it came back to him. It helped to give him a feeling of pleasure when he and his father, with a span of horses and a long, heavy pole, went out after the next morning's breakfast to break down all those corn-stalks. They were old enemies of his. They had robbed him and Dusty of many a good rabbit hunt, and now they were to be knocked over and burned up.

A horse was hitched to each end of the pole, and Ben and his father each drove a horse. It was no joke for the horses, and Carr Marrow was just the man to do all the work there was in one day. It took him and Ben two whole days' hard dragging to crush the tall ranks of all that corn. It was just what old Mr. Hiller was doing, but Mrs. Hiller drove his other horse for him, and said, "Sakes alive!" every time she saw a rabbit. The six little Hillers took turns in coming out to see the corn go down, but not one of them was big enough to have any real grudge against the corn-stalks.

Ben Marrow felt that he had more grudge, rather than less, at the end of the second day. Dusty was also a weary dog, for he had barked in vain all the time. Either he had chased thirty-two rabbits or he had chased one rabbit thirty-two times, and he did not care a bark which.

Ben looked back at the long rows of broken stalks, and said to his father, "There'll be some fun in seeing 'em burn."

"They'll go like tinder, Ben. We must look out that the fire doesn't get away from us. There's an awful amount of rosin-weed in all that grass yonder."

Ben knew that, for he had scraped an unusual supply of "gum" from the stalks of it. He had found some beads of rosin that were bigger than buckshot, and rosin will burn. He had touched off a great many rosin-weeds just to see them blaze, and they had never disappointed him. They all had burned successfully.

Mr. Carr Marrow told his wife to have breakfast early that third morning, and she did so; but when Ben awoke it was because Dusty had put his fore-paws on the edge of the bed and tried to pull away the pillow.

"Just so, Dusty," said Ben. "We've got to burn all that cornfield over to-day."

Dusty did not know what the fun was to be, but he danced away toward the cornfield. Mr. Marrow followed, with a wisp of paper in one hand, and Ben's mother followed with another wisp. She said to Ben:

"I do just want to see it get well a-going. There's a good wind, and it'll burn first-rate."

If Dusty had ever before seen corn-stalks on fire he had forgotten it, to judge by the way he tore around after the blazes began to creep along the down rows. He was a dog in a new business, with but a dim idea of the amount and kind of barking demanded. He therefore put in all he had and of every kind he knew.

"I'll plant some more fire, mother," said Ben, as soon as the first blaze was well a-going. "That one'll grow."

A corn-stalk with some husks on it made a good enough torch to plant fire with, and that was where the fun came in, and more than a little brisk work with it. The wind helped well, and drove the fire along the rows, but all scattered clumps had to be especially lighted, all scattered stalks had to be thrown into the blaze, and all skipped spaces had to be cared for, so that the field would be clean burned, ready for ploughing.

Every kind of game got away from that field in a hurry, and Dusty had nothing of duty left him but his barking at that fire. Mrs. Marrow went back to the house after a while, saying something about corned beef for dinner, and she did not know that Mrs. Hiller was getting ready precisely that sort of thing, with pork and cabbage and turnips. There was plenty to eat among all the farms along that prairie, but the Hiller family were to have something with their dinner, and had not the ghost of an idea that there was anything coming.

A great deal of industrious burning had been done before ten o'clock, and the wide stretch of field behind Ben and his father was marked by long rows of gray-black ashes, with little stumps of charred corn-stalks sticking up, four feet apart each way. Ben said it looked, for all the world, like a great gridiron, and then he added, "Father, can Dusty and I go and fire the field beyond the road?"

"I don't care if you do. The wind's kind o' gone down. Only you just look out and see that it doesn't get away from you."

"Du-u-usty?" shouted Ben, and in an instant a quantity of ashes and hair, very much like a dog, came bounding across the smoking lines from the other side of the field. Ben broke off a stalk that had upon it the withered husks of two large ears close together. He lighted them at the nearest blaze, and sprang toward the outlying field that was as yet unscorched. Neither the road nor the cornfield had any fence to put in his way. Dusty picked up a stalk on his own account, but forgot to light it, and dashed away after his master.

From row to row, in quick succession, the little flames flashed up as Ben worked on. When he began, the air was almost still, and he said it was too quiet altogether for rapid burning. Perhaps it was, and it made him work so much the harder that he hardly noticed a sudden change that came.

He and his father had been raising such clouds of smoke that they had not seen how fast the clouds of another sort were gathering in the sky. A sudden puff of wind from the wrong direction all but blinded Ben, set Dusty a-sneezing, and made Mr. Marrow cover his face with both hands. Another from the opposite point of the compass caught the fires that had been lighted and whirled them fiercely away along the down rows toward the prairie.

"Look out for your fire, Ben!" shouted Mr. Marrow. "I've got to 'tend to mine. Don't let 'em get away from you."

Ben sprang to his work with a will, stamping out blaze after blaze, and Dusty barked like mad, but it was too late. One heavy row escaped them. Either it was drier, or more combustible, or more mischievous, for it carried its blaze as if it had been a racer. Before Ben even got near it the flashes were springing up and away before the gusts of wind, almost at the edge of the prairie. Right at the end of that row of cornstalks a thick clump of rosin-weeds stood waiting, nodding eagerly to the fire to hurry along.

"Father!" shouted Ben; but at that moment the nearest rosin-weed reached out and caught a finger of fire from a flaming bunch of husks, and in one great flash and flare Ben's work had gotten utterly away from him.

"Oh!" was all Carr Marrow could exclaim, until after a long breath, and then he added: "I was half afraid of it. Mine's getting away from me. Old man Hiller's place is right in the track of it. Just see it go!"

It was well worth seeing, for the rosin-weeds had lighted the long brown grass around them, and the varying, eddying gusts of the coming storm had carried the fire in all directions.

A widening wall of smoke and blaze higher than a man's head swept on over the prairie. Every here and there it

bounded twice as high over bunches of tall grass and weeds, and it roared with furious delight at having so much freedom and such quantities of wind and rosin to work with.

Old man Hiller had said to his wife that morning: "We won't do our burning to-day. I don't like the looks of the weather;" and when he saw the smoke rise at Carr Marrow's, he added: "Just like him. He'll fire the whole prairie if a gust comes."

He was sitting in the house mending a piece of old harness, when one of the small Hillers out at the door shouted "Father!" and the next younger screamed "Mother!" and the next older bawled "Fire!" and two others began to squall without saying what it was for; but Thomas Jefferson Hiller was twelve years old, and all he said was, "Good! it's coming right this way, too."

Mr. and Mrs. Hiller were out at the door in a twinkling. She lifted both her hands, and said, "Sakes alive!" twice; but her husband only pulled up his trousers an inch, and remarked: "It's Carr Marrow's work. It's got away from him. It'll save us any work with our corn."

"It'll burn us out of house and home," groaned his wife—"it'll burn us all up."

"Don't get down into the well just yet," said he. "Perhaps it won't do any hurt. It might, though."

Thomas Jefferson Hiller had three dogs, besides four puppies, and they all came out to stand by him and whine about that fire as the first smoke came drifting down the wind. None of the Hillers knew that back beyond that terrible rolling wall of black and red there was a dog too full of smoke to bark any more, and a boy half ready to cry because he could not break through and tell his neighbors that the fire was coming to burn them all up.

The clouds in the sky came leaning down to lock hands with the dense volumes of smoke from the prairie fire, and the wind drove them all forward vigorously.

"That's it!" shouted old man Hiller.

It was a vivid flash of lightning that went flickering in among the long tongues of rosin-weed flame just as Carr Marrow said, breathlessly:

"It's most there, Ben. There won't be a smitch left of Hiller's Grove. It'll roast 'em all alive!"

A crashing peal of thunder answered him, and then came down the rain.

"I never saw it pour so in all my life," said Mrs. Hiller, as she caught up her youngest child and hurried into the house. "Sakes alive!"

Thomas Jefferson Hiller dropped a puppy, and exclaimed: "My! But it's bad for the fire."

Not many minutes after that Ben Marrow came dripping along into the Hiller front door, and Dusty dripped just behind him, and Carr Marrow leaned over both of them to say:

"Well, old man Hiller, you've had the narrowest kind of a 'scape."

"Well, yes; I reckon so," said Mr. Hiller. "I was kind o' hoping it'd get to my corn-stalks before the rain came on, but it didn't. Is yours mostly done?"

"Mostly. But wasn't you afraid it might do some mischief?"

"Burn us up? Well, yes. Perhaps. So it might. Come in and get dry. I was thinking of the stalks. It'd have cleaned them, fine."

"Ben," said Thomas Jefferson Hiller, "you're awful wet."

"Yes; but wasn't that an awful fire? It got away from me."

"It was just fine! It stopped only three rods beyond our east fence, and right at the edge of our corn. Stalks all down and ready for it, too."

The rest of the Hiller family did not seem to feel like mourning over that fact, and their cat drove Dusty out of the house. There was no harm done, after all.

## THE TOILERS UNDER THE SEA.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

**T**HE Pacific and Atlantic oceans, where the water is not too cold, are dotted over with myriads of islands of a very peculiar kind. Many of these islands can be found upon the map, but a great multitude of them are too small to be put down.

These are coral islands, and they are formed, little by little, by tiny living beings, some of them so small that you can only see them plainly by using a magnifying-glass. The Florida Keys, the Bermudas, and other islands near our Southern shores are the work of the coral animal, as well as the reefs along the Florida coasts. Many of the islands built up in this way are ring-shaped—round, or oval, or irregular—but enclosing a quiet lake. In some the ring is incomplete, and the water inside it is a land-locked bay; in others there is a row of islands which, if connected, would make a ring. The Bermuda Islands are such a row.

These curious islands are called atolls. They lie very low, and the curved strip of land forming the island bears a grove of feathery palms and beautiful flowering trees, bordered by a beach of pure white sand. Seen from above, an atoll would look like a gigantic green wreath floating on the bosom of the water (Fig. 1).

It must be a wonderful thing to be the first person who has visited one of the lovely, lonely atolls of the Pacific, whose only inhabitants are birds. Fifty years ago this was a more common occurrence than it is now, when the seas are so full of great ships and steamers, as well as smaller craft, that most of them have been at some time visited. Professor Dana, who went out on an exploring expedition some time ago, says that "on one atoll, where no natives ever dwelt, the birds were so innocent of fear that we took them from trees as we would fruit, and many a songster lost a tail feather as it sat perched upon a branch apparently unconscious that the world contained an enemy." They had never found out the vow of eternal enmity sworn against the birds by the boys. Poor little heathen birds! How they did need a missionary!

You may have heard of the coral insect, and of its wonderful industry in building up great islands in the sea, as if coral was built as honey-comb is. The coral animal is not an insect, nor anything like one, and it builds the coral precisely as you build up the bones in your body. It is a sort of flower-animal, shaped like an aster or an anemone or a daisy. It has nothing of the flower about it except a resemblance in shape, but is as truly an animal as an oyster or a fish. The coral polyp has a thick stem crowned by a row of petal-like arms arranged about a centre, or sometimes several rows so arranged. The stem is the body, and in the upper part of this is a hollow sac—the stomach. The centre of the flower is the mouth, and the petals are feeders to catch and draw in the floating food that comes within reach. Some of the sea-anemones do not make coral, and others do, but all are constructed on this simple flower plan (Fig. 2, a, b).

When you eat and digest your food, new particles of flesh are formed. These are pushed in between the particles already there, and at the same time old particles which are dead and of no further use to you are cast off. While you are growing, more new particles are made than old ones are cast off. When you are grown, those that are taken on are equal to those that are cast off. This constant change goes on in the bones as well as in the flesh, though more slowly.

Such a change is all the while taking place in the coral polyps. The coral is the skeleton of the polyp. Instead of the skeleton being all inside the polyp's body, as yours is in you (except your teeth), or all outside, as it is in the oyster, it is partly in and partly out. In the lower part of the stem of the coral animal, below the stomach, is the





Fig. 1 - ATOLL.

skeleton; as the polyp grows it keeps adding particles to its skeleton, and as it does not cast off any, the skeleton grows too long for the polyp, and is left behind as a solid stem, on the tip of which is the flower-like animal (Fig. 3, a).



Fig. 2 - CORAL WITH POLYPS.

move about, for it is fastened tight to its coral stem, but it is provided with a wonderful contrivance for the capture of the prey beyond the reach of its arms. All along the beautiful petals are thousands and thousands of tiny pockets, and in each one is coiled up a long, slender thread. Let an unwary little fish come within range, and in a second hundreds of these threads are shot out, each turning itself inside out as it comes. The threads are barbed and poisoned, and woe to the fish who is lassoed. He is stunned, and soon dies. Then the victim is drawn into the innocent-looking flower. After the meal is digested, the flower turns itself wrong side outward, and so gets rid of any fish bones it cannot digest. Out of food so caught and digested the solid coral is formed. A single polyp would form only a small stem, but the polyps increase by sprouting from buds, or by one of them stretch-

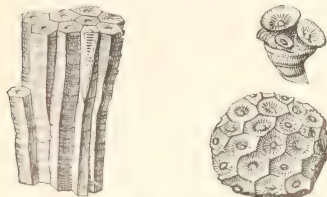
Fig. 3 - CORALS.  
(From "Lyell's Elements of Geology.")

Fig. 4 - CORALS. (From "Lyell's Elements of Geology.")

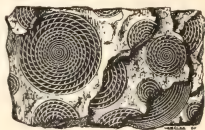
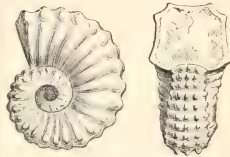
ing and splitting up into two or three or a dozen polyps, till great branches or sheets of them are formed with the coral underneath. The shape of the clumps or branches is determined by the way they increase (Figs. 3 and 4).

Fig. 5 - HOW ATOLLS ARE MADE.  
(From "Hooker's Mineralogy and Geology.")

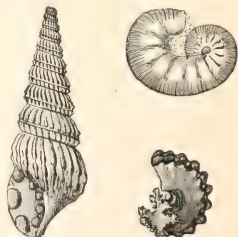
Coral polyps cannot live in the depths of the sea, but when they lodge near enough to the surface, and in water which all the year round is never cold enough to kill them, they grow steadily, though slowly, and increase enormously in numbers.

The land that lies under the ocean, as well as that above the waters, is full of hills and valleys, mountain ranges, and high table-lands.

Imagine such a country slowly sinking under the sea! The valleys would be filled up with water first; as the land sank lower, the parts showing above the surface would grow smaller, till finally only peaks here and there would show as islands in the sea. Now this is exactly what did happen in the Pacific Ocean; and every coral atoll now is the monument raised

Fig. 6 - MAGNESIAN LIMESTONE.  
(From "Lyell's Elements of Geology.")Fig. 7 - FOSSILS OF CHALK.  
(From "Lyell's Elements of Geology.")

depth and the warmth are just right for them, they begin to grow, and spread. At the right depth from the surface they spread around the island in a ring, and build up and up, till finally the reef rises above the sea, and a ring-shaped island appears with a shallow lake lying right over the middle of the old island enclosed. In Fig. 5 you see a slice right down through such an island. The diagonal lines show the buried island, the straight lines are the water, and the dotted part is the coral rock. At *a a* it comes above the water; *b b* is the enclosed lake. In the middle of this lake is a peak of the

Fig. 8 - FOSSILS OF CHALK.  
(From "Lyell's Elements of Geology.")

original island; which in this case was not quite sunken. Sometimes the corals build around an island which is not buried; then they make reefs, or flat coral beaches, around the high land, or a little way off from its sides.

In shallow seas corals often grow up in a sort of umbrella or mushroom shape, with a central stalk and a wide flat top. A great many of these will unite, and make an island held up by great columns below. Sometimes in the Pacific a ship has run aground on one of these umbrella-shaped reefs, the column has broken, and, to the surprise of the crew, the vessel has gone safely ahead.

Of course the continual beating of the waves upon the coral beaches grinds and breaks the coral. The result is a shore covered with white coral sand. In great storms the water is often milky, whitened by the finely ground coral; this falls when the waters quiet down, and gradually packs and hardens into a stone.

All this is not mere guesswork, but fact, which may be proved by visiting certain coral islands, where the dead

reef is bordered with a living coral bed covered with myriads of the exquisite flower-like animals under the shallow water near the shore.

There are many other kinds of sea creatures which are helping to build up land in the bed of the ocean. Fish, large and small, when they die, drop their beautiful shells, or their skeletons, and these collect in the sea depths, and after a while become packed into a solid stone. In this piece of limestone (Fig. 6), see how closely the shells lie together; in other pieces there will be dozens of different kinds packed in the broken bits and dust made by thousands of other shells (Fig. 7).

The chalk cliffs of Dover, which gave to England her poetic name of Albion (from *albus*, white), are solid masses of tiny shells. At the bottom of the Atlantic there are to-day forming just such beds of chalk, not yet made into a solid mass, but on their way to be (Fig. 8), and if the chalk which was made ages ago and that which is making to-day are compared, they will be found to be very much the same.



BY MARGARET EMMA DITTO.



THE first thing needed to make doll-house bread is a little girl eight years old. She must have good sense; she must be tidy and patient and handy. If you are not that kind of a little girl, you cannot make bread until you are older. You will have to run about a few years before you can begin. The untidy girl would spill the flour and daub the batter, the impatient little girl would not wait

for the dough to rise, the unhandy girl would use her hands so queerly that the dough would all stick to them, and she would cry for some one to get her out of it.

And this is the way to make doll-house bread:

Take six tablespoonfuls of sifted white flour—don't heap up the spoons as high as you can, but have each spoonful nicely rounded up. Put this flour into a little pan—one that is about four inches in diameter at the bottom; make a hole in the middle of the flour, and pile the flour up around the sides of the pan. Drop into the hole a pinch of salt—just what you can hold between your thumb and forefinger, then a pinch of sugar the same way.

Now you must take a teacup and put four teaspoonfuls

of milk and four teaspoonfuls of hot water. Pour this milk and water into the hole in your flour, a little at a time, and stir it very gently around, so that the flour piled around the edges does not crumble down into the batter. Some of the flour wants to stay about the edges all of the time to make a little warm nest for the batter to stay in.

Now comes the yeast. Oh, this is very important indeed! It seems as if it was the soul of the bread; it is what makes it rise up and run over and bubble and cut up all kinds of lively capers. If you did not have yeast, there would be no bread at all—just a hard chunk as tough as the heel of your shoe. A cake of doll's-bread yeast is just one-eighth of a small cake of Vienna Bakery yeast; it is just about half an inch square by one-fourth of an inch thick. The cook will fix you such a little cake, and do it up in tin-foil for you. You must take one-fourth of this little cake (a tiny cube one-fourth of an inch each way), put it in the teacup with a few drops of milk on it, and keep stirring it round and round in the teacup till it is quite dissolved. Now pour it into the batter, and work it very carefully through and through. Then gently spread the flour which was around the edges all over the top of the batter, or sponge.

Now the little beginning bread must be tucked up warm and comfortable in a nice place near the stove. You had better cover it with a soft old napkin or clean white cloth, and keep it covered from cold draughts. It has to stand this way for three hours. You must keep it just warm enough, but not too warm. It wants to be exactly as warm as kittens. If you had two nice little fuzzy kittens that would curl themselves around the pan and let you tie their noses and tails together, and would stay there till the batter was light, they would keep the bread just warm enough.

But, dear me! you cannot trust kittens with bread; they would run off and take the napkin with them the minute your back was turned. So you will have to tend the bread yourself. Here is where the patience comes in. Bread is sometimes very slow, and you cannot hurry it up. All you can do for hours and hours is to run out every few minutes and turn the little pan around, so that the side by the stove does not get too hot and the other side too cold. You know how bad it is when your face is burning and your back is cold. That is the way the bread feels, and it gets sick and cross and sour.

But if you attend to it carefully, after a couple of hours you will begin to see cracks coming in the flour of the top, and a little while later you will see the batter begin to peep through. Sometimes funny little streams of it will burst through the top of the flour and run off to the edges of the pan, like little creeks or brooks of batter. If you look close you will see these little streams have little holes and fine bubbles all through them.

This is a good sign. You can laugh and dance and clap your hands now, and tell your biggest doll that the bread is sure to be good, and she can bring her friends home to tea. Do not talk too long to her, for the bread now wants to be kneaded. You must have the cleanest pair of hands you ever had, with lovely white nails—I mean white in the places where they are usually black.

You must take the fingers of one hand and slide them gently down into the flour about the edge, and punch it into the batter. Keep on at this till all the flour is in. Then double up your fingers into a fist, and punch the dough. Keep your fist doubled up tight, and punch to the bottom of the pan every time. Pull your fist out pretty quickly, or it will get stuck to the dough, and keep at it, punching and poking, till the little loaf is quite smooth and firm and fine. When it is so good that it does not offer to stick to your hands, and it will stay any way you wish it to, then it is done. You make it into a round loaf, and pat it a little good-by, and cover it up close in a warm place.

The little loaf wants to be let alone awhile to get good. The first thing it thinks about—if it does think—is: "Oh dear! what a little thing I am! I want to be large."

You see, good bread is just like good boys and girls—it wants to be bigger than it is. So the little loaf begins to puff slowly up on top and to spread out at the sides till it becomes three times as large as when you set it away to think. It is wonderfully funny to see the bread grow tall and broad, because it is alive, and full of little bubbles of air that crowd and push one another.

Now you can work it over for the last time. This quantity will make one loaf three inches in diameter when baked, eight little biscuits as large as marbles when rolled out in the dough, but larger than the biggest alleys when baked, and eight tiny breakfast rolls. The rolls are great fun. You roll the dough flat, and cut out little round cakes, then put a bit of butter in the middle of it, and fold it over so that the edges do not quite meet. The little biscuits, rolls, and loaf have to go once more to the warm, quiet place, and stand awhile till they rise again quite puffy and light; then bake them a light brown, and they are lovely. Any little girl at eight years who can make this bread will make a good house-keeper when she is a woman, and make many persons comfortable by her skill.

### "THE BOY WHO WANTED TO PLAY MARBLES."

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

SOMETHING more than a hundred years ago, when the world was very much the same kind of a place that it is now, except that we had not half the conveniences and comforts that we now think necessary for the purposes of living, there was a poor boy who had to help his family by doing such odd jobs as the neighbors and people round about would trust him with. This boy's name was Humphrey Potter.

"I say, Humph, want something to do?" called out one of his comrades, as he saw the lad lounging about one bright morning.

Humphrey looked doubtful. He did want something to do; that is, he wanted to earn some money to help his poor father and mother with. At the same time it was so much pleasanter to play than to work, and at this particular moment his mind was especially bent upon a game of marbles. Some of the boys had beaten him lately, and Humphrey knew that it was only because he wanted practice. Just let him have a chance, and he could send an alley into the ring and knock a dozen others out as well as anybody. But what could he do if he had to work all day, while the "other fellows" were studying out all the possibilities, and training themselves into dexterity at their favorite game?

However, Humphrey was conscientious; he knew in what direction duty lay, and so he announced himself ready to go to work.

Now in these days the steam-engine was a very new thing. No less than a dozen people had invented it, beginning with the æolipile of Hero, and as many others had improved upon it. When Humphrey Potter wanted to play marbles it had got as far as a very clumsy machine, chiefly useful for working pumps. A heavy piston went up and down, and the valves had to be opened and closed by hand. This was the work that Humphrey was required to do.

Patiently he went at it. Seating himself on a bit of timber near by, he put one hand on the "steam-cock," as they called it, and the other on the "water-cock." With one motion of his fingers, into the cylinder went the steam, and up went the piston; then a pressure on the water-cock, and in went the water, condensing the steam, and bringing the piston down to fill up the vacuum so



caused. But oh, how clumsy, and how monotonous, and how wearisome! And there were those fascinating marbles waiting to be played.

Humphrey looked at the engine, and then at the marbles. There was a conflict going on in his mind. His brow grew wrinkled, and evidently his boyish brains were laboring with some great idea. Presently a piece of cord was whipped out of his pocket. If that piston wanted those valves opened, let it open them. Why not? He could not waste his valuable time; he wanted to play marbles.

In the course of a little while Humphrey's employer came on the scene. There was the engine working hard, and there was Humphrey—playing marbles. The owner of the engine looked at the valves and then at Humphrey. I can't tell you just what he said, for no one seems to have recorded it; but then and there Thomas Newcomen's awkward, troublesome, uncertain steam-engine became a powerful automatic working machine. What the steam-engine is to-day, with its wonderful variations and improvements, doing a great part of the world's work by its mighty power alone, all boys know.

Now how long should we have waited for that self-acting valve-opener had not Humphrey Potter been so anxious to play marbles, or if he had not been conscientious enough to see that his work was done before he allowed himself to give his attention to his favorite game? Yes, boys, after the discovery of steam as a motive power, the most important improvement in the machinery invented to utilize it was made by a boy.

Now wake up, some of you, and give us the "rotary engine" we have been waiting for so long. We have put up with the friction and loss of power in our cylinder engines long enough. Give us one where these difficulties are obviated, and the same immortality that is accorded to such names as Savery and Newcomen, Watt and Fulton, will be yours.

## THE FLAMINGO FEATHER.\*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "WAKULLA," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

CHITTA BECOMES A SEMINOLE.

IN order to account for the presence of the canoe of which René and Has-se had caught a glimpse, as it darted in among the black shadows of the cypress forest in the great swamp, we must go back to the night that followed the Feast of Ripe Corn.

After Chitta struck Has-se the blow that stretched him stunned and bleeding on the ground, he sprang into the forest, and gliding swiftly among the stately trunks of the solemn pines, made his way to the river. On its bank were drawn up many canoes, over which Chitta glanced hastily, but with a practised eye. In a moment he selected one that promised to combine lightness with speed, noiselessly launched it, and stepped into it. Grasping a paddle, he headed the stolen craft down the river, and was quickly buried in the mist that rose from its surface.

As the unhappy lad pursued his solitary way down the river, neither knowing nor caring where he was going so long as he placed distance between himself and those whom he knew would shortly search for him, his mind was filled with bitter reflections. He felt as though he hated all men, but especially Has-se and the white lad, who, he felt certain, had taught the former the trick of wrestling by means of which the games had been won.

In destroying the great storehouse, with its winter's supply of provisions of his tribe, his desire had not been so much to injure his own people as the white men, whom he knew were also dependent upon it for food, and of whom Has-se's friend was one who would thus suffer. He had thought to escape detection after committing this wicked act, and that the fire would be supposed to be the result of an accident. This hope had been dashed by the unexpected appearance of Has-se, who had overheard his muttered threats; and now he knew that he must be an outlaw from his tribe forever, and that he would meet with a terrible punishment if he ever fell into their hands.

Of all his bitter thoughts the one uppermost in his mind was the desire for revenge upon the gentle but high-spirited Has-se, who had not only won from him his coveted position, but against whom he had just struck such a cruel and cowardly blow.

This is the way of the world with white as well as with red men, and with boys and girls as well as with grown people. The more we injure a person, the more bitter do we feel against him; and the more we help and do good to him, the more kindly do we feel toward him.

The deep scowl of hate had not left Chitta's face when he ran his canoe ashore at the foot of the high bluff upon which Admiral Ribault had erected the stone pillar engraved with the French coat of arms. Securing his canoe, and carefully concealing it from those who might pass on the river, Chitta made his way, by means of a narrow path through the tangled underbrush, to the summit. From here, by daylight, he would command a view of the river for miles in either direction, and would be able to detect the approach of any who should come in search of him while yet they were a long way off.

As it was still night, and nothing was now to be seen except what was disclosed by the moon, the young Indian gathered together a small heap of moss and leaves, and drawing his robe over his head, flung himself down for a few hours' sleep.

Tired as he was, Chitta fell asleep almost instantly; but it was fully an hour after he had done so that a tall Indian rose, without a sound, from a clump of bushes, concealed by which he had all this time been watching the motionless figure, and cautiously approached it. In his hands the tall Indian held a slender cord of twisted deer hide, in one end of which was a noose.

Without a movement that could arouse the lightest sleeper, he knelt by Chitta's side, and with great dexterity managed to pass the noose over both his moccasined feet without disturbing his slumber. Drawing it as tight as he dared, the tall Indian made the other end fast to a sapling, and sat down beside the sleeper to patiently await his awakening.

At length, just as the sun was appearing in the far east, Chitta stirred uneasily, yawned, threw the blanket off from his head, and sat up. As his gaze fell upon the motionless figure beside him, he uttered a sort of a gasping cry, and sprang to his feet. He had hardly gained them before the noose did its work, and, tripped by it, he fell heavily to the ground. The tall Indian had also sprang to his feet, and now stood over the prostrate form of his victim, with a cruel smile lighting his dark features.

Although wicked, Chitta was no coward, and finding himself thus trapped by an unknown enemy, he coolly asked, as he lay there, "Who art thou, and what have I done to thee that thou shouldst thus snare me like Pet-che?" (the pigeon).

For answer the tall Indian said: "I will first tell thee who thou art. Thy name is Chitta. Thou wast overthrown but yesterday at the Feast of Ripe Corn by the lad who wears in his hair the To-fa chat-te [red feather]. Thou art he who set fire to the storehouse of corn. Above all, thou art now, like myself, an outlaw forever from

\* Begun in No. 356, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



"WHO ART THOU?" HE ASKED."

thy people, for know that I am that Seminole called Cat-sha" (the tiger).

At this name Chitta gave a start of surprise, for though he had never before seen this Indian, the name of Cat-sha had been familiar to him from his childhood. It was one used by Indian mothers to frighten their unruly children and quiet them into obedience, for it belonged to the cruellest and most dreaded of the outlawed Seminoles.

When still a youth Cat-sha had, in a fit of ungovernable anger, struck one of his young companions a blow, from the effects of which he died. For this he was driven from his tribe, and from that day he had been an outcast, whose hand was raised against all men, and who had become feared and dreaded for his deeds of savage cruelty. He had gathered together and become chief of that band of Seminoles of whom Has-se had told René, and under his leadership it was rapidly becoming a scourge to all the more peaceful inhabitants of that country.

Evidently gratified at the impression the mere mention of his name produced upon his prisoner, Cat-sha continued: "For many days have I watched the place of the pale-faces from beyond the great waters. I hate them, and would gladly drive them back into the sea whence they came. It was to learn their strength and discover in what manner they might be most successfully attacked that I came to this place. Thy people, at their feasting and dancing, have I also seen, and I had thought to do with my own hand the deed accomplished by thee last night. Since thou hast relieved me of that labor, I am inclined favorably toward thee, and will spare thy life upon condi-

tion that thou renounce forever thy own people and become one of my band."

"Become a Seminole!" exclaimed Chitta. He had never thought, even amid his wildest schemes for obtaining revenge upon those whom he considered his enemies, to make one of this band of outcasts.

"Yes," answered Cat-sha, fiercely, angered by the tone of the other; "and why not? Art thou not already an outlaw and a runaway from thy people? Having thus left them forever, to whom else canst thou turn save to the brave and warlike Seminoles? Besides, if thou dost not join us, I will kill thee where thou liest, and none shall ever know thy fate. We Seminoles know but two kinds of men—those who are of us, and those who are against us."

Thus Chitta had no choice left him between making one of the band of outlaws whose name was a term of reproach amongst all good Indians, and meeting with a cruel death, from which he shrunk. After a moment's silence he made up his mind and said: "So be it then, Cat-sha. From this hour call me Chitta the Seminole. From this hour the wisdom of the serpent shall be for them with whom he thus joins his fortunes, and henceforth his fangs shall be held ready for all who are their enemies."

Cat-sha's dark face was again lighted by a cruel smile of triumph, and releasing his new recruit, he said:

"Chitta the Seminole, I welcome thee gladly to our number. The time will come when we shall have increased to a great and powerful tribe, and when the name given us by our enemies shall be honored of all men. Let us go."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE DANCE OF THE FAIRIES.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH, N.A.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 782.



## THE DANCE OF THE FAIRIES.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

IN my garden in the midnight,  
In the misty shining moonlight,  
Stand the lilies, swaying, bending,  
Half afraid that they are lending,  
By their sweet looks and sedate,  
Countenance to hours so late.  
(Yet they give a sidewise glance  
At the Fairies' airy dance.)

O'er the grass, hand in hand,  
Kiss and pass, fairy band!

Round about with the breeze,  
In and out 'neath the trees.

Flow'r bells ring with soft chime,  
Fairies sing, keeping time!

Laughing low, kissing oft,  
On they go, stepping soft.

Steps so light, scarcely make  
Dewdrops bright gleam and shake.

But my stately lilies wear  
Such a disapproving air!  
Looking with their sweet heads bent  
On the Fairy Parliament,  
Hoping their white dignity  
Flippant Fays may chance to see!  
(Yet I think from their shy glance  
They would like to join the dance.)

## FERRETS AS PETS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

ONE of the oldest Dutch engravings, copies of which are highly prized by collectors, is "The Rat-catcher." It represents an old man walking through a quaint Flemish street carrying a cage of ferrets. Though ferrets have been known in Europe for hundreds of years as expert rat-catchers, and are also used in rabbit-hunting, it is only within the past few years that they have been introduced into this country, and their first cousins the weasels, the martens, and the skunks have all been looked upon with disfavor by farmers, and active efforts are made for their extermination. Lately, however, considerable interest has been aroused in the keeping and breeding of these graceful little animals, and it may safely be said that American boys have found a new pet—a pet which gives but little trouble, and will more than pay for itself by its services in ridding the house and barns from rats.

It is true that the ferret is not an affectionate animal, and will never display the intelligence and faithfulness of a dog; but it is a pretty little creature, graceful in every motion, and playful after its own peculiar fashion. To see a family of them tumbling over each other in their fun, twining their long slender bodies in and out, one would almost take them for furred snakes; and indeed it is this snake-like shape and flexibility which make them valuable as rat-catchers. They can go anywhere it is possible for a rat to go, and will follow their game up and down, between the walls and under the floors, with the pertinacity of a blood-hound.

The ferret proper, or *Mustela furo*, as the naturalists call it, is a pretty white creature with shining pink eyes. It is very delicate, being extremely sensitive to cold, and subject to various diseases. It is largely used in England; but in America the cross breeds—those related to the mink, marten, or polecat—are preferred as being more hardy and better hunters.

The color of American ferrets therefore varies from yellow to brown, as the ferret, mink, or marten blood predominates. It is a very neat little animal, and absolute cleanliness in its pen is necessary for its health. A dry-goods box about three feet square and three feet high,

the bottom filled with dry sand or sawdust, which must be changed once a day, is a good pen for a pair of ferrets if you are going to keep them in-doors.

For an out-door pen a compact, solidly built box, with a slanting roof, about six feet long, four feet wide, and four feet high, is recommended by the most successful breeder of ferrets in this country. It has a wire front, and two divisions, with a sliding door between. The smaller division is two, the larger four feet long. The smaller part is kept full of hay in winter, in summer half full, and has a door over the wire front. This is the ferrets' sleeping apartment, in which they can keep warm in the coldest weather. In the larger part, which serves for a yard, the ferrets can come out and take their exercise and feed. At the back of the pen are two large doors, so that you can get at the ferrets at any time. The hay should be changed every month or two, except during the breeding season, when the ferrets should be left alone. Any attempt to handle the little ones, or even watch them, should be avoided, as it is bad for both the young and the mother.

Like every animal, ferrets require patience, kindness, and good judgment in their treatment. They are not long-suffering, like dogs or cats, and the young owner of ferrets who attempts to lug his pets around by one paw, and maul them about as the average youngster mauls the animals intrusted to his tender mercies, will find to his cost that the slender little rat-hunters are capable of taking very excellent care of themselves. They should be lifted by the tail, and handled by the back of the neck; though after they have become accustomed to their owner they will permit themselves to be handled to any reasonable extent, and often grow quite affectionate in their way, though it is never advisable to trust them too entirely, as they sometimes take offence on apparently small provocation. After their meals they are apt to be in better humor, and will submit to more handling than when hungry.

Great care should be taken not to overfeed ferrets. Two meals a day—one in the morning and one in the evening—are sufficient under ordinary circumstances; and when hunting, one light meal in the morning is all that should be given.

Rats, mice, rabbits' heads, chickens' heads, and small birds are the favorite food: raw meat except liver and bread and milk can be added to the bill of fare. After eating they go to sleep for an hour or two, and will be somewhat lazy until near the next feeding-time.

When hunting with ferrets they should always be started in the rat-hole on the top floor of a building, as they hunt down. If a building is infested with rats, it is well to have the entrances to the holes in the cellar guarded, as rats are afraid of ferrets, and will run and make their escape before the ferrets have an opportunity to kill them.

Their flexible bodies and small heads enable them to go anywhere that a rat can go, and when they tackle a rodent they kill and eat it without delay. In hunting rabbits, they drive them out of their holes, and feel abundantly satisfied if they are given the rabbit's head as a reward for their work. For exterminating woodchucks, prairie-dogs, ground-squirrels, and gophers they have no equal.

The little ferret will march boldly down into a woodchuck's burrow and drive out the clumsy inmate without the slightest hesitation. In hunting rabbits and out-door game it has been the custom to muzzle the ferrets, but this is a cruel and unnecessary practice. It is not fair to the ferret, for if he is attacked he has no means of defending himself, and he will rarely kill his game in the burrow. The ferret is a natural-born hunter, and soon learns that being taken out of its pen and carried off in a basket means a hunting trip, and the little creature looks forward to it with keen enthusiasm.

Some owners just tuck the ferrets into a coat pocket

when starting on the hunt, but a small basket is just as convenient, and a safer way of carrying them. They can readily be taught to come in answer to a whistle, like a dog, and in a building they generally return to the pen of their own accord.

The golden rule should be applied to the treatment of all pets, and with ferrets this considerate firmness is imperative. "Do as you would be done by;" remember the natural disposition of the animals, and then try to put yourself in their place, and think if you would like to be teased as you tease them. Humor their natural inclinations so far as you can, but make them obey under all circumstances. Keep them clean, and feed them judiciously, and you will find that the graceful little ferret is a most entertaining addition to the list of pets.

### BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

#### A BEAUTIFUL ROOM.

"I THINK I could be good if I lived in such a beautiful house as this, and had so beautiful a room of my own."

The speaker was Amaranth, and she was talking to Pansy. None of us ever thought Amaranth specially naughty, but I understood what she meant when she looked around Pansy's pretty chamber, and fancied one just like it would help her to be good. For Pansy's room had Peace written all over it, not in letters, but in its expression. The carpet had a light ground, sprinkled with rose-buds; the soft gray tint of the wall-paper made the loveliest background for the pictures; and the curtains, looped back from the windows with ribbons of the most exquisite blue, made a graceful drapery.

Pansy's parents are rich, and they delight in spending money for their darling's pleasure. Then, too, little Pansy herself has what money of itself cannot give—an eye to see what is beautiful, and a quick, deft little hand to set things in the right places. Her colors never "quarrel" with each other. There is a general air of fitness and harmony which impresses every observer.

With Amaranth, sweet child, all the externals, or outside parts of life, are different. Her father died when she was a babe, and her mother's means are limited, so that she has a struggle to live comfortably and educate her children. Of course Amaranth's room is a contrast to Pansy's. The plainest, barest place, she thinks it, with such a faded, *horrid* carpet, quite worn off in some parts and dingy in others, with old-fashioned horn-cloth furniture, and no curtains at the windows at all, only stiff staring white linen shades. Pictures! Well, if you call grandmother's sampler, worked in 1799, a picture—a green vine, with red triangles for strawberries wandering round the edge of the canvas, the alphabet in three sizes between the clasping vine, and a rooster, a cat, and a dog surmounting "Martha Josepha Pratt, her name"—if you call that a picture, there is one. And if you choose to fancy the certificate that grandfather received when he became a life member of the Bible Society a picture, you have another. Amaranth's little face grows long when she looks at those works of art, and then—how can she help it?—she laughs; for you might as well laugh as cry when a situation is made for you, and you cannot improve it.

The question is, can you not improve it? That's what I said to Amaranth. We put our heads together, and this was the result: Mamma consented to let us take up the carpet, and Amaranth doing without a new dress for the season, we covered the floor with a cheap cream-tinted matting, and bought a cheap but pretty neutral-tinted paper for the walls. It turned out that the laundress, who came Mondays to wash for Amaranth's mother, knew how to put the paper on as smoothly as a regular workman. She did it for nothing. Amaranth is teaching her crippled boy to read, and Mrs. McCrick was glad to return a favor. Then we bought cheese-cloth at five cents a yard, and made full draperies for the windows, tying them back with ribbons of gay scarlet. A plant or two in bloom, a bit of soft old veiling thrown over the sampler cornerwise, and an ivy trained over the certificate, and you cannot imagine how the room was transformed.

We are much in the habit of thinking that we cannot have pictures without spending a great deal of money for them. Nev-

er was a greater mistake. When the illustrated papers and magazines are brimming over with beautiful pictures, no boy or girl need go without them. Amaranth began to cut pictures from HARPER'S BAZAR and the WEEKLY, and to fasten them with pins to her wall, mounting them with a cluster of autumn leaves or a group of pressed ferns.

Robby brought a bird's nest, empty—of course Amaranth would not have taken it otherwise—and fastened it on a twig, with a little trailing moss drooping below and some bitter-sweet berries above. There was an ornament for a corner.

I cannot tell you any more now; but could you see it, you would agree with me that Amaranth has a beautiful room.

## THE CAPTIVE QUEEN.

BY LORD BRADOURNE

(E. H. KNATCHBELL-HUGHESSEN,

AUTHOR OF "PUSS CAT MEW AND OTHER FAIRY STORIES," ETC.)

### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the King and his companions had entered the rock, they perceived that the passage immediately before them sloped downward, at first by means of a number of steps, which the cow found it rather difficult to pass over without stumbling, and then by a gradual descent for a long distance.

I have already remarked that by some magical means or other the passage, though within the bowels of the earth, was perfectly light, so that the party, once down the steps, had no difficulty in making their way, which they did slowly and silently, without any particular occurrence for some time. Then all of a sudden they came to two massive bars of iron, which were stretched right across the passage so as to effectually prevent their going any further.

The King's heart sank within him for a moment when he saw this new obstacle thrown in his way, but it rose again when the kangaroo gave three taps on his drum, as if he knew perfectly well what he was about. So he apparently did, for no sooner had the drum sounded than a curious gray vapor appeared on the other side of the bar, in the midst of which there appeared a head without a body—or at least if there was a body which belonged to the head, it was so shrouded by the vapor that no one on the King's side of the bar could see it. I think there must have been a body too, from what presently happened, but all that the King saw at first was a head, and the most curious thing about it was that it seemed to be the very image of the old man who had appeared to him in his dream of the previous night. There was the furrowed face, there was the beard (as far as he could see for the vapor), and there, above all, were the piercing eyes which had impressed themselves so much on his memory. He could not be sure that the voice was the same, but that did not matter much. There *was* a voice, and it spoke at once in words which did still more to inspire the King with confidence.

This is what the voice said:

"Mighty King and creatures three  
Who seek a Queen beneath the sea,  
Hither eyes and ears incline,  
Hear the word and learn the sign."

As the voice finished speaking a hand which no doubt belonged to the head was slowly raised up and laid flat upon the left cheek; upon which the kangaroo and rabbit immediately raised their paws in the same manner, and the cow followed their example, very nearly tumbling upon her nose in the attempt. As they did so one of the great bars disappeared from before them, as if it had been drawn into the earth by invisible hands, which was very likely the case. Then came from the same voice another sound, and in deep tones the word "Barley-sugar!" rang through the air.



"THERE APPEARED A HEAD WITHOUT A BODY."

Each of the three animals directly uttered the same word, and hardly had they done so when the other bar vanished in the same manner; the head, hand, and vapor entirely disappeared, and the travellers saw the descending passage open before them. They at once advanced, and continued their descent for some way without further adventure. Down, down, down they went, until the King began to think the journey would never end, and then all of a sudden they came to an enormous gate of granite, with the biggest padlock upon it which you ever saw. The padlock was composed of one diamond, probably the largest in the world (if, indeed, it could fairly be said to be in the world), and as there was no key in it, nobody seemed to have much chance of getting through.

But the kangaroo winked in a knowing manner at his two friends, and then, laying one paw on the door, raised the other to the left side of his head—an example which the cow and the rabbit promptly followed, whilst all three at the same time uttered in their different voices the word "Barley-sugar." Without the delay of an instant the granite door flew open, and closed again of itself as soon as the travellers had passed through it.

Where in the name of all that is wonderful had they got to? A large expanse of hard, glittering sand lay before them, studded with innumerable shells of different shapes, colors, and sizes. Above their heads was no sky, but a vast and apparently endless body of water, and the King, who was pretty well informed in matters relating to general information and natural history, felt tolerably certain that it was the sea at which he was looking up. It was a wonderful sight to see the fishes darting about above his head, and he could not imagine how it was that he and his companions were so perfectly dry when there appeared to be nothing between them and this great body of water. He remembered, however, that sometimes,

when he had been standing on the sea-shore, he had been struck by the same kind of thought, and wondered why the sea should never come further than a certain point upon the land, and, after all, some similar cause might keep it from washing over people who were underneath it just as well as those who were on a level with it on the earth.

However this might be, his three friends and he felt no inconvenience from the waters above, and the kangaroo led the way across the tract of sand upon which they had entered as happily as if he had been born and bred there. Onward and onward they marched, and all that the King could see was a dark mass at some distance before them, which seemed to him to be a mountain.

They were, however, still some way from it when suddenly, as if he had dropped from the sea above (as, indeed, was probably the case), a figure appeared before them, standing right in their way. It was the figure of a man—and an old man—but of a very different sort to the venerable person who had appeared to the King in his dream. The old man whom they now saw had a head which very much resembled that of a codfish, his eyes especially being large and glassy like those of that creature when boiled. His body was of the hue of cooked salmon, his hands ended like the claw of a lobster, a crab shell served him for a cap, while a large eel was carelessly thrown round his neck by way of a handkerchief, and in his right hand he carried a huge stick made of sea-weed, with which he carelessly tapped his shark-skin boots as he stood in the way of the travellers, and regarded them with no friendly eyes.

"Now, ragamuffins," were his first words, uttered in a hoarse voice, "who are you, and where do you come from?"

It was the rabbit who raised his feeble voice in answer to this rude greeting, and lifting his head up from the King's knee, on which it had been quietly reposing, he said:

"We be travellers—one, two, three;  
Prithce make way for my comrades and me."

But the strange old man who had accosted them was by no means satisfied with these words.

"Make way for *you*!" he exclaimed, in the same rough manner. "A likely story, indeed! In the first place, you tell a direct falsehood, since there are four of you, and not three, as you say; and in the second place, you have no business down here. I am the old man of the sea, and I don't allow tramps."

To these words the rabbit simply returned the same answer as before, cocking his head on one side at the same time in a somewhat comical manner:

"We be travellers—one, two, three;  
Prithce make way for my comrades and me."

This seemed to put the old man of the sea into a great rage. "You impudent rascal of a rabbit!" he shouted. "I wish a weasel had you! But neither you nor your friends can pass here without my leave; so just go back!"

As he spoke he brandished his sea-weed stick, and looked as if he meant to dispute the way with the travellers. Then at once the kangaroo struck his drum three times, and thereupon the three animals made the sign which had proved so useful with the granite door, and uttered the word which they had been taught. The face of the old man of the sea changed at once.

"Then you've got leave to come!" he cried. "Why didn't you say so before? Of course any one who knows what you know can come down here, though I don't know how you found it out."

With these words he turned on his heel, sprang up into the sea above, and quickly disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





"GOOD-BY, OLD KAISER."



the cracker box. My father keeps a grocery and dry-goods store. I have two sisters and three brothers; my father is married, and has a little girl whose name is Edna; they live in Portland. My other sister is fifteen years, and I am twelve years old.

JESSIE F.

WYANDOTTE, KANSAS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year, and like it very much. I like to read the letters; it is very hot and dusty here; I have not had any rain to speak of since the 26th of June. I have no brother or sister, but I have a neighbor who is deaf and dumb, and I have a dog named Jack, a dog named Nig, and two little kittens named Topsy and Maudie.

IRENE M. C.

HASTINGS, IOWA.

My grandma has sent me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since Christmas, and I like it very much. I like Howard Pyle's stories. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, writing, geography, and language. For pets, we have a very large cat named Jack, a dog named Nig, and two little kittens named Topsy and Maudie.

FRED H. P.

ALLAHVALD, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have just returned home from a month in the West. My uncle, aunt, and my cousin came here, and I went home with them. When they were in town they bought fireworks for the Fourth. We took them home with us, and my cousin put them on the porch. We boys were shooting fire-crackers, when one went off among the fireworks. The cracker caught a Roman candle, and the Roman candle caught the big shooting cracker. All the girls screamed, and I just stood still. I was so scared that I ran for my life. I thought the whole house was blown up. The booming kept up for about two minutes. Then we went back and got two things out of the fire, and set them off in the evening. My grandma gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a year. I have had my own bound, and when I have nothing to read I take that. Last month I had my birthday, and I received so many books that I have now a little library. I like Howard Pyle's stories. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, writing, geography, and language. For pets, we have a very large cat named Jack, a dog named Nig, and two little kittens named Topsy and Maudie.

FRED S. M.

NEPHEW, LAKE SUPERIOR, ONTARIO.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I am twelve years old. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like Howard Pyle's stories very nice. I like Howard Pyle's stories very nice. I have two sisters and one brother; Aggie is the eldest, I am the second, Dixon the third, and Jessie the fourth. I hope you will find a corner to put this letter in; please do. I am one of your little readers,

JANIE F.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MY DEAREST POSTMASTER.—I am a little boy nine years old. I have four brothers and one sister. We each take turn in taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and this year it is mine. I have just come home from a visit to my grandparents. I went out sailing, fishing, and rowing. A few days before I came home I went on a picnic to Hunting Ridge, and spent a pleasant day. I hope you will find a corner to put this letter in. I print, as I have never written before, and should be disappointed if it should be left out. Your true friend and constant reader,

STUART G.

FOREST HOME.

I am a little girl ten years old, and I live in the Adirondacks, on Upper Saranac Lake. I have for pets two kittens whose names are Cotton and Topsy, and one dog whose name is Edna. I have one brother and one sister. My sister takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am very much interested in "Silent Pete."

ALMA D. C.

WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have no pets except a large cat named Zachariah; he is very playful and intelligent, I think. I have written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE before, but the letters never appeared in the Post-office Box, so I hope this time. I think a great deal of MY YOUNG PEOPLE. I think I like the Little stories best; I am reading "False Witness," and am so interested in Agnes, when I am in New York some time, may I call on you?

ALICE M. C.

Certainly, my dear.

FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN.

I want to tell you how one day I went hiking. About ten of us, children and grown people included, got into a big wagon with a driver by the marsh, which was about a mile off. We went through corn and barley fields until we reached the marsh, which was very pretty. The flowers growing all along its banks. One of us had to get down quite often to open gates. At last we

came to the marsh itself. We drove over to the other side of the field, and all jumped out of our "chariot." There were men at work all about us, some driving the horse-rake, some loading, and others driving the rake to the hay. Some of us started for the river to play, some to make nests in the hay and sit there quietly, and others to play on the haycocks near by.

I climbed the horse-rake, and got up on the seat, and took the reins and started off as fine as could be; but I did not stay there more than ten minutes, for my seat, which was made of iron, was not very easy, and I kept driving it over places, which made it harder still to keep my seat. I soon let one of the men take my place, and went over to a haycock where some of the little ones were digging in the dirt. I asked them what they were doing, and they said, "Oh, we are digging down to China." About six o'clock we all went supper, and played around for a long longer, when we all got upon a great load of hay and rode home singing, and with great bunches of golden-red in our arms. You don't think that we had a very nice time? I do. I have started a correspondence through HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE with a girl in Toledo which I think will prove very interesting. I should like to have some girl abroad about my own age (thirteen years), and also with some girl in my own country. I expect to go to the lakes next year. I would like, I will write you all about it when I get home.

MAY PRATT.

If you write as pleasantly of your excursion as of your hay-riding, I shall be very glad to hear from you again.

SHELL CITY, MISSOURI.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have four sisters, two younger and two older than myself. Sister Edna has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two or three years. We like it very much. My papa says I will be married next year. We live in Shell City, Vernon county, Iowa, of about 1800 inhabitants. I have never seen a letter in YOUNG PEOPLE from our town.

MAUDE W.

BRUCEVILLE, FLORIDA.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—I live on an orange grove in Florida, and think it is much nicer than living in the city, for we have plenty of oranges here, and can go out in the woods whenever we like, and they are such beautiful woods too, all draped with the gray Spanish moss, and full of squirrels and birds. I have three brothers and one sister, and we all have pet chickens. I have four Cochins China hens and five small chickens. My brother has a cabinet of curiosities from all over the world. Among them are a piece of olive-wood from the Mount of Olives, and a flower from Jerusalem, and a piece of the Charter Oak.

LEUZARDER S.

MARLBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS.

I wrote a letter last year, but it was not printed, so I will write again. I had a mockingbird; it was a beauty, and as it was sent to us from Georgia we named him George. One day he got out of the cage, and flew out of the window. We tried all the morning, but could not find him. At noon our father and mother caught and killed him. Puss was not thought much of or petted for about a week, but now we have pardoned her: she is a beauty; her name is Prudence. I have a tricycle and four brothers. They are all named: one is the Nelly Bly, another Carrie, George, and the Mayflower. The English cat called Gaudin has been in our house, and is a fine cat. I wish all the boys could see her. I was nine years old last March. W. OLIVER D.

SAN SIMON, CALIFORNIA.

I am a girl twelve years old, and have five brothers and one sister. I live on the coast near the Piedras Blancas Light-house. My uncle is the keeper of the light-house. I like your charming paper, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My teacher gave it to me as a reward of merit last Christmas. I like it very much; I read it very hard; I tell it to school every day, and study in the Fourth Reader. We have no Sunday-school now, and miss it very much, for I was the teacher of the little boys.

KATIE J. E.

ST. CHARLES, MISSOURI.

I am a little girl five years old. My sister Fanny takes your good paper, and we all like it so much. I have five sisters and one brother, and they are all older than I am, so you see I am the baby. We have been here just one year, and we are all very much pleased with St. Charles. I had such a pretty Maltese kitten, but it was poisoned, and we were all sorry to lose it; I brought it all the way from Tennessee on the train with me.

ROBERTA H.

DEAR POSTMASTER.—On Easter morn'g we gave my two little chickens, the smaller of which died, because it was too young to live without its mother. The larger one was so lonely without the other one that I let it out of the large

box I had for the house, to see if it could find anything to keep it company. It went over to the dog, a large Scotch collie, and now they are both the best of friends. When the dog is fed, the chicken will come and steal the largest piece of meat. The dog will lick the chicken as if it were a little pup, and lets it nestle down in his long hair.

MALY F. G.

EAST CANAAN, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I am a little girl nine years old. My papa has taken this nice paper for us ever since it was first printed. I have three brothers and one sister. I have four cats and a dog, the pig since July 3, and I had a splendid time. I hope you will print this. Your loving friend,

S. ADDIE B.

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

This summer I was down at Asbury Park for ten days, and enjoyed my visit very much. I was on the beach quite a good deal. I will send you some pretty pressed flowers. My sister and I are trying to get an album. I have three sisters and two brothers. One of my brothers has a museum, and is earning some money for the Fresh-air Fund. We live in quite a large place, and we have a swimming pool in our yard. I want to see my letter in print, as it will surprise my papa very much. Two of my sisters and myself belong to the Sunshine Mission Band, and like it very much.

ANNE KIP M.

Thank you for the flowers, dear.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

EASY SQUARE.

1. To jump. 2. Every one. 3. The highest point. 4. A bird. C. F. SMITH.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters, and am a good old saying.  
My 1, 16, 3, 18 is part of the body.  
My 2, 17, 4 is a conjunction.  
My 5, 20, 7, 22 is not seen.  
My 6, 17 is not off.  
My 15, 2, 11, 22 is not love.  
My 8, 19, 14 is sure to be Paradise.  
My 12 is before I.  
My 12, 13, 11 is a covering.  
My 9, 2, 6 you can see in you.  
My 3, 20, 7, 5, 23, 19, 8 is not sense.  
My 10, 6 is an adverb.  
My 14, 3, 17 is not a bushel.  
My 18, 9, 21, 8 is what all boys like. BELLE.

No. 3.

THREE ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in day, not in night.  
My second is in stay, not in flight.  
My third is in bone, not in muscle.  
My fourth is in child, not in cattle.  
My fifth is in eat, not in drink.  
My sixth is in sleep, not in think.  
My seventh is in bill, not in coo.  
My eighth is in broil, not in stew.  
My ninth is in honest, not in steal.  
My whole is a flower found in the field. PRICE.

2.—My first is in whole, not in piece.  
My second is in flower, not in bud.  
My third is in aim, not in strike.  
My fourth is in strength, not in might.  
My fifth is in sire, not in dam.  
My whole is an ancient poet of fame. PRICE.

3.—In Mary, not in Jane.

In stick, not in cane.

In kid, not in goat.

In jacket, also in coat.

In ditch, not in moat.

In box, not in cap.

My whole is a position held by a man.

THE TAO.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 309.

No. 1.—San Francisco (far, rain, iron, sofa, car, franc, soap, on).

No. 2.—

P E N

V E R B S

S U B J

T

No. 3. Flower. M-eat. Table. N-ever. F-ail.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from D. C. P., Arline Templeton, Emily Peck, John Roberts, Theodore Allen, Jack Van Sickle, West Miller, R. O. E., Fritz Reiser, Jeanie D., Three Star, Elsie D., Amy and Clifford, G. T. Ring, Irene M. Snedden, and Lizzie Smith.

[FOR EXCHANGES, see 2nd and 3rd pages of cover.]





## PHYSIOLOGICAL.

"Grandad, hain't it funny? de teacher said you an' eberybody had drums in deir ears."

"Oh, g'long off wid sich foolishness! I's seed deaf people wid tin bugles in deir ears, but I don't b'liebe nobody hez drums in um. 'Low 'Y dat school-marm keep on she hab us all a-runnin' 'roun' wid a hull brass ban' in ou' ears."

## DITTY-BAG STORIES.

BY HOPE HOWARD

**W**E had been cruising along the shores of Alaska for about three years. The men who were never happy without pets had taken a cinnamon bear to bring up, while it was yet a cub, and had taught it to be as gentle as it was clumsy.

They had skylarked with it from its babyhood, and though its great strength led it at times to be more than a match for them in their bouts, a tap on the nose of Mr. Bruin would bring him to a proper use of his strength, and make him gentle as a nurse to an infant.

One of the bear's special fancies was to steal up to any man whom he saw looking over the ship's side, and gathering him in his embrace, press him against the bulwarks and hug him with a good will till the signal of the stroke on the nose told him that hugging-time was over.

One day a ship arrived from San Francisco bringing two new watch officers to take the place of some whose time had expired. One of these young lieutenants had the mid-watch, and having been on board but a few hours, knew nothing of Bruin's presence.

At about two bells, which you know is one o'clock at night, the young lieutenant happened in his rounds to stop for a moment and gaze over the gunwale. He felt himself instantly seized from behind in a powerful embrace.

He seemed to be enveloped in a warmth that one might feel if lying upon embers; he felt a hot breath upon his cheek, and the touch of a cold nose which, in his excitement, seemed like a coal of fire. He looked around to see who had hold of him, and met the eyes of the frightful beast gazing into his. At such a moment reason loses its power. He could not reflect that a ship's deck was not the bear's native soil, nor argue that it was a mere plaything for the ship's crew. From the beginning it has been man's nature to struggle in the embrace of a bear, and he struggled as for life. The more he struggled the tighter grew the grip upon him, for the bear thought he was skylarking with him.

The first I knew of all this I was startled by screams of a man, which no other man likes to hear. It was my watch also, and I fancied it came from the men's quarters, and concluded some one had a horrid nightmare. Then I heard cries of "Help! help!" Then a gurgling, choking sound, as if a man's life was being crushed out of him. I ran in the direction of the sound, and found the new lieutenant in the arms of the bear.

The watch officer was very angry, as he had a right to be. It was no trifle. If he had been a man of less strong mind, one might not have answered for the consequences. After I had felt him over, and found that no physical harm had come to him, I gave him a good rubbing, brought him a cup of strong coffee, told him about the bear and how fond we were of him, and what a good fellow he really was, and he agreed he would bring no action against Bruin provided the crew would promise to have him formally presented to all the new officers and men received on board from that time onward.

## VERY NATURAL.

**W**HY will they tumble in the cream,  
Those dreadful summer flies?  
So bent on drowning do they seem  
That naught their art defies.

Why blame the fly? When one has wings,  
What should he do, I pray,  
But, soaring after higher things,  
Seek out the Milky Way.



## ENCOURAGING HOME INDUSTRY.

Mrs. Smith, who, to keep her children from mischief during her absence, promised them a cent a hundred for all the lamp-lighters they would make, upon her return is overcome by the result of her rashness.

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SENT BY EXPRESS.

## BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

BY DAVID KER.

## THE STORY OF AFRICA.

"WELL, I used to think no one could do two things well at once, but that boy seems to have managed it, and no mistake."

So spoke an English traveller who was inspecting one of the great cotton-mills in the west of Scotland, not far from Glasgow. And well might he say so. The lad whom he was watching—a pale, thin, bright-eyed boy, employed in the mill as a "piecer"—had fixed a small book to the framework of the spinning jenny, and seemed to snatch a brief sentence from its pages every time he passed it in the course of his work.

"Ay, he's just a wonder, yon laddie," answered the Scotch foreman, to whom the visitor had addressed himself. "We ca' him 'Busy Davie' here, for he's aye readin' like any minister; but he does his work weel for a' that."

"And does he really understand what he reads?" asked the Englishman, looking wonderingly at the young student's book, which was a treatise on medicine and surgery that would have puzzled most lads four or five years older than himself.

"'Ts warrant he does *that*," replied the Scot, with an emphatic nod. "There's no a quicker chiel than Davie i' the-hail mill."

And then the visitor passed on to look at another part of the works, and forgot all about "Busy Davie" for the time being.

But he was suddenly reminded of him two hours later, when the mill hands "knocked off" for dinner. Coming back across the yard when his tour of inspection was over, the traveller caught sight of a small figure in a corner by itself, which he thought he recognized.

A second glance showed him that he was not mistaken. There sat "Busy Davie," holding in one hand the big oatmeal "bannock" that represented his dinner, and in the other a soiled and tattered book without a cover, which he was devouring so eagerly that his food remained almost untouched.

The Englishman stole softly up behind the absorbed boy, and glancing over his shoulder at the book, saw that it was one written by himself a few years before, describing the most perilous of all his journeys through the wild regions beyond the Orange River in South Africa.

Just as the visitor came up, the little student, quite unaware that the author of the book was standing beside him, read half aloud one of the more exciting passages, following the lines with his roughened forefinger:

"The progress of our party was necessarily very slow, as we could only march in the mornings and evenings, and the wheels of the wagons often sank up to the very axle in the loose sand. In some places the heat was so great that the grass actually crumbled to dust in our fingers. More than once our supply of water ran out altogether, and men and beasts staggered onward over the hot, dusty, never-ending plain, with parched tongues and bloodshot eyes, silent and despairing."

At the thought of these difficulties, which he himself was one day to meet and overcome as few men have ever done before or after him, the boy's thin face hardened into the look of indomitable firmness which was his habitual expression in after-life. But it softened into a smile the next moment, as he read as follows:

"In several of the places where we camped our chief food was a species of large frog, called by the natives 'mattlemetto,' which was kind enough to assist us in our hunts for it by setting up such a tremendous croaking that we could easily find it, even in the dark."

Here the boy turned over a leaf, and came suddenly

upon a startling picture of a man lying prostrate on the ground, with a lion's fore-paw planted on his chest, and its teeth fastened in his shoulder, while several negroes, with terrified faces, were seen making off as fast as possible in the background.

"How would you like to travel through a country like *that*, my lad?" asked the explorer. "It would be rough work, wouldn't it?"

"I wad like weel to gang there, for a' that," answered the boy, "for there's muckle to be done there yet."

"There is indeed, and it's just fellows of *your* sort that we need to do it," said the traveller, clapping him on the shoulder. "If you ever *do* go to Africa, I'll be bound it will take more than a lion in your way to stop you."

The whole world now knows how strangely those lightly spoken words were fulfilled twenty-eight years later, when that boy *did* actually come alive out of the jaws of the hungry African lion, which had broken his arm with its teeth, to finish those wonderful explorations that filled the civilized world with the fame of Dr. David Livingstone.

## GEORGE BAKER'S FAMOUS KITE.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"GEORGE, are you busy?" said Susie, peeping into the little work-room near the barn.

George nodded his head without lifting his eyes from the long slender stick in his hand.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Making a new kite," replied George, slowly passing his knife down the stick.

"You are always making kites," said Susie, laughing. "I came to tell you something."

"Please don't disturb me, Susie," replied George, still whittling very carefully. "You see you might make me split this wood, and if it splits it is done for."

"But, George—"

"Wait," said George, hastily; "first hold these sticks for me; it is very important that they should be fastened together evenly. I told the boys in Barton that I could make as good a kite as they could buy in any store, but they do not believe it."

Susie held the sticks as she was desired, and watched George silently, while he passed the cord in and out and around the slender frame of the kite. Then she helped him paste the bright piece of tissue-paper over the cord. When this was done she said, "George, we are going to have a children's festival at the church on Monday."

"Are we?" said George, still looking at the kite in his hand. "That's nice."

"And," continued Susie, "all the girls in my class are going to bring some fancy dish."

"Are you going to take any?" asked George, snipping at a square of gilt paper.

"Yes, indeed," replied Susie, quickly; "and I want you to help me find some eggs, George."

"Yes," said George, undecidedly, "if I have time."

"I wish you would come now," coaxed Susie; "it is too late to fly that kite this afternoon."

George glanced out of the door, and saw that it really was growing late, so he said, "Just wait until I finish cutting out these letters, and I will go with you."

"Is it a name for the kite?" asked Susie, bending forward and watching him as he pasted the golden letters

SUCCESS one by one across the upper part of it. "Well, I hope it will turn out a success," laughed Susie, as George hung his newly finished toy on a nail above the work-table.

"I think it will," replied George, giving it a parting look as he followed Susie from the room.

They searched the barn with so much energy that be-



fore it was quite dark Susie had her small basket heaping full.

As they came out together a young man passed the gate. He had some tools in his hand, and was walking rapidly. When he saw George he nodded and smiled.

"Who is he?" asked Susie. "I never saw him before."

"He has only been here one day," replied George. "His name is Mr. Hunter, and he is a steeple climber."

"A steeple climber!" repeated Susie. "What is that?"

"A man who mends steeples," replied George. "There are very few in the business, because it is so dangerous, and they had to send a great distance for Mr. Hunter to come and fix the church, that was struck by lightning last summer."

"I heard some gentlemen talking about it in Barton to-day," cried Susie. "They said it ought to be mended, and that it was a disgrace to the village."

"It will be mended now," replied George, still looking after the young man. "This morning, when I was going to school, he asked me to show him where the blacksmith's was. I never met such a nice man. When I began telling him about my kite he was just as much interested as a boy, and told me ever so many kite stories, and how they were made very useful sometimes. He said they were often used to help make bridges."

"How?" said Susie, wonderingly.

But before George could tell her the tea-bell rang; so they both hurried into the house. The next day, as George and Susie passed the church in Barton, they saw Mr. Hunter at work.

"There he is," said George, pointing to a man's figure half-way up the steeple.

"What a dreadful trade!" exclaimed Susie, with a shudder, turning her eyes away.

"But think how brave he must be!" replied George, watching the man as he moved backward and forward on a narrow platform.

That evening, as George with his kite in his hand, and Susie with a small basket of eggs on her arm, stood by the gate, they saw Mr. Hunter again.

When he caught sight of the children he stopped and asked George how his kite was progressing, and spoke to Susie about the eggs in her basket.

George told him that the kite was finished, but as there had been no wind, he had not tried it yet, and Susie told him about the festival to be held in the very church he was repairing, and how all the girls in her class were going to contribute something.

Before Mr. Hunter left them he promised to make some improvements in George's kite. And he kept his promise, and was always so kind and pleasant that the children soon began to watch eagerly for his appearance, and look upon him as a friend.

The day of the festival came at last, and Susie was happy, but George still stood in the little work-room, looking at his kite disconsolately, for it was not a "success" after all, and some of the boys even said that it was crooked and too heavy, and even laughed at it. But George had still a little faith in it, and wanted to give it just one more trial.

As Susie came running from the house, and calling, "Come, George, it is time to go," he gave an impatient shrug and turned away.

"Susie," said George, as she peeped into the work-room, "is there a good wind now?"

"I don't call it good," replied Susie, straightening her hat, "for just now it blew off my hat and mussed my hair."

"It is too bad!" muttered George.

"Yes," replied Susie, smoothing her hair with both hands; "but does it look very rough?"

"I don't mean about your hair," said George, quickly. "I was thinking how unfortunate that this high wind

should come now, when I have to go to the festival. I have been waiting for it all the week, and, besides, I want to try my messenger. Mr. Hunter told me about that. None of the boys here ever put messengers on their kites."

"What is a messenger?" asked Susie, looking on the table.

"This," said George, pointing to a circular piece of pasteboard with a hole in the centre. "You slip it on the twine, and it travels up to the kite. The wind takes it, you know."

"But whom do you send the message to?" asked Susie, examining the pasteboard circle with interest.

"The man in the moon," said George, laughing. Then he added, quickly, "Did I ever tell you what Mr. Hunter said kites were sometimes used for?"

"No," replied Susie.

Just then their mother called them, and Susie ran out to join her, without waiting for the end of the story.

George lingered a few moments while he wound the twine closely around the stick, and slipped the messenger into his pocket, for he was quite determined to try the kite that day, festival or no festival.

All the way to Barton he kept his hand, with the kite in it, behind him for fear of being questioned.

The wind blew a perfect hurricane, whirling the dust into their faces, and whistling savagely among the budding branches of the trees, as though it had been March weather.

As they came in sight of the church Susie said: "Look, mamma, at the very top of the steeple. There is the nice man I told you about, who was so kind to George and me."

"It makes me shudder to think of him, poor man," replied her mother, turning her eyes away.

"He is safe enough, mamma," cried George, eagerly. "He told me he built little platforms to stand on; then he has ladders and ropes to climb up the steeple from the trap-door."

It was quite early when they reached the church; so George said: "Mamma, may I go out upon that hill just over the way, and fly my kite? I will be back long before all the children are in their seats."

"Well," said his mother, smiling and glancing at the kite, "I see you have come prepared; but be sure not to be late."

George ran off delighted. He had the hill to himself, for all the boys of Barton were going to attend the festival. But the wind was very strong up here, and seemed to grow fiercer every moment. Both hands were busy with his kite, when a violent gust swept his hat from his head. As George ran forward to recover it, a loud crash in the direction of the church startled him. He looked up, and saw that a great part of the scaffolding around the steeple had been blown away, and that the boards were sliding off the slanting roof in every direction, and at each new blast more poles, ropes, and planks came spinning through the air.

George hardly dared raise his eyes to where he had seen Mr. Hunter only a few moments ago. When he did so, however, the sight that met his eyes was almost worse than anything he could have thought of. For there, close to the great brass ball at the very point of the steeple, hung his kind friend, swinging backward and forward on a single narrow plank at every fresh gust of wind.

George threw down his kite, and rushed over the hill to join the crowd that came pouring from the church and along the road. On every side he heard cries of horror and pity. Presently he came upon a group of men talking excitedly.

"If there were time," said one of the men (a fireman), "we could send for another steeple climber or build up



"THE KITE ONCE MORE MOUNTED UPWARD."

another set of platforms. But every instant I expect to see that bit of board he is on slip off. It is fastened in the frailest way."

"It is terrible," exclaimed another man, "to see a human being in such peril and be unable to assist him."

"I am awfully sorry," replied the fireman. "Nothing but a bird could reach him now. If we could get a rope up to him he would have a chance. But I don't see any way, for my part. He knows his danger, too, by the way he clasped his hands and looked down at me," added the fireman, sadly, turning his head away.

George listened until he felt the tears spring to his eyes, then he went slowly back to the hill, away from the crowd, and, crouching down upon the ground, hid his face in his hands.

All the pleasant things Mr. Hunter had said and done in the short time he had been in Barton came back to George as he sat there. He shuddered at every puff of wind that came over the hill, and buried his face deeper in his hands at every cry from the people around the church.

"He was always so ready to help others!" thought George; "why cannot some one find a way to help him now?"

At that moment something struck him a smart blow on his bended head. He looked up quickly, and saw his kite, which he had thrown down, swaying loosely about. The heavy ball of twine kept it from blowing quite away. It

fell as the wind died out, and lay at his feet, the golden word "success" staring him in the face.

Somehow, George never knew how, this word reminded him of what Mr. Hunter had told him of the use kites were sometimes put to.

George's back was toward the church, and the wind blew directly into his face as he pushed back his hat and slowly raised the kite from the ground. He wound the twine smoothly over the stick again, and thoughtfully straightened the tail.

Suddenly he uttered a low cry. "I will try, at least," he said, as he turned his face toward the church, and, raising the kite high in the air, let the twine glide through his fingers.

After flapping wildly about and making two or three sweeping dives in the air, the kite was suddenly caught by the wind and went soaring upward.

George walked slowly down the hill, his eyes fixed intently on the kite. His hat blew off; he did not notice it, but left it where it fell. At this moment Susie came running up to him.

"Oh, George," she whispered, "how can you fly your kite now? How can you be so heartless? I am so ashamed!"

"Don't bother me!" was all the answer George made, as he went carefully on.

He shoved his way through a crowd of children; they turned and looked at him, whispering among themselves; but George did not even see them.

A large boy sprang forward and snatched at the twine.

"Get back!" cried George, savagely, his eyes shining and his face very white.

But the boy held on firmly, and in a moment more the twine would have snapped in two had not the fireman, who was watching George's movements intently, suddenly strode forward and with his strong arm swept back the boy and the others that were pressing upon him.

"Out of the way! Give him room! The little fellow has an idea—that's more than any of you have," cried he, as he waved his arms about.

It was not long before every one in that great concourse of people was staring wonderingly at George and the fireman. But as the kite moved nearer and nearer the steeple a man was heard to say:

"That's a bright notion! I hope he will succeed."

Then little by little, and one by one, the spectators seemed to discover George's real intentions, and turned their eyes on the kite.

Every time the wind failed there came a smothered groan from the terrified throng. And when, after a wild plunge, the kite mounted upward joyously, as though it knew on what an errand of mercy it was bound, they

cheered. Never before had such an excitement attended the raising of a kite.

As George stepped backward and forward, guiding his kite, his heart beat wildly, for he could now plainly see his friend clinging desperately to the rope that fastened his insecure resting-place.

Presently the kite struck the steeple, far below the poor man's feet, and fell, as though weary of being buffeted about by the wind. For a moment a mist crept over George's eyes, for he thought that he had failed. But the kite once more mounted upward, and began at last to circle around Mr. Hunter's head.

"He is pushing it away!" cried the fireman, excitedly. "He don't know what it's for."

"Haul it up!" shouted the crowd.

Some faint sound of voices must have reached the poor man's ears, for he was seen to take the kite in his hand.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried George, suddenly losing all hope. "He does not know what to do with it."

"Send up the messenger he gave you," said Susie, darting out from the crowd, and standing by her brother's side.

George gave her a look of gratitude, as he pulled from his pocket the circular piece of pasteboard and wrote a few lines upon it.

"Good!" exclaimed the fireman, as George slipped it over the twine. Then turning to people behind him, he said, "The little fellow is now going to send word to the man up there to pull up the twine when we give the signal."

The messenger went spinning upward, with all eyes fixed on its progress. There was a deep silence in the crowd, which seemed to be holding its very breath in suspense.

The twine was smooth and without a knot, and hardly two minutes elapsed before the wind had carried the message to Mr. Hunter.

"He is reading it," shouted the fireman in a loud voice. The crowd cheered in response.

"Now he is waving his hat," cried the fireman.

There was another wild cry of delight from the spectators. The twine slipped from George's grasp, and he sank upon the ground and buried his face in his hands.

Susie came close to him and whispered: "They're tying a strong cord to your twine." Then after a pause she added, "Now he is pulling it up, too, and they have fastened a thick heavy rope to the slender one."

"George! George!" whispered Susie again, "I cannot look any more, for he has tied the great rope to the steeple, and is coming down. But suppose he should fall, after all!"

George heard his sister sob, but did not yet dare to raise his eyes.

Suddenly a louder shout than ever came from the people around. Then George looked up, trembling all over.

"Is he safe?" asked Susie.

"Yes," said George, "he has reached the trap-door in the roof."

In a few minutes more he heard voices saying, "Where is the boy that flew the kite?" then he felt some one touch him on the head. Looking up, George saw Mr. Hunter standing before him. He stooped as if to say something, but before he could speak, George was raised high in the air and carried toward the church on the shoulders of two tall men. All the people, great and small, followed, cheering loudly.

It was many minutes before Mr. Hunter could find a chance to speak to George; but when at last he did so, it was with a trembling voice and tears in his eyes.

"How can I thank you, my dear boy?" he said.

"Don't try," replied George. "I am so happy! and oh how glad I am that I happened to remember what you told me once about kites being sometimes used to carry the first strand of a suspension-bridge over the river!"

The festival was a great success, but no one either thought or spoke of anything but the wonderful escape of James Hunter. And years afterward, even to this day, whenever any stranger admires the church steeple, the story of how George Baker saved James Hunter's life with his kite is told by some eye-witness.

The kite itself was carried off by an old gentleman, who after putting it under a glass case, with a written account of the feat it had performed, placed it in the museum in Barton, where it still remains.



PLEASING REFLECTIONS.



## THE FAMOUS BELLS OF THE WORLD.

BY MRS. F. G. DE FONTAINE.

IT is not improbable that Tubal Cain, the sixth in descent from Adam, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," may have known something of the art of making bells. Church bells originated in Italy, being formed by degrees out of the cymbals and small tinkling bells used in the religious ceremonies of the East as a means of honoring the gods. Although first introduced in the fourth century, it was not until the sixth century that they were suspended in the roofs of churches.

The hours of the day were first ordered to be struck by Pope Sebastian in 605, to announce to the people the time for singing and praying. Bells were often baptized and consecrated with great pomp, the priests anointing them with oil, washing them with water, and making the sign of the cross in the name of the Trinity. They were named as early as 968, the great bell of the Lateran Church at Rome being named by Pope John XIII. in honor of himself.

The largest bell in the world is in Moscow, the city of bells. It was cast, by order of the Empress Anne, in 1653. It is twenty-one feet four and a half inches in height, twenty-two feet five and a half inches in diameter where the clapper strikes; its circumference at the bottom is sixty-three feet, its thickness twenty-three inches, and its tongue fourteen feet long.

Fifty men were required to ring this monster bell, twenty-five pulling upon each side. In 1837 the Czar Nicholas caused it to be disinterred from its bed of sand where it was lodged during the conflagration of 1737, and placed it on the granite pedestal where it now rests. It was then consecrated as a chapel, the entrance to the interior being through a large fracture caused by falling timbers in the fire of 1737. The value of the metal is \$830,000. It is said that at the casting of this bell nobles were present from all parts of Europe, who vied with each other in the value of the silver plate, gold jewelry, and other votive offerings which they cast into the furnace.

There are 5000 large bells in Moscow alone, 37 being in one tower. Whoever has visited Russia recalls the sound of the great bells which form a part of the religious worship, and are regarded by the Russians with such superstitious veneration.

The bells of China are next in size to those of Russia. In the suburbs of Peking is the largest suspended bell in the world. To ring it a huge beam is swung against its side. There are in Peking seven bells each weighing 120,000 pounds. At Nankin is a bell the weight of which is 50,000 pounds. The tone of these bells, however, is discordant and "panny," like that of the Chinese gongs.

The bell of St. Paul's, London, weighs 11,500 pounds, that of the Cathedral of Paris 38,000, and of Vienna 40,000 pounds. The bell of St. Peter's at Rome weighs 17,000 pounds. Notre Dame Cathedral, Canada, has a bell larger than any in England, its weight being 29,400 pounds, while that of the House of Parliament in London weighs 28,000 pounds. When it is remembered that the largest bells heard in our American cities rarely weigh more than three or four thousand pounds, some idea may be had of the volume of tone which belongs to the monster bells above described.

The heaviest bell ever made in the United States was the alarm bell formerly in the City Hall in New York. It weighed 23,000 pounds. In 1867 it was broken, and recast in smaller fire-bells.

The most celebrated bell in the United States is that known as the "Liberty Bell" in Philadelphia. It was imported from England in 1752, cracked by a trial stroke, and recast in Philadelphia by Isaac Norris. On the 4th of July, 1776, this bell announced the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It was again cracked while being

rung in honor of Henry Clay's visit to Philadelphia, and since then has been on exhibition in Independence Hall. It bears the following inscription, taken from Leviticus xxvth chapter, 10th verse, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

The "Great Tom" of Oxford, weighing 17,000 pounds, bears the following curious inscription, whence its name:

"*In Thomam laudemusomus Bin-Bom, sine fraude.*"

On the largest of the three bells placed by Edward III. in the Little Sanctuary, Westminster, are these words:

"King Edward made me thirthe thousand weight and three;  
Take me down and wey me, and more you shall find me."

On a bell in Durham Cathedral is inscribed:

"To call the folks to church in time,  
I chime;  
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing,  
I ring;  
And when the body leaves the soul,  
I toll."

On a bell at Lapley, in Staffordshire, England:

"I will sound and resound to thee, O Lord,  
To call Thy people to Thy word."

In Meivod Church, Montgomeryshire:

"I to the church the living call,  
And to the grave do summon all."

The following motto may still be seen on some of the bells that have swung in their steeples for centuries:

"Men's death I tell by doleful knell;  
Lightning and thunder I break asunder."

The motto of Schiller's ever-memorable Song of the Bell was common to the church bells of the Middle Ages, and may still be found on the great minister of Schaffhausen, and on that of the church near Lucerne:

"*Vivus voco—Mortuus plango—Fulgura frango*"  
(I call the living—I mourn the dead—I break the lightning.)

In the belfry of old St. Michael's Church, Charleston, South Carolina, there is a chime of bells with which there is quite a bit of history connected, and which have had a more romantic career than many more famous bells.

These bells, eight in number, were imported from England in 1764, at a cost of £581. On the evacuation of Charleston, in 1782, Major Traille, of the Royal Artillery, took them down under the pretence that they were a military requisite, belonging to the commanding officer. The vestry of the church applied to Lieutenant-General Leslie to have them restored, on the ground that they were paid for by subscription, and private property was secure under the terms of the capitulation. No answer was returned. Sir Guy Carleton, at New York, however, anticipated the wish of the vestry, and ordered the bells to be restored. Meanwhile they had been shipped to England. The vestry then applied to the Secretary of War of Great Britain, but without success. They were sold; and being purchased by a Mr. Rhinew, were generously reshipped by him to Charleston in 1783. They chimed their hallowed music thenceforward until 1863, when Charleston, being in a state of siege, they were removed to Columbia, South Carolina, and deposited in the State-house grounds. Here they were destroyed in the burning of Columbia, February, 1865. After the war they were again sent to England, and, strange as it may appear, recast by the descendants of the original founders, and returned to their old Revolutionary home, where they still mark the footsteps of the hours, and link with every tone the present with the tenderest associations of the past.

\* In praise of Tom I sound Bin-Bom, without a crack.

## THE FLAMINGO FEATHER.\*

BY KIRK MUNROE

AUTHOR OF "WAKULLA," ETC.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ON THE TRAIL.

CAT-SHA, the Seminole chief, rejoiced greatly at having gained to his band so promising a young warrior as Chitta, who had so incurred the enmity of both the white men and his own people as to be obliged to fly from them for his life.

After eating together a meal of dried venison that the elder produced from his wallet, the two Seminoles sat, concealed behind a thick cluster of cactus, watching the river for any signs of pursuit, and forming plans for future action. Cat-sha told Chitta that he had left his band in their most inaccessible stronghold among the bayous and deep morasses of the great Okefenokee Swamp. He also said that, were it not for the presence of so large a number of friendly Indians in the immediate vicinity of Fort Caroline, he should bring his warriors to attack it; for he had decided that the chances were in favor of his success in so doing.

"Ha!" exclaimed Chitta, interrupting his chief at this point, "I may, in that case, be of service to thee, though I am as yet untried in battle." Then he told Cat-sha a secret that was known to but few of his people, and which he himself had only discovered by accident. It was the same that Has-se had declined to confide to René when the latter questioned him as to the manner of his escape from the fort, and it was indeed a secret of the utmost value to the enemies of the white men.

Cat-sha listened attentively, and when Chitta had finished he exclaimed: "Well done, my young brave! Thy serpent's wisdom is already proving of value to us. What thou hast just told me makes clear our plan of attack upon this nest of pale-faces, and removes one of the chief difficulties in our way. Having this information, I regard the fort and all that it contains as already in our power. We have only to bide our time. Well may the white man tremble; for ere many days the tiger, guided by the serpent, will spring at his throat."

As they talked, their attention was directed to a dark moving mass floating down the river, close under its bank. Cat-sha soon pronounced it to be a fleet of canoes filled with people, and they watched them with eager curiosity.

It was, indeed, the tribe from which Chitta had fled, moving, under the leadership of their chief Micco, toward the land of the Alachuas, where food in abundance awaited them. At the outset of their journey they kept as close as possible under the river-bank to avoid observation from the white men in Fort Caroline, who, they feared, might oppose their departure if they learned of it. It was not until they reached the bold bluff from the summit of which the two Seminoles watched their progress that they felt they were safe from the eyes of the fort, and might strike boldly out into the river. Here, aided by the full strength of the ebbing tide, they proceeded rapidly on their way toward its mouth.

Seeing that the canoes which were thus passing beneath them contained, besides the warriors of the tribe, its women and children, and all of its movable property, Cat-sha concluded that it was a general movement of Micco's people toward some distant place; and from the direction they were taking he guessed that their destination was the fertile land of the Alachuas.

"This is thy doing," he said to Chitta, who was regarding in bitter silence the departure of his people, toward

whom he still felt drawn by old association in spite of what he had so recently done and become. "This is thy doings, my young Seminole. Thou hast destroyed their store of food, and thus compelled them to go in search of more. Now let us follow them, and when we have seen them at a safe distance, we will bring my brave warriors to the attack of the white men shut up in yonder gopher hole."

When the departing tribe was nearly out of sight down the river, the two Seminoles, drawing Chitta's stolen canoe from its hiding-place, started in pursuit. They so arranged their own movements that they ran no chance of discovery from those in advance of them, though they were never far behind. They carefully examined each camping place of the moving tribe to assure themselves that no person was left behind who might discover them, and they always placed their own little camps so that they should be entirely concealed from those whom they followed.

Cat-sha was much pleased to find that in thus following Micco's tribe he was also journeying in the direction of his own band, who awaited him in the depths of the great swamp. He even meditated an attack upon them as they travelled, with their women, children, and baggage, before leading his warriors back to Fort Caroline.

It was these two, then, whose traces had so puzzled Has-se, as he and René de Veaux in turn followed them, and it was their canoe of which the two boys caught a fleeting glimpse in the great swamp.

"Look!" exclaimed Has-se, whose keen eye was the first to detect the vanishing canoe. "These are either my own people, whom we have thus overtaken, or those whom we know to be in close pursuit of them. Here is work for us, Ta-lah-lo-ko, or rather for me, for it is my duty to discover the meaning of this pursuit, and warn my people if danger is near them, while I am also bound to keep thee as far as possible from all harm."

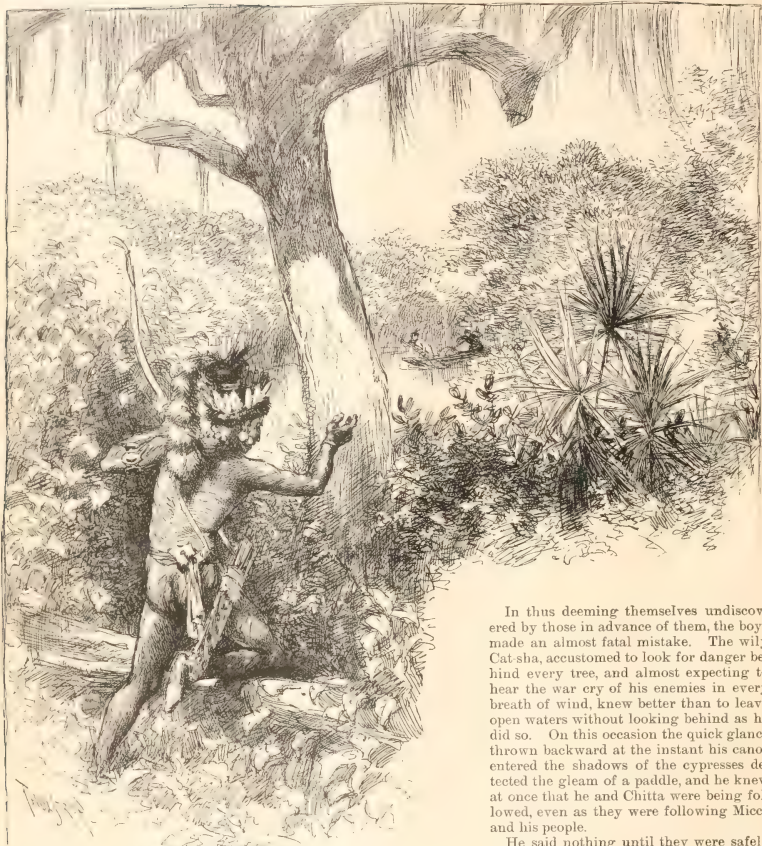
"Nonsense, Has-se! It is well for thee to keep me out of danger so long as thou keepest from it thyself; but since I have thrown my fortunes with thine, thy friends are my friends, thy enemies are my enemies, and thy safety or danger is mine to share with thee. So say no more of my safety, save as it concerns thine as well; but lead on as thou thinkest best, and I will follow thee as truly as though I were enlisted beneath thy banner. Not that I suppose you Indians have such things as banners, or understand their significance; but you might well have them, and be none the worse for the having."

Although Has-se made no reply to this brave speech, he accepted it as an evidence of true friendship, and gave René a grateful smile, which the latter understood to mean, "Very well, Ta-lah-lo-ko, I accept thy offer of service as heartily as thou dost tender it."

Under ordinary circumstances Has-se's Indian instinct would not have permitted him to cross the open water of the bayou in broad daylight when he suspected that an enemy might be lying in wait for him on its further side. On this occasion, however, it seemed so impossible that the occupants of the canoe, of which he had caught but the merest glimpse, should have looked back and detected them at the same instant, that he decided to push on, and, if possible, discover more of it. So he and René crossed the open water as quickly and with as little noise as possible, and as they approached its opposite side Has-se gazed keenly into the dark lanes between the moss-hung cypresses. He neither saw nor heard anything to cause him alarm, and congratulating themselves that they had not been discovered, the boys pushed on over the waters of another extremely narrow stream.

This, to René's surprise, flowed, though with an almost imperceptible current, in the direction they were taking, or exactly opposite to that of the river they had ascended from the salt-marshes of the east. As Has-se had re-

\* Begun in No. 356, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



A DISCOVERY.

quested him to keep absolute silence, and on no account to speak, he restrained his curiosity for the present, but determined to seek an explanation of this phenomenon when an opportunity should offer.

He afterward discovered that the river they had ascended and that which they were now descending both rose in the great swamp, and that their head-waters were connected by navigable streams, but that while one flowed east into the Atlantic, the other flowed west into the Gulf of Mexico.

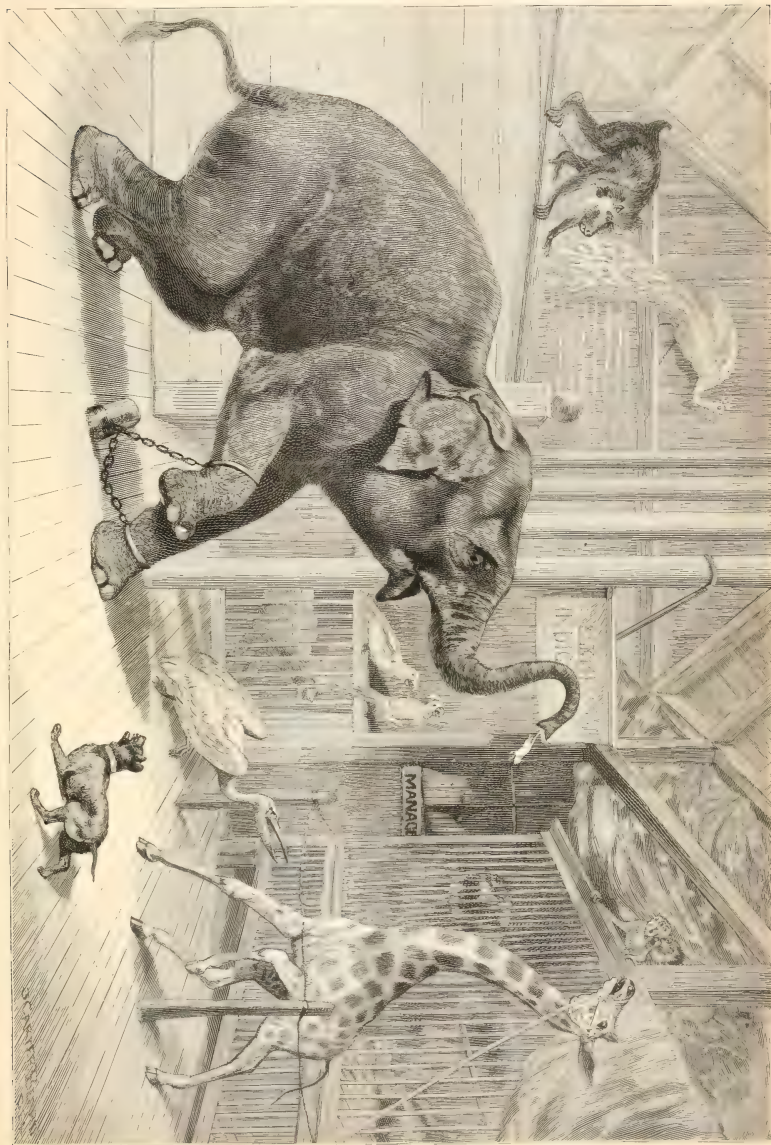
In thus deeming themselves undiscovered by those in advance of them, the boys made an almost fatal mistake. The wily Cat-sha, accustomed to look for danger behind every tree, and almost expecting to hear the war cry of his enemies in every breath of wind, knew better than to leave open waters without looking behind as he did so. On this occasion the quick glance thrown backward at the instant his canoe entered the shadows of the cypresses detected the gleam of a paddle, and he knew at once that he and Chitta were being followed, even as they were following Micco and his people.

He said nothing until they were safely within the shadows, when he told Chitta of his discovery. The latter advised going into hiding at once, and awaiting the approach of their unknown pursuers; but the more experienced Cat-sha said no, for if they had also been discovered, that was exactly what they would be expected to

do, and their pursuers would exercise more than a usual amount of caution in approaching that point. Once safely past it, they would advance more boldly, thinking that their own presence had been undetected. He therefore continued on down the little stream for nearly a mile, until they reached a point where the channel was so seriously obstructed by overhanging vines and stranded driftwood that only a passage barely wide enough for a single canoe was left open.

Here they drew their canoe from the water, and care-





THE MONSTER AND THE MOUSE.—Drawn by J. CARTER BARNES.—See Page 804.

ally concealed it. Then they took positions one on each side of the stream; and, hidden behind screens of tangled ~~snags~~, with arrows held ready to be fitted to their bowstrings, they patiently awaited the coming of their unknown pursuers.

Toward this well-planned trap, that seemed to insure their destruction, René and Hasse advanced, cautiously, to be sure, but without a warning of what awaited them. At length they had approached within a quarter of a mile of the ambush, and one would have said that nothing could prevent their falling into it.

At this point Hasse whispered, "Keep wide open thy ears as well as thy eyes, Ta-lah-lo-ko"; and René answered also in a whisper:

"They are already so wide open that not the faintest hum of a gnat escapes them. What's that?"

The sudden snapping of a twig by some bird or small animal caused them to start, and listen for a moment with uplifted paddles. The canoe thus left to itself, unguided, drifted aside, and hung for an instant upon the upraised end of a sunken log. René reached his hand down into the water to push it clear of the obstruction, but suddenly withdrew it with a suppressed cry of pain and fright. At the same time a large water-snake, of the kind known as the moccasin, glided away, and disappeared beneath the slimy bank.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FLYING FIREWORKS.

BY ALICE MAY.

A CUBAN friend called on us one evening last week, holding in his hand a brown paper bag perforated with small holes. These "breathing holes" suggesting to our pet-loving children "something alive," the gentleman and paper bag were immediately surrounded.

The girls retreated upon being told that the bag contained "flying fireworks" that might "go off," but the boys boldly demanded a sight of the new fireworks.

A peep into the bag caused every boy to draw back with disgusted face.

"Ugh! only two dead beetles," one youngster muttered. "A mean joke, I say."

Here there was a scream from all the children. "The bag's alive!"

Truly the brown paper bag looked as if ready to fall on the floor a heap of flaming paper. But our Cuban friend, as he rescued it from being trampled on, coolly remarked:

"The beetles are just opening their stock of fireworks. Now put out the gas, and we shall have a fine display."

The gas was turned down, and by the intense, beautiful light that streamed from the paper bag our faces gleamed with a weird greenish tinge, and we could read the letters on the newspaper in papa's hand.

Those two ugly beetles were the managers of this pyrotechnic exhibition, for each carried on his shoulders two brilliant stars, from which shone a light almost supernatural in its intensity, and the beetles, constantly raising their wings, as if to fly, showed their soft bodies glowing like masses of living fire.

It seemed impossible to realize that no heat accompanied this radiant light, and the children were so afraid the bag would take fire that, by advice of our friend, a warm bath was provided for our new pets, already named Meteor and Comet. So they were gently placed upon a mimic pond in an oyster bowl, with a mimic rock island in the centre. It was a lovely sight, the water becoming a sea of liquid fire; and as the wonderful phosphorescent light struck against the rock (a quartz specimen), each diamond-cut crystal flashed and sparkled with lovely prismatic colors.

When Meteor and Comet were tired of their bath they leisurely climbed upon the rock and went to sleep. Their lamps went out, and again they became ugly brown beetles, with only two flattened yellow beads on their shoulders to show where the light came from. These spots looked like glass, and the luminous body, when the beetle is awake, seems to shine through them like a flame through a glass window.

That night Meteor and Comet slept in a ventilated ice-cream box, and a lunch of banana and brown sugar was provided for them, in case they should feel faint during the night.

The Cuban gentleman told us that these beetles were *claters*, commonly called skip-jacks, click-beetles, snap-beetles, etc.—names given them because of a peculiar way they have of unjointing their spines with a clicking noise.

The legs of an elater beetle are so short that when turned on his back he is as helpless as a capsized turtle; but nature has provided for the poor bug a spring-machine. The "spine" fits into a socket, and by bending the head and thorax backward—a position somewhat similar to standing on its head—the beetle can withdraw the spine from the socket, a sudden jerk causing it to slip back with a sharp click, and with such force that the skip-jack is made to turn a complete somersault in the air, the beetle, like the "springing man" at the circus, expecting to fall on his feet.

The women in South America place several elaters in a box with glass slides, and go about their work by the light of this living lamp, and Cuban beauties promenade in the evening with flaming beetles fastened in their glossy braids.

Meteor and Comet dearly love to sleep in the daytime, and always when we take out our ice-cream box to display the fire-bugs, we find our pets apparently dead. After several frights we have learned to place the rogues on their backs; and then it is funny to see them wake up, one leg at a time, until all the legs and antennæ are waving desperately about, a fiery glow coming from the exposed body and bright shoulder lamps of each struggling victim. Then the skip-jacks will try to stand on their heads, and the children are always delighted to see our lady visitors jump as Meteor and Comet with a sharp click turn a somersault in the air, sometimes repeating this performance over and over again, until they come down right side up.

One evening we were all disconsolate at the loss of Meteor, who, having feigned death until we left him, had flown away. Fearing to miss a gleam from our pet's lights, we had turned out the gas, and the whole family were down on their knees, looking under chairs, tables, and couches. A shout from a child on an expedition under the piano brought us all to the spot, and there under the piano leg, snugly hidden against the caster, safe from broom or duster, glistened a "something" that not only dazzled our eyes, but gladdened our hearts. This something was a long-lost diamond that had fallen from a ring, causing a pretty maiden many bitter tears. The light shining on the diamond came, as you may have guessed, from the tiny fireworks on Meteor's shoulders, the runaway being hidden by its side.

That fire-bug more narrowly escaped a kissing than ever beetle did before, and he seemed to rather enjoy the situation, for he lighted up with such marvellous brilliancy that one little one with a strong imagination declared he blistered her fingers.

And so our flying fireworks have brought good luck with them, and to the children are a delight, never "fizzling" or going out. Rain makes them brighter, and repairs are never needed. The only expense for their maintenance is a tiny bit of banana and a drop of sweetened water.

## THE CAPTIVE QUEEN.

BY LORD BRABOURNE

(E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN),

AUTHOR OF "Puss-Cat Mew and OTHER FAIRY STORIES," ETC.

## CHAPTER V.

THE King and his friends at once pushed on, and after some little time approached the dark mass which has been mentioned, and which turned out to be the base of a huge rocky mountain reaching up into the sea. Nearer and nearer they came to it, and presently a sight met the eyes of the King which filled him with the greatest astonishment.

Above his head the water was so clear that he could see for a long distance, and there were objects to gaze at which he had never seen before. He had already seen a quantity of fishes, some of them very curious and quite unknown to him until his visit to those strange regions, but he now beheld something besides fishes. Women with beautiful hair, charming of face and form down to the waist, and then tapering off into the scales and tail of a fish, were floating about in the water by the side of the rocky mountain. Women, I say, but of course this was only an idea which shot across the King's mind for one single instant, for he knew too much of natural history not to be aware that these were mermaids and nothing else.

Now although this learned King had read in his books about mermaids, and therefore knew that they existed, it so happened that he had never seen one, and at ordinary times he would have been filled with curiosity at the strange sight. But in justice to the good man I am bound to say that his thoughts immediately flew to his beloved wife, and that all that occurred to him was that if the bantam cock had spoken the truth when he said that the Queen was shut up in a cave where "the mermaids and elves had it all to themselves," the sight of these lady-fish seemed to betoken that she whom he sought was not far off.

All the same, he could not help observing the beauty, as well as the graceful motions, of the mermaids above his head. Some were, as I have said, merely floating, some were swimming, while several of them were driving, but driving such horses as the King had never seen before. One, lazily reclining in an enormous shell which had been converted into a carriage, was drawn by two large porpoises, cleverly harnessed with sea-veed, of which her whip also appeared to be made; another was driving a four-in-hand of turbot with singular skill; while a third had no less than twelve codfish, which, yoked four abreast, drew her along in a chariot which appeared to be made entirely of dried cuttle-fish. These all presented an extraordinary appearance to one who was unaccustomed to sea-life and the habits of mermaids, and at another time the King could, and doubtless would, have remained gazing at them for at least an hour.

The business upon which he had come was, however, of too important a character to brook delay, nor, had he wished to wait, would his three companions have been likely to approve. The kangaroo and cow came close up to the foot of the mountain, and the rabbit, leaping down, stood by their side. The King, following the rabbit's example, dismounted also, and then perceived for the first time that the sides of the rocky mountain were as slippery as ice, and that there seemed to be no way of ascending it, supposing that to be the intention of his friends. He could not imagine what they would do, or how they would get over the difficulty which stood in their way, but he was not long left in doubt.

Three taps on the drum from the kangaroo, a flourish

on the fife from the rabbit, and a single tinkle of the cow's bells produced a marvellous effect. A path suddenly appeared upon the side of the icy rock, a broad path, and not only broad, but so closely strewn with sand that one could walk upon it without the slightest risk of slipping; and up this path marched the three animals in single file, as quietly as if they had been used to it all their lives, which, for anything the King knew, might have been the case. His Majesty followed without difficulty, and found that he could see from the gradual ascent of the path all the marine sights at which he had gazed from below.

But what seemed most singular to him was that although presently the party got upon a level with the sea, through which the mountain seemed to rise, no inconvenience followed, and they all kept perfectly dry. The path slanted first one way and then another, always bringing them higher and higher, until at last they found themselves upon a large level space where the mountain broke away on either side, and thence towered up still higher.

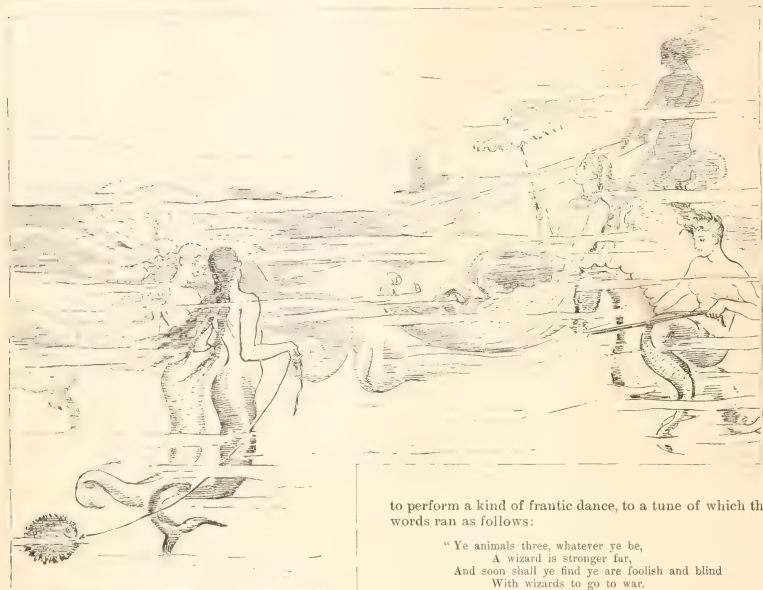
Here the three animals stopped, partly perhaps because they were tired, partly because of the beauty of the place, and partly for another reason which I shall presently explain. The first reason does not require explanation, if we think for a moment of the long journey which the travellers had already taken. The second reason will be easily understood when I tell you that on the side of the place on which they stood—that is to say, on the right, and immediately before them, for behind them was the path and on their left the sea—the rocks were cast about in the most lovely and fantastic manner, just as if they had been carved out by some mighty sculptor who had exhausted all his skill in their construction.

So, indeed, they had, but by a sculptor more mighty than one of mortal mould, for nothing so grandly magnificent had ever been formed by man. As they towered up grandly to the skies beyond the blue sea, the King could perceive a large opening in the side of the rocks, the nature of which he understood better afterward, but which appeared at the time as if it had been made by the constant beating of the waves against the mountain, though no waves then appeared to reach it at that point.

But the third reason for the halting of the travellers was of a very different nature. I have said that the mountain broke away on either side, and so indeed it did; but while on the right hand the path seemed to come to an end, and the rocks rose, rough and ragged, straight from the ground on either side of the open space at which they had arrived, it was not so immediately in front. There the path seemed to continue for a short distance, and led across a kind of rocky bridge some dozen yards wide, upon the other side of which there appeared to be a second open space, beyond which were some of those openings of which I have spoken, up to which the ground rose with a gentle slope. The way of the travellers clearly lay across this bridge, but there was that in their path which might well cause them to pause.

In the very middle of the bridge stood a figure, and one which seemed to be of no friendly character. It was the figure of a man, but, oh! of what a man! He was about eight feet in height, so that he might have been called a giant, if any one pleased to call him so. His fat, however, took off something from his height, for he was fat to a degree which made it unpleasant to look at him, just as one hates to gaze upon a prize bullock whose fat has destroyed the shape and symmetry which one might otherwise have admired. But his face was the worst part of him, after all. Cruelty, malice, and deceit were all visible in his eye (for he had but one); his nose, much too large for his face, was red and inflamed; his mouth large, and his lips coarse, while the unshaven condition of his chin and the dirty little red cap upon his head completed the





"THE MERMAIDS AND ELVES HAD IT ALL TO THEMSELVES."

picture of as villainous-looking a rascal as you will be likely to find in any company of such people from which you might try to select a specimen.

Nor was it only his general appearance from which his hostile feeling might be gathered. He had in his hand a short club, covered with knots which made it doubly formidable, and this he swung to and fro as if longing to bring it down upon somebody's head, and you may be sure it would have been a bad day for somebody if he had done so. He stood, I say, in the middle of the bridge, and as the travellers came up toward it he gave forth a kind of sound between a shout and a roar which was neither harmonious nor otherwise pleasant to their ears. Then, in a voice which was not much sweeter of sound than his first utterance, he said this:

"Wretches! who and what be ye  
That seek the caverns of the cave?  
Here stands the wizard of the cave  
To take your life and dig your grave."

Nothing daunted by these terrible words, the kangaroo was the animal who, drawing himself up to his full height, thus repeated:

"Wizard, we know thee well, I ween;  
No further news, indeed, we lack.  
Thou from a King has stol'n a Queen;  
Be good enough to give her back."

Then the wizard flew into a fearful passion; he raged, he tore off his cap, he sprang up in the air, he made the most awful faces. Then, brandishing his club, he began

to perform a kind of frantic dance, to a tune of which the words ran as follows:

"Ye animals three, whatever ye be,  
A wizard is stronger far,  
And soon shall ye find ye are foolish and blind  
With wizards to go to war.  
I'm wanting a treat, and my favorite meat  
(I soon shall enjoy it, too)  
Is a rabbit to bake, and a good beefsteak,  
And a chop from a kangaroo."

At these words the cow trembled all over, the gray fur of the rabbit seemed to grow white with terror, and the kangaroo's teeth chattered as if from fright. But this did not last for above a minute; the tinkle of the bells, the squeak of the fife, and the soul-stirring beat of the drum chased away the momentary fear of the three animals, and the rabbit took his turn in the conversation, and in a shrill, squeaking, but clear voice returned this reply to the threats which had just been made:

"Old wizard, full soon  
You'll sing a new tune,  
And follow a different cue,  
For the rabbit and cow  
Will show to you how,  
And so will the kangaroo."

Without a moment's hesitation the wizard, still singing to the same tune, thus answered these bold words:

"Cease, rabbit, to speak,  
For you can but squeak,  
And the cow can only moo,  
And I don't care a jot  
For one of the lot—  
A fig for your kangaroo!"

Then the cow, justly excited by that which seemed to be a sneer at her usual pleasant manner of addressing her friends in particular and the world in general, broke in with her deep voice with the following words:

"You pestilent knave,  
In vain do you rave  
And make such a hullabaloo,

For the cow can fight,  
And the rabbit can bite,  
And scratch can the kangaroo."

As the cow concluded her verse the wizard gave a wild yell, and advanced upon the travellers as if he intended to make an end of them at once. Scarcely, however, had he made a step forward, when the three friends, instead of preparing to fight after the fashion which their words had seemed to imply, and which their enemy had probably expected, took quite a different course: each of them made the sign which they had been shown by the old man, and pronounced the magic word, "Barley-sugar."

The effect upon the wizard was instantly to be seen. His face grew pale as a sheet, his limbs trembled, his club dropped from his hands, and after a moment's hesitation he addressed the animals before him in quite a different manner from that which he had previously employed. His tone was now as cringing as it had just been defiant, his sneering rhymes were changed into feeble prose, and he looked for all the world like a whipped hound.

"I did not know that you had a right to come here," he said, "or of course I should have been glad to see you. I hope you will not be offended at what I said just now. We do not often have people here, and we always try to keep the place quiet; but of course if I had known—"

Here the kangaroo broke in, somewhat roughly, still speaking in rhyme, which is known to be the safest plan when you are conversing with any such strange creatures as the one before him:

"Come, give us the Queen without any more row—  
The work must be carried through;  
The rabbit has sworn it, and so has the cow,  
And so has the kangaroo."

Then he gave a rattle on the drum, and the rabbit and the cow sounded their instruments also, and looked fiercely upon the wizard. A dark cloud of baffled malice passed over the face of the latter, as he replied to the kangaroo in a sullen tone, though still in humble accents.

"The Queen is over there," he said, pointing toward the mountain behind him by jerking his right thumb over his left shoulder. "She is as jolly as need be, and I don't see why you should take her away; but if you must, you must. Follow me!"

So saying, he turned round and retreated across the bridge, upon which the three animals immediately stepped, followed by the King, who was now filled with hope that the success of his journey was about to be secured, and that his Amabilia would soon be with him again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



#### PULLING CANDY.

TEN little lads and lasses  
Were so fond of molasses,  
They candy-man played,  
And candy they made  
Into large and beautiful masses.

You can see how happy and sweet  
Are the little ones' looks as they meet,

Then pull, pull again,  
These dear little ten.  
Oh my! what an elegant treat!

Pulling candy is very great fun,  
But eating the candy after it's done  
Is the very funniest kind of fun.





"The Story of a Ring" and "False Witness." My sister Annie and my cousin wrote them. You see, you feel awkward, and they were very much excited to see them in print. We have a hen that is sitting on thirteen eggs. She will probably have little chickens to-morrow. My dear cousins and a friend of ours called Pearl all have a camp up in the woods. We are not allowed to sleep there all night, but have rustic beds thence, and will be in New York by Monday night. Did you ever come up here? My pets consist of seventeen or eighteen little chickens, and my little cousin Edna, who is very sweet. Very eager reader, I. F. L.

Which do you like the better, dear, the darling cousin or the baby chicks?

I have not written to you since last winter, so I thought I would write again. I have caught a great many trout this year, and some very large ones. We are cutting the hay now, of which there are about one hundred and seventy-five tons. I send you a few engravings which I made up myself, and I hope you will print them.

By-and-by you will see some of your enigmas in the proper place, and meanwhile thank you for sending them.

When lately looking over the Post-office Box in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I saw that Carrie W. C. of Gravesend, Kent, England, wanted a recipe for making Johnny-cakes. I have one. How to make JOHNNY-CAKES—Take a pint of Indian meal, mix a little salt with it, and as much boiling water as will form a batter; this should be about half a pint. Beat it well for several minutes, then spread it to about an eighth of an inch in thickness on a smooth piece of board; place the board upright in front of a clear fire, and bake the cake. When well browned, cut it into squares, split these, put butter between, and send them to the table as hot as possible. Time: bake until well browned, about five minutes. I am a little girl nearly eleven years old, and have just come home from a six weeks' holiday, having been in France, Belgium, Germany, Prussia, Switzerland, Austria, and six countries. LUCY ELIZABETH G.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been taking this beautiful paper for about a year. The last of this month it will close. I am very sorry, and I am trying to save up enough money to get it for another year. I have been attending camp-meetings, but have a very nice time. I will send my letter in print. Good-by. ETHEL M. B.

I and hope Ethel will continue among our little readers for a long, long time.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am eleven years old, and have four sisters and two brothers. Our aunt gave us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present; and we are always glad when Wednesday comes, so that we can get it. I live in Texas, about five miles from the Colorado River, on the Trespasales. We go bathing often, and I can swim very well. My papa raises cattle and sheep, and has some horses. I have a horse of my own named Sweet Lips. Sometimes I go riding with my two older sisters, and we ride to church on horseback. One of my sisters and myself milk nineteen cows. I have a pet calf named Cynthia; I raised her on sweet milk and gruel, and fed her from a bottle. We have a great many peaches, but I am afraid we will not get ripe; I dislike to have to pick them up. OCK A. M.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We live on the bank of the Detroit River. The house is surrounded by evergreens, maples, and horse-chestnut-trees. We live one mile and a half from Trenton. I haven't many little girls to play with here; the nearest is half a mile from my house; their names are Grace, Katie, and Anna A. Grace takes *St. Nicholas*, and she lends me, and in return for her little girl magazine I let her take some of my books. Good-by. MABEL C.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly three years, and think it delightful. We wait impatiently for Tuesday to come, because it brings our magazine. We are all very much interested in the story "False Witness." I have only one pet, which is a lovely Irish setter dog, whose name is Sport. Lovingly, Dor C.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first volume. I have not all the volumes, because my sister and I gave two or three to the sick children. I am going to keep all the numbers of 1886, and have them

bound. Like the author of "Nan," "Rolf Hove," "The Old Mother," and "The False Witness" will be, and I also like the author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," etc. I am now reading "Silent Pete, or the Snowways." I do not live in Brooklyn; I am only here on a visit to my sister. I live in Camden, New Jersey. I have a little brother ten years younger than myself. We have no mother; she died two years ago last April. We live with papa and my sister. I am fourteen years old. I hope I am not too old to have my letter printed. LAVINIA B. L.

I live in Philadelphia, and am spending a few weeks of my vacation at Yonkers. I was at Atlantic City three weeks before I came to Yonkers. One day I wanted something to read, and went to the store and bought HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have taken two numbers, and I am so much pleased with it that my father is going to subscribe for it. WALTER M. C.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I live in the country, seven miles from the village, and I thought I would write and tell you how I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. We are all very much interested in it for a year, and I like it very much. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography, music, and language. I have a little brother and one sister, and I have a pet dog, a canary and a little kitten named Floss. She is brown, with white stripes. I will close with love from your little friend, MABEL S.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought I would write you a few lines—and a few lines it shall be—about my poetry. If poetry it be. A good while ago I wrote part of this poetry, and I thought it was finished, but I happened to come across it again, and I thought I would fix it up and send it to you; so I corrected the mistakes, and put a head and tail, and now going on my way, I hope somebody showed me anything, and I let mamma see it, and she said it did very well for my first time, and my being only nine years old. P. H. L.

Here it is, and I think it very good myself:

IN THE COUNTRY.  
The sun is rising above our head;  
The wind is as still as if it were dead;  
The cocks are crowing for us to get out of bed.  
Oh! she is so very lazy,  
That girl that calls Daisy,  
And she says the air is doing,  
The maids are up and hazy,  
And have sent to town to get some bluing,  
While they hear the breakfast stewing.  
The cooks a big dinner are getting,  
While the boys the hens are setting,  
But save one of their petting.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl almost ten years old. I have never written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE before. I have one sister, her name is Belle, and I have four brothers, and their names are Willie, Eddie, Frank, and Walter. We have no pets now. Once we had a little black dog, but he tramped down the garden so running after birds that we had to give him away. We have one nice black cow, but no horses. The cow's name is Beauty. We have a large five-acre lot for us to run and play in, and we have good times. I go to school and study geography, arithmetic, spelling, and reading, and I like writing, and drawing. I wonder if any of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever enjoyed a summer in July; we do. About our lot there is a very steep hill covered with long, hard, dry grass, and we live children get barrel-staves and ride downhill, and it is lots of fun. We go as much as they thought it were on snow, and are all bothered with cloaks or mittens. MARY K. F.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am ten years old, and do not go to school. I have been ill for five weeks. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and have taken it for three years. I intend to keep on taking it. Now that I do not go to school, I am really waiting the time for one work to do other. "Elaine's Garden Party" and "The Kitty Cat" and "The Storm" were very nice. LILLIE P.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—This is the first year I have subscribed for the paper, and I am very much pleased with it indeed. I list my little city. I go riding every day on my horse named Derby, which is my race-horse. JOHN McLANE H.

I live in Sacramento, the State capital, of which no doubt you have often heard. Every four years the Legislature meets in our city at the Capitol,

and while here makes it quite lively. I should delight in telling you all that happens here, but for fear of my letter's length I will not dwell on the subject any longer. I hope that more very interesting letters from Hawaii will come soon, for I do love to read them, and almost wish I were with those who write them, that I might enjoy seeing the strange customs of the people there also. One thing, about which I should like to hear, is the contest with some girl of my age (fourteen) from any part of Europe, Hawaii, West Indies, or any part of the United States far from me. My principal reason for wishing it would be that I loved to hear of the grand sights in the places which I have not had the opportunity to visit, and therefore if any girl would like to hear of some fine places in California, I will readily inform her, if it is in my power, with the desired information, in exchange for theirs; we would then exchange pressed flowers of my country for those of hers, and so make it quite interesting. Would not some little girl love to hear of the golden State?—Helen Grosvenor, New Cassabianca, was very ready with I could assure her that it was read, read, and enjoyed by me, and should delight in having her as one of my correspondents. I love painting, and although I have never taken lessons, I am able to do quite well with the help of my outfit for oil-painting. SOPHIA PRICE, 821 Eighth Street.

I thought I would write to you, because I never wrote to any paper before. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE three years, and this is the fourth year. I live in Northfield, Vermont. I have a pleasant home, I think. I have no brothers or sisters, and I am a good girl. I have no pets either. I have four dolls and two croquet sets—one for out-doors and one for indoors. I like to play croquet very much. I have a Bible, and I am a good girl. I have no flowers, and we have rosebushes. MARY C. O.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.  
A GEOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.  
Once upon a time my cousins (a river in Scotland and a river in Ireland) and I went on an excursion. A river in Scotland's mother, Mrs. (river in Scotland), also accompanied us as chaperon. On our way we found a (branch of the Yellowstone River), and filled it with a (branch of the river) on a (city in Arkansas). We bought some (mountains in southern California), and also some (lake in western Nevada). At last, after encountering a (river of Idaho), we reached our destination. After staying our (mountains in northern New Mexico), we started for home. On our way we met (a fort on the Missouri, in Dakota), after which we went on and took in Cousin (a city on the northern shore of Great Salt Lake), who could speak (peaks in southern Colorado) fluently. In about half an hour we arrived safely at home. ELEANOR BROWN.

No. 2.  
A SPELLING LESSON.  
I am a wise old woman, and I am a part of speech—which way do you spell me? 2. I am a word describing the climate—leave out a letter, and I am old sheep. 3. I am a ceremony; I am a proper course of action; I describe an important act of skill—how do you spell me in each of these? 4. I am the children of the sun, and I am a letter, and I am a charming girl; drop one, and I am a heathen divinity. MINNIE E. WAIT.

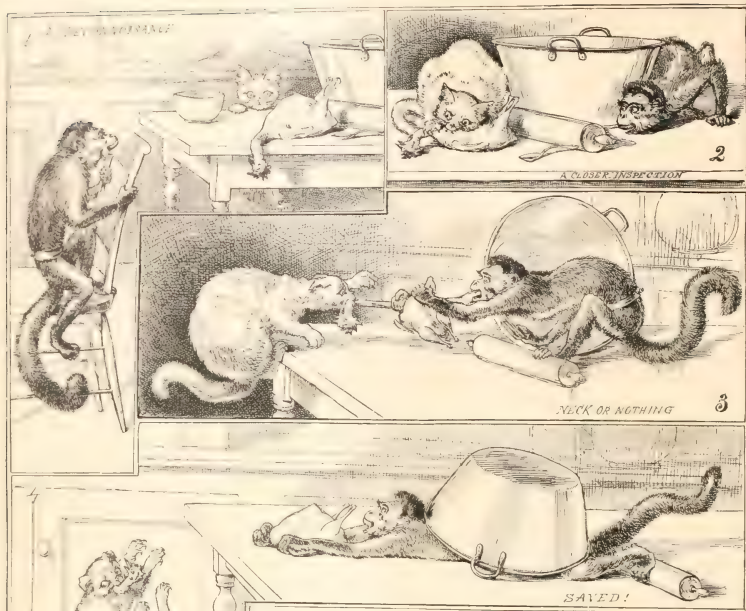
#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 360.

No. 1. L A N D  
A R E A  
N E A R  
D A R E  
No. 2. V ictoria.  
I ndia.  
C ontinental.  
T emperature.  
O rthodox.  
R ound.  
H ot point.  
A mazons.

No. 3.—White Mountains (me, Tim, noun, hat, Ina, West). Tennyson (toy, not, son, net, no).

No. 4. Emerson.  
Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Alice Lee, Margie Payson, J. J. Todd, J. W. Tom, Mason, Harry Ferguson, Margaret Seibert, Alice Hill, Frances Riker, Helen Keyes, Puss and Kate, Field-Bowers, Gertrude Tillotson, and E. C. B.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



JOCKO, IN HIS THIRST FOR MISCHIEF, SERVES THE COOK A GOOD TURN.

With great intelligence, courage, and strength, the elephant, one might suppose, would not be easily scared, and yet it needs a very trifling thing to put him almost out of his wits with fright.

Fire is one of the things an elephant is afraid of, and he will always avoid it if he can. Shrill cries he does not like, and will usually turn back from. The negroes of Africa know these two facts, and make use of them to frighten off the herds of elephants which sometimes rush upon their villages in the night.

But the one way to thoroughly scare an elephant is to show him a little mouse. Not very long ago an elephant came near destroying a whole museum and menagerie, all because of a little mouse. It seems that a tiny white mouse in the museum saw a chance to escape from its cage, and of course took advantage of it and ran out. Just then somebody discovered the little white creature on the floor, and tried to catch it. Master Mouse, however, was in no mood to give up his liberty yet, and consequently, in mouse fashion, looked about for a convenient hole to disappear through. One of the holes in the elephant's trunk, which was dragging on the floor, seemed made exactly for the purpose, and into it

darted the frightened mouse. My! a spark in a barrel of powder could hardly cause more commotion. The elephant became wild in a second, and, with a terrific shriek, rose on his hind-legs, waving his trunk frantically in the air. He tugged at his chains till they nearly snapped; he flung himself about in a perfect agony of fear and madness, and all the time his strange cries rang through the building.

The alarm was taken up by all the other animals, and a perfect Babel of appalling roars, howls, yells, and screams filled the menagerie. The keepers hardly knew which way to turn. They did not even know what the cause of the trouble was; but they did know that if the elephant were not quieted he would soon burst his chains and probably break through the walls of the building. A brave dog belonging there tried to do his duty, and sprang at the elephant, but the monster paid no heed to his puny remonstrance, and it began to look as if a bullet would have to be sent into the mad creature's brain, when to the astonishment of the keepers the little mouse, tired of the uncomfortable quarters, dropped out of the trunk and ran away. After that, peace was restored.

Elephant trainers think the fear is the result of a dread lest the very small creature should run into the trunk, just as the white mouse did.

### FRIGHTENING A GIANT.

THE lion is called the king of beasts, and nothing of the sort; for the elephant, the tiger, and the elephant lords it over both of them. Indeed, when it is fighting, the elephant has no equal, and though he does not look it, he is also one of the swiftest of runners.

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## LITTLE BLUEJACKET.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE soft sweet music hither blown  
On winds that sweep the open sea  
Its beckoning breath, its haunting tone,  
Its silver call, hath summoned thee.  
Its "Follow! follow!" fills mine ear;  
It woos thee with persuasive art,  
And none who once its pleading hear  
Thenceforth in peace possess their heart.

Not mine to thrill at eve and morn  
For that low murmur borne from far,  
For me no Triton "winds his horn"  
Beyond the tossing harbor bar.  
I better love the bending grass  
Than all the rolling emerald sea,  
That, weaving with its mystic pass,  
Would draw my sailor lad from me.

Still, sturdy little mariner,  
'Twere ill to hold thee from the life  
Which hath such charm the pulse to stir,  
Such fearless freedom, gallant strife.  
The nurse of hardy souls and brave,  
Of child-like heroes, leal and true,  
Old ocean chants in every wave  
The psalms of her Jackets Blue.

Our thought that swiftly backward wings  
Recalls the ships of fair Phenice,  
Or, caught in Homer's measure, springs  
To seek the longed-for golden fleece.  
The ray Genesius daring prow  
Cleaves once again the trackless sea,  
To find the mythic world which now  
Is home, sweet home, to thee and me.

Then speed thee, Little Jacket Blue;  
Thy bark shall touch at isles of balm;  
The tempest's wrath shall test thy crew,  
Sore wearied with the tropic's calm.  
In languid heat or sullen cold,  
In darkest night or stormiest day,  
Keep yet a courage high and bold,  
And bear thee nobly on thy way.

Look alway to thy polar star;  
For He who rules the rolling spheres,  
Whose own the circling planets are,  
Great Sovereign of unmeasured years,  
Will shield thee with His hand of night,  
Ten thousand thousands praise Him true,  
Who keeps forever in His sight,  
Thus safe, my Little Jacket Blue.

## FLOWERS IN THE WINDOW.

BY GEORGE R. KNAPP.

AS the pleasant days of summer pass away, our young folks will sadly miss the beautiful flowers which have helped to make life more enjoyable through the long days. But if we are willing to devote a little time to the work, our windows may be easily transformed into beautiful gardens, where we may have an abundance of bloom and fragrance throughout the winter.

I will endeavor to show the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE how they may enjoy these beautiful flowers by observing closely the simple directions here given in the selection of varieties and in culture. It is not necessary to have rare and costly exotics to make a good display. The writer derived vastly more pleasure from caring for a few geraniums, fuchsias, and roses—less than a dozen plants in all—which was his first attempt in window gardening, than in after-years when it was his privilege to enjoy the beauties of some of the finest private and public conservatories in the country.

In the selection of a window one facing to the south, or at least one looking to the east and south, is the most desirable. Let us say, here, however, that, contrary to the common opinion, *there can be successfully grown in a northern window*, if due attention is paid to the selection of varieties.

Let us look first at the single window facing the south. To this window a plain pine board may be fastened, extending to the extreme edge of the window-ledge at either side, about six inches wide at the ends, and double that width in the centre. It can be easily fastened by two screws at each end, and made stronger by a light iron bracket, or even two, underneath. It is best to have a light piece of wood fastened to the edge as a sort of railing, to keep the falling leaves and dirt upon the shelf. On either side of the window we may fasten one or two swinging brackets, into which set trailing or drooping-leaved plants.

On the shelf, which will hold ten or a dozen plants, we would place a few geraniums—General Grant, single; Henry Cannell, double (both beautiful scarlet); May Queen and Madame Thibaut, single and double pink; and snow-flake, white; a heliotrope; one or two fuchsias—a most beautiful and graceful plant, easy of culture. To these we would add a few pots of mignonette, sweet alyssum, candy-tuft, and carnations. In the brackets described nothing can be more beautiful than oxalis—a pretty drooping plant, whose graceful tendrils and lively blossoms add vastly to the beauty of a window.

We will now consider for a moment the necessary points to be kept constantly in mind if we would be successful in the window culture of flowers. First of all, we must ever remember that our plants have life, and must be cared for and fed just as faithfully as we would care for a pet bird, dog, or cat. The young cultivator may be ignorant, and as a result lose some plants; but if the necessary care is given, a knowledge of what the plants require is soon gained, and the greatest difficulty overcome; and yet, strange as it may seem, plants are oftentimes killed by *too much care*. By this I mean too much air, water, or heat, as the case may be.

The four essential things to be observed in the cultivation of plants in-doors are ventilation, cleanliness, heat, and water; if the grower will properly attend to these things, success is almost assured. In giving the plants ventilation, it should always be done from the top of the window; sudden draughts of cold air are injurious, and often fatal. It is just as important and necessary, if we desire healthy plants, to keep them clean as it is our bodies. A sponge filled with water about the same temperature as the room will be found of great advantage in washing the leaves of the plants occasionally; in addition to this, and the regular sprinkling afterward described, an occasional sprinkling of the foliage with a syringe or small brush filled with moderately warm water will be found beneficial.

I have always found that the temperature in which plants succeed best can be correctly gauged by my own comfort. For example, if I am comfortable—neither too warm nor too cold—in a room where the temperature is 70° to 75° during the day, and 45° to 50° during the night, such a heat will exactly suit my plants. If cultivators of flowers would consider that in many ways their pets resemble themselves, many disappointments might be avoided.

No established rule can be given for watering plants; water them whenever they need it, and not oftener; plants are as frequently lost by the use of too much water as the lack of it: the soil on the top of the pot will show when the plant requires water, which when given must be done thoroughly. Do not use cold water; add enough warm to take off the chill, and use a small sprinkler, putting on sufficient water to go through the soil from the top of the pot to the saucer. As the sun gets warmer, more water will be required.

A soil composed of rich loam and sand is the best that can be obtained for general use; it should be well enriched with fine manure and thoroughly mixed—about two parts of loam to one part each of manure and sand. Pulverize it well, and remove all stones and large lumps of earth. It is well to keep for use a small box of earth prepared as directed, and renew the top soil in the pot occasionally.

If plants are kept in a healthy state, we have but little to fear from insects. The most annoying ones are the red spider, green fly, and scale. I have found the general treatment as follows very effectual in destroying the insects named. The use of tobacco-water for destroying the green fly is very effectual, and much more pleasant than the old method of tobacco smoke. Fill a pail with tobacco stems, pour over them all the water the pail will hold, and let it stand about twenty-four hours. In using, put a half-pint of the tobacco-water to a pail of clean lukewarm water. Take the plant which is diseased, turn downward, place the left hand over the top of the pot, and plunge the foliage in the liquid once or twice, afterward rinsing it in clean warm water.

The leaves and stems of the plants affected with the scale should be frequently washed with kerosene or sweet oil. The use of the oil, and an occasional plunging of the plant into the prepared tobacco-water as directed, will destroy the red spider.

We will now turn to the bow or bay window, which will allow us to greatly increase the number of our plants, and also favor us with room for better arrangement. I would not advise, simply because he has the room, that the young cultivator branch out into the culture of plants which require any more care or knowledge than do those already named for the single window. Especially do not make this mistake the first year of your work; simply increase the number of geraniums, fuchsias, and the other plants named, and the result will be much more satisfactory than if you should attempt to meddle with orchids and other rare plants.

The beauty of the window garden depends to a great extent on the arrangement of the plants. The varieties named, and all soft-wooded plants, should be placed nearest the light, and the hard-wooded or smooth-leaved plants in the background. Plants naturally grow toward the light, and on this account we must frequently turn the plants around, so that every side may have its share of the light. This will prevent that leaning appearance seen in so many plants.

If a larger number of varieties is desired for the bay-window, I would advise for climbing vines ivy, Madeira vine, smilax, and the beautiful rose Marshal Niel, yellow. For standard or dwarf growers among roses I would select Agrippina; beautiful and fragrant crimson; Bon Silene, carmine; La Marque, white tinged with lemon-color as it expands; Abutilon (flowering maple) is a most desirable plant for window culture; begonia, flowering (*not* Rex or tuberous-rooted), is one of the most desirable plants for the window, easy of culture, and a free bloomer. For the hanging basket or bracket we might add the beautiful London pride. For a larger display the cultivator may select from the following varieties, all of which are very beautiful, and do not require any special culture: hibiscus, chrysanthemum, stevias, and primrose.

For the window having a northern exposure the best success is had with pelargoniums or Lady Washington geraniums. The flowers are large and very beautiful, with deep blotches on the upper petals and bright spots on the lower. The best varieties are Favorite, pink with dark blotch, L'Avenir, striped white and crimson, and Beauty of Axton, rich maroon color.

In placing the soil in the pots, a few broken pieces of pots, shells, or stones should be placed in the bottom of each pot for drainage. Be careful on this point, and also use the proportion of sand in the soil as directed; if loam or leaf mould alone is used, the soil will become sour, the roots rot, and the plants die.

We trust that every one who reads these lines will try a window garden this winter. No work of art can adorn a home like beautiful flowers, and young and old alike will feel an increasing pleasure in taking care of the plants, as they become more familiar with their new beauties.

## A DEAD LETTER.

BY MARGARET EMMA DITTO.

**B**MURDERED A. He did it very easily, by just wrenching out the cross-bar that has kept A from being knock-kneed since the Christian era, and hitting him on the head with it. A was killed as dead as a door-nail; he dropped dead everywhere at once. There was a terrible time in Alphabet-town. The twenty-three chief citizens who had not been murdered flew about in a wild way. H was the worst of them all. She puffed and gasped and went into spasms, trying to speak her own name and say that she was A's widow. The chief citizens rallied around the dead body.

"I reckon he is only stunned," said one.

"Nothing but the wind knocked out of him," said another.

"Not much but wind to him—two-thirds puff," said a third.

"Get the bellows!" "Blow him up!" "Toss him over!" "Roll him on two logs!" "Keep him going!" "Don't let him die for wind!" "There's plenty of it!" "He feels cold!" "Fire him up!" "Get hot bricks!" "Put something to his feet!" "Hold on to him!"

These activities were proposed by the Wide-Awakes, who crowded together on one side of the body, and fired themselves off like a Gatling gun of advice.

The Half-Asleeps stood on the other side and fired back.

"No, no!" "Keep the wind off of him!" "Put him down!" "Keep him perfectly still!" "Let him be!" "No violence!" "He is fixed out for quiet comfort!" "He's got the right to die!" "If it suits him, it ought to suit us!" "Don't meddle with Providence!" "Let him be!"

Nobody was hit.

"We might call his name," said the Professor, who belonged to no party, and stood on the fence while he explained the Roman custom of calling the name of the dead at funerals. The chief citizens joined hands about the corpse, other people crowded up and looked over their shoulders. The Professor gave the word.

"One! two! three!"

Alphabet-town and the rest opened its mouth and uttered a deal of queer breath, but all of them together could not say A. They did not know why. So they tried it again, and harder. This time there was no sound but the snapping of vocal chords and the bursting of windpipes. They tried it a third time, the Professor giving the word as before.

"One! two! three!"

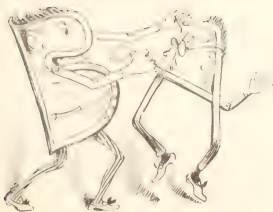
And now the silence that followed was so solid and tremendous, so unearthly, that it flew off from the world in a tangent and went bang up against the sky. It burst like a rocket, and chunks of silence came falling heavily down on everybody.

The Orator, not being hit hard, was the first to speak. He mounted a pair of skids that had been brought to lay the body over, and made an address; that is, he tried to. But the dead A's were as mute as deaf-and-dumb preaching, and the consonants—those hard-fisted citizens of Alphabet-town—rattled and rustled against one another like a crumpled programme at a symphony concert.

"Fellow-citizens," he began; this sounded all right. He went on:

"This is 'n 'wfully s'd occasion." He had meant to say "An awfully sad occasion," but it sounded like "n'wfully sdotion." If the words had been toads in his mouth they could not have startled him more. He cleared his throat; he wiped his clammy lips with his handkerchief, and looked to see if there was anything on it. The people, who had not understood a word, called "Louder!" "Louder!"

The Orator went at it again, and this time he worked his pronunciation pumps till they squeaked in his windpipe.



THE MURDER OF A.

"Fellow citizens, I m'y s'y 'g'n it is 'n' painfully—n'y, 'n'wfully s'd oc'asion." He meant to say, "I may say again it is a painfully—nay, an awfully sad occasion"; but the consonants crushed cruelly together like the serrated spears of sixty successful thistle-sifters.

"I m'y s'y 'n'wfully—n'ywfully s'd oc'asion."

The people yelled and hooted; the Orator turned pale; great beads of sweat stood on his face. Well he knew that if he could not talk, nobody could—no, nor ever could. If he gave it up, "English as she is spoke" would pass out into everlasting silence. He stood at the portal of English speech, like Leonidas at Thermopylae. He lifted his ghastly face heavenward; he threw up his frantic arms entreating help; he clutched at a quotation. Oh, shade of Robert Burns, stand off!

"Ye 'm'n's 'm'n for 't'ht. Wh't 'm'n h's done m'n m'y do."

"Yumsy yum, frtht," mocked a shrill-voiced boy in the crowd.

"Mum sdn-munkndo!" jeered another. But the Orator went valiantly on:

"Wh't 'm'n c'n 't'k I s'y 'g'n, wh't 'm'n c'n 't'k with out's."

These words were spluttered out as if the Orator were a bottle, and India-rubber bubbles were being shaken out of him. At the last effort he fell in convulsions, foaming at the mouth.

Alphabet-town now began to see what a sad case they were in. They could not get out a warrant to arrest B; they could not advise his widow, nor administer the estate, nor draw up resolutions. They had no law or lawyers; no trial by jury, no Magna Charta, no habeas corpus.

That is, nobody had any habeas corpus but A. He had ~~one~~ one apiece all around—but he had nothing else but that, and he did not know what to do with it. All Alphabet-town could not make a grave; they could not get up a vault; they could not even cremate the body.

"Bury it, then," said a solemn old citizen.

"Burying is not good form; it is quite gone out," said a Woman of Style. "You ought to respect the poor fellow's feelings; he used to be stylish to the top of his head."

"Undoubtedly burying went out with the Nglo-sxons," said the Professor. He had meant Anglo-Saxons; he checked at the queer word, and wiped a tear for the missing vowel, for he had his feelings.

Burying is now entirely gone under," he went on.

It is but low business. No one submits to it of his own desire. It is, however, our one resource with our poor friend. It is the best opening for him." He sighed and went on: "Now post-mortems or coroners' inquests we could get up; there is nothing in the spelling to hinder."

"I don't see the good in them," said the Woman of Style. "It would be mere compliment."

So the matter was dropped. Poor A, lying there so

stiff and stark, seemed no longer amenable to earthly honors. They buried him in a coffin, for all Alphabet-town could not get up a burial case or a casket. They could not ask the old parson to preach, but had to request the new minister to perform the service; and with all his theology, he had a hard time dodging the words that had a's in them, and the speech rattled in his throat so that his voice was raspy forever afterward. He had to use somebody's troches, and he wrote a letter to the troches man without any a's in it, and got his troches cheaper after that.

This was only the beginning of troubles. Half the words in Alphabet-town fell to pieces, and had to be thrown out into the backyard, because the a's were dead, and the other half had to do more work than they were used to.

You could not have read the daily paper the next day after the murder. The editor himself did not pretend to read it; he said it was as much as he could do to print it.

The school-books were too queer for anything. The School Board had a meeting, and voted to give up learning to read; they put the teachers on half-pay, and had the children spend all their time counting. Some of the boys and girls liked this because it was easy; but the teachers knew that the end of the world had come.

They had to call the place Lphbet-town, and the post-masters all around the world got terribly mixed over it. All the letters with the dead a's in the address were lost along the road. Some of them had money orders in them, with pension money for poor widows.

At last the citizens called an Assembly to organize a new plan of talking. Every one had a right to speak at this meeting, but as soon as a speaker said a word with an a in it he had to sit down.

The first class of the Boys' High-School, who were not suspected of knowing how to spell, were the umpires. They sat in the gallery, and sharpened their voices on whetstones, though some of them used files.

The Professor talked the longest and said the least. He had a wide wealth of words, though what he said with them folks generally did not know. There were people in Alphabet-town who said he had invented a sieve which



"THE ORATOR MADE AN ADDRESS."





"THE FIRST THING THEY SAW WAS THE GHOST OF POOR A."

would let all the dead-a words go through and keep the rest, and that the Professor stirred these up with a pinch of salt and no wetting, gave it a dry bake, and that was his speech. There seemed no end to it, except the first end; it rambled on and on in a wonderful way, but it tripped up at last on the word *dear*.

A short boy versed in silent letters, who was in the habit of writing notes to a tall girl in the graduating class, knew how to spell that word—especially when she looked up at him from down-stairs.

Oh, but he blared it out like a trumpet; all the gallery joined in. Up went the pea-shooters. The boys had their pockets full of dead a's—little stiff corpses harder than stones—which they had picked up in the streets and backyards. A terrible hail of dead a's came pelting down on the poor Professor. The boys had him now: he had been cruel to them—made books with words in them, you know. Now they were cruel to him. You would have been sorry for him if you had seen him jumping wildly up and down, throwing out his arms as if he were fighting wasps. At last he rushed from the stage all cowering over in a bunch, trying to get his head between his shoulder-blades for protection. The Assembly laughed as well as it could without any a's. The Professor had never been half so amusing before.

Many of the speakers were very angry at B. Some proposed hanging him. Of course they went down on that. Others were for lynching him, and others for life imprisonment. But the people who clamored for vengeance could not say much, on account of getting excited and making mistakes. Then, of course, the pea-shooters came to the front.

"I do not uphold B," said the Eloquent Man, who had prepared his speech with great care. "But I do most solemnly protest it will do no good to execute B. This would not help us. We should be even worse off

with him gone. Let but one more be missing from our number, then we must give up everything. The words then left would die of overwork. Our lusty dictionary-books would be nowhere. Webster's superb monument of toil would shrivel. Yes, my friends, it would shrink into thin decrepitude. Its empty covers would lie upon our shelves like the prehistoric birds' nests upon our trees. History would be wiped out with one fell swoop. Poetry would melt into silence or—poor convict in irons—would go hobbling down the corridors of Time unwept, unhonored, unsung. Philosophy, the glory of thought, would *er-r-r-sh* to toms!

"*C-r-r-r-sh* to Toms!" echoed the faithful gallery. "*C-r-r-r-sh* to Toms! *er-r-r-sh! er-r-r-sh! er-r-r-sh* to Toms!" every boy made a watchman's rattle of his throat, and brought his pea-shooter into range.

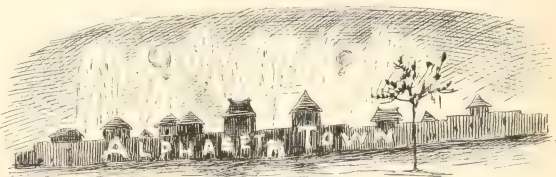
The Eloquent Man beat a retreat, but the boys beat him worse than he beat the retreat. Everybody began to see how dangerous it was to go on to the stage, or rather to get off of it. Nobody dared to begin a speech, for fear of getting stage-struck and having to end it.

At last one humble old man took his life in his hands—what was left of it—ascended the steps, and came resolutely to the front of the platform.

"My friends," he began, "it is useless for us poor helpless beings to discuss this subject further. We find ourselves in trouble. We've got to be helped out. Yes, we've got to be helped out by Jupiter. You try him. He could bring our brother to life. He could, and he would too. You try him, my friends."

Here the old man stopped abruptly, and stepped down from the stage. This was the only speech that died a natural death. Perhaps for this reason it had more weight than any other, and it determined the action of the meeting. The Assembly decided to send delegates to Jupiter, with the request that the dead letter might be restored to life, and furthermore, to prevent the recurrence of this trouble in the future, the delegates were instructed to ask that all the chief citizens might be made immortal.

D, M, and J were appointed delegates. The first thing they saw on reaching Mount Olympus was the ghost of poor A. He was a little new ghost, very white and shivering. He looked lonesome, as if he had not got used to going around loose without his body. He braced up pretty straight, though, and walked toes out. Cadmus, a shade of long standing, had the little fellow by the hand, and was taking him round. A did not seem much interested, but the moment he caught sight of his old companions from Alphabet-town he called out with a loud voice,



GENERAL REJOICING IN ALPHABET-TOWN.

"Aye! aye!" Then he sprang up, and clasped his arms about their necks, and cried to be taken home.

"There is not a single fellow that knows me here," he cried. "I am the only one of my kind. Speak to me."

Here they all yelled together, each one calling his own name; they flew into one another's arms, embracing and dancing in couples; they joined hands and danced four hands around, and so they whirled away to the throne of Jupiter. As good luck would have it, the throne was empty.

Jupiter, when he sits upon his throne, is a mighty fellow. He has an eyebrow that you could go to sleep in and think you were sitting on a hay-cock, the locks of his hair are like the locks of a prison, his eyes flash lightning, and his eye-winkers are made of darning-needles.

He wears a thunder cap made of a cyclone, the other end up. If he had known that the delegates were coming, he would have been in great shape to receive them. But as it was, he had just had a tight shave on his head—the best of men and gods are often left to do that in dog-days—and he had taken off his cap—the Titans were that very minute spinning it point downward over the States of Wisconsin and Iowa.

So Jupiter, caught napping, was fast asleep in a hammock that swung like the Brooklyn Bridge over running water to keep his Majesty cool. The delegates had a terrible time getting up the piers, but they managed it, and then swung themselves down from the guy-ropes and landed on his small toe, walked up the entire length of his limbs and body, until they reached his ears. M and A sat in one ear, and D and J in the other, and thus they yelled their petitions with united voice.

"Shoo! shoo!" said the great Jupiter, in a voice that froze the marrow in their bones, but they answered boldly: "We can't shoo; we won't shoo; we did not come here to shoo. We want life; we want immortality—to live forever—forever. do you understand? Forever! live forever!" shouted the delegates, who had learned diplomacy from the mosquitoes and buzz-flies.

"Yes, yes; don't bother me," said Jupiter, sleepily. "You may have anything if you will go away." Here he turned heavily in the hammock, and the delegates went off in a lively way, being tumbled out into the meshes of the hammock, and from thence into the water below. They were now immortal, and nothing could hurt them. Up they came from the foam, all sparkling and flashing. Away they galloped over the waves and upon the winds till they came home to Alphabet-town.

Shout! shout! shout! How everybody shouted! The little dead a's jumped up like corns in a popper and got into the words again. All the chief citizens laughed and hugged each other till broad A was squeezed quite flat, and had to go to Boston to get puffed up. He got into the public schools, and now holds his own soundly.

Outsiders of Alphabet-town did not know what had happened. Only those persons who study in the middle of the night missed the a's out of their books; they supposed they had been dreaming, or that their lamps burned dim. Such a sad event can never happen again, for all teachers are now immortal.

### FISH THAT CLIMB TREES.

WHEN Jack Downing returned from India, whither he had accompanied his father on a business trip, he naturally had a great many stories to tell the boys of the wonderful things he had seen in that strange land, but nothing amazed them more than the account he gave of some fish that he had seen climbing trees. Jack was obliged to tell the story as follows:

"Father was awfully busy, and as he had left me at the house of a missionary who lived on the shores of the Ganges, I made up my mind one morning that I

would while away the hours he spent in town by a fishing expedition. There were no boys in the family, nor anybody who could be supposed to take an interest in such amusement; so, without saying anything to the people of the house, I sauntered off, cut a good stout reed for a pole, rigged up a hook and line, and armed myself with a number of good-sized flies for bait. The river was close by, and finding a cozy cove, I sat down and began lazily to whip the stream.

"It was no use. The fish of the Ganges either did not understand American methods of fishing, or else they were too wary to be caught. At last I became discouraged; but just as I had about concluded to give up the sport and go home, what was my amazement to see a fat little perch deliberately swim to the shore, and then proceed to mount the bank toward the spot where I lay.

"The situation was too comical. My first thought was that this queer specimen of a fish felt so much sympathy for my disappointment that he was actually going to come up and beg me to put a hook in his mouth. If he could walk, why should he not talk?

"But no; that was not in his mind. He was clearly an accomplished pedestrian, used to the exercise, and about to take his usual constitutional without any reference to my feelings in regard to the matter.

"I watched him with immense interest, and soon perceived that he had a couple of comrades. Ah! perhaps it is a walking match, I thought. On they came, their locomotive power being apparently invested in a series of spines that grow out from the fins and tail. Those nearest the head are firmly fastened in the ground; then, after the manner of the inch-worm, the tail is drawn up, and one step is made.

"Not content with *terra firma*, presently the party began to climb a tree. I watched them until they located themselves comfortably on the branch of a palm-tree some five feet from the ground. This was too much. Forgetting all about my rod and line, and indeed everything else, I rushed home to demand an explanation from my missionary friend of this extraordinary performance. From him I learned all about the *anabas*, or tree-climbing fish of India. It belongs to the perch family, and though small and bony, the natives look upon it as capital food. It is not exactly amphibious, in spite of its taste for land, but is very much given to sauntering about the shore and airing itself in high places.

"After lunch I went down to the river again, and was just in time to see a fat pelican make a meal off of a number of *anabas* that were out for a walk. Whether my three friends were among them I don't know."

## THE FLAMINGO FEATHER.\*

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "WAKULLA," ETC.

### CHAPTER IX.

A TRAP AVOIDED AND FRIENDS DISCOVERED.

AT René's cry, suppressed though it was, Hasse turned quickly, and in time to see the moccasin glide away through the water. He also noted the spot of blood on his companion's finger, at which the latter was gazing with a look of horror.

Without a word the young Indian sprang to René's side, drew the little sharp-pointed dagger from its sheath, and firmly but deliberately enlarged with it the minute wound made by the fangs of the snake, until the blood

flowed freely from it. Then raising the hand to his own mouth, he sucked all that was possible of the poisoned blood from the wound, stopping several times during the operation to rinse his mouth with water.

When this was done he took a handful of slimy river mud and placed it over the wounded place, bidding his friend hold it there. Then, seizing his paddle, he turned the bow of the canoe up-stream in the direction from which they had come. He paddled back to a small lagoon that emptied into the stream, and in which he had noticed a peculiar species of water-lily growing as they passed it on their way down. Pulling a handful of these up by the roots, he selected one of the bulbs attached to them, pounded it until it was a mass of fibre, and washing the river mud from the wounded hand, he replaced it with this.

The hand had already swollen and become very painful; but the application of the bruised lily root acted so like a charm that René's face showed an instant sense of relief, and he expressed his gratitude to Has-se.

"It is nothing to do," replied the other. "It is but the remedy of my people for such things." Then he added, with a sort of pride: "The pale-faces are wise in many matters that we poor red men know nothing of; but we have at least learned that for every evil there is a remedy close at hand, and that wherever poisonous serpents are found there also grows a plant that will render their poison harmless. In a short time thy hand will be as sound as before it laid hold of Chitta-wewa, the great water-snake."

"Tis marvellous!" exclaimed René: "and if thou wouldst return with me to France, bringing with thee a few of these simples and thy knowledge of their application, thou wouldst become a great medicine man, and obtain much honor of my people."

Has-se only shook his head and smiled at this suggestion. Then he said: "For a time thou must lie perfectly quiet, and keep that upon thy hand wet with cool water. Meantime I will carry out a plan of which I have just conceived the idea. Near by, from the head of this lagoon, there runs a narrow trail by which a great bend in the stream is cut off, and a point much lower down upon it is reached. If thou wilt remain here and nurse thy hand, I will cross to the lower stream by this trail, and it may be that I will thus gain more speedy information concerning those whom we follow."

René at once agreed to this plan, and was soon left alone to nurse his hand and meditate upon his present strange position. From his savage surroundings his thoughts ran back to the uncle whom he had left in Fort Caroline to battle with sickness, and possibly with starvation and the upbraidings of his own men. The boy's heart was full of tenderness for the brave old soldier who had so promptly assumed the part of a father toward him; and had he not been restrained by the consciousness of the vital importance of the mission he had undertaken, he would have been inclined to return at once and share whatever trials were besetting the chevalier. From him the boy's thoughts sped to France and the old château in which he was born. He almost laughed aloud as he imagined the look of consternation with which old François would regard him if he could now see him, lying alone in a fragile craft, such as the old servant had never imagined, in the midst of a terrible wilderness of great moss-hung trees, queer-looking plants, black water, and black mud.

From these reveries he was suddenly startled by the sound of a slight splash in the water and a subdued human voice. Raising his head very cautiously above the side of the canoe, René caught a glimpse, at the mouth of the little lagoon in which his own craft was concealed, of another canoe, in which were seated two Indians. It was headed up-stream; but its occupants had paused in their

paddling, and, from their gestures, were evidently considering the exploration of the very place in which he lay hidden from them. In one of them René recognized the unwelcome face of Chitta (the Snake), but the other he had never before seen.

With a loudly beating heart, and almost without breathing, he watched them, thankful enough for the shelter of broad lily leaves that raised their green barrier in front of him. He was fully conscious that upon the result of the conversation the two were holding, in such low tones that he could not distinguish a word, depended his own fate. He knew, from what Has-se had told him, that Chitta regarded him as an enemy, and he knew also that for his enemies an Indian reserves but one fate, and will kill them if he can.

Thus it was with the feeling that he had escaped a mortal peril, and a long-drawn sigh of relief, that he saw the discussion come to an end, and the strange canoe continue on its course up-stream. It disappeared in the direction from which he and Has-se had come before encountering the moccasins. Then he became furiously impatient to leave a place that seemed so full of danger, and he longed eagerly for Has-se's return.

Although René watched anxiously for Has-se, he also cast frequent glances toward the stream, fearful lest Chitta and his companion should again appear. Thus he was not looking when his friend emerged from the forest, and did not hear the light tread of his moccasined feet. Nor was he aware of any presence near him until a low laugh, which so startled him that he almost upset the canoe, gave the first hint of his friend's return.

"Oh, Has-se!" he exclaimed, in a whisper rendered hoarse by his excitement, "glad am I to see thee once more. Chitta is in pursuit of us, and with him is as evil-looking an Indian as ever I saw, but large and powerful withal."

Then he related the whole incident of the appearance of the strange canoe, to which Has-se listened with grave attention.

When René had finished he said: "Has-se also has something to tell. Far down the river, on the side opposite the end of the trail, he heard the sound of many voices, and he knows his people are there. Let us go to them."

"But if we venture out into the stream, will not Chitta and the one with him see us?"

"If they do not until we float on the river, they must prove themselves swifter than Hu-la-lah" (the wind) "to catch us before we reach friends. How is thy hand? Is the sting of Chitta-wewa still painful?"

"Oh! my hand? Why, no; I had no thought of it until now. Thanks to thy application, the pain and the swelling seem alike to have been removed."

"Then let us go, and if it comes to meeting Chitta, we will see if we can not render his sting as harmless as that of his namesake Chitta-wewa."

Very cautiously the two boys paddled their canoe out from the lagoon, and headed it down the narrow river toward the place where they hoped to find friends.

Having reached the stream in safety, they were about to congratulate each other on their good fortune, when suddenly a wild scream, such as is made by an enraged panther, came ringing down through the dark forest glade behind them.

"It is the yell of Cat-sha the Tiger, chief of the Seminole!" cried Has-se. "For the Snake, with the Tiger to aid him, we are no match. If those white arms of thine have strength in them, now is the time to prove it, Ta-lah-lo-ko."

With this the two boys bent over their paddles and plied them with such energy that their light craft fairly hissed through the water, and flew past the gray motionless columns of the cypresses. Not far behind came their





"IN ANOTHER MINUTE AN ARROW BURIED ITSELF IN  
RENÉ'S SHOULDER."

persuers, also straining every muscle, and already exulting over the prize that was so nearly within their grasp.

Cat-sha and Chitta had become impatient of waiting in their ambush for those who failed to come, but who they knew had been following them, and they finally decided to cautiously retrace their course in order to learn what had become of them. At the mouth of the lagoon in which René had awaited Has-se's return they paused undecided for a moment. From the very trail taken by Has-se there branched another, which led to the distant Seminole fastness in the heart of the great swamp. Cat-sha at first thought they would do well to examine this trail, for if it should prove to be some of his own band of whose canoe he had caught a glimpse, he would surely discover traces of them here. Chitta, however, said that those who had followed them might chance to pass on unnoticed while they were in the lagoon. It would be time enough to examine the trail after they had been back as far as the bayou, and made certain that nobody was between them and it. Happily for René de Veaux this counsel had prevailed, and they had gone on up the stream.

It was while on their return from the bayou that they had caught sight of the two boys just leaving the lagoon, and that Cat-sha had uttered his war-cry with such startling effect. Even at the distance they were, both he and Chitta had seen the flamingo feather braided in Has-se's hair, and had also recognized the peculiar costume worn by him whom they knew as the son of the great white chief.

Faster and faster flew the two canoes in their race of life or death down the narrow stream. That of the two boys was the lighter, but the other, impelled by the powerful strokes of the gigantic Cat-sha, kept pace with it from the outset, and at length began

slowly to gain upon it. Foot by foot, closer and closer, it came, and as the labored breath of the panting boys came shorter and quicker, while the perspiration rolled in great beads from their faces, it seemed as though they were moving at a snail's pace, and they knew that the unequal struggle could not last much longer.

Suddenly Has-se paused from his labor for an instant, and placing a hand to his mouth, uttered a long, tremulous cry, so wild and shrill that it roused the forest echoes for miles around.

He had hardly resumed his paddle, after a quick backward glance that showed the other canoe to be fearfully near them, when his cry was answered by one precisely similar, uttered only a short distance ahead of them.

In another minute an arrow from behind whizzed so close to Has-se's head that it cut the red feather from his hair, and passing on, buried itself in René's shoulder. At the same instant a canoe filled with Mico's warriors appeared around a point ahead of them, and the two hunted and exhausted boys, seeing it, knew they were saved.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE PIGEON FLIERS OF MODENA.—DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD.—SEE PAGE 814.

## THE PIGEON-FLIERS OF MODENA.

BY DAVID KIRK.

A TRAVELLER who was passing through the rich vineyard country of Italy, on his way to the south, stopped to rest a few days in the quaint old city of Modena, so attractive for its historical associations. Among the points of interest was the famous *Emilian*. A long street passing through the heart of the city, the *Emilian* of the Countess Matilda in 1099, nearly four hundred years before Columbus discovered America. Here, too, was the Cathedral of St. Germain, with its lofty crypt, and facade still showing the ornamental sculpturing of the workers of the twelfth century, and a bell tower that rose 315 feet, and contained a wooden bucket captured by the Modenese from the Bolognese in the year 1325. All these things and many more attracted the attention of our traveller; but what caused him the most astonishment were the actions of a man by whose side he found himself one day in the tall tower. The object of his curiosity was a tall, dark youth, a native Modenese, in a picturesque costume that proclaimed him, at least in dress, a peasant.

When first observed he was leaning far out of the stone window, his face exhibiting a variety of emotions denoting excitement and pleasure. In his hand he bore a long staff, upon the end of which was a colored flag, with which he seemed to be signalling to some one in the distance, and soon our traveller distinguished upon the roofs of various houses in the vicinity several figures, all of whom were evidently engaged in answering the signals.

For some time the stranger watched the performance, unable to understand it, as all the flags seemed to be in motion at once, but finally they were all withdrawn with the exception of that held by one man.

He stationed himself upon an eminence on the roof, raised his staff high above his head, and from about his feet sprang into the air a vast flock of birds. Up they rose, higher and higher, into the heavens, waving and turning, the morning sun glistening upon their varied colors as they exposed themselves in different positions to its rays. When almost out of sight, and like dark spots against the sky, they turned, and, like a living cloud, a meteor of wings came rushing down with a roaring sound audible for a great distance, and nearing the house-tops they rose gently, and amid the fluttering of countless wings again alighted about the tall figure on the lofty roof.

Hardly had this been accomplished when another figure rose, and another flock darted upward. These were pure white, and resembled flecks of silvery cloud as they swept about, forming a great living circle. Around they went, encircling an area of several acres, glistening, gleaming, and finally alighting again. These manoeuvres were repeated two or three times, the birds always returning in obedience to the waving of the flag.

This was followed by four other flocks, all of different colors, and all going through manoeuvres unlike the former. It was evidently an introductory salute for some grander performance, which very shortly commenced. At a certain signal from the men the different flocks of pigeons—for such they were—rose high in air, and passed to and fro with rapid flight, evidently in obedience to the movements of the flags. Now an entire flock would be arrested in its downward flight, and by a sudden motion rise again, separating into columns or halves, flying away in opposite directions, only to join again and alight at their owner's feet at the proper signal.

"Is it possible," asked the traveller in Italian of the Modenese youth, "that these birds are moving in the air by

—was the reply of the peasant, who had seated himself during a cessation of the exhibition. "Have you never heard of the *triganieri*? I am one," he continued;

"and it is a term that has been used for many centuries in our city to distinguish the pigeon-fliers. The pigeons are called *triganica*. They have been bred and trained from the earliest times, and are the most remarkable birds in the world; so, at least, we think. In this city there are fully one hundred flocks, composed of several hundred birds each, trained so perfectly that they obey the slightest movement of the flag, just as the soldier understands the signal in battle. We also use the whistle for certain calls in this way"—and placing his two forefingers in his cheeks, he produced a whistle that immediately caused a flutter of excitement among a flock of birds on a neighboring roof. "In the olden times," continued the pigeon-trainer, "in the fourteenth century, our ancestors used the cornet. The sport as carried on to-day is almost exactly the same as then, and is merely a pleasure to the owners—just as you train dogs in your country. If you will come with me," he added, "I will show you how implicit is their obedience."

The Modenese passed down the stairs, and soon led the traveller upon the neighboring roof.

"They are perfectly tame, you see," said the owner, picking up a bird and tossing it into the air, while the others crowded about him, some alighting on his head and shoulders as they did at the recall, "and that is the first essential of success. The birds must have faith in you, and you in them. The game or sport is carried on in different ways. First we may have a performance in mid-air, as you have just witnessed. The birds in flight will obey every motion of my flag; will return without the slightest hesitation, stop, whirl, or rise higher—in fact, are as completely under my control as if I had a flag attached to each.

"This is, of course, merely ornamental. A second plan is to declare war against a neighboring flock. I so direct my birds that they will, by manoeuvring, capture birds from a neighboring cote, in which case the owner has to pay for the captured bird, or the captor wins a prize. In olden times these battles were carried on with great cruelty. Thus a bottle or flask of powder with a fuse was attached to a trained bird that dashed into a neighboring flock, where the torpedo would explode, killing large numbers of the birds. This is now done away with, and the captures are all made in pleasantry."

The science of pigeon-flying is not confined to Italy alone, as in nearly all the cities of northern India it has been carried on from the earliest times, and in the old histories of India there are pictures and descriptions tending to show that it was first brought there from some country in northeastern Asia.

## ASHORE AT ST. HELENA; OR, A FAMOUS BOY AND A FAMOUS MAN.

BY DAVID KIRK.

"WELL, Master Willie, here's St. Helena for you at last, and now you'll have a chance to go ashore a bit."

There it was, sure enough, that grim mass of black basaltic rock standing gauntly up out of the smooth shining tropical sea, with its splintered crags and mighty precipices looming out against the bright morning sky like threatening thunder-clouds. But gloomy and savage though it looked, the lonely islet was a welcome spectacle to the storm-tossed passengers of the homeward-bound Indian, being their first glimpse of land since they lost sight of Cape Town and Table Mountain several weeks before.

The "Master Willie" to whom the Captain was speaking was a tall, slim, bright-eyed boy, with a homely but very honest and kindly face. His sallow complexion and somewhat languid movements would have told to any one who observed them—even without the presence



of the turbaned Hindoo servant who stood behind him in a spotless white tunic and scarlet sash—that he had lived some years in India, and needed a little fresh sea-air to brace him up after the scorching heat of Bengal.

In truth, if sea-air was what Willie wanted to restore his health, he seemed likely to have enough of it. A voyage from India to England was no joke sixty or seventy years ago, when ocean steamers had not yet begun to exist, and when bare-limbed Arab robbers were prowling over the waste of drifting sand through which the Indian and Australian steam-packets were one day to carry hundreds of passengers at a time along the Suez Canal. Nowadays one may run out from England to the East Indies in four weeks; but in the time of our grandfathers it was considered a wonderful feat to accomplish the voyage in as many months.

As Willie happened, by a very rare chance, to be the only child on board, he was, of course, a great pet both with the passengers and the ship's company, who little dreamed that some of them would live to see their young playmate one of the most famous men in Europe, and to recognize their own likenesses in the Anglo-Indians whom he described so well. His especial friend, however, was a British officer belonging to the garrison of St. Helena, whose promise to "show him the great curiosity of the island" Willie eagerly claimed the moment its cliffs were sighted. So the boy, the officer, and the Hindoo servant all went ashore together.

Willie was greatly amused with the sight of Jamestown, the queer little toy capital, jammed into the mouth of a narrow valley that sloped downward to the sea, from which a stair of eight hundred steps, cut in the face of the rock, led up to the barracks on the hill above. But he thought the long walk over bare black rocks and stony ridges very dreary indeed, and was glad when it ended at length in a pretty little green valley dotted with trees, in the midst of which lay a small garden, where a man was walking restlessly up and down a grassy lawn, with his head sunk moodily on his breast.

At the first glimpse of him Willie was strangely reminded (without knowing why) of the caged tigers that he had seen in Calcutta; and, indeed, this man *was* little else than a wild beast in a cage. Only a few years before, he had been the mightiest monarch upon earth, with millions of brave men ready to die at his lightest word; now he was an exile and a prisoner, dying of a mortal disease. The stern face which had been unmoved amid the roar of battle was now haggard and sunken as that of a corpse, and the eyes at whose flash kings had quailed were now heavy with the glassy blankness of despair.

Halt! under the shade of a tree that overhung the palisades of the garden, the Hindoo servant pointed to the man who was pacing the lawn, and said, in an awe-stricken whisper: "There he is, Ullen-Schib! Master William." "Do you see that man? That's Bounaberd!" (Bonaparte). "He eats three sheep every day, and"—sinking his voice still lower—"all the little boys that he can get hold of."

Willie—who could believe anything of the terrible man that bore the name of Napoleon Bonaparte—drew back, and sheltered himself behind his two companions.

"Ay, that's all that's left of him now, poor old fellow!" said the English officer, pityingly. "You see, Willie, my boy, that men who make a great name in the world sometimes have to pay pretty dearly for it, after all."

"It must be a grand thing to be famous, though, for all that," answered the boy, thoughtfully.

Years later, when the name of that boy was known and held in honor throughout the whole civilized world, he told this story to his friends, ending with a sigh which showed that the fame so eagerly desired by little Willie had not brought much happiness to William Makepeace Thackeray.

## THE CAPTIVE QUEEN.

BY LORD BRABOURNE

(E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGGESSON.)

AUTHOR OF "PESS'Y MEW AND OTHER FAIRY STORIES," ETC.

### CHAPTER VI.

THEY had all passed safely over the bridge, the wizard slowly leading the way, and were approaching the side of the rocky mountain, when their attention was attracted by a sound which came from the sea hard by. It was a very pleasant sound, like beautiful music, and it stole over their senses in a marvellous manner, so that they could not help stopping to listen. Voices were singing to the music, and singing in such sweet tones and with such exquisite feeling that the King, who was passionately attached to music, and had a private hurdy-gurdy of his own, thought he had never heard anything so perfectly melodious. And these were the words which fell upon the listener's ears:

"The rocks are coral beneath the sea,  
And we sisters gather there,  
And sing to the waters merrily,  
As we comb our golden hair,  
And we find the times both merry and good  
For the loving mermaid sisterhood.

"We swim where we will through the waters clear,  
Or we harness our slaves, the fish,  
For nothing beneath the waves down here  
Can withstand a mermaid's wish,  
And no sea creature would, if it could,  
For they love the mermaid sisterhood.

"We sit by the lone sea-shore sometimes  
And sing our sweetest strain,  
And the mortal who hears our tuneless rhymes  
Will pine to hear them again;  
But if he would do so best, he should  
Come and live with the mermaid sisterhood.

"Oh, listen to the tones of our plaintive air,  
Ye mortals who hear our strain,  
Come hasten our songs and our joys to share,  
In our home beneath the main;  
For who that has seen them has ever withstood  
The charms of the mermaid sisterhood?"

The whole party had stopped, almost without knowing that they did so, to listen to the enchanting music by which these words were accompanied. Enchanting, indeed, it was, and the extraordinary part of the business appears to me to be the fact that the cow, the rabbit, and the kangaroo did not know that it was enchanting in the worst sense of the word. They were evidently wise animals, who knew more about magic than common beings of their kind, and whatever might have been the case with the King, one would have supposed that they would have been upon their guard, and would have known the danger which lay within the notes of that sweet music. If, however, they knew, they had certainly forgotten it at the moment, and, as I say, they all stopped still to listen, when, no doubt, their wise and proper course would have been to go straight on without paying the least attention.

In the present instance the travellers had not long to wait before they discovered the mistake into which they had fallen. They had stood still for about a minute, when they suddenly perceived that a total change had come over their enemy the wizard. A malicious joy gleamed from his eye, the previous expression of disappointment and fear had passed from his countenance, and turning round so as once more to face the party, he addressed them in a voice the sound of which had changed again from abasement to defiance.

"No! no!" he shouted, with a terrible voice, and then commencing a dance similar to that in which he had before indulged, he sang again, and his words and tones were less agreeable to his hearers than those of the mermaids.

But I've got you now, you stupid c—  
 With the rabbit and kangaroo.  
 You chose to remain, and list to a strain,  
 Which ye knew ye ought not to see  
 So you're all in a scrape, and you can't escape,  
 Cow, rabbit, and kangaroo!"

As he spoke he advanced toward the travellers with his arms outspread, making hideous faces, and evidently intending mischief. Without a moment's loss of time the three travellers made the sign and said the word which had been so useful be-

made no sign, and the wizard, pausing for a moment, raised both his arms above his head and began to pronounce a magic word which I suppose would have rendered his adversaries entirely helpless, and enabled him to complete their ruin at his wicked will.

He began the word, I say, and the King distinctly heard the first part of it, which was "Petrapaulokime-noprapheliconasteron"—but here he was interrupted, and the rest of the sound shut out from the listener's ears by such a moo from the cow as had never been heard before. It was not a bellow, but a moo, and not a common moo either, but one which, beginning low, gradually rose and swelled into a volume of sound which completely deafened the by-standers, altogether drowned the wizard's voice, and reverberated along the sides of the mountain, and even through the waters of the sea with such a mighty roar that the mermaids rushed about, splashing hither and thither, under the evident impression that an earth-

quake or something like it must have happened, and the fishes contradicted the common delusion that the finny tribe cannot hear by darting away in every direction as fast as possible, as the awful sound penetrated even below the waves.

The King himself stood aghast; but if he had been surprised at the action of the cow, he was still more astonished at what followed. Rushing across the bridge from behind the party came another figure upon the scene—silently, but so quickly that almost like a flash of lightning it stood by the side of the kangaroo. It was the figure of an old man, whose long beard, bright eyes, and venerable appearance at once revealed him to be the same who had visited the King in his dreams, had given the word and sign to the three animals, and who had evidently not yet exhausted his power.

It is impossible for anybody who is a mere mortal to be quite sure about things which have to do with magic and magical people, but I cannot help thinking it very likely that if the one-eyed wizard had used a shorter word, so as to have finished it before the arrival of the other, he might and would have prevailed over his foes then and there. If so, it is evidently a lesson to us all not to use words or make speeches which are longer than may be absolutely necessary, but perhaps the wizard could not help it, and there may have been no shorter word which would have served his purpose.

However this may be, it is as certain as possible that he never finished his word, for he stopped short just as if he had been shot as soon as the other old man arrived upon the scene. Once again his countenance changed, and though in the case of such a particularly ugly visage you might have well believed that any change must be for the better, you would have been obliged to allow that the pallor which came over it, and the look of disappointment and baffled rage which appeared thereon, rendered it even uglier than before. His adversary gave him no time for reflection, but rushed straight upon him, and a furious struggle began.

The one-eyed wizard, it will be remembered, had dropped his club at the first sight and hearing of the word and the sign, and was therefore unarmed, and the new-comer did not appear to be any better provided with weapons. They used their hands and feet, however, to some purpose, and having closed at once, raised such a cloud of dust as made it almost impossible to see what they were doing.



THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE TWO WIZARDS.

fore, but these had apparently lost their power. The wizard, indeed, uttered a frightful yell, but it was rather one of triumph than of alarm, and he shouted back in return:

"Your silly old spell  
 Once did very well,  
 But now you require one new.  
 The cow shall be killed,  
 And the rabbit be grilled,  
 And we'll strangle the kangaroo."

With these words, to the unspeakable horror of the King, who stood watching to see what would happen, but felt himself perfectly helpless in the matter, the wizard advanced upon the kangaroo as if about to execute his threat. The kangaroo, evidently feeling that he was no longer a match for his foe, trembled so much that he dropped his drum, and the rabbit did the same with his fife, and in the very act gave a wild squeak of anguish as if he also knew that his fate was upon him. The cow

The King, lost in amazement, but with hope once more springing up in his breast, watched the combat with deep though silent interest. The three friends, recovering from the state of alarm into which they, or at least two of them, had recently fallen, were not so silent. The cow sounded her bells again, the rabbit played wildly on his fife, and the kangaroo, once more seizing his drum, beat loudly, as if to encourage the new ally who had come to the rescue of himself and his companions.

For a few moments none of them could tell what would be the result of the battle, but I do not suppose it was ever doubtful for a moment. The friendly wizard was evidently the stronger of the two, and when the dust, after a short time, cleared away, he was seen sitting upon the prostrate body of his foe, of whose nose he had taken forcible hold with his right hand, and was wringing it as if he meant to deprive its rightful owner of it altogether. His left hand grasped the other's right arm, whose left was bent underneath him, so that he lay helplessly at the mercy of his enemy, and appeared to have resigned himself to the fate from which he saw no means of escape.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the victorious wizard, in an ex-

ulting tone, "at last I have caught you, and you shall receive the reward of all your crimes." And as he spoke he gave another furious tweak to his victim's nose, which produced from the latter a sound something between a yell and a groan.

With some apparent difficulty he presently found his voice.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" he cried, in half-stifled tones. "I didn't mean it. I didn't do it. I'll never do it again. O-o-oh!" and he broke off into another cry of anguish at another tweak.

"No, I'll take good care you don't," savagely replied his conqueror. "You a wizard! Why, you're a disgrace to the very name. With the power which was given you to do good, you have done nothing but mischief ever since you had it, and now, not content with your last crime, you queen-stealing vagabond, you have humbugged the kind mermaids, who are always friendly to mortals, into guarding your prisoners, and have done your best to destroy the three honest animals who came to rescue her. No punishment can be too severe for such a rascal."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"ONLY A TEENY-WEENY BITE, MIND."









MARPLE, whose familiar with the said animation, but has never before seen the picture of the bear. "FORGIVEN" WHO WOULD BE THE FIRST TO SEE THE BEARS GROWING ON TREES?"

### A VERY CURIOUS CLOCK.

**Y**OU have all heard of the wonderful clock at Strasburg, and the ingenious mechanism by which its heavenly bodies move in their orbits, the bells ring out the day and hour, and the processions of angels and apostles come and go. There is also a smaller clock with a number of similar curious contrivances at Lyons, in France, and indeed it seems as if the mech-

anicians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were never tired of exercising their inventive wits over clocks, so many strange and ingenious contrivances in the way of timepieces are still to be found in the older cities of Europe.

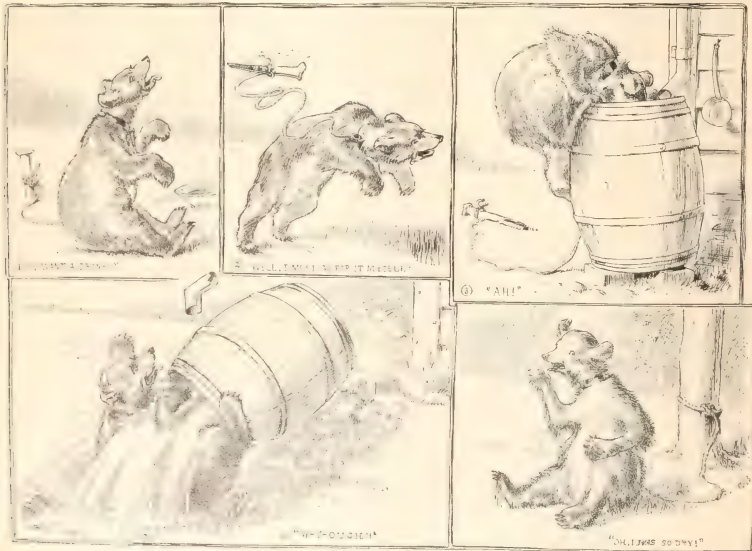
But for an amusing clock, a laughter-provoking clock, a kind of negro minstrel of a clock, one made by a man named Droz something like a century ago certainly takes the palm. When it was completed, the proud inventor carried it to the palace of the King of Spain. His Majesty was pleased to examine the clock, and when set up ready for exhibition it was found to consist of a dial beside which sat a negro, a shepherd with a basket of apples by his side, and a dog. When the hour struck, the negro drew his bow and played six tunes on a violin, after which the dog, endowed with a taste for music, rose and caressed him.

"Should it please your Majesty to touch one of the apples in the shepherd's basket?" suggested the clockmaker. The King put out his hand to take an apple. Determined to protect his master's property, the dog flew at the royal hand, biting and barking, until a "really truly" dog in the room took up the strain and began to bark too. The King laughed heartily, and so, I think, would we have done had we been there to see.

### OUR JAPANESE SCREEN.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

**Q**UITE the funniest things that I ever have seen. Are the pictures all over our Japanese screen. There's a plum-colored cloud in a lavender sky: There's a three-cornered house which is not half so high As the very strange bird standing just at the door; There's a tea party sitting curled up on the floor. There's a gentleman dressed in a bed-quilt, I think, Catching fish that are blue in a lake that is pink; There's an indigo stork standing right in the air; There's an odd-looking baby, without any hair Except one little wisp on the top of his head. And the people are all dressed in purple and red, And their clothes are too big, and they're cross-eyed and queer. I'm awfully glad they don't live around here. They're the funniest things that I ever have seen, Are the pictures all over our Japanese screen.



TRIALS OF A PET BEAR.



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THE TWO "KITTIES."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

"MISS."

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFF.

PEOPLE who were told that her name was Miss generally said one of two things: either, "I beg your pardon," thinking they had not heard quite right, or, "Miss—what?" thinking they had only heard half.

But strange and even impossible as this may seem, Miss did not own a last name, or, indeed, any name at all, for "Miss," as every one knows, is not a name, but a title.

Perhaps it would have been different—indeed, I am almost sure it would—if she had been brought to the children when she was a kitten, but on the eventful evening when Cousin Jack pulled her out of the deepest pocket of his ulster, and set her down on the rug before the astonished and delighted family, she was fully half grown, and looked as if she thought herself a little more than full grown.

"Such a welcome as arose!

"Where upon earth . . .

"What *will* you do next, Jack?"

"Oh, the lovely, lovely dear!"

"She's as black as a coal."

"Her tail is half a yard long."

And in the midst of all this hubbub Miss sat coolly down in the middle of the rug, lifted up her right fore-foot, and began to wash her face in an absorbed, concentrated sort of way, with an expression of countenance which seemed to say,

"That man who carried me in his pocket smokes, and I don't believe his gloves were clean at all."

She looked so utterly prim and proper and elderly that the children declared she had never been a kitten in her life; that she was born grown up.

"But she's only half grown up now," said Cousin Jack, "so, if she grows the other half, you'll be obliged to believe that she grew the first."

But no; they gave in far enough to admit that she might have been born half grown up, but as to her ever having been a kitten, and played with that long, thin tail, that was too much for anybody to believe.

When Cousin Jack had a chance, he told how and where he found her. She was clinging piteously to the top of a round, smooth hitching-post, while two newsboys encouraged a big dog to spring at her.

"She could not have held on much longer," concluded Cousin Jack, "and I've no doubt the dog would have made mince-meat of her; so I just put her in my pocket, and then administered a slight moral lesson to those boys. I took them by the collar, one in each hand, ran them out of breath, and pitched them into a snow-bank."

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" said the other head of the family, laughing and frowning at once at him; "I'm thankful it was dark; if it hadn't been, we should have seen a startling paragraph in to-morrow's paper: 'Sudden and violent insanity of a young and promising artist.'"

"And how that would have made my pictures sell!" said Cousin Jack, pretending to sigh. "But, alas! it *was* dark, and I didn't meet a soul while I was running amuck. As for the victim, she never stirred from the time I put her into my pocket, and even in her dire extremity on top of the post she was maintaining a dignified silence. Madame and Sir, I appeal to all your finest sensibilities: you'll not turn her out to be hounded to desperation by a heartless woman, this section of which is full of snow-drifts? She may stay by this happy fireside?"

Madame and Sir laughed, and gracefully yielded; but Cousin Jack was solemnly assured that he must take the "hounded" animal he rescued to his own studio, and was solemnly promised that he would.

"The victim must needs be named at once.

"She's Miss Something or other," said one. "She doesn't look as if she'd like us to call her by her first name."

One name after another was suggested to follow the Miss, but none of them gave satisfaction; it was ten minutes past bedtime; Cousin Jack said he must go, and so they reluctantly agreed that until a suitable "last name" could be found the victim should simply be called Miss. This would, at least, show that they meant to be respectful.

Miss grew more and more friendly by degrees, although she never lost her condescending manner. She liked to be petted in a quiet way, and singled out the little daughter of the house as her especial favorite.

"It must be just because my name is Kitty," said the favored member of the family, modestly.

Be that as it might, into Kitty's lap alone would she jump uninvited; against Kitty's legs she rubbed, purring loudly, when the little girl had been away from her awhile; by Kitty's chair she always established herself, in dining-room or parlor. Who could be proof against such delicate flattery as this? But all the family liked her. She came when she was called, plainly showing that she knew her name—a point where most cats are painfully deficient. She had a very good purr, strong and deep, and it was really delightful to see her wash herself. She would appear to have quite finished, and then, with a sudden start, and a look which said as plainly as words, "There! if I didn't forget all about the back of my neck!" would go to work with fresh vigor, until the children said it was really a wonder she hadn't scrubbed all her hair off. On the contrary, her hair grew thicker, finer, and blacker every day, although, much to the children's regret, it did not appear to flourish on her long tail, which was unpleasantly snake-like.

Now this is the first part of the story of Miss, who, by-the-way, never attained to a "last name." For the second part I do not vouch. The main facts of it, the outside, as it were, became known to the children; they told this outside to Cousin Jack, and he wove it into what follows, when all, alas! was—But let me not anticipate.

It was a great comfort that Miss, as she grew acquainted with her new home, developed no bad habits. To be sure, she would have been basely ungrateful if she had stolen, for she was carefully fed at least three times a day, but that would not have kept her honest if she had been what Biddy called "a natural-born thafe." She did not appear even to know that there were two canary-birds in the house. She never scratched, she never "meowed," except in a sort of whisper, which made everybody laugh, for, with her mouth wide open, and a deeply earnest expression on her face, she could only just be heard. The head of the family—who happened to be a doctor—declared that she must have laryngitis, which so distressed Kitty that he made a careful examination of Miss's throat, and pronounced it perfectly sound.

All at once a strange, vagabond cat began to prow around the place; then he was seen sitting upon the low stone wall at the foot of the garden, talking to Miss, who sat on the ground beneath. And this is what he said:

"Oh, come, now! I can see you're having a very stupid time here; I'm going on a prow! this afternoon, suppose you come along. Did you ever taste spring chicken?" And the vagabond cat chuckled.

"Yes," replied Miss, "we had it for dinner to-day, and I haven't finished all the lovely bones the children gave me, yet—I can let you have a few if you like. I hid them under the gooseberry bushes."

"Bones!" said the V. C., contemptuously; "I don't eat bones, thank you! Look here—you seem friendly, and I can see you've a spirit of your own, so I'll tell you the whole thing. There's a coop full of little yellow chickens in a yard I've been watching, and if you'll come along I'll go shares with you. What do you say?"

"But that would be stealing," said Miss, looking very much shocked and startled.

"Fiddlesticks!" said the V. C.; "just let me explain—

the chickens belong to the old hen, their mother, don't they?"

"I suppose they do," said Miss.

"Very well, then. The farmer's wife is going to take them away from their mother and kill them, and send them to market just as soon as they're big enough, so it's not stealing for us to help ourselves to a few first."

"But the old hen belongs—" began Miss, feebly, yieldingly.

The V. C. laughed. He felt sure of his victory now. A little more flattery and coaxing, and she agreed to go with him.

They were not caught that time, nor for many times afterward. The children took a great dislike to the wild, fierce-looking gray cat who coaxed Miss off on long tramps, from which she returned with soiled and roughened fur, and a guilty look upon her face.

Then something very shocking happened. Biddy left a large piece of meat on the kitchen table, while she went to the cellar, and returned just in time to see Miss bolt through the open window, dragging the meat with her.

Miss came very near getting her "walking ticket" that time; but the children implored, with many tears, that she might have "One more chance—just one."

"I'll not do that again for you nor anybody," said Miss, angrily, as she threw down the piece of meat before the V. C., who was waiting for her.

"Oh yes, you will," replied the V. C., calmly; "for if you don't, I shall watch my chance, and catch Kitty's canary-bird. I can easily reach it through the wires, and scatter the feathers about your bed in the cellar."

Miss was silent with horror. She really could not think what would happen to her should this dire threat be fulfilled. How she wished now that she had withdrawn from all association with the V. C. as soon as she began to suspect his real character! But it was too late to wish that now. So she began to steal very cautiously, and managed not to be caught again; but she saw that she was suspected and watched, and her yellow eyes had always now a furtive, guilty look.

And soon, very soon, came the dreadful end. A woman who came once a week with eggs and poultry, and who lived on a farm two or three miles from the town, came one morning and asked to see Kitty.

"I wanted to ask you, dear," she said, "if you'd seen that black cat you call Miss since yesterday."

"Why, no, Mrs. Holt," said Kitty, anxiously. "We've called her over and over this morning and she doesn't come. Have you seen her anywhere?"

"I'm afraid I have, my dear. Is this her collar?" and Mrs. Holt drew from her large pocket a pretty new red morocco collar. Alas! there was no doubt as to its ownership. Cousin Jack had brought that collar to Miss only a week ago.

With many tears Kitty heard the rest. Mrs. Holt had been missing little chickens and ducks and turkeys for some time, until at last Mr. Holt said he would watch and see if a weasel were the thief. He watched; he saw two stealthy creeping forms approaching the chicken-house; he fired a bullet from his pistol at each; both fell dead. One was the vagabond cat, and the other was Miss.

Mrs. Holt was very kind; she sent her son George to take Miss's body to the children, and they buried it in the lot where reposed the remains of the opossum who had declined to live in captivity, and sundry birds and mice.

"And the moral of that is," said Cousin Jack, as he concluded the funeral oration, which he had made by special request, and which had included the story just told, "that a boy—a cat, I mean, of course, is known by the company he keeps, or as the poet has beautifully expressed it:

'Tell me with whom you go,  
And I'll tell you what you do.'

## LAST WORDS IN THE SADDLE.

BY COLONEL THEODORE A. DODGE, U.S.A.

IN my last article\* I promised to tell you how to "make" a horse's mouth. If you have ridden several of the average ponies, or if your Don has not an exceptionally good mouth, you have probably been often annoyed by a habit of hard pulling on the bit. Now colts uniformly have soft "sweet" mouths. Pulling or boring is the result of bad training or bad management. Under some circumstances it is considered by many an advantage to have a horse pull. Trotters who have to be steady to keep them from breaking into a gallop may perhaps be better for a reasonably hard mouth. Hunters who "take hold of you" are often preferred by rough-riders, or by those who like to support themselves a trifle by the rein; and for any but a very skilful rider this may not be altogether amiss, for a severe jerk on a very soft mouth might often get both horse and rider into a peck of trouble in a ticklish place. And it is just these places where one's seat gets unsteady and one's hands are apt to jerk. But the ideal saddle-horse, for road or park riding, *must* have a perfect mouth, for a horse cannot be trained to any extent unless his mouth has been made as sensitive as your finger-tips.

A colt properly broken will always keep the sweet mouth Dame Nature gave him, and even the very worst mouths can by skill and patience be made soft and good. To tell you how to do this in the very best way would require a small volume; indeed, hundreds of books have been written on the subject. But I can perhaps give you in a few words a hint or two which will be helpful if you will study what I say so as to understand it. Remember, however, that unless your seat is so firm that your hands are light, you cannot possibly give a horse a soft mouth.

Suppose now you stand at Don's near shoulder, and taking hold of the curb reins at the withers, give a steady, gentle pull. Don may attempt to back, but you must check this inclination with the voice. The pressure of the curb chain will soon make him bring down his head, open his mouth, and arch his neck. As soon as he does this, pat and caress him, and in a second or two release the rein, and let him have his head a moment to rest. Try the same thing again and again, very gradually keeping the neck arched a bit longer each time, but never so long as to tempt him to resist, which he will do by pulling on the bit, or throwing up his head, or backing.

So long as he champs the bit and seems comfortable, keep on at this drill for, say, about half an hour a day. In a week or two you will find that Don will arch his neck at the slightest indication of the bit, and keep it arched for a long time without fatigue. When he does this easily, try the same thing for a few days mounted and standing. And later still go through the exercise for a week or two while Don is walking. Never try to force his mouth; coax him with hand and voice; and never keep him at it so long as to tire him so that he will hang on the curb, for this will surely spoil his mouth.

After some weeks you will find that Don will keep his neck arched, his mouth open, and a light hold of the bits at any gait. This is what we call "in hand." At first you had better alternate between keeping him "in hand" and letting him carry his head his own way, so as not to weary him too much. And if your hands are light, and you do not jerk or worry him, you will be surprised to see what a soft mouth Don is acquiring. The same thing can now be accomplished with the snaffle-bit, but in lieu of a steady pull you may have to give little gentle jerks on the rein till Don opens his mouth and arches his neck.

The next thing to teach him is to bring his head around to the right or left without moving his feet. Stand at his

\* "More Words in the Saddle." HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 343.





A FIVE MILE GAIT.

near shoulder, take hold of the left curb rein with your left hand not far from the bit, and with your right hand gently pull the right rein across his withers so as to coax him to move his head toward his right shoulder. So soon as he does this a little, caress him and release his head. Try again, and by-and-by you will find that Don will bring his head well round to his side, with arched neck and champing bit. Then do the same thing on the other side, and by-and-by in the saddle, standing still. All these exercises supple his neck and help to make his forehead light, as I will soon explain to you. I have often taught my horses to put their heads around in this way by holding out to them a bit of sugar or apple on my toe when mounted. But this fails to teach them what the pressure of the bit means.

After this simple fashion, by patient and intelligent instruction for a few weeks, Don will have learned to open his mouth, arch his neck to the bit, and hold his head in any desired position at will. Now what is the good of all this? you will very naturally ask. Well, to begin with, the horse that will open his mouth will rarely lean on the bit; and if he learns that the little gentle jerks of the snaffle or pull of the curb mean that you want him to open it, he will, with every horse's natural tendency to obedience as well as to avoid the pressure, be almost sure to do so. By the drill above described the horse learns to so hold his head that his bits will rest easily in his mouth, and if you will not pull on him, neither will he on you. It is not to be supposed that a horse likes the pain which is given by pulling on a bit; he has simply imagined from his trainer's or owner's management that he was required to do so. He will be delighted to find out his mistake.



OVER THE WALL.

More important still is the effect which this softening of the mouth produces in his action. You have all noticed how heavy in his movements a horse who hugs his bit is apt to be. He may be fast and courageous, but he is not well balanced. Now just as soon as a horse learns to hold his head in a light and easy way, this lightness is communicated to his entire forehead, or that part in front of the saddle, and he instinctively exerts himself to become quick and handy in his gait. This is much the same thing as you would do if, instead of carrying a heavy bundle, you should walk along balancing a stick on your finger. The one effort would make you heavy and awkward; the other would oblige you to be light and spry. And thus the second effect of Don's learning to come "in hand" is to make his whole forehead light and active.

You may again ask, Of what use is it to teach a horse all these things? The answer is because all this training makes a horse obedient as well as clever, and renders him so tractable and docile that often the most nervous and high-strung thorough-bred may be safely intrusted to the weak—if skilful—hands of a woman to manage, and because any training which enables us to control so strong an animal by the use of the least muscular force must of necessity be good.

If you have ever seen a lot of fine horses let out from

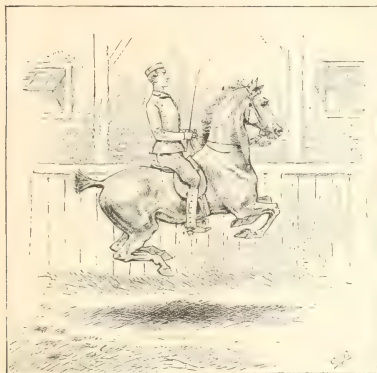


SAFE THROUGH A "BULLFINCH."

the stable into a pretty pasture, you will have seen how very proudly they bear themselves, and what beautiful steps and gambols they execute. Under saddles they will not do any of these things if trained by the usual method. Nor must they ever be allowed to do so of their own volition, because they and their riders would be all too apt to part company if they suddenly took it into their heads to "lark" a bit. But by the high-school training a horse may be taught to do all these things, and more, at the will of his rider, and they are not only very beautiful in the performance, but to learn them makes the horse extremely light and docile.

Now, while Don has been learning how to come "in hand" properly, you may have noticed that he has carried his head a trifle too low. To correct this you can raise your hands somewhat; and whenever a horse gets his head too high, the hands should be lowered.

Having thus taught Don to come "in hand," you want to go back to what I told you about the croup flexions, so as to teach him to "collect" himself. You will have already trained Don to move his croup away from the spur a step or two to the right or left; and you will now gradually teach him to move one or two steps of the hind-feet to the right, and then at once back again, without having moved his forefeet. He will soon learn this;



THE CROUPADE.



THE CAPRIOLE.

and you will notice that he is apt to first move the foot on the side to which you apply the spur. This has another use, of which anon. Now, as I hinted in my second article, teach him, by gently closing both heels upon him, to bring his hind-feet a trifle more under the saddle than he usually holds them, and without moving his forefeet. In this

position, with head "in hand," he will be "collected," as we call it; *i. e.*, light forward, and with his hind-legs where they can quickly sustain the entire weight if necessary, and respond to your call for any step or action. This "collected" condition may be kept at any gait, and is what enables one to control a horse thoroughly.



FULL CRY.

About the walk and trot there is much more to be said; but I must leave these gaits to your own discretion, in order to tell you a few things about the canter. You have no doubt noticed, or, if not, then watch him until you do notice, that Don sometimes canters with one shoulder in the lead (*i. e.*, thrown forward farther and later), and sometimes with the other; and that if he turns to the right when cantering he is apt to change to a lead with the right shoulder in advance, if not already so leading. This is a natural thing for the horse to do, but it will be useful to teach Don to lead as you wish. This you may accomplish by cantering him round in a circle to the right, all the while keeping your left heel near his flank. He will by nature lead with the right shoulder, and will gradually get to associate your left heel with his right lead. After a few days canter him in a circle to the left, with your right heel near his flank; and later in a figure 8, with alternate heels pressed in as he is about to make the turns.

If you want Don to start into a canter from a stand or walk or trot, with right lead, you apply the left heel in the same way at the moment you lift your reins to make him take that gait. There are two reasons for this: one, that he has got to associate your left heel with his right lead, and the other, that your left spur inclines to make him advance that foot first, as I above told you; and if he starts the canter with the left hind-foot he will be leading with the right shoulder. When you have studied the anatomy and motions of the horse as closely as I have you will understand this better. Every step of a horse has to be understood before you can undertake to train him to a high degree of intelligence.

When you have discreetly followed out what I have told you I am sure that you will have all become excellent riders for boys and girls. You will have a good seat; your hands are light; Don can walk, trot, and canter well "collected," and can canter with either lead, or change lead in the canter; he can take a few side steps with forehand or croup at will; and he can jump handily. He is already much further advanced than most horses, and well prepared for almost any work. If you want to study the art further, I shall be glad to tell you more about it.

I will now say something to you about the illustrations. Forty years ago it required nearly five minutes to take a daguerreotype; ten years ago it took half a minute for a photograph. But you have all heard that photography has advanced to such an extent that a picture can to-day be taken instantaneously, in, say, the thousandth part of a second, or even less. By this process we get a faithful picture of an animal moving. All the illustrations of this article, except the "Croupade" and "Capriole," are exact copies of such photographs. The first is my dear old horse Patroclus, whom I am glad to introduce to you, ambling a five-mile gait along the road. Nothing but the rider's face has been changed. I have put this in to show you what a good position in the saddle should be. This is just right, and as it is exactly reproduced from life, will show you that a man may practise what he preaches. The next is the same horse clearing a wall. Notice the seat, the rider leaning well back and perfectly close and secure, and the reins loose but well in hand. Again we have old Pat, carrying his rider safe through a bullfinch, as we call a hedge overgrown with young trees. I give you this to show you the side view of the seat in a jump. The foot might perhaps be thrown a trifle further back, but the seat is firm, and Pat is well in hand for

Notice how he has tucked up his hind-legs, and how he is gradually straightening his fore-legs so as to land safely on one after the other, first the left and then the right, to be followed in quick order by the same hind-legs.

These three photographs are from a series which were taken for me by Baldwin Coolidge, of Boston. The big picture is an exact copy from a photograph taken at the

Country Club of Boston, by Allen and Rowell, and shows you very well the various ways in which a horse leaps.

The other two pictures show some of the "airs" which by *haute école*, or high-school training, a horse may be made to perform. In the "Croupade," the horse, at the will of his rider, springs high into the air, tucks all his feet close up under him, and comes down in the same place with all four feet at once. A succession of "Croupades" makes a very brilliant show, and you can hardly imagine the delicate condition to which a horse must be trained in order to execute at will this very difficult feat, and to understand by the bit and heels just what his rider wants. For there are a great many of these "airs," all differing one from the other. The "Capriole" differs from the "Croupade" only in that while in the air the horse lashes out with his hind-feet held close together; and though he looks as if he was making a twenty-foot leap, he will actually come down not more than twelve inches in advance of where he rose from the ground.

As I told you before, there is no particular utility in these "airs" *per se*, but the course of training by which the horse learns them makes him very tractable, and to know how to teach him to perform these requires a very high degree of horsemanship. Now horsemanship is the profession of some men, such, for instance, as cavalry soldiers. Have you ever seen two men fencing? If so, you have noticed how very exact and skilful a man has to be in order to cut, thrust, and parry well, and how his position on the ground must be as perfectly balanced as a rope-dancer's to do his work. The cavalryman has to use his weapon in the saddle, and you will see that unless he can instantly shift his horse into such positions that he is firm in the saddle and that the saddle is in just the right place to enable him to deliver his cut or thrust, or parry his enemy's, he cannot fight to advantage. And it is only by such a course of training as I have hinted at that horse and rider can be educated to do this work to perfection. It is related of Guardsman Shaw that in a cavalry *mêlée* at the battle of Waterloo he disabled more than twenty French horsemen before he was himself wounded by a bullet. This was the result of very great skill both as a swordsman and a rider, and it cannot be doubted that his trooper was as highly trained as himself.

## THE FLAMINGO FEATHER.\*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "WAKULLA," ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

#### MUTINY AT FORT CAROLINE.

**D**URING the progress of the exciting events related in the preceding chapters, troublous times had come to Fort Caroline, on the banks of the Great River of May. Above it hung the three black clouds of starvation, mutiny, and war.

Before the sudden departure of René de Vaux on his journey in search of food a party of the men had been sent out by Laudonniere to explore the country to the south of the fort, and discover, if possible, the mountains of gold that were supposed to exist there. For more than a month they had traversed broad sand barrens, crossed deep rivers, and been lost in the mazes of dark swamps. They had discovered rare birds of gorgeous plumage, strange and beautiful flowers, and many wild animals whose nature was unknown to them, but no trace of the gold of which they were in search.

Keenly disappointed, ragged, sick, and hungry, they at

\* Begun in No. 356, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



length came to a village of Indians who had never seen nor heard of white men, and who fled at their approach. The famished soldiers rushed into the lodges, took whatever they could find to eat, and, building a fire, proceeded to cook for themselves a feast. While they were thus busy, their carelessly tended fire crept to one of the tinder-like palmetto lodges, and in a few minutes more the whole village was in flames.

From their hiding-places in the surrounding forest the savages, witnessing what they supposed was a wanton destruction of their property, discharged a cloud of arrows at the white men, by which one was killed and several were wounded. Flying from the place, the wretched soldiers started for Fort Caroline, followed by their unseen foes, from whom they did not escape until four more had paid with their lives for their carelessness. When, some days later, the five miserable survivors of this unfortunate expedition dragged themselves into Fort Caroline, it was only to bring the news of their failure to find gold, of the death of their comrades, and of the fact that they had stirred up all the southern Indians to war upon the whites.

Laudonniere, who had taken René's departure keenly to heart, and who had grieved over the lad as though he were lost to him, had also suffered great anxiety on account of the scarcity of provisions within the fort. Now, added to these troubles, came these latest tidings of ill, and, as a result, the fever against which he was struggling overcame him, and he was confined to his bed.

To many within Fort Caroline the serious illness of their chief brought great sorrow; but others, seeing in it an opportunity for the carrying out of their own plans, rejoiced accordingly. These others were those who were dissatisfied with the present aspect of affairs, and despairing of a change for the better while remaining at Fort Caroline, were secretly planning a mutiny. Its object was to compel Laudonniere to abandon the fort and the New World, and lead them back to France in a ship which they proposed to build from such materials as they had at hand.

The mutineers were headed by no less a person than René's old friend Simon the Armorer. He had always been inclined to grumble and growl, and his feelings had been deeply wounded by being arrested, confined in the guard-house for one day, and finally discharged, because of the necessity for his services, with a sharp reprimand from Laudonniere for having, though unconsciously, aided René's departure. The old growler had always secretly sided with the mutineers, and after this he openly took part with them, and soon became their leader.

It thus happened that as the good Le Moyne, who, during the illness of Laudonniere and most of the other officers, was acting as lieutenant in command of the fort, sat writing one morning there came to him Simon the Armorer, followed by most of the garrison. The old soldier gave a military salute, which Le Moyne returned, and then he said, "We have come, Master Le Moyne, these good men here and I, to make certain propositions that we desire should be laid before his Excellency the commandant."

"Well," said Le Moyne, in a tone of mild surprise, "have to them without further delay, and return quickly to thy duties."

"It may be," replied Simon, "that we will return not to them at all; at least not in the sense meant by thy use of the word. We are starving."

"Ye have not overmuch to eat, 'tis true," said Le Moyne; "but we hope for better things."

"We are dying of the fever."

"To a certain extent this is also true."

"We are threatened by an enemy."

"And have stout walls behind which to defend ourselves."

"We are abandoned and forgotten, and our bodies will rot in this place ere succor is sent us."

"Admiral Jean Ribault is never the man to abandon or forget those to whom he has promised succor," replied the artist, with a flush of color in his pale cheeks.

"This country yields no gold, and is unfitted for human residence."

"Yet Mico's people live and thrive here, and have a plenty of the best raised from its soil. As for gold, the mere fact that it has not yet been discovered proves nothing against its existence."

Without replying to this, Simon continued: "These be our grievances, and to remedy them we pray his Excellency to allow us to construct here as speedily as may be a vessel such as will suffice to carry us back whence we came. We also pray that he will in person lead us from this evil place back to our own country, always supposing that his health permits."

The good Le Moyne was much disturbed by this bold proposal, and attempted to persuade the men to abandon their wild scheme and return to their duties, awaiting patiently meantime the arrival of the promised reinforcements from France. They insisted, however, that they would not take their leave of him without hearing from the commandant himself, and Le Moyne was finally forced to comply with their request, and deliver their message to Laudonniere.

Upon receiving a report of what had occurred, the chevalier was highly indignant; and but for the extreme weakness which the fever had laid upon him he would have arisen and gone out to the mutineers. As this was impossible, he sent answer to them that he could not for a moment consider their proposal. He and they had been sent to take and hold possession of that country by their King, and here he should remain until he received other instructions from the same source. As for them, his orders were that they instantly resume their duties, and use all diligence in strengthening the fort, and preparing for an attack which might at any moment be made upon it by the savages from the south.

When Le Moyne returned to the soldiers with this answer, Simon, still acting as spokesman for the rest, said: "Thy message from the commandant is much as we expected it would be, Master Le Moyne, and in return thou wilt kindly take to him word again that for the preservation of our lives we shall certainly exert ourselves to repel any attack that may be made against the fort. At the same time we shall as certainly take active measures to insure our own and his speedy departure from this unhappy country, in which we have thus far gained naught but ill."

With this speech, and once more giving Le Moyne a stiff military salute, the old soldier turned and marched away, followed by the rest of the mutineers.

As soon as he was once more alone, Le Moyne made his report to Laudonniere, and so excited did the sick man become on hearing it that his fever took a sudden turn for the worse, and he was soon raving deliriously, and calling upon René de Veaux not to desert him for his enemies the Indians.

Meantime matters proceeded so rapidly outside that the keel of a small vessel in which the mutineers hoped to cross the ocean to their own country was laid that very day, and the labor of collecting suitable material for ship-building was entered upon with the fierce energy of men who believed they were working to save their lives.

So actively did this work proceed that in less than a month the hull of the little vessel was completed, and she stood ready for launching.

At this time parties were out in several directions from the fort, some securing pitch from the pine forests for use upon the vessel, others searching the cypress swamps for suitable spars, and still others making unskilled efforts to



"SUDDENLY THE WHITES FOUND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY INDIANS."

secure a supply of game and fish for present use, and for sailing down to provision their ship during the proposed voyage. These last were the most unsuccessful of all who were out, owing to their limited knowledge of wood-craft. They were at the same time the most anxious to succeed in their quest; for the supply of corn in the fort was now wholly exhausted, and its garrison was subsisting almost entirely upon fish; and the leaf-buds of the cabbage-palm, which they had discovered how to prepare.

On the day that marked a month from the date of René de Vaux's departure, the working parties whose duties took them into the forest were suddenly attacked by great numbers of savages and driven in the greatest confusion back to the fort, after sustaining severe losses in killed and wounded. The advance of the savages, who followed them closely even up to the very gates, was only checked by a heavy fire of artillery, which so alarmed them that they fled in a panic to the shelter of the forest, nor stopped until they had retreated to a most respectful distance.

Toward evening a body of the enemy were seen gathered in plain view on and about the great shell mound upon which the feast of Ripe Corn had been held some weeks before. The sight of them so enraged Simon the Armorer, who was now generally recognized as commandant, that he determined to sally forth at the head of a strong party and bring about a decisive battle, which he had no doubt would result in a victory for the whites.

Although he could muster but about fifty able-bodied men, so sadly had fever and lack of proper food ravaged the garrison, the old soldier, who held the fighting quality of the savages in great contempt, deemed this number amply sufficient for his purpose, and marched forth confidently at their head. They met with no enemy until

they had nearly reached the shell mound, and were preparing to charge upon the savages, who still remained gathered about it.

Suddenly the whites found themselves completely surrounded by a great number of Indians, who seemed to spring, as though by magic, from every bush and from behind every tree. So secretly had their approach been made that the first notice Simon and those with him had of the ambush into which they had fallen was a vast discharge of arrows and spears into their ranks. These were accompanied by such blood-curdling yells that they affected the white men almost as fearfully as the roar of their own artillery had terrified the savages in the morning.

Rallying from their first panic, they made a desperate attempt to force their way back to the fort, and struggled like men who knew their lives were at stake. In spite, however, of their bravery and the terrible execution of their swords, they were being overpowered by numbers, and it seemed impossible that one should escape alive.

As, completely exhausted by the terrible and unequal struggle, they were about giving way to despair, a most welcome and unexpected diversion was made in their favor. A great cry arose beyond the line of savages, and they were so suddenly and fiercely attacked in the rear by an unseen foe that they fled in terror in all directions.

Not even waiting to learn who had lent them this most timely aid, the soldiers hastened to regain the fort, and seek shelter behind its ponderous gates.

As they did so they heard, or thought they heard, from the depths of the forest, a clear voice crying, "France to the rescue! France to the rescue!" and they marvelled greatly thereat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A HALLOWEEN VISION.—DRAWN BY ALFRED FREDERICKS.



## "TOO LITTLE TO HIT."

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

"PLEASEST thou to come in?"  
 "What dost thou say?"

"Dicky Wattles. Please let me come in."

The answer to this pathetic appeal was a burst of laughter. How could they help it? Certainly anything more laughter-provoking than this tow-headed, freckled-faced little object, with its tear-stained cheeks and tattered clothes, was rarely seen.

A party of blue-coated men, some of them quite dazzling with gold-lace and glittering shoulder-straps, were gathered under the hospitable canvas of Captain Dudley. The conversation over the prospects of a battle had languished, and several of the party were yawning amid the silence, when one of them called out, "What's that?"

At first it looked like a mass of tow thrust in by some one through an opening in the tent. It proved, however, to be the head of a small boy.

When the owner was inquired of as to the object of his visit, he answered with the sad appeal just quoted.

"No; go away," was the answer from one of the blue-coats.

"No room for such rubbish," came from another.

This provoked a second burst of laughter, which had scarcely died away when the sound of a prolonged sob was heard.

"There! you've set the youngster bawling." This came from Captain Dudley himself, and as he said it he rose and walked to the door of the tent. "Come back, you, and show yourself."

The boy was only too glad to respond to the appeal. With his head hanging down on his breast, and a slouching gait, he entered the tent.

All hands began at once to tease him.

"Who's your tailor, young man?"

"And your barber?"

"Stop crying, and sing us a song. You ought to know 'Way down South in Dixie' pretty well. That's your native country, isn't it?"

"Let him alone, boys," interrupted Captain Dudley. "The poor little wretch is in trouble. Come here, young man."

Dicky Wattles rushed to his protector's side, and looked at him with a wondering air.

A very few minutes sufficed to draw the boy's story from him. He had run away from his miserable home determined to get with the army. He had seen a regiment pass his door once. The thrilling sound of martial music, the tramp of the horses, the glittering uniforms of the men, had excited his imagination. Where these people were, heaven must be. From that time he had but one object in life, and that was to find the camp and remain in it.

But what a miserable little specimen he was! What could be done with him? Nothing, apparently. At least no one tried to do anything. And so Dicky hung round the camp. How he lived no one knew. Sometimes bits of food were flung to him, and these he eagerly devoured. His clothes grew older and more tattered, but the weather was warm, and this did not disturb him.

But miserable as his life seemed, Dicky had an object in

That was to keep as close as possible to Captain Dudley. It was Dudley that had befriended him in the first instance, and while he took no special trouble in regard to the boy, he now and then did him a kindness. On one occasion a generous slice of pudding from the Captain's table found its way to Dicky's grimy paws; and in one supreme moment Dudley actually patted him on the head and thanked him for some trifling service.

Usually Dicky was promptly ordered out of the way by the Captain's body-servant, but occasionally rare

of happiness came to him. Once he found a pocket-book that the Captain had lost, and received warm praises for his honesty. Once he was sent on quite an important errand, and after no little fatigue and danger, delivered the articles safely into the Captain's hand.

The day finally came when the army was no longer quiet. There was a great bustle of preparations going forward. A forced march had been ordered, and the brigade was to move on to a point some twenty miles away, where a battle was expected. Dicky was overwhelmed with what he saw going on about him. The experiences were all new. Now there was work even for him. He ran here and there, sent on errands by everybody, and once he was even spoken to by Captain Dudley himself.

When the regiment began to move, Dicky followed close behind. He ran and walked until his little legs ached under him, and he grew faint with the heat.

But he saw it all. He saw the troops move into position and form a square; he heard the booming of distant artillery; he saw the foe approach, and heard the first shots fired into their ranks. Presently a man fell near him. With a shriek, he watched the blood flow. This was terrible; he had had no idea of such scenes as this. Was this what all those bright uniforms and glittering weapons meant? Did these men dress and live in this way simply to kill each other?

Presently word came that the enemy had retired, and the regiment must change its position. Captain Dudley rode up to lead his men forward. "Wait, boys," he cried, "until I ride ahead and see the outlook."

He did ride ahead. The men saw him two hundred yards in the distance. Suddenly a fierce booming of cannon was heard; columns of smoke arose in the air; bullets fell like hail.

"He's down!" cried a private in the ranks. The second officer in command rode up.

"Stay where you are, men. The enemy are on the hill."

Not one among the men dared to follow their Captain. To do so would be to disobey orders and to incur certain death. But there was one follower of Dudley to whom no orders could apply.

"I'm going to him," screamed Dicky Wattles.

He was held back by a grasp on his collar. "You'll go to your death, boy. Stay where you are."

"Never!" shrieked Dicky. "I'm too little to hit, and I'm going."

He darted forward. They saw him pass through the fiery hail and reach Dudley's side. Sheltering himself under the horse as best he could, he laid his little head on his idol's breast.

The battle went on for hours. Before long the firing ceased on the part of the field where Dicky lay, but it was night when the men could go forth to find the body of their fallen commander. When the party of brave fellows reached the spot they found the boy still lying with his cheek pressed to that of the man he loved so well.

As they spoke to him he tottered to his feet. He watched them lift the dead form carefully up, and then followed quietly as they bore it away.

"He was too little to hit," said one of the men.

Dicky heard the remark, and pressed his hand to his side.

When they laid the Captain on the rude bed prepared for him within the lines, Dicky crouched down beside him in the old position. One hand he laid on the Captain's breast, the other was still clasped to his side. Arrangements were made for removing the body again, and the men tried to draw Dicky away. He made no resistance, but as they raised him by the arm, his little body hung limp and lifeless in their grasp.

He had not been "too little to hit," and in the silent watches of the night Dicky had gone to meet his friend.

## THE CAPTIVE QUEEN.

BY LORD BRABOURNE

(E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN.)

AUTHOR OF "PUSS 'AT MEW AND OTHER FAIRY STORIES," ETC.

## CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the wizard had uttered the words which closed the last chapter he let go the nose of the unfortunate person to whom they were addressed, and with great quickness drew from his breast a small black book with very large silver clasps, at the sight of which the one-eyed wizard gave another fearful moan, but appeared to be not only unable to speak, but also to move, for when the other now rose from the ground and stood upright, he remained perfectly motionless. He who held the black book now unclasped and opened it, and proceeded to read from its pages words which, as nearly as the King could hear, were as follows:

"Bulberry, Pariso-ractum, slif,  
Gampers-pohense unipervif,  
Stompeleambinghi panguivo  
Allipapanymercatoilo."

He spoke very slowly, but as he did so a wonderful change came over the wretch who lay prostrate at his feet. His face grew paler and still more pale, until it was quite white and colorless; his legs and arms grew rapidly stiff and rigid, his head sank gradually in between his shoulders, his body lost the outline of a human form, and as the last word left the lips of the speaker every semblance of a man had left the miserable creature, and before the eyes of the travellers there lay nothing but a shapeless block of inanimate stone, which no one would have guessed to have been ever possessed of life and breath.

"There!" exclaimed the inflicter of this terrible doom: "I don't think *you'll* steal any more Queens, my friend, but we'll make it quite sure, and then leave you to yourself."

So saying he walked three times round the stone, stood upon it for a moment, and then, after mumbling some words to himself in a low tone, turned round to the spot upon which the King and the three travellers were standing.

"Well," he said, "you three servants have made a pretty muddle of it altogether! How came you to be such fools as to stop and listen to those fish-women? You ought to have known better, and may thank your stars that I happened to be on the lookout—another moment and I should have been too late!"

The cow gave a low and grateful moo on hearing these words, the rabbit uttered a plaintive squeak, and the kangaroo grunted gruffly; but none of them said anything. Then the old man addressed the wondering King.

"Sire," said he, "I am truly glad to be able to render you a service. Just one hundred and eleven years ago your Majesty's great-grandfather gave me half a crown when I appeared at the palace gates in the disguise of a beggar. It was a bad one, to be sure, but I do not for a moment think he knew it to be so, having doubtless received it in change from one of his ministers. From that moment I vowed that I would do a good turn to his family if ever the opportunity offered, and this has now been the case. That rascal" (and here the old man pointed to the block of stone near him) "has been a thorn in my side for the last fifty years or so, knowing just enough of magic to make it serve his own vile ends, and not sufficient to understand the great and good purposes to which it may and ought to be devoted. Now at last I have been able to pay him out for all his misdeeds, for as soon as he ventured

upon the crime of carrying off a Queen, who had done nothing to deserve it, and who would much rather have been left alone, he put himself within my power, and has had to feel it. You may now follow me, and I will lead you to her for whom your soul has been so much distressed."

So saying, the speaker turned round and marched up to the opening in the mountain-side, followed at once by the eager King, behind whom came the faithful three who had been so useful to him in his search.

At the mouth of the opening the friendly wizard paused and beckoned to the King, who came up to his side, and gazed upon a scene such as he had never even imagined in all his life. At a little distance from where he stood the rocky mountain slanted down, as it were at right angles through the sea as far as his sight could reach, and in its sides were continuous caves, larger and smaller, the mouths of which glittered with precious stones and curious shells of varied hues, while in front of them the mermaids were sporting and playing in a hundred different attitudes, all more graceful than can be fancied by any one who has not seen them.

The nearest cave had a mouth large enough to allow the King to look into it, which he immediately did, and was astonished as well as delighted at what he saw. Upon a rock of the purest crystal, very near to the entrance, was seated his own Amabilia, more beautiful than ever. Her magnificent hair was streaming down her back, her hands were clasped over her knees, and her eyes, bedewed with recent tears, were fixed upon the water before her, as if expecting that from this quarter deliverance would come. Around her were several little elves, engaged in doing nothing in every possible way, while in front of her the mermaids kept passing and repassing, ever and anon kissing their hands to her as if in admiration of her surpassing beauty.

So far as the King could see the floor of the cave was entirely paved with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, while gorgeous scarfs, magnificent shawls, and other costly articles of apparel were scattered about here and there in wondrous profusion.

But it was not upon such articles as these that the King fixed his eyes. His Queen, his own, his beloved and long-lost Amabilia, was before him, and his eager and enraptured gaze was for her alone. At the same instant her upturned eyes caught sight of the figures which stood in the opening, and although the singing of the mermaids and the dash of the waters against the rocks drowned her voice, it was evident that she spoke, as she unclasped her hands and stretched out her arms in an imploring attitude.

Without one moment's thought or fear the King would have leaped down into the waves in the direction of the cave in which, amid the treasures of the watery deep, he saw her who to his loving eyes was the greatest treasure of all. But the ancient wizard laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Stambery maxon," he said, which, as all students of magic lore will be aware, is as much as to say, "Stop a minute."

The action, if not the expression, was clear enough to the King, and not without difficulty he refrained from taking the leap. Then the wizard put his hand into the pocket of the cloak which he wore, and drawing out of it a flute, put it to his mouth and began to play, if that could be called "playing" which produced such a discordant sound that it compelled the King to stop both his ears, while the three animals uttered in their several voices melancholy groans which showed that they were exposed to more than common misery.

The effect, however, upon the mermaids was still more extraordinary. They one and all stopped singing at the first note of the wizard's flute, and fled right and left with such speed that in the space of a minute or so there was

not one of them left in front of the Queen's cave. The old man grimly smiled as he saw the result of his performance, and then, making some curious passes with his hand, produced another result quite as extraordinary as the first.

A piece of the mountain-side by which they were standing quietly detached itself from the rest, formed itself into a covered way, and lightly fell across from the opening to the entrance of the cave, forming a perfectly dry channel by which the King and his companions could pass into the latter. As the wizard now no longer prevented him, the King did not lose a moment in taking advantage of the means thus placed at his disposal. He rushed at once into the passage, and in another moment was clasped in his Amabilia's arms.

What the fond couple had to say to each other may be better imagined than described, and I should not write another word if they had been the only persons with whom our story had to do. Neither should I think it necessary to say any more about the wizard, because, in the first place, everybody can imagine his history as well as I can tell it, and in the second place, it is never very safe to talk about such people, who, for anything we know, may be listening to us all the time.

The mermaids, of course, were sorry to lose the Queen, but it was only by the power of the one-eyed wizard that they had been deceived into keeping watch over her, and as they are a people who are really very well disposed toward mortals, it will easily be understood that they rejoiced to see the King and Queen so happy in being once more reunited. It is therefore only necessary to speak of the three animals which had played so important a part in our story.

I have searched the records of that country with great care to find out all about them, especially as I know there was a report that the cow never left the mountain-side after the wizard's performance on the flute, and that the proverb about "the tune that the old cow died of" had its origin in her melancholy fate. I have ascertained, however, beyond all doubt, that this is untrue, and that she, together with her two faithful companions, returned safely with the King and Queen to their own country, and that the Great Council proposed to give a grand banquet to their honor, to which all the courtiers and fashionable people were invited.

But upon the very day of this entertainment the court was alarmed by a tremendous thunder-storm, and after the thunder had rolled with tremendous sound for more than an hour, the lightning's vivid flashes had lighted up the horizon from end to end, and a terrible wind had uprooted many of the largest trees in the forest, there suddenly followed an intense calm, and presently, amid the breathless stillness of the air, music was heard which attracted the attention of the whole court, who hurried out to the main track in the forest, from whence it seemed to proceed. When they had arrived there the music seemed just the same, neither louder nor less distinct than they had heard it at first, and it very soon became apparent from whence it came.

In slow and solemn procession the three animals of whom we have heard so much were marching, not down, but up, the hill; and as they went, the clear-sounding bells around the cow's neck, the shrill fife of the rabbit, and the rattle of the kangaroo's drum rang through the air so as to be clearly heard by all. And as they advanced, the three friends sang to the old tune words which somewhat resembled those which they had sung before:

"The cow, the rabbit, and the old kangaroo

Go marching up the hill,

They said that the Queen to the King had been true.

And they're ready to say so still:

Farewell! we have done what we had to do—

"The cow and the rabbit and the old kangaroo."



THE FAREWELL OF THE COW, RABBIT, AND KANGAROO

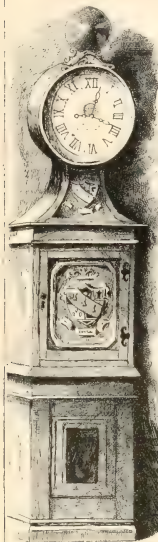
The whole court stood gazing with astonishment at the procession, and listening to the music and words until the animals had reached the crest of the hill, the last point at which they could be visible from below. There they stood for one moment; then the music sounded once more, after which the cow lifted up her voice and gave one long-sounding melodious moo. This was evidently by way of a final farewell, for as soon as the last echo had died away the mortals upon the hill-side looked up, and saw nothing. The three animals had vanished as entirely as if they had never been there, and from that time to this I never heard that they were seen again by any of the people of that country. This, then, is the true history of how the King released his Queen from captivity by the aid of a cow, a rabbit, and an old kangaroo.

THE END.



BY  
MARY E. WILKINS.

# THE CLOCK.



THERE it stood in the Baron's hall—  
"Tick—tock—"  
As a soldier, straight and tall,  
Capped with a polished brazen ball—  
The clock.

And its pendulum swung in its stately way—  
"Tick—tock—"  
Whether the people were grave or gay,  
Upon a wedding or funeral day—  
"Tick—tock—"

When the Baron set out with the Queen to ride—  
"Tick—tock—"  
When the Baron's daughter became a bride,  
And the heir was crowned by the country-side—  
"Tick—tock—"

When death rushed in through the Baron's door—  
"Tick—tock—"  
And the bearers trod on the oaken floor,  
And one went forth to return no more—  
"Tick—tock—"

But one and all, from the proud young heir—  
"Tick—tock—"  
And the blessed bride and her bridesmaids fair,  
To the mourners, passed with a fearful air  
The clock.

And Betty and James from the servants' hall—  
"Tick—tock—"  
Declared that they dared not pass at all,  
After the shadows began to fall,  
The clock.

And when it solemnly struck the hour—  
"Tick—tock—"  
From the pantry up to my lady's bower  
They counted the strokes with terror o'er—  
"Tick—tock—"

For all on a morsel of parchment writ—  
"Tick—tock—"  
By some old scholar of mystic wit,  
Was a dark prediction concerning it,  
The clock.

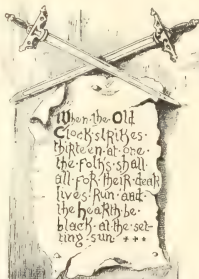
*"When the old clock strikes thirteen at one—  
"Tick—tock—"  
The folks shall all for their dear lives run,  
And the hearth be black at the setting sun—  
"Tick—tock—"*



Two hundred summers had passed away—  
"Tick—tock—"  
And a Baron was feasting his friends one day;  
There were lovely ladies and gallants gay—  
"Tick—tock—"

The red drops over the goblets run—  
"Tick—tock—"  
There were songs and sallies of sparkling fun,  
When solemnly struck *thirteen at one*,  
The clock.

Then guests and servants, with terror pale—  
"Tick—tock—"  
Scurried, like leaves on an autumn gale,  
Out of the hall, with shriek and wail,  
"The clock!"



The Baron stopped not for his treasure chest—  
"Tick—tock—"  
And my lady, all in her velvets drest,  
Rushed wildly out before her guest—  
"The clock!"

Then they stood aloof in their pallid fright—  
"Tick—tock—"  
Nor dared to enter the hall that night,  
And the hearth was black at the waning light—  
"Tick—tock—"

And thus the prophecy had come true—  
"Tick—tock—"  
Then they kindled the fire on the hearth anew,  
And there was an end of the great ado—  
"Tick—tock—"









BY HOPE HOWARD

### PORPOISE OIL.

**W**E were lying in the harbor of Havre for a month or so, undergoing repairs, when one day the gunner's mate reported to the ordnance officer that the supply of oil for cleaning the small-arms was low.

"It's the best kind of 'puppis' oil, sir," said he, touching his cap, "that we use for the small-arms."

"Porpoise oil?" said the officer. "Are you sure it's porpoise oil?"

"Yes, sir; I'm sure it's 'puppus' oil. It says so on the cans."

The officer sent in all directions for porpoise oil, but could find none. He made inquiries himself at many places without success, and finally left instructions to be notified as soon as any was received by the dealers.

After some days he had word from a wholesale house that they had received an invoice, and would accommodate him with the quantity he wished.

The officer ordered the needful amount, which arrived in bulk, and as it was being poured into the empty cans it came into his mind to ask the gunner's mate to show him one of them.

He brought one, and thinking the officer still a little doubtful, pointed triumphantly to a label on the front of the can, and said, "There, for yourself; it's 'pappus' oil."

label in red lettering on the front of the can, and said, "There, sir, you can see for yourself; it's 'puppns' oil."

The officer took the can, and this is what he read :

THIS OIL IS TO BE USED FOR THE SMALL-ARMS, AND FOR  
NO OTHER

## PURPOSE

I need not explain the officer's amusement at having turned Havre inside out to procure porpoise oil, nor that of the gunner's mate when it was shown him how he had been deceived. I fancy that neither of them for many a day saw the word "purpose" that the incident of the porpoise oil did not come to mind to amuse them, and that the gunner's mate thereafter paid as much attention to small words as to small arms.



## NATURAL HISTORY IN SHANTY-TOWN.

MRS. O'FLAHEGAN: "Shape the inaintiveness av thim childer is trooly surprising. Who like to be a Noddy and ever have conserved the cidea av turnin' the ould goat into a Highland cow? wiah a few bit sticks av wood?"

SUPPOSING

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

SUPPOSING the grass should forget to grow,  
And the way-side rose should forget to blow,  
Because they were tired and lazy;  
Supposing children forgot to be kind,  
Forgot their lessons, forgot to mind—  
Wouldn't the world seem crazy?

Supposing that strawberries ripened on trees,  
And robins and thrushes swam in the seas.

While mackerel flew in the air;

Supposing the stars in the meadows grew,  
And the sky was green and the leaves were blue—  
What a topsy-turvy affair!



11.

$$^{**} H_{\text{tot}} = H_{\text{tot}}^{\text{ext}} +$$

A PATENT BACK-ACTION BANK CASHIER WHO DOES HIS DUTY.









